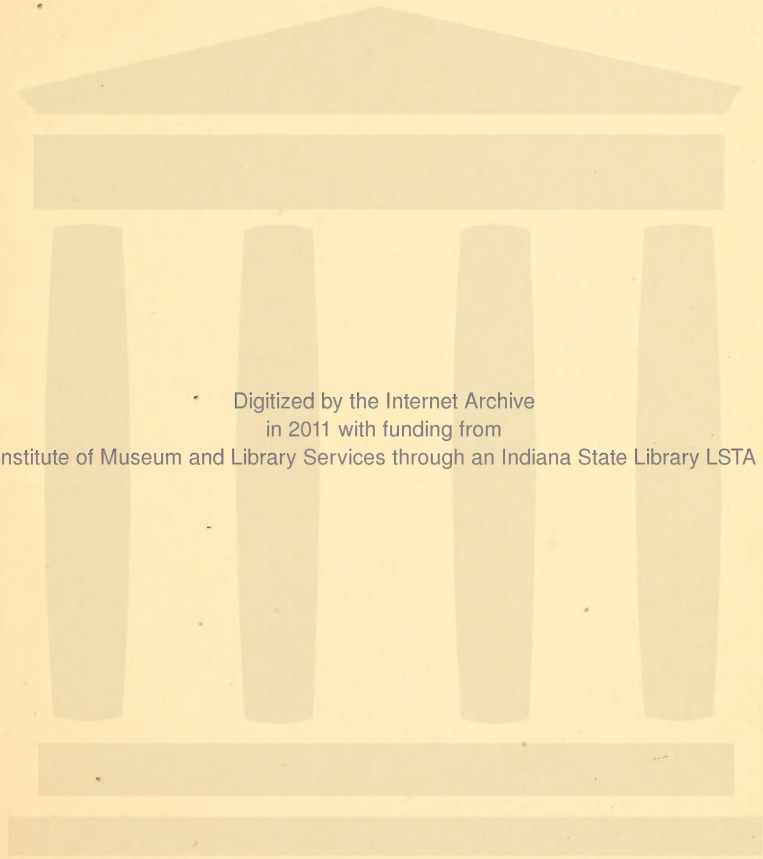


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THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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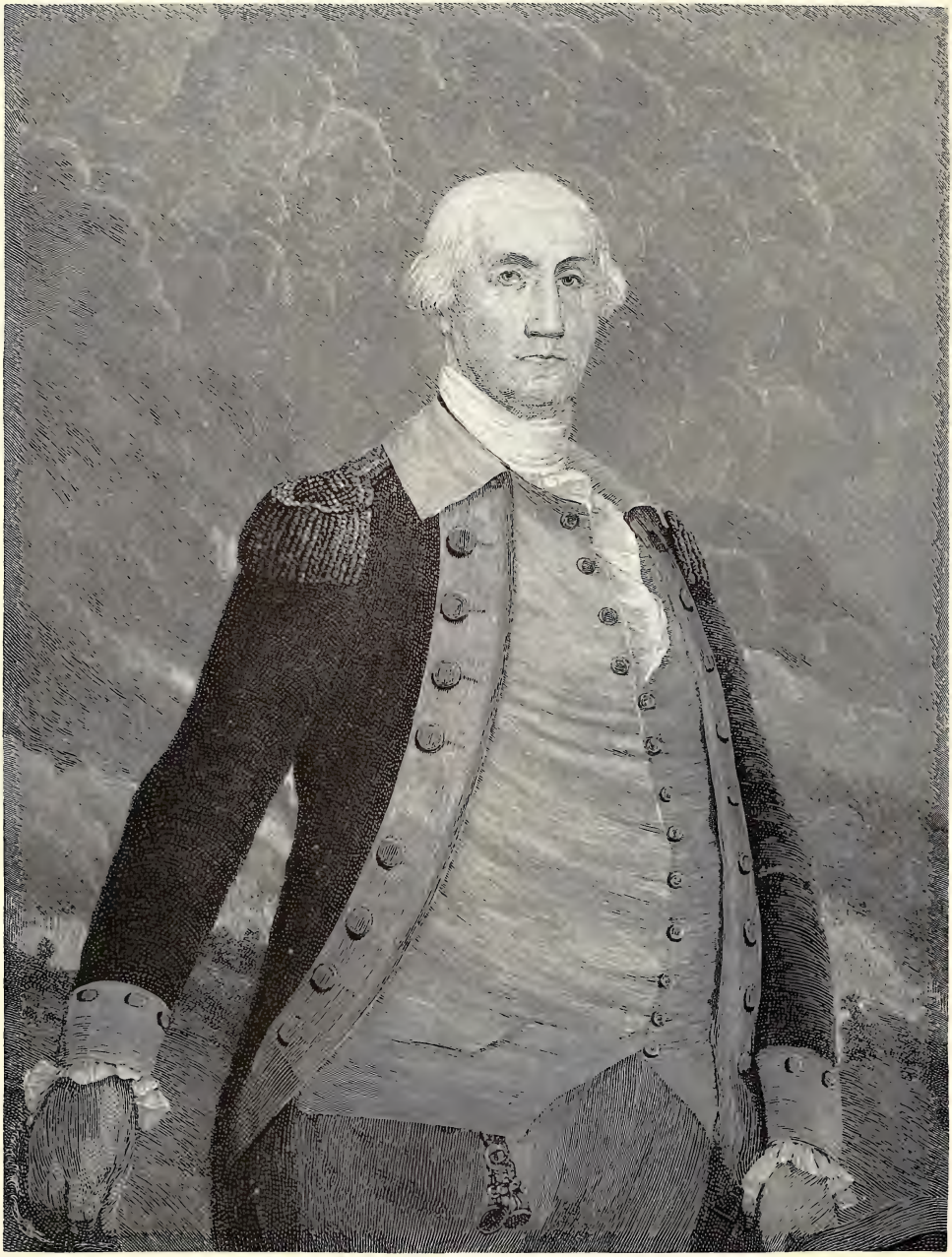
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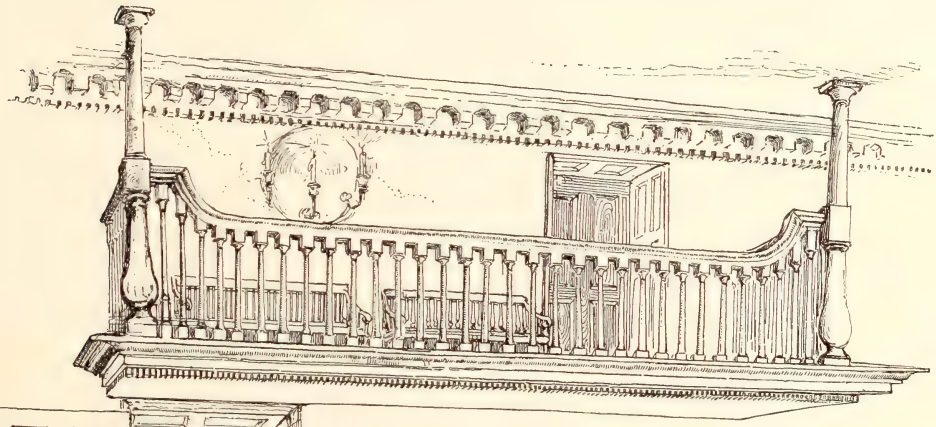
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV. NOVEMBER, 1887. NO. 1.

THE HOME AND THE HAUNTS OF WASHINGTON.



MUSIC GALLERY, CLAGETT'S TAVERN, ALEXANDRIA.



IN the quiet grass-grown town of Alexandria, situated upon the lower bank of the Potomac in Virginia, might have been perceived, just before the outbreak of the war between the States, a faint flavor of early colonial days lingering like the scent of rose-leaves in an old-time China jar.

To begin with the streets—what a Tory smack in their names! King, Prince, Duke, Royal, Queen, Princess, Duchess; odd enough in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, nay, under the very shadow, as it were, of the great dome of the National Capitol! At the time referred to, the greater part of a century's enjoyment of the blessings of political enfranchisement had not deprived some Alexandrians of a certain relish for the affairs of the English Court. They liked to read the "Illustrated London News," and to obtain correct information about the Queen's walks with the youthful Royalties, and the Queen's drives attended by Ladies X, Y, and Z. Had they not been fed upon the traditions of an English ancestry, as upon the toothsome hams, the appetizing roe-herrings, of their famous market-place? The great Georgian era of tea-drinking and tambour, of spangles and snuff-boxes, of high play and hair-powder, represented to them the Golden Age in the fortunes of their families, of which every vestige must be guarded jealously. As children they had stood on tiptoe to study the lineaments of great-grandaunt Betty, hanging in her fly-specked frame somewhere near the ceiling, and had been eager to hear how she had been toasted at Mayfair

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supper-tables or had danced the gavotte at a Ranelagh ball. Yonder beetle-browed warrior in a voluminous wig was a general in Queen Anne's time, before he condescended to his present station above the sideboard. The beautiful youth in armor, slender and graceful, with the fiery eyes, fought for King Charles against the Roundheads, never dreaming that he would come across the seas to find his niche in a staid Virginia sitting-room! In this wainscoted parlor, where the light comes through small greenish panes of glass half veiled with ivy branching from stems knit in a fibrous mass upon the outer wall, had great-grandmamma, dressed in her satin paduasoy ("you may see a piece of it upon your Aunt Prunella's pincushion, my dear!" the chronicler would add), her hose with silver clocks, stood to receive General Braddock, on the occasion of his first visit to the town. On the landing of yonder stairway little great-aunt Nancy the shy member of the family, while taking flight to avoid a sudden arrival of guests, had come into violent collision with Colonel Aaron Burr, who met her apologies with a smile and a bow treasured in the stronghold of her maiden heart through many a year to come.

In these echoing rooms had, from time to time, gathered all the celebrities of the day, coming to visit the haunts of Washington and to taste Virginia courtesy. And here, at a much later date, upon the occasion of his second visit to America, in 1824, was domiciled the gallant Lafayette. The tale of a famous reception tendered to that fortunate Frenchman is still told in the town. Escorted by citizens and militiamen, freemasons and revolutionary survivors, the "Nation's Guest" passed over streets strewn with roses by the children of the place, beneath a triumphal arch the like of which in grandeur had never been seen. At the moment when the hero paused beneath the arch, a "real" eagle (politely fur-



"GREAT-GRANDMAMMA STOOD TO RECEIVE GENERAL BRADDOCK."



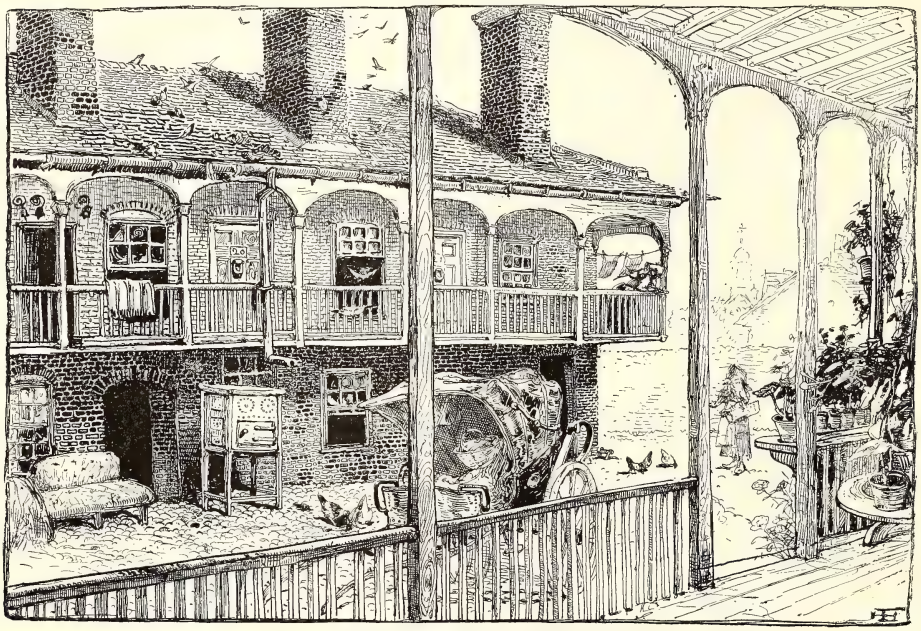
"AARON BURR, WHO MET HER APOLOGIES WITH A SMILE AND A BOW."

nished for the occasion by the proprietor of a museum) was seen to flap its wings, and heard to utter a scream of victory. This climax, it was afterwards ascertained, was secured by a boy who, at the critical moment, stuck a pin in the bird of liberty. Bands played, flags and handkerchiefs were waved, salutes were fired. In the evening a banquet was held at Clagett's Tavern, followed by a levee. The market-place and many private houses were illuminated. Nothing was heard but honor to Lafayette. The wave of popular enthusiasm, overflowing to the rural districts of the interior, left inscribed upon more than one baptismal register the name and *title* of "Marquis de Lafayette," bestowed in a blaze of patriotic fervor, and in all innocence, upon the latest arrival in the family! At this day "*Marcus* D. Lafayette" remains guilelessly prefixed to not a few Virginia patronymics.

Then it was that Lafayette, before passing southward upon his pious pilgrimage to the tomb of his illustrious brother in arms at Mount Vernon, offered the toast: "The city of Alexandria! May her prosperity and happiness more and more realize the fondest wishes of our venerated Washington."

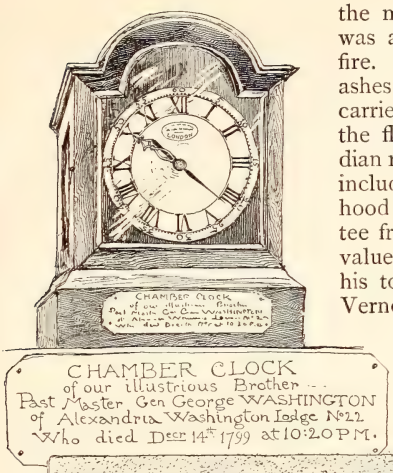
Even so early in the century the good old town seems to have been overtaken by the spirit of drowsiness from which the march of national progress has not yet aroused her. Long years ago, before the coquetry of fortune began to push poor Alexandria to her place

among the wall-flowers, she had known better days. Founded upon the site of a trading-post by the Washingtons, the Fairfaxes, the Alexanders, and other men of note, many prophecies were made as to her future greatness. By virtue of her natural position, her remarkable river-front, her dignity as one of the leading municipalities in Virginia, her connection with the most prominent families in the State, all eyes were turned upon the favored spot. From countries oversea, many settlers were tempted to cast in their lot with the future metropolis. Merchants of divers nationalities took up their abode and displayed their wares in her aristocratic thoroughfares. Every sign foretold that Alexandria would be quickly and substantially built up. Among the settlers was a company of canny Scotch traders; a band of Jacobite soldiers, scattered after the battle of Culloden, also became her active citizens. Soon, the wharves were crowded with shipping. Many a white-winged messenger sailed down the broad bosom of the Potomac to carry the products of bountiful Virginia to the mother-land, fetching, on the return voyage, bricks with which to construct the substantial mansions of the Alexandrian burghers, as well as carpets, porcelain, furniture, carriages, and wines. Inspired by the continual zeal and wisdom of her foremost citizen, George Washington, the prosperity of Alexandria did not flag until the war of the Revolution. Until Washington, unwilling to be thought influenced in such a matter by his own individual interest, selected the opposite bank of the Potomac as the site of the National Capitol, the little Virginia town had every right to expect the distinction for herself. With this act of characteristic unselfishness on the part of the great Republican, her dream of greatness came abruptly to an end, and at Washington's death her mainspring seemed to snap. What growth there has been since has been like growth in sleep. To visit Alexandria, to-day, is to set a wholesome break upon the rushing wheels of nineteenth-century progress. Around her ancient homes and churches hangs a haze of dignified tradition. The cobblestones of her streets prate of figures famed in history.

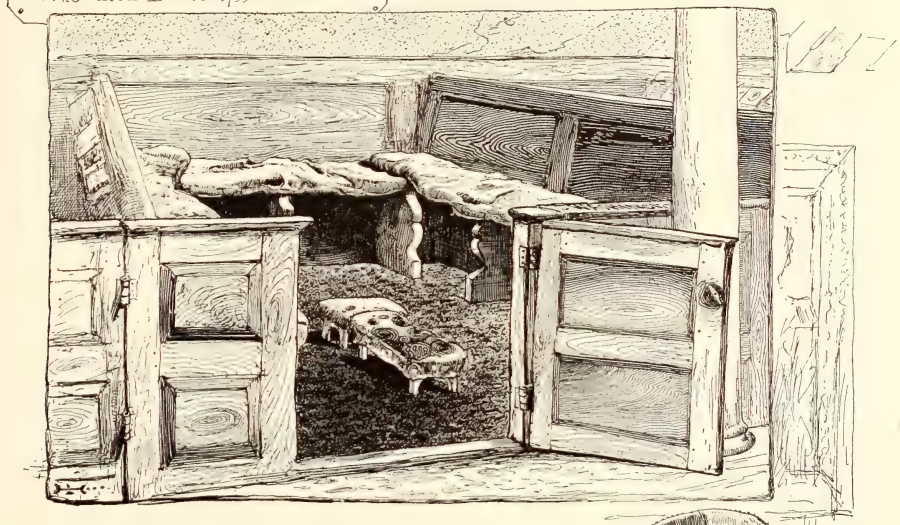


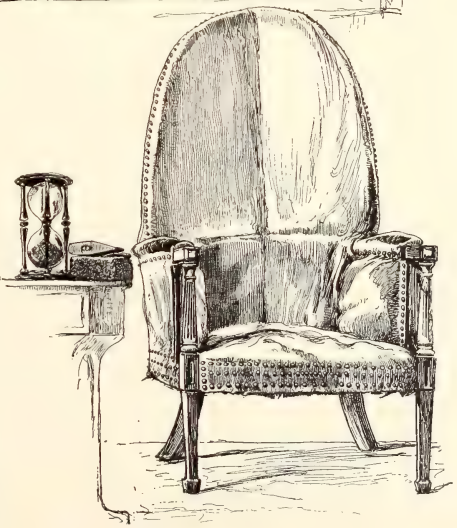
CLAGETT'S TAVERN, ALEXANDRIA.

In the treasure-house of the Washington Lodge of Freemasons may be seen many carefully preserved relics of the greatest of Alexandrians; notably, the clock taken from his chamber at Mount Vernon, its hands still pointing to the hour when he breathed his last. Here, also, are displayed portraits of Washington, of Jefferson, of Lafayette, of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the recluse of Greenway Court—this latter being the only known picture of a most picturesque figure upon the canvas of early Virginian days. Of this venerable lodge, a chapter of exceptional interest to antiquarians might be separately written. Unfortunately,



the museum attached to the lodge and founded in 1811 was after sixty years of existence recently consumed by fire. Among the treasures it contained, then reduced to ashes or scattered to the four winds of heaven, were flags carried by local companies in the war of the Revolution; the flag of Washington's life-guard; a collection of Indian relics of authenticated history; a number of portraits, including one of Martha, wife of Washington, in her girlhood; sundry Washington letters; card-tables and a settee from Mount Vernon; and various objects of minor value. The bier upon which Washington was carried to his tomb, the crape that hung upon the door at Mount Vernon to announce his death, and the military saddle habitually used by the great commander, long carefully enshrined in the museum, also disappeared on the occasion of the fire, but are believed by the authorities to have been stolen. Of the relics of Washington still remaining in possession of the lodge, now sealed behind glass, in a niche of the main hall, are seen an apron and sash "worked by the hands of the Fairly Fair"—the Marquise de Lafayette—and worn by Washington at the laying of the south-east corner-stone of the United States Capitol in 1793; fragments of the tents he occupied at the time of the surrender of Yorktown, and of the one he used on Dorchester Heights; his field-compass, farm-spurs, and bits of clothing, etc., all regarded by faithful Virginians as intrinsically precious as the jewels of a crown.





WASHINGTON RELICS AT ALEXANDRIA.

Another landmark of old Alexandria is the Carlyle house on Fairfax street, occupied for a time, through the courtesy of its owner, John Carlyle, Esq., by the British general Braddock, and since popularly known as Braddock's Headquarters. This square and substantial stone house, once surrounded by a lawn

stretching to the river-bank, is full of associations with the historic past. In its paneled drawing-room, early in April of the year 1755, General Braddock and Admiral Keppel held conference with the executive representatives of various colonies concerning plans for the proposed hostilities of the English against the French and Indian allies along the Ohio and St. Lawrence rivers. There were present five governors:* Dinwiddie of Virginia, De Lancey of New York, Morris of Pennsylvania, Sharpe of Maryland, Shirley of Massachusetts. To meet this honorable council, and to give them the benefit of his knowledge of Indian warfare, Major Washington was summoned from Mount Vernon. In spite of the marked impression made upon the council as a body by the young soldier's wise and moderate opinions, Braddock declined to act upon Washington's advice as to the best method of dealing with the Indians, and the expedition against Fort Duquesne (from which Washington did not withhold his own services as an aid on the staff of the commander) setting forth within the ensuing week, ended shortly in the fierce battle of Monongahela, when Braddock fell, and was buried near the field. It was in this bloody conflict, it may be recalled, that an Indian chief, pointing to Washington, cried to his braves, "Fire at him no more. See ye not that the Great Spirit protects that chief. He cannot die in battle!"

The Carlyle house, where the disastrous campaign was planned, stands to this day, although hemmed in and half lost to sight by the encompassing walls of a hotel. A more pleasant memory of that ancient mansion is of the frequent occasions when Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle received their good friends General and Mrs. Washington, who drove up from Mount Vernon intending to "dine and lie" at Alexandria. The writer retains, together with a bit of puce brocade resplendently flowered in crimson, green, and tarnished silver, representing the glories of "Grandmamma" Carlyle's gown assumed for a birthnight ball, a distinct impression of the scene described by a family chronicler. The group of ladies in the paneled parlor gather, splendid in trains carried over the arm, lappets and pinners of antique mechlin, powdered locks and superincumbent feathers. They laugh and chatter, rally the general as to who shall first claim him as her partner in the dance, and sip their coffee from cups of jasper spode. The general declares that his dancing days are over, but that he must have one minuet with little Sally Fairfax, who is to go to her first ball under her Aunt Carlyle's wing that night. Sally pirouettes, laughs, warns her beloved general that her comrade must be light of foot and tireless, then ends by challenging him to a trial of his skill. Somebody sits down to the spinet, and straightway the quaint measure of the old-time dance is heard. The general lays his hand upon his heart and bows. Sally courtesies demurely, her eyes full of merriment. They dance; the others applaud — suddenly, Mr. Carlyle looks in to tell them that the hour has passed when everybody was expecting the guest of the occasion to make his entry into the rooms. Such is a story those walls, could they but speak, might tell!

All good Americans should have, as all good Alexandrians have, a warm sentiment of reverence for Old Christ Church. Ivy-clad and substantial, it stands, save for the addition of a bell-tower, pretty much as it was finished in 1773, at a cost of many thousands of pounds of tobacco to the pious burghers of the town, under a special contract guaranteeing to them the best of English brick, mortar reversing the proportion of meaner modern days, two-thirds of lime, one-third of sand, with a roof of juniper shingles three-quarters of an inch in thickness. For so our fathers builded better than we know!

Among the first pews of Christ Church sold in perpetuity, was that for which George Washington paid the highest price given. Thereafter, this pew was a constant object of interest to the congregations of the place, as indeed it continues to be, being still carefully preserved, and inscribed with the name of its original owner. A great treat to early Christ Church goers was the arrival of the family from Mount Vernon, sometimes a little delayed beyond the opening of the service by the tenacity of Fairfax county mud. Seated near her husband in the square, high-backed pew was a gentle lady, still styled by the gossips of the congregation "the widow Custis that was." That same year of 1773 was made memorably sad by the death, at sixteen, of the pretty, frail creature the townspeople had been accustomed to see sitting on the front seat of the chariot from Mount Vernon, blushing like a rose in her coal-scuttle bonnet, and like a rose, too, destined to endure but the "space of a morning." Miss Custis, Mrs. Washington's daughter of her first marriage, died in June, 1773, a short time before the marriage of her brother John Parke Custis to Miss Nelly Calvert. When Washington attended service at Christ Church, in the pews around

* "Alexandria has been honored with five governors in consultation; a favorable presage, I hope, not only of the success of this expedition, but of the future greatness of the town; for surely such a meeting must have been occasioned by the commodious and pleasant situation of the place, which prognosticates population, and increase of a flourishing trade."—[*Washington's letter to W. Fairfax*, 23d April, 1755.]



WASHINGTON DANCING THE MINUET WITH SALLY FAIRFAX AT THE CARLYLE HOUSE.

him were gathered the Fairfaxes, Carlyles, Paynes, Alexanders, Herberts, Muirs, Flemings, Ramseys, and others of the gentry of the town. It was the custom of these good neighbors to assemble in the church-yard, after service, to exchange greetings; and from group to group went Washington, shaking hands and answering inquiries till the patience of his wife and that of the well-bred horses champing at their bits in the street adjoining were alike exhausted. In this quiet spot not a few of the friends then wont to assemble have laid them down to everlasting rest, their names and virtues written upon gray slabs carved with cherub heads and weeping-willows, now blurred with lichen and dark with weather-stains, and thither have their children's children come to sleep beside them. In the days when Christ Church was still subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, the vestrymen had civil power to levy taxes, to bind out apprentices, to make surveys, to receive fines for broken game-laws. The rector's salary was paid in tobacco, although we find accorded an award of eight pounds (of money, not the staple weed) to one William Shakespeare for his care of a parish foundling. Stories are still told of the two female sextons of this church — one Susanna Edwards, and her successor, Mistress Cook. Imagine a congregation of to-day under the rule of an awe-inspiring dame who marches



IN CHRIST CHURCH YARD, ALEXANDRIA.

up and down the tiled aisles, locking the pew-doors upon late arrivals, supplying prayer-books to the non-devotional, and darting looks of ire upon hapless Eutychus!

In walking through the streets of Alexandria, to-day, one sees residences keeping up the traditions of prosperous hospitality. Inclosed within high-walled gardens, where the Southern sun coaxes from mellow soil jasmines yellow and white, roses in prodigal variety, honeysuckle, and all other sweet-smelling things, the owners of these homes dwell year after year unambitious of change, gazing contentedly from afar upon that "microcosm on stilts yclept the great world." It is the business quarters of the town that strike most forcibly the visitor from one of the present centers of American commerce. From this old-time seat of Virginia custom, the "fret and fever of speculation" have forever fled. In the line of warehouses along the wharves, the "quick pulse of

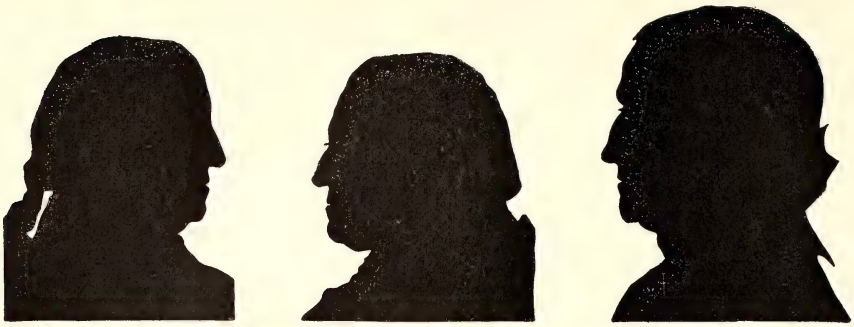
gain" has ceased to beat. The vessels lying at anchor must be haunted by ghostly crews; they give no sign of life. The steamboat that plies her way between Washington and Alexandria seems to approach the wharf cautiously, as if fearing to awake a slumberer. Even the fishing industry — for the beautiful river has not ceased to yield her tribute — appears to move but languidly. All this has its delightful aspect, and he who would view a lotus-eater in his paradise should watch an Alexandria darky, dangling his legs over the worn beams of the dock under pretense of fishing,— listening to the lap of water against the green and shiny piles, and droning away the livelong afternoon until the level sun, which gleams fiery red upon the broken window of the warehouses behind, begins to stir in him vague thoughts of corn pone browning on the cabin hearth at home.

But now to Mount Vernon. To go there in these modern days means to enjoy a jovial semi-picnic excursion aboard a comfortable steamboat, and to pay one's respects to the house and tomb hedged in by regulations, if not, indeed, "personally conducted." She who pens these pages prefers to recall the dear old place as visited in childhood, before the home of Washington had passed from the hands of Washingtons, and before the ties of intimacy linking then neighboring but now scattered Virginia families had become mere matter writ in history.

In the pleasant days so well remembered, the cordial owner of Mount Vernon, Mr. Augustine Washington, had a houseful of boys and girls to make merry on the classic portico, or to race unchecked through the box-walks of the fragrant garden. Our enjoyment of certain summer holidays passed in such butterfly pursuits, varied by accompanying a fatherly old negro to catch crabs upon the river-bank, was unalloyed. Through the mists of memory arises a certain morning spent in castle-building upon a grassy bank overlook-



AFTER THE SERVICE, IN CHRIST CHURCH YARD, ALEXANDRIA.



JOHN WASHINGTON. GEORGE WASHINGTON. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

SILHOUETTES INHERITED BY SAMUEL POWELL, ESQ.

ing the mausoleum, where two little girls, one of them the pretty, dark-eyed, roguish Louisa, daughter of the house, lay at full length upon the turf, and reared their unsubstantial palaces as fast and foolishly as tongue could fly. Wearying of this, there were the garden to rifle of its fruit, posies to pick and cast away; and when the ardor of the midday sun drove these spendthrifts of time indoors, it was to visit on tiptoe the darkened glories of parlor and library. We made short work of historical relics and of ancestral reminiscences in general. I remember considering them rather a bore. But the great key of the Bastile hanging in the hall enchained our vagrant fancy in weird fashion. We tried to picture the mob surging like a torrent over the ruins of the ancient stronghold. A few steps brought us beneath the ornate frame surrounding the portrait of Louis XVI., swathed in his purple and loaded down with ermine, and all play and laughter ceased when the story of his awful fate was told by the kindly guardian of our footsteps in those sacred rooms.

The writer was never again at Mount Vernon while it remained in the possession of the Washingtons. She recalls with pleasure being allowed to form one of a party invited to be present on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, when lovely Harriet Lane, then mistress of the White House, was hostess, and genial Sir Henry Holland went about winning golden opinions from his fellow-guests.

To introduce to my readers the Mount Vernon of olden days, I will use a description made by Washington himself:

"No estate in United America is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world, a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it. The whole shore, in fact, is one vast fishery."

A sovereign charm of the place, omitted in this sketch, is the abundance of fine trees crowning the projecting bluff on which the house is built. To increase the numbers and variety of his trees was the constant occupation of Washington's home-life. Each season of the year found him employed in providing for them. On the 10th of January he notes that the white thorn is in berry; on the 20th of the same month he clears the undergrowth from a grove of favorite pines; in March he plants hemlock; in April drills are made for sowing holly-berries.

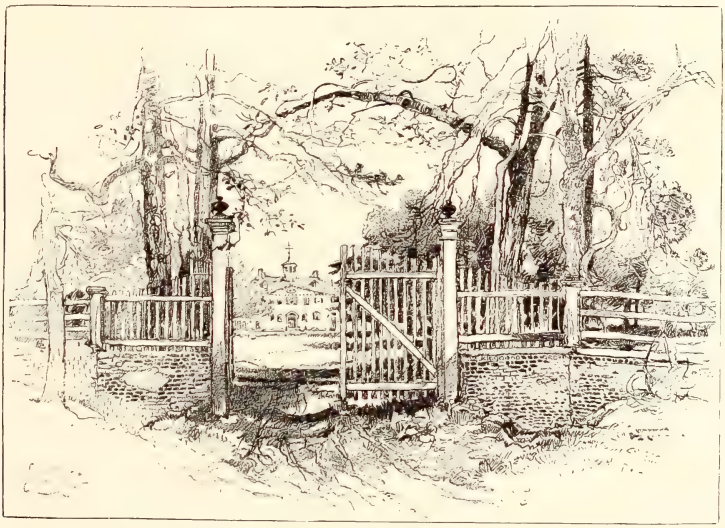
People living in the colder latitudes of the United States have little idea of the exceeding beauty and brilliancy conferred upon a landscape by the holly-tree. In Virginia it grows to a commanding height, expanding into an umbrella of glossy, prickly foliage, thickly studded with bunches of scarlet berries, which, rising against a background of deep blue sky, makes in midwinter a spectacle not to be forgotten.

Again we read, in Washington's journal, of a morning spent in teaching a coral honeysuckle vine to entwine the trunk of some ancient forest monarch; or in planting acorns and buckeye nuts brought from the fatal field of Monongahela, and horse-chestnuts from his early home in Westmoreland. Elsewhere, the grounds of Mount Vernon were clad by Nature in a rich garment of foliage native to the soil. Tulip-poplar, sweet-gum, sassafras, dogwood, oak, mulberry, aspen, ash, locust, and fringe-tree are among the deciduous trees most kindly in their growth in Fairfax county.

About fourteen miles below Alexandria, upon the opposite bank of the Potomac from Mount Vernon, was Belvoir, the estate of Colonel William Fairfax, a Yorkshireman, who, after a youth of wandering and of stout military service for the king, had come to cast his fortunes with the colony. This gentleman had held a variety of civil positions of responsibility in Virginia, and finally succeeded to that of pres-

ident of the council. His establishment was large, and was kept up in the English fashion, with liveried servants, waxed floors, fine equipages, and other indications of Old World ceremony. Around it rallied the gay society of the tide-water region, and there, attracted by the bright eyes of Anne Fairfax, Lawrence Washington, elder brother of George, sought and found his bride. In order that the young wife might not be far removed from her family, Lawrence decided to make their future home on his estate opposite Belvoir. Here he built the original dwelling and laid out the grounds, naming the place Mount Vernon, in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served with distinction at the siege of Cartagena.

Of Mount Vernon under the régime of Lawrence and Anne his wife, tradition has left little detail. From a number of Fairfax letters recently overlooked, I gather chiefly friendly discussion of the questions of the day, and of domestic gossip, congratulations, condolences, and moral reflections, concluding with the "humble service" of the period. Those were cheerful days at Mount Vernon and Belvoir. The masters ride about their plantations on horseback — Belvoir comprised nearly two thousand acres of land, and Mount Vernon as many more — and they consult about mending the breed of their horses; and a record remains of an occasion when, to make sure of better dogs, they decide to ship a present of turkeys to a friend in England, who in return sends, by "Captain Cooling of the *Elizabeth*," two dogs and one bitch of Sir Edward Filmore's hounds. They exchange grafts of the Golden Pippin, the Nonpareil, the Aromatick, and the Medlar apples. They hunt the fox, and after a hard day in the saddle, drink each other's health and that of his sacred majesty in a "nipperkin" of cognac. Visits between the two places are made with the help of a barge manned by liveried negroes. When the ladies do not meet, the men exchange news of the health of "my dear Dame." By the evening fire, they read letters from a kinswoman in England, daughter of a lord, mother of an earl, who declares herself in "an ill steat of helth," and wishes them "menny happy new years." Or else they wait anxiously for news of Thomas Fairfax, Colonel Fairfax's second son, who is cruising in an English man-of-war seeking encounter with the French off the far Indian coast. They fish, shoot canvas-backs, sail and row canoes upon the placid waters of the Potomac, lying like a sheet of silver between their homes.



THE OLD ENTRANCE TO MOUNT VERNON, USED IN WASHINGTON'S TIME.

Meantime, Lawrence Washington, in common with the rest of the family, began to be troubled about the career of his half-brother George, who was, at fourteen, shy, awkward, and, on the whole, rather a difficult problem for his anxious friends to solve. The Widow Washington, a good sensible woman of the old Virginia type, suggested to her step-son that he might take his father-in-law into his confidence, and "see what could be done for George." Colonel Fairfax sent for the lad to visit him, was pleased with his modest and manly bearing, and agreed with Lawrence that the royal navy was the best direction for George's strong military bent. At this time



THE OLD TOOL-HOUSE ON THE WALL AT MOUNT VERNON.

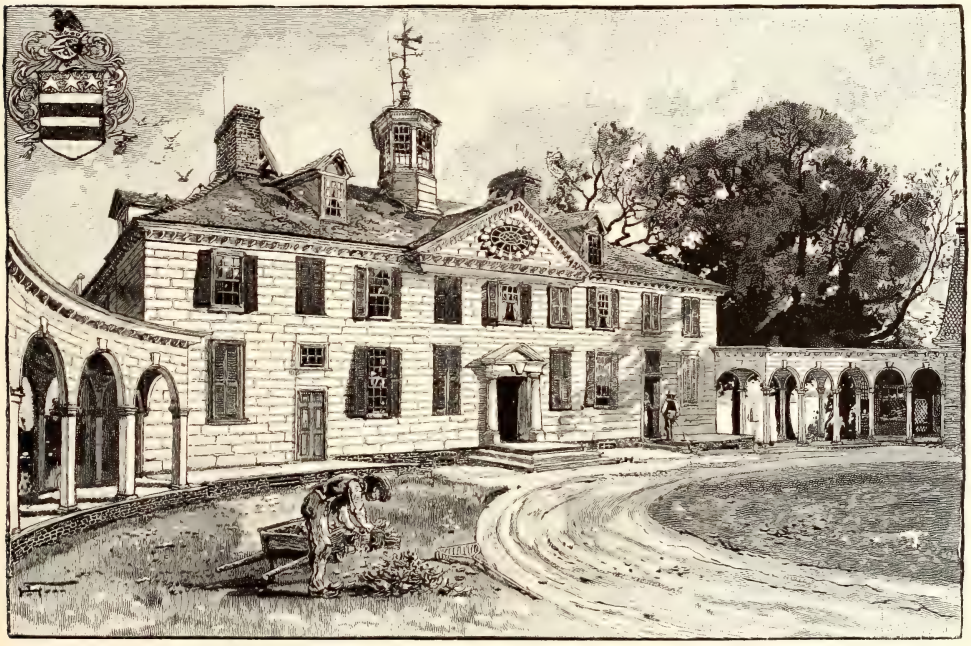
arrived tidings of the death in battle of young Thomas Fairfax, who fell "fighting in his country's cause, on board the *Harwich* ship-of-war, in an engagement with Monsieur Bourdonaye, commander of a French squadron on the Indian coast, the 26th day of June, 1745, in the twenty-first year of his age." It was, no doubt, this sad event that struck terror to the widow's heart, and strengthened her to resist the scheme proposed for her son. Perhaps, also, she was intimidated by a dolorous letter of warning penned to her on this subject by her brother, Mr. Joseph Ball, then residing in London:

"I understand you are advised and have some thoughts of putting your son to sea. I think he had better be put apprentice to a trade, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject, for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month and make him take twenty-three, and cut him and beat him like a negro, or rather, like a dog. And as to any considerable promotion in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here who have influence, and he has none."

The naval scheme was abandoned, and at this critical moment arrived upon the scene of Belvoir and Mount Vernon the person who, of all others, had most potent influence in shaping the future of the patriot. The sixth Lord Fairfax came from England to take up his abode in the Virginian wilds, and, conceiving a warm attachment for young Washington, made him his companion in many a hunting excursion, aiding him with money and with advice, until he was enabled to attain some degree of independence in his favorite occupation of surveying. During the years before his brother Lawrence's death, George resided mainly at Mount Vernon, and upon the wooded hillsides his first sentimental passion was experienced. He sighed for his "lowland beauty," as, in after days in a colder clime, he sighed for charming Mary Phillips. He wrote rhymes, wherein his "poor restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart," played a prominent part. He went a-courting, as the good Virginia phrase hath it, to the Cary houses at Ceelys and Rich Neck, and at the shrine of that famed colonial belle, Miss Sally, laid the offering of his noble heart and name. Miss Cary refused him, to marry his friend George William Fairfax. Long afterwards, upon her death in Bath, England, her husband's heirs in Virginia found among her papers letters addressed to her by Washington, containing a frank acknowledgment that his disappointment in securing her as his wife had seriously affected the happiness of his life. That these letters should be kept secret in the family inheriting them was decided by its head. For nearly a century they have been handed down, and are here mentioned simply as a side-light thrown on the love-life of Washington at Mount Vernon.

A break in the congenial life on the Potomac plantation was at hand. A note of war was sounded among the British colonists. In Virginia the province was broken up into military districts, and to one of these Washington was appointed adjutant-general with the rank of major. A school-of-arms, officered by Adjutant Muse, Lawrence Washington's old companion of West Indian days, as teacher of manual exercise, and by that roving blade, Jacob Van Braam, as master of fence, was instituted at Mount Vernon for the benefit of the newly appointed officer. At this juncture Lawrence Washington fell ill. For his health's sake the two brothers undertook a voyage to Barbadoes, where George was attacked by small-pox. In 1752 the good and generous Lawrence died, leaving as his heir a puny daughter, whose early demise placed Mount Vernon in the keeping of George Washington. For a time he devoted himself to regulating affairs upon the estate and to caring for the interests of the widow. The year following saw him engaged in the frontier hostilities, where, as he writes, he was "soundly beaten."

In spite of this discouragement, the martial spirit was unsubdued. A day came when the young hero paced unceasingly back and forth beneath the colonnade at Mount Vernon, watching with flushed cheek and kindling eye the passage of war-ships bearing the British troops gathering at Alexandria for a conflict on the border; and then, putting spurs to his hunter, he galloped into the familiar streets of the little town, to find them alive with excitement. Here he met all the pomp and panoply of Old World warfare. His ears were open to the bidding of drum and fife. The grasp of Destiny was upon him, and in spite of the opposition of his mother to his military career, Mount Vernon saw him but rarely, until the close of the long Indian war. When, five years later, Washington returned to his home, his name was in every man's mouth, and the country rang with eulogies of his valor, his modesty, over the anxiety of Fairfax county folk to see the bride, of their visits to Mount Vernon when, in the spring after her marriage, she came to take up her abode there, and of her charming appearance, clad in a long-waisted, square-cut gown of heavy mode, having pearls wrapped in her simply twisted hair, and wearing no ornaments upon her rounded neck and arms. Among the earlier callers came, as a matter of course, the family from Belvoir, including Mistress Sally, wife of the eldest son and whilom love of Washington, together with her pretty sister, to whom Washington from his camp at Raystown, some months before, had penned the playful assurance, "I should think our time more agreeable spent, believe me, in playing a part in Cato, with the company you mention, and myself doubly happy in being the Juba to such a Marcia as you must make." All eyes were



SOUTH FRONT OF MANSION, MOUNT VERNON.

his wisdom, and his patriotism. Happening to stop overnight at the house of Mr. Chamberlayne on the Pamunkey River, he had encountered the fair and gracious lady who became his wife. The alliance thus formed, although not entered into by him with the boyish fervor displayed in his early love-affair, was eminently suitable, and was based upon sincere affection. Neighborhood tradition has transmitted more than one bit of gossip fixed upon the bridegroom, to see how he would bear the embarrassing situation, but his dignity, under the circumstances, and that of Mrs. Washington, were alike admirable. Rumor has handed down a statement, however, given for what it will fetch,— that in time to come Martha Washington never was quite so friendly with Sally Fairfax as her husband continued to be with his early comrade of the Shenandoah forests! Certain



"ON THE FRONT SEAT OF THE CHARIOT."

it is, that Washington's esteem and devotion to his wife were made manifest in ways both great and small ever thereafter. Does he not at the zenith of his fame write to her, "I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad if my stay were to be seven times seven years"?

In such companionship, surrounded by the dear friends of his boyhood, with health and ample means at his command, Washington passed the serene years preluding a crisis which was to call him into the broadest arena of patriotic action. We may glance here at Mount Vernon as it appeared to the numerous visitors who, including all the potentates of the colony, made continual test of the hospitality of the newly married pair. The house, as altered and improved by Washington, was an unpretending Virginia dwelling, modest enough by comparison with the stately homes of England's great men. At some little distance from the carriage-way facing the western front, the road led through a bit of blossoming woodland, in spring redolent of the odors of wild grape, and blazing with the luster of dogwood, wild azalea and lupine. Thence, the visitor's chariot, or oftener his saddle-horse, passed between porters' lodges built of sun-dried bricks to the portal now familiar to thousands in our land. This approach gave to view a plain two-story house, with peaked roof and cupola, and out-buildings connected with the main structure, after the common Virginia fashion, by an open arcade. (The uses of such covered walks require no explanations to a Southerner, who recalls the many hospitable mansions where from the kitchens situated at a distance from the dwelling a procession of little darkies like an antique frieze was seen to pass and repass, supporting plates of hot batter-cakes, muffins, Sally Lunns, rice waffles, griddle-cakes, love-puffs, beaten biscuit, laplands,— what was there not beside? — in bewildering succession to the tea-table!) The only imposing feature of Mount Vernon architecture was the colonnade, a broad flagged piazza upon the river-front, supporting by slender columns the projecting roof of the house, and forming a pleasant airy retreat from the ardor of the Southern sun. From this point the lawn slopes down to the wooded heights above the landing-place. Here would the guests assemble before dinner was announced. To the ladies were served, by way of an appetizer, trays containing a variety of small choice pickles, made after a famous old receipt. To the gentlemen, the butler handed straw-stemmed glasses of Madeira, imported twice a year with the rest of the household stuff, from London. On this piazza the family commonly sat, Mrs. Washington with her knitting, the others variously occupied, and here the great man walked to and fro, pondering in his maturity over the mighty questions then fomenting between the British ministry and the colonists, as he had in his boyhood strained at the leash that kept him from the frontier war.

An enduring beauty of Mount Vernon were the gardens. Their limits were crowded with old-time flowers growing between hedges of tall box. Calycanthus and althea, snow-ball and mock-orange, were found in the shrubbery; while sago-palm and century plant, lemon-tree and agave, were brought from the glass houses to add dignity to the walks. Washington put into the petty cares for flower and plant the same nicety of judgment and the same zeal that went into affairs of state or camp. He found as much time to bestow upon graft and seedling as upon the larger industries of the plantation.

In the matter of daily occupation a page from Washington's home-life reads pretty much like that of any other Virginia planter of his day. The industries of the servants' quarter embraced every trade necessary to supply their own wants. Not content with

the supervision bestowed by his overseers, Washington rode from field or orchard to mill, to saw-mill, to carpenter's shop, to fishery, to plantation, to stables, etc., extending to each in turn his personal attention. To visit the ailing negroes upon his estate was a duty scrupulously performed; we read in his diary of "Cupid, ill of a pleurisy at Dogue Run quarter," and of "Grig and Lucy nothing better." The greater part of a day is spent or of preparing orders to his agent in London for the semi-yearly invoice of agricultural implements, harness, livery, equipages, wearing apparel, etc., thought suitable for a gentleman of condition in the Provinces. In ordering clothes for himself, he specifies that he is to have neither lace nor embroidery, since "plain clothes with gold or silver buttons" are "all that he desires." There is in one of his letters an implied complaint against "one Charles



PROCESSION OF LITTLE DARKIES LIKE AN ANTIQUE FRIEZE."

in helping Peter, his smith, to make a new plow of his own invention. One Sunday, unable to go to church because the chariot has not returned from Colonel Fairfax's, he is obliged to put to rout a saucy oysterman who "lies at his landing," and "plagues" him by "disorderly behavior." He conditions for a purchase of land from a miserly neighbor; and himself goes into Alexandria to select a keg of butter, "being entirely out of that article." He bottles "thirty-five dozen of cider," and notes a very "great circle around the moon."

When the spring-tides of the Potomac bring herring to their nets, he is with the men, helping to haul in the seine. Whenever the season permits, he hunts with Lord Fairfax, George William Fairfax, Mr. Alexander, and others. Horses, hounds, horns made the Mount Vernon woods resound, and after a day of sport the rough-riding squires put in for dinner at any one of their respective residences which might be most convenient. When the weather is so bad as to keep even the stalwart Washington indoors, he has an opportunity of "posting my books, and putting them in good order,"

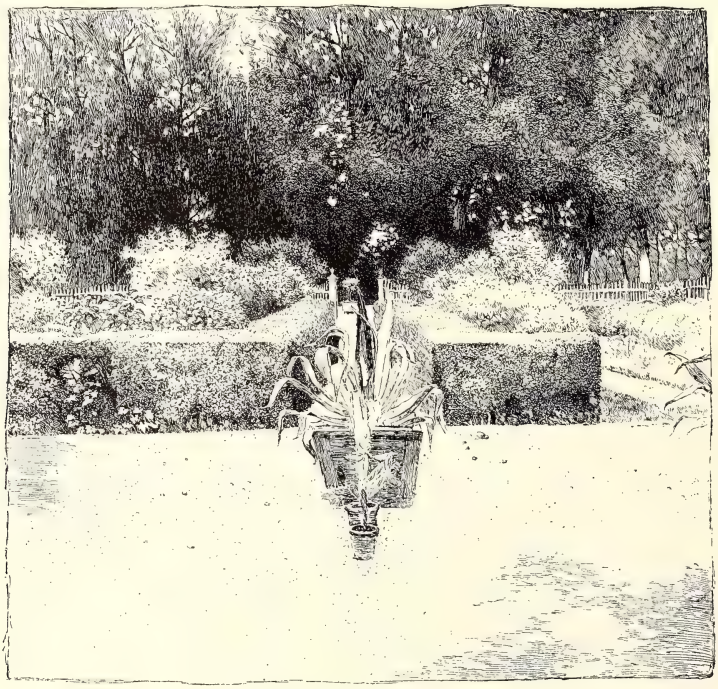
Lawrence," who has hitherto made his garments. "Whether it be the fault of the tailor or of the measure sent, I cannot say, but certain it is my clothes have never fitted me well." He is also concerned because a recent invoice contained last year's fashions. For Mrs. Washington and her children no stuffs were too rich and substantial, and the description of those old brocades and tabbinets, lustrings, and gold-wrought gauzes, seems to belong to times remote from the simplicity of later Republican days.

Life at Mount Vernon before the Revolution was, in short, happily uneventful. As Washington himself described it, in a letter to a kinsman then in London:

> "The occurrences of this part of the world are at present scarce worth reciting, for, as we live in a state of peaceful tranquillity ourselves, so we are at very little trouble to inquire after the operations against the Cherokees, who are the only people that disturb the repose of this great continent."

Upon the agreeable phases of Mount Vernon life embodied in Washington's relations with his step-children, I do not purpose here

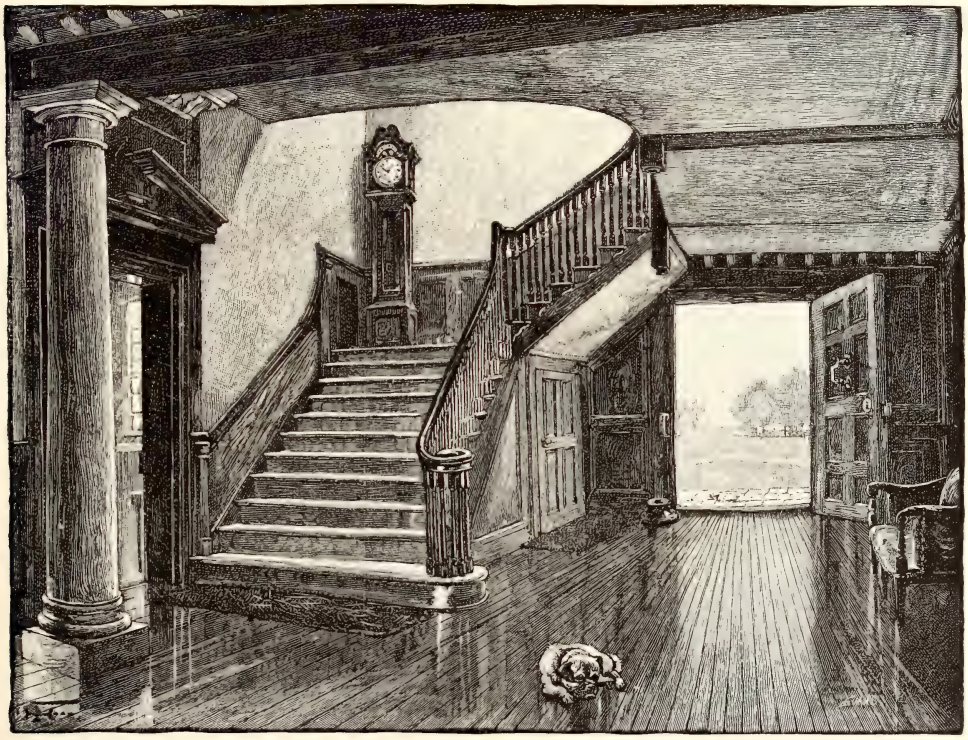
to touch. We may bridge over those placid years and come to the day in 1775 when fiery-tongued Patrick Henry uttered before the Virginia Convention his impetuous "We must fight!" On the 15th of the succeeding June, Washington was chosen by the Continental Congress to be general and commander-in-chief of the American army. After the last fond days spent in galloping about his happy hunting-grounds, before assuming the charge of a nation, Washington was little more than an occasional guest at Mount Vernon. In a letter dated 1798, he says: "Twenty-five years have passed away since I have considered myself a permanent resident beneath my own roof at Mount Vernon." Although the place was more than once supposed to be in danger from British ships, as the dwelling of the "rebel commander-in-chief," and Mrs. Washington was frequently urged to abandon it, she preferred to remain there until summoned by her chieftain to join him at headquarters. Her ordinary plan was to spend the winters of inaction with her husband, returning to summer at Mount Vernon upon the resumption of spring hostilities. Consider the dreariness of life on a Virginia plantation during those troublous times. For Martha Washington, living remote from her own family, the "cutting stroke" of separation and solitude was enhanced by the breaking of other social ties consequent upon the war. Her nearest neighbors, the family of George William Fairfax (the old colonel having long since died), had removed to live in England, meeting on their voyage up the River Thames the outgoing cargoes of tea that worked such mischief oversea. In the wilderness at Greenway Court, old Lord Fairfax brooded, with the abiding sorrow of an aged man, over the turn affairs were taking. Another intimate friend, the Rev. Brian Fairfax of Towlston, after nights and days of argument against Washington's course in resisting the righteous authority of the Crown, had abandoned himself to dignified seclusion in the confines of his own estate. The relations of these conscientious Tories toward the blazing patriots of that day were strained and painful. The years of the war hung like a pall upon Mount Vernon.



IN THE GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON.

It was in 1781 that Lund Washington, left in charge of Mount Vernon by his cousin, took alarm at repeated threats against the place, and endeavored to secure the good-will of the commander of a British man-of-war lying in the stream, by going aboard her with a liberal supply of provisions from the farm. This

proceeding, coming to Washington's ears, drew down upon his agent a rebuke stern and uncompromising, with the command rather to let the place be burned and ravaged than tamper with the enemy. The alternative was not again presented, and two years later saw Mount Vernon once more in gala dress, made ready for a three-days visit, at Christmas, of Washington, accompanied by his staff, the Comte de Rochambeau, and General Chastellux. No one who is unfamiliar with the old-style methods of Southern hospitality can realize the amount of cheery labor preluding an event like this. In all Virginia country houses, the preparation of ornamental confectionery devolved upon the ladies of the family. For days before the arrival of guests the entire pantry house must have its sprig of cedar or of holly. The bedrooms, plain but exquisitely neat, were aired and garnished. The beds were made up with linen like that of the inn in Walton's "Angler"—"sheets that-look white and smell of lavender"—and decorated, moreover, with white dimity curtains and counterpanes of home-made knotted-work. Every fire-place was piled high with logs, and was haunted by a small dark personage brandishing a turkey wing, ready, as might be needed, to fan a flame or to sweep away the ashes. Tradition tells how noble Martha Washington, although saddened by the loss of her son two years before, and bearing fresh in memory the bitter privations of the American soldiers, nerved herself to do the honors as a good



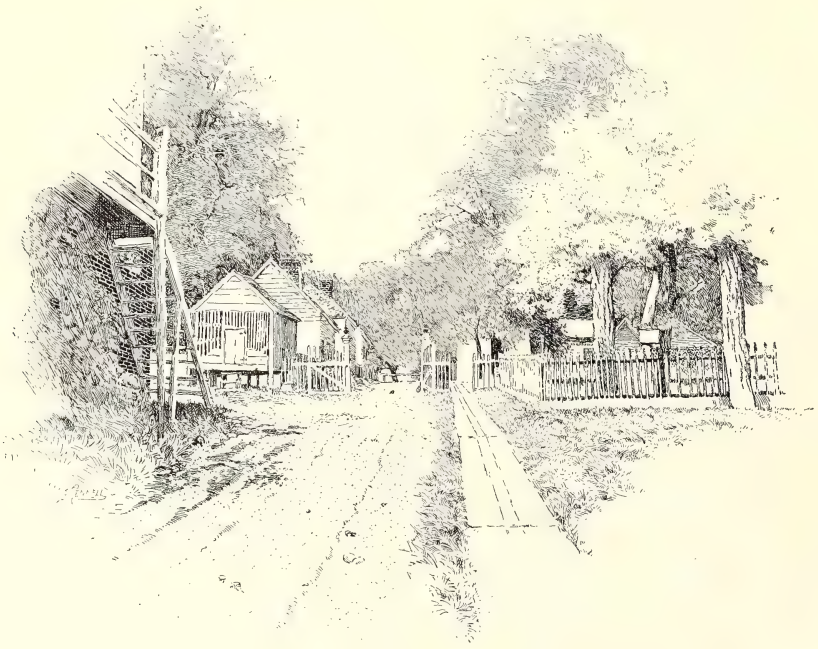
THE HALL, MOUNT VERNON.

and store-room staff was in a state of pleasing animation. There were eggs to beat, butter to cream, loaf-sugar to crack, jelly to strain, plum-pudding and black cake to mix, festoons of icing, pink and white, to apply through a paper cone, wonderful paper frills to cut for mighty ham-bones. A score of servants were set to work polishing floors and furniture, brass and crystal. Every candlestick in the housewife upon the occasion of the happy Christmas of 1783. To her, as she confessed, all the prospects of future worldly happiness were "in the still enjoyments of the fireside of Mount Vernon," and her one prayer was that "the general" might be left to grow old with her in solitude and tranquility. How heartily these sentiments were echoed by Washington himself, may be seen in his let-

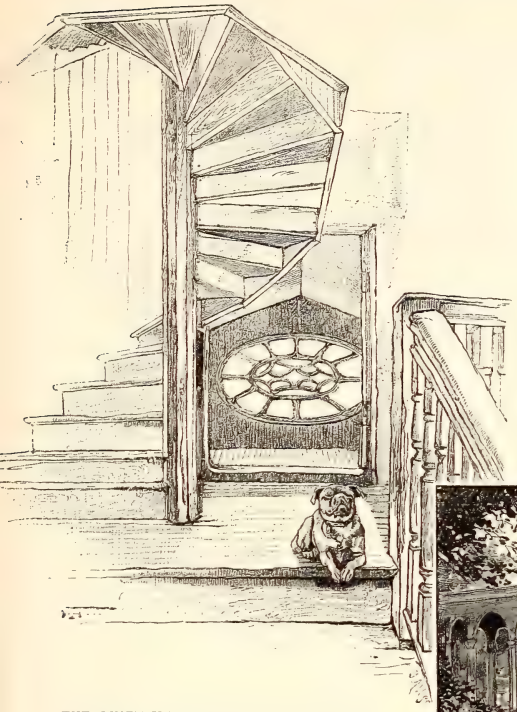
ters of the time. "To move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers," was the aspiration of his heart.

The years of Washington's residence at Mount Vernon immediately after the close of the Revolutionary war, when the old plantation life was as far as possible resumed, were varied by incessant tributes of admiration coming to him from the civilized world at large, and by the continual presence at his home of visitors both great and small. The writer is the owner of a memento of this period, of general interest as indicating the modesty with which Washington shrank from praise of himself. It is a framed mezzotint, under glass, of a full-length portrait by Peel of General Nathaniel Greene of Rhode Island, with an engraved legend naming the artists, and showing it to be "from the original picture in the possession of Mr. Brown, published by him April 22d, 1785, and sold at No. 10, George Yard, Lombard Street, London." It was presented by Washington to Mr. Carlyle; given by him in turn to his daughter, Mrs. Herbert; and by her left to her two maiden daughters. One of these ladies, both of whom died at a good old age in Alexandria, in 1863, remembered a visit to Mount Vernon as a child when she was made to stand upon a tabouret and sing "Ye Dalian God" before General Washington. The picture, together with a quilt fashioned after one of Mrs. Washington's, was bequeathed to the present owner, their grandniece; but the war then preventing her from acquiring immediate possession, the picture was by a relative carried back to Mount Vernon, and there remained for eight years before it finally came to hand in New York, by express, and with the glass broken in transit. An inspection made of the print when the broken glass was removed brought to light the fact that a section cut from the lower margin had been replaced by an inserted piece of Bristol-board on which a text had been engrossed with pen and ink. A strip of paper, yellow with age, covered the inserted card-board, and not only rendered the writing illegible, but so concealed it that only the closest scrutiny could detect the lines at all. When this covering had been carefully cleaned off, the text below was revealed in these words:

"To his Excellency, General Washington, more exalted in Virtue than in Rank, In Gratitude for his laudable Labours which have been most honorably and successfully exerted in the great cause of Liberty and Mankind, This Print is with the utmost respect presented by Joseph Brown."



THE ENTRANCE TO MOUNT VERNON.



THE LINEN-CLOSET AND WINDING-STAIR.

It is evident that Washington, before hanging the picture upon the walls at Mount Vernon, himself pasted the strip of paper over a eulogy the existence of which, discovered thus by accident, had not been suspected by the friend to whom the print had afterwards been given, or by two generations of his descendants.

In 1789 we see Washington again bidding "adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity." The choice of the American people had made him President; and obediently he went forth to receive the highest honors of the nation. During his terms of office, the care of Mount Vernon, although relegated to a trusted manager, was rarely absent from his thoughts. He returned to it finally in 1797, to take up again the scheme of agriculture so often interrupted. This beloved pursuit dividing his interest with the affairs of the new army, gave him pleasure during the brief remainder of his life. It was to a ride around his farm, exposed to the sleet and snow of a raw December day, that the nation owed its mournful loss. A cold taken then, followed by a brief struggle for life, resulted two days later in his death.

That last sad scene in "the chamber" at Mount Vernon!—who can picture it without a sense of personal interest? The simple homely room, looking southward to the Potomac. A wood fire, casting fitful shadows on the wall. Beside the bed, those faithful, silent watchers,—

THE SOUTH GATE.





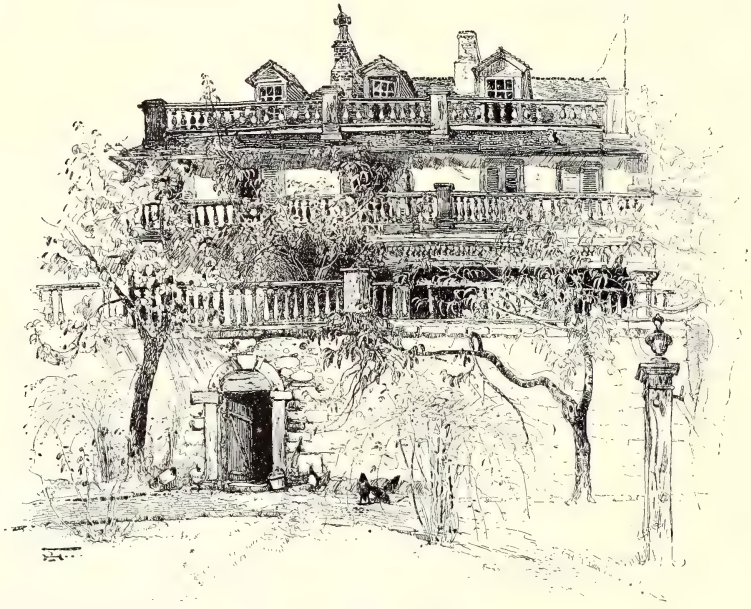
THE NORTH GATE, MOUNT VERNON.

Craik the physician, and Lear the secretary. At the foot of the bed, the brave wife, who looked beyond the present grief to the hour when she might follow him. On the pillow, that still heroic face. Of all the great men this weary world can chronicle, how many

have rendered up accounts as pure as Washington's?

By the side of his own beautiful river, on the spot most dear to him from boyhood, Washington sleeps; and thither, year by year, go the footsteps of thronging pilgrims, eager to offer their tribute of respect.

Constance Cary Harrison.



THE CARLYLE HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA.

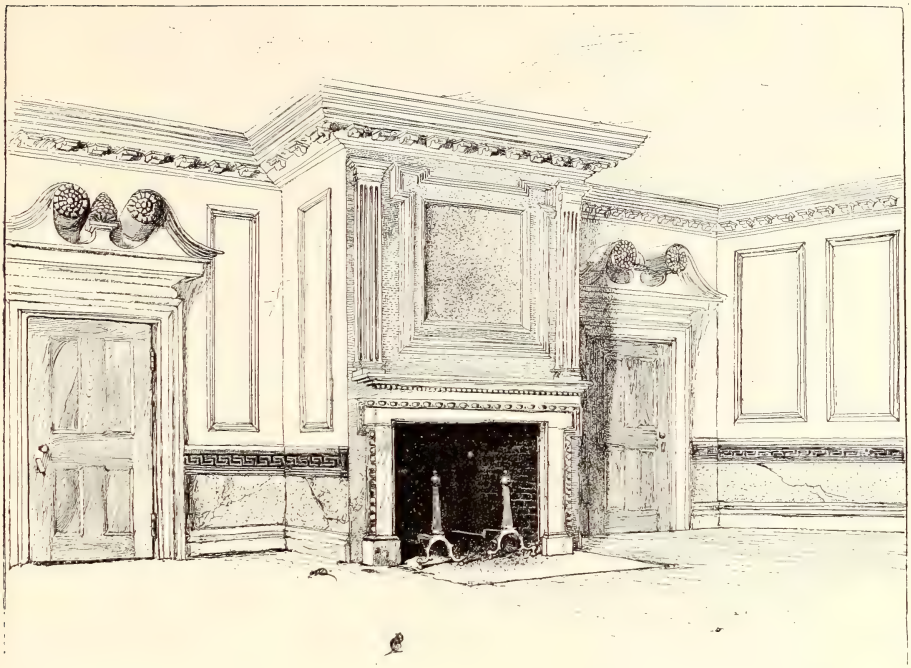
MOUNT VERNON AS IT IS.

TIME moves so gently in the quiet old town of Alexandria, that twenty-five years, more or less, does not seem to matter much. While the great cities of the East have been doubling themselves and the cities of the West have grown from mere villages into vast centers of trade and population, the quiet old town has scarcely changed. The colonial flavor still clings to her stately houses and lovely gardens, though it may have been banished from the busier streets, where the necessary buying and selling goes on. The colonial names which testified to the loyalty of the Alexandrians of ante-revolutionary days are still retained by the streets which lie along the river or have their origin there. The shifting of base which came with the revolt of the colonies is well typified in these same streets, where Columbia and Washington cut sharply across King and Queen and the rest of the royal family.

A quiet retrospective air marks the better quarters of the old town, gradually shading down, through shabby gentility and decent poverty, into the squalor and sordid wretchedness which one finds along the river-brink,— dilapidated houses now occupied by the Alexandria darky, dark and filthy junk-shops reeking with vile smells, rotting quays lapped by the quiet waters of the Potomac.

The old Fairfax house on Cameron street, built of brick brought from England by one of the family, stands apparently unchanged since the days of '59, when I knew and loved it well. It shows sign neither of decrepitude nor of restoration, but the Fairfax family — dispersed by the civil war — know it no more.

The Carlyle house is by far the most interesting relic in the town,— with the possible exception of Christ Church, which, however, has a spick-and-span look that makes one hesitate to call it a relic. The Braddock headquarters, as the Carlyle house came to be called, is now incorporated into the hotel once familiarly known as the Mansion House, but rechristened of late years the Braddock House. It stands, doors wide open, upon the grassy court-



"WHERE THE BRITISH COUNCIL MET."

yard of the hotel, a deserted, dismantled, dilapidated house, the plaster loosened from the ceilings, and the rats its only inhabitants. Some of the rooms are locked, but the most interesting, from its associations, stands open. This is the paneled room where the British council met, with their brave and headstrong martinet of a commander. To this council Braddock summoned young Major Washington, to get from him advice as to his tactics in dealing with the French and Indian allies at Fort Duquesne,— advice fatally neglected, as the world well knows.

The room is quite small; not more than 21 by 16 feet, a casual judgment would give as its proportions. The walls are paneled wood painted a bright blue, with heavy carved frieze, chair board, and moldings over the doors in white. The windows do not come down to the floor, the sill being almost twenty inches above it. In the embrasures of the windows, some ten inches below the sills, are seats, deep and wide enough to accommodate two of the slim figures in fashion among our ancestors of that day. The paneling over the mantel-shelf indicates the presence of a picture or a mirror at some time, and a primitive cupboard stands open opposite the door. The small dimensions of the rooms is a very noticeable feature, both here and at Mount Vernon. We are accustomed to think of these rooms, the scenes of colonial dances and banquets, as being spacious and rather grand, but when one comes to see them, they shrink into insignificance when compared with the rooms in our "seaside cottages" of to-day.

Old Christ Church, around which so many memories cluster, is a solid, humdrum-looking building. It looks old, but not ancient in any degree. It has been in constant use from the days when Washington worshiped there till the present time, and has, therefore, been prevented from falling into dilapidation. Originally the pews were very high, the purpose evidently being to permit the occupants a view of the pulpit only, and so prevent, as far as lay in a wooden barricade, wandering thoughts. Many of the pews were square, with seats around three sides. In 1816 a number of these pews were divided into pews of the ordinary size. Washington's pew is now the only square one left in the church.

The old "wine-glass" pulpit from which Washington was wont to be "instructed" in his duties to God and man, a few years ago was taken away and replaced by a more modern form. What became of it remains an open secret: it is living a divided existence as "me-



THE OLD FAMILY TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON.

mentos" of various sorts and sizes. Whether these were distributed or sold it is difficult to ascertain, as the fact is mentioned only with bated breath, and the details of this piece of vandalism cannot be ascertained. The pulpit was not unfit for use, as far as I could learn, but was displaced as a mere matter of taste or emolument.

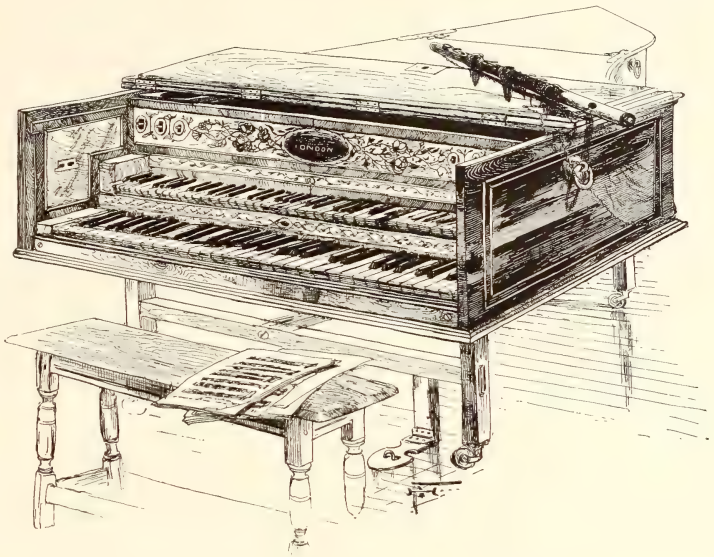
The chancel railing is the same at which Washington knelt to commune; the tablets, with the Lord's prayer and commandments upon them, are also unchanged. The original flagging in the aisles has been overlaid or replaced with wood.

The church stands as squarely and solidly in the midst of its quiet graves as though the passing centuries were of no moment. It has a sunny, open-air, Old World look, such as we see in pictures of quiet village churches in England, and seems to be an integral part of the town, with a well-established right to be there and not an impertinent irrelevancy, as most city church-yards are.

A delightful sail takes the visitor from Alexandria to Mount Vernon. The approach to the place is very fine. From the greenery of the high wooded hills the pillared colonnade and the expanse of front gleam out. The house,

which on nearer view loses somewhat in effect, is from the river very impressive. Its broad portico with pillars reaching to the roof gives an impression of elegance not sustained when one finds that the façade is frame and the pillars wooden.

A short walk up the hill brings one to the hideous brick structure, more like a modern edition of the old-time Virginia spring-house than what it is, the mausoleum of America's greatest citizen. About it are clustered the graves of many members of the family, and in the vault, back of the mausoleum, lie a great many more, with no visible or attainable record of the names or even the number of the occupants, a most singular state of affairs; almost more singular for those times than it would be for these, when the worship of ancestors has assumed vaster proportions though less definition in detail than it had in the simpler days gone by.



WASHINGTON'S FLUTE AND MISS CUSTIS'S HARPSICHORD.

The old tomb, which I remember thirty years ago as an open excavation, and from which I brought away pebbles and wild-flowers, is now inclosed and under lock and key, as everything has to be, to make the incursions of the modern goths and vandals as little mischievous as may be.

The house presents a broad front to the river, and another to the beautiful sweep of level turf between it and the road. This grassy plot is flanked on either side by clumps and irregular groups of shade trees. These are, in their turn, hemmed in by the out-buildings,— offices, stables, laundries, smoke-house, salting-house, and kitchens.

The place, as is well known, has been for a number of years under the control of the Mount Vernon Association, composed of ladies from many, indeed from most, of the older States of the Union. An attempt has been made to fit up the rooms despoiled of their furniture at the sale by its late owner. Different States have assumed the responsibility, through their representatives, by certain rooms. Some of these rooms hold bits of the furniture used in the days of Washington. A spindle-legged side-board newly done up stands in the private dining-room, as it stood in the days when the Washington and Custis family gathered there for meals. The rest of the furniture, though in excellent keeping, is not the same that was used by them. "It is antique, but not original," we were told by the negro man who showed us these rooms. He once "b'longed to de fam'ly," and was born on the place as his father was before him. There was something touching and beautiful in the proud sense of being "one of the family" shown by the servants who still act in the capacity of guides. The "gen'al" probably lives nowhere on earth in such tender remembrance as he does with them. They spoke of him and of Mrs. Washington with a loving and reverent familiarity, in this case only an heirloom, but full of suggestion to those who have known the relation of master and servant in its perfection,— a relation that has died out of the world with the death of "the institution," and was its beautiful and redeeming feature.

In Nellie Custis's music-room stands the harpsichord given her by General Washington as a wedding-present. It is the lineal ancestor of the modern grand piano, but with two banks of keys. The vandals who visited Mount Vernon before the rooms were kept barred, have picked the ivories from every key in the upper bank, as well as all the inlaid brass-work from the frame of the instrument. In most of the rooms some attempt has been made to restore at least the epoch, in the furniture selected; but one — Mrs. Washington's sitting-room— is furnished

with a tawdry set of modern ebonized furniture covered with red and yellow plush. Nothing could be more out of taste, especially in combination with the bar-room window-shade of yellow and pink.

A panel over the mantel-shelf in the west parlors is filled with an old-style oil landscape glazed. It looks as though the trees and mountains of lugubrious hue had been pressed for preservation under the glass. A chair, with green-slatted back and rush seat, is one of the pieces of furniture which came over in the much-packed *Mayflower*. Other pieces of original furniture, a globe, a portrait of Washington by Trumbull, and another by Gilbert Stewart, are standing about the room. Among other things, a white-and-gold sixteenth-century chair from the château at Chavagniac Auvergne, the birthplace of Lafayette, is to be found here. Over the mantel-shelf is the coat of arms of the Washington family, and in the fire-brick at the back of the chimney is a crest and the letters G. W. in relief. The river-room or east parlor has the original writing-desk, clock, and spinning-wheel used by Martha Washington. In the entrance hall still hangs the key of the Bastile as it hung in the days of Washington.

The only objects of interest in the banqueting-hall, which is to be furnished by New York, are the model of the Bastile and the mantel-piece of Carrara and Sienna marble, an ugly, clumsy, but curious architectural structure. The windows in the front of the house are small, with tiny panes, but on the end, in the banqueting-hall, is a triple window, also having small panes; but the middle window is higher than the others and arched, giving quite an unusual and pretty effect.

In the "family kitchen" is a great wide-mouthed fire-place with crane. Here we (my friend, one of "de fam'ly," and myself) were greeted by a handsome mulatto woman, born on the place, who brought forcibly to mind "the days that are no more," with her sweet voice, and gentle ways, and perfect courtesy. A sign upon the door, that milk was sold there for the benefit of the association, made me call for a glass. After I had taken it I asked the price. She said with the most gentle politeness and a suggestion of a courtesy, "Fi' cents a glass, *onless*, ladies, you will kindly accept it from the 'sociation." The whole air of the place has somehow escaped the sordid quality which makes most show-places an offense to the reverent visitor. The attendance, from that of the humblest negro to that of the extremely courteous and obliging superintendent, gives one the impression of being made welcome to a home, rather than that their services were mere perfunctory offices, performed for pay.

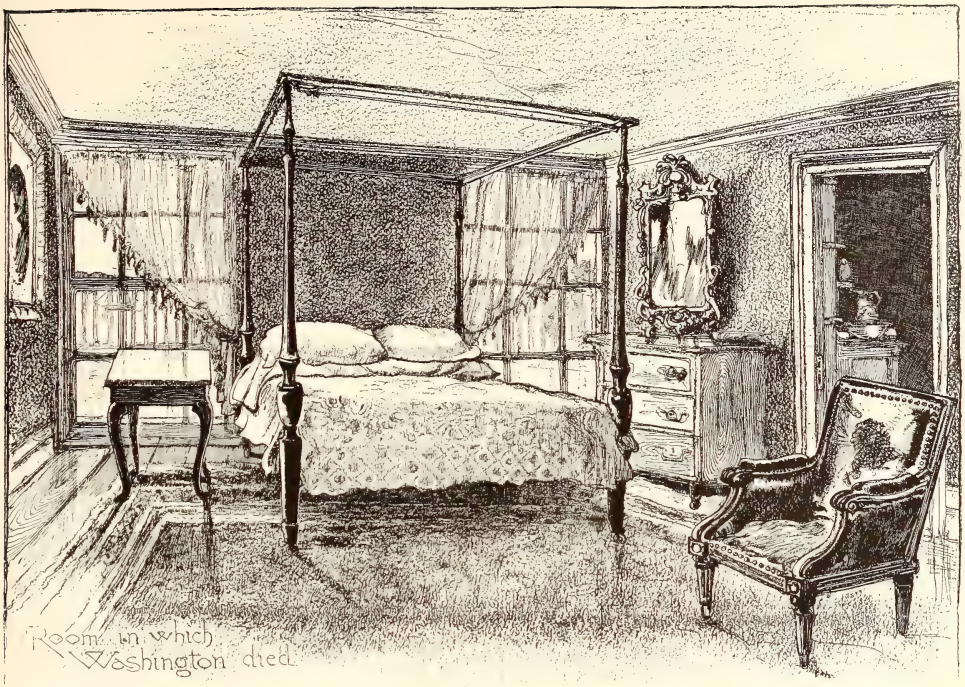
Here, there, and everywhere, among the relics of old times, the bulging form and bright blue color of hand-grenades impertinently remind us of the present, and sweep away the gathering illusions.

By far the most interesting relics in the house are those in the sleeping-chambers. "Lafayette's room" has still the original four-poster, with heavy tester and hangings, and the desk and dressing-table, which served the marquis on his visits to the Washington family. In one of the rooms hang two curious old water-colors, which our guide said had been sold when Mr. Augustine Washington disposed of the furniture of the house, but which "were so 'lapidated that they di'n' take 'em away." In this same room hung a tripartite mirror, once the property of Light-horse Harry Lee.

Miss Custis's room had in it a very quaint and beautiful chair which came over with Lord Baltimore, — presented by Miss Harper of Baltimore, into whose hands it had fallen when the furniture was scattered abroad after the sale. The mirror at which sweet Eleanor Custis had made her toilet and the steps by which she climbed into her lofty, curtained bed are still in their old places. In another room is a curious candlestick of Mrs. Washington's, an upright rod supporting a sliding crossbeam, in each end of which is a brass candlestick, the base of which, a tripod, rests upon the floor.

But the interest of the whole house centers in the room where Washington died,— "The gen'al's room, the room I likes de bes' in de house," as the servitor called it, in a tone of genuine and reverent affection. Just where the great man lay a-dying eighty-eight years ago, the bed now stands, and beside it the light stand on which are the rings left by his medicine-glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair-covered trunk in which he carried his possessions, the surveyor's tripod he had used, the cloak he threw about his shoulders when he went over the farm, the leathern chair in which he sat, the covering cut away by vandal hands, are all there. There was something, in spite of these few discordant notes, that seemed peculiar to that room. I could not feel that thousands of eyes had looked upon it with idle curiosity, but as though it had been kept sacred all these years, and was yet redolent of the memories which have set it apart forever.

"Many wonders," said our guide, "why Mrs. Wash'n'ton died up in de attic, and not in de gen'al's room. It was de custom in de family to shut up a room for two years after a death had happened in it, an' dis room was shut up. Mrs. Wash'n'ton went up in de attic an' dere she staid for eighteen mu'n's till she died dere. She never had no fire in de winter, an'



ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED, MOUNT VERNON.

in de summer it was very hot,— but dere she staid wif only her cat fur comp'ny."

The corner cut off from the lower part of the door he showed us was for the easy egress and ingress of this familiar friend. The attic room is pretty and attractive-looking, but has in it now only one piece of furniture used by Mrs. Washington,— a little three-cornered washstand.

The most interesting feature of the grounds is the beautiful old garden, with its box borders grown now to the proportions of hedges, and filled with pleasant flowers; there was no modern touch about it, nothing to dispel the illusion which had been gathering all day long.

The return trip was no anticlimax, but rounded out the day to perfect fullness. At one place, between two jutting points on opposite banks of the river, Washington, with its Capitol, public buildings, and monuments, passed across the field of vision like a panorama, and was gone.

Sophie Bledsoe Herrick.

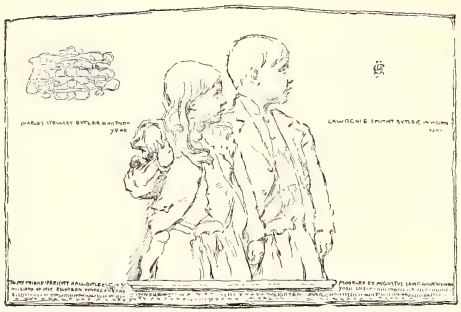
REVENGE.

REVENGE is a naked sword —
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Would'st thou wield this brand of the Lord:
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?

But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou would'st deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made —
It is *thy* blood reddens the steel.

And when thou hast dealt the blow —
When the blade from thy hand has flown —
Instead of the heart of the foe
Thou may'st find it sheathed in thine own!

Charles Henry Webb.



OUTLINE OF THE BAS-RELIEF OF THE SONS OF PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER.

ALL of us who care for art and to whom beauty is a necessity owe a deep debt of gratitude to that band of artists who, in this latter part of the nineteenth century, have resuscitated for us the dead art of sculpture. Sculpture, which has in other times been one of the first of the arts to develop, has in our time been the latest. Music is the child of our own century; poetry we have had and have; painting, after a long lethargy, was already awakened to new life; but twenty years ago sculpture was, to all seeming, dead. It is true there were a few exceptional talents, such as those of Barye and of Rude, and that Jouffroy had produced one interesting work, "The Secret;" but, broadly speaking, sculpture could not be counted as one of the living arts. That it is now alive again, full of fresh vigor and moving on to the conquest of new realms of beauty for us and those that shall come after us, we owe first of all to Paul Dubois, whose little St. John the Baptist in the Salon of 1863 was indeed as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," and, after him, to a band of younger men who hailed the advent of the new prophet, and, gathering around him, formed the present French school of sculpture, the third of the three great schools of sculpture that the world has seen.

One of these men we have among us, and to him we owe a special debt in that his work is not only for us in common with the rest of the world, but is *first* for us,— is here in our own country, in the midst of us,— delighting us, and forming the taste of our children.

As the first step in the resuscitation of sculpture was the abandonment of the stilted imitation of third-rate Roman antiques, and the study of the works of the Italian Renaissance, it was a happy coincidence that Augustus St. Gaudens should have had much such an apprenticeship as a Florentine sculptor of the fifteenth century might have had. St. Gaudens's father was of southern France, his mother was Irish. He himself is a New Yorker, well-nigh from birth,— having been brought to this city from Dublin, his birth-place, while yet an infant. He was early apprenticed to a New York cameo-cutter and faithfully served his time, and even during the period of his study in Paris he devoted half his working hours to bread-winning in the exercise of his trade. He attributes much of his success to the habit of faithful labor acquired at this time, and speaks of his apprenticeship as "one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to him." Perhaps one may attribute to it, also, part of that mastery of low-relief which is such a noticeable element in his artistic equipment. In 1868 he went to Paris to begin the serious study of his art, and after working for some time in the *Petite Ecole* entered the studio of Jouffroy in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

This was the year of the Universal Exposition, and in that Exposition he saw the "Florentine Singer" of Paul Dubois, which had received the medal of honor two years before at the Salon. This statue, in which the very spirit of the Renaissance breathed again, must have marked an epoch for him, as it did for modern sculpture.

Many of the brilliant sculptors of to-day were educated in the studio of Jouffroy; Falguière and St. Marceau had left it shortly before St. Gaudens entered it; Mercié was his fellow-student there, and he thus became a part of the young and vigorous movement of contemporary sculpture. He afterwards went to Rome, and finally, returning to this country, was given in a happy hour the commission for the Farragut statue in Madison Square. From the time when that statue was exhibited, in the plaster, at the Salon of 1880, his talent was recognized and his position assured.

The purpose of this article is to attempt some sort of analysis of this talent, and to explain the grounds of admiration for Mr. St. Gaudens's work.

Sculpture, in its primary conception, is the most positive and the most simple of all the arts. Painting deals with the visual aspects of things, with light and color, and with the *appearance* of form. Sculpture deals only with actual form. A statue does not give the visual image of the form of a man; it gives the actual form. It follows from this that sculpture is, in a sense, an easier art than painting. One often sees a mere tyro, who would be altogether lost among the complications and conflicting difficulties of painting, produce, by



FORTRAIT IN BAS-RELIEF OF THE SONS OF PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER.

measurement and the use of the compass, a bust which has a certain approximate truth to the forms of nature. But in this simplicity of the art lies also its real difficulty; for the multifold aims and difficulties of painting are also multifold resources for the artist, and a success in any one direction makes a successful work of art; but the sculptor, who has only one difficulty to contend with, has also only one means with which to succeed. If he fails in form he fails in everything. And form being the most tangible — the most accurately measureable — of all qualities of things that art has to do with, and the least mysterious and elusive, sculpture is of the arts the one most likely to fall into flat commonplace and the

most difficult to keep up in the region of art and out of the region of imitation. Nothing is more tiresome than any sculpture but the best. A painter may be far from possessing the highest genius, yet find in some part of his many-sided art an escape from the commonplace and the real, but a mediocre sculptor is lost. The sculptor must be a genius or a nobody.

Here, then, has been the great problem of the sculptors of all ages, and they have met it in various ways. The noble abstraction of Pheidias degenerated, in the later Greek and Roman work, into a dead conventionality, and, the works of Pheidias being unknown to them, the artists of the Italian Renaissance struck out a new road for themselves and found the means by a vague elusiveness of modeling to express all their new and peculiarly modern interest in individuality of character and the personality of their models without ever falling into the dry literalness of the plaster cast. In the earlier part of this century dead-alive conventionalism was again regnant, and when the sculptors of to-day, following the lead of the painters who had already begun the movement, turned again to the independent study of nature, they naturally reverted to the study of Renaissance models. In the sculpture of the Renaissance only could they find nature represented as she appeared to them. There only could they find the modern man with his pronounced individuality and his special development of character, and there only could they find the means of representing him in their art. And so, jumping over four hundred years, jumping over the inroad of academicism and all the subsequent degradation of art, the best sculpture of to-day is the legitimate successor to that of the fifteenth century,— its successor, not its imitator. The sculptors of to-day are working in the spirit of the Renaissance, but the very essence of that spirit is personality — individualism — independent study. Now, having a general view of the movement of which he is a part, we are prepared to approach the work of St. Gaudens himself, and to search there the qualities of his school and their particular development by his own personality.

The feeling for individuality,— the modern idea that a man is not merely one of a species but is a character,— the caring less for the perfection of a race and more for the man himself as he is, with his faults as well as his merits, is one of the noticeable qualities of Mr. St. Gaudens's work. It is easy to see in his Farragut how he has been penetrated with the personality of his model and has bent himself to its expression. The statue is as living — as *vital* — as one of the Mino da Fiesole's Florentines, who died four hundred years ago, and whom we should be quite prepared to meet in the streets as we come out of the museum where his likeness is preserved. There is no cold conventionalism, neither is there any romanticism or melodrama, but a penetrating imagination which has got at the heart of the man and given him to us "in his habit as he lived," cool, ready, determined, standing firmly, feet apart, upon his swaying deck, a sailor, a gentleman, and a hero. In his Randall statue at Sailors' Snug Harbor, there is much of the same quality, for though, from the lack of authentic portraits this latter was necessarily a pure work of imagination, yet it is none the less a portrait of a man — an individual — if not precisely the Randall whose name it bears. There is nothing of the ideal Greek hero about this rugged block of humanity. This kindly, keen, alert, old man, sharp-eyed, hooked-nosed, firm-mouthed, with a sea breeze in his look, is a modern and an American and, one would say, an old sailor, with crotchets and eccentricities as well as a good head and a good heart.*

Another and a more recent work in the same line of what we may call *ideal portraiture* is the "Deacon Chapin," which is perhaps the finest embodiment of Puritanism in our art. Surely those old searchers for a "liberty of conscience" that should not include the liberty to differ from themselves could not fail to recognize in this swift-striding, stern-looking old man, clasping his Bible as Moses clasped the tables of the law, and holding his peaceful walking-stick with as firm a grip as the handle of a sword — surely they could not fail to recognize in him a man after their own hearts. But he is not merely a Puritan of the Puritans, he is a man also, a rough-hewn piece of humanity enough, with plenty of the old Adam about him; and one feels that so and not otherwise must some veritable old Puritan deacon have looked.

In these statues it is easy, I say, to see the spirit of the Renaissance, but to show the appropriation of Renaissance methods and the rare technical skill with which they are employed in the embodiment of this spirit is a more difficult task, and to attempt it, I wish more especially to draw attention to a class of work which was particularly characteristic of the Italian Renaissance and in the revival of which Mr. St. Gaudens seems to me one of the most successful of modern sculptors. I mean low-relief. Something of what he can do in this way any one may see in the allegorical figures on the base of the Farragut monument, and, I remember, these figures were even more

* I believe that, in point of fact, Randall was not a sailor, but the text refers to the type of the statue rather than to the historic character.


FORTY-THREE YEARS MINISTER OF THIS CHURCH
TO WHICH HE GAVE THE NAME ALL SOULS
IN THE SILENT HOURS OF THE UNITED STATES
SANITARY COMMISSION
1861
1863
1865
HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWS D.D.
BORN IN BOSTON JUNE 11TH 1814
DIED IN NEW YORK JANUARY 30TH 1882



PORTRAIT IN BAS-RELIEF OF A YOUNG LADY.

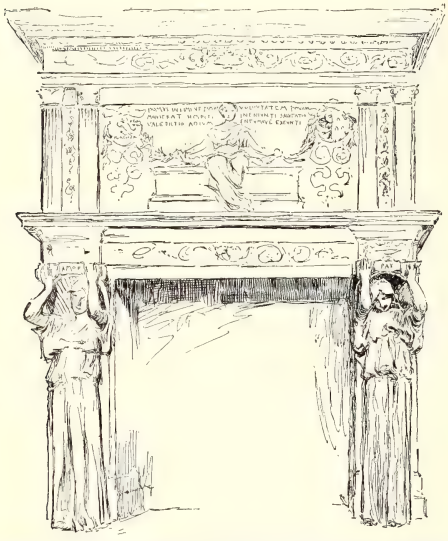
of a revelation to me of his ability than was the statue itself. For the question whether or not a given statue is great and heroic in conception one can only answer to one's self, and one can never be quite sure that the answer is the true one; but the question whether a sculptor has the knowledge and the skill to handle low-relief, that one can quite definitely settle. One can even hope to convince another that his conclusion is correct. I own, myself, to being quite enamored of the charm of Mr. St. Gaudens's reliefs, but I hope that this reason will acquit me of the charge of mere partiality for the graceful above the grand in dwelling on what many would think a minor phase of his work.

The sculptors of the Italian Renaissance may be said, in a sense, almost to have invented low-relief. In the struggle to depict the infinite variety of things that was necessary to their modern nature, and yet to avoid the mere matter-of-fact, which is fatal to art,—in their desire to be real without being realistic,— they naturally turned to a part of their art which is the nearest akin to painting, and they pushed it to a degree of perfection which has never been known before or since. Low-relief does not deal with actual form but with the appearance of form, and the more perfect it is the farther it is apt to be from an actual copying of the forms of nature. The common conception of a medallion is probably that it is half of a head placed upon a flat surface, but this conception is the farthest possible from being the true one. Even the idea that while the projection is much less than in nature the *relations* of projection remain the same, is not much nearer the truth. In good relief work, for instance, the head constantly projects more than the shoulder. The fact is that low-relief is a kind of *drawing* by means of light and shade, the difference between it and any other kind of drawing being that the lights and shadows are produced not by white paper or crayon strokes, but by the falling of the light upon the elevations and depressions of the surface of the relief; and these elevations and depressions are regulated solely by the



THE CHAPIN STATUE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

amount of light or shadow which the sculptor desires and are almost arbitrary in their relations to the projection of the model. As the painter concentrates the light and shade upon the head, so does the sculptor, by increasing its pro-



SKETCH OF CHIMNEY-PIECE IN HOUSE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

jection; as the painter varies the tone of his background, so does the sculptor, by slight undulations which catch the lights and cast pale shadows, vary his: he even uses outline and cuts fine trenches of shadow round the edges of his figures here and there, where greater definition seems desirable. He can produce the effect of distance by flattening his modeling and so reducing both the light and shadow, and he can mark the importance of any part which is most interesting to him by giving it greater relief. His figures now lose themselves utterly in the background and now emerge into sudden crispness of form as may best suit his purpose. His relief is a picture which he fashions with delicate use of light and dark, thinking always of the effect of the whole, and never of the imitation of any one piece of form.

Low-relief is thus an art nearly allied to painting and which deals with aspects rather than with facts, and its exercise calls for the highest powers of perception and execution which the artist possesses. The lower the relief the greater — the more marvelous — the delicacy of modeling required to give the proper relations of light and shadow. It is at the same time, for him who understands it, the most delightful resource against the sculptor's greatest danger, the matter-of-fact. Therefore it has been a favorite art with sculptors, and success in it is one of the best available measures, both of the power and purity of artistic conception, and of the technical ability, of a given sculptor. St. Gaudens's success in it has been very great. Such reliefs as the portrait of a young lady, here given, or that of the two children, must be seen and studied in the originals to be understood, it being impossible for any illustration to give an adequate idea of the sweet fluency of modeling and of the marvelous economy of means (getting with an infinitesimal projection enough variety of shadow to convey a complete impression of nature) which place them among the most remarkable productions of our times. That they are lovely in themselves, full of sweet, pure feeling, of beautiful composition and subtle grace of line, the engravings may indeed help one to see, but the exquisite fineness, which is power, of the workmanship, the beauty of surface, caressed into delicate form, which in a direct light is invisible, nothing but the reliefs themselves can show one. They are masterpieces of skill and knowledge.

So far we have been considering Mr. St. Gaudens's work in professed portraiture, whether in the round or in relief, and have seen in it the two dominating qualities of the Renaissance,—individuality of conception and delicate suavity of modeling. We have now to consider a more purely ideal class of works, such as the caryatides in the house of Cornelius Vanderbilt and the angels of the Morgan monument (so unfortunately destroyed by fire), and to see how in them the same qualities are combined and carried out together. At first sight the caryatides might seem more Greek than Renaissance in feeling. The costume, the large amplitude of form, the dignity and repose of the figures, are very Greek. But one soon sees that there is something there which is other than Greek. The modern mind has been at work, and in these ideal figures there is a vague air of portraiture. If they are not women who *have* lived, they are women who might have lived and have loved and, assuredly, have been loved. Serenely beautiful as they are, one does not feel before them, as before the great Greek statues, the awe and admiration of abstract beauty, but rather the kind of tender personal feeling that the *Femme Inconnue* of the Louvre inspires. They are not goddesses but *women*, alike yet different, each, one feels, with her own character, her own virtues, and, perhaps, her own faults. Here, then, is the note of the Renaissance, the love of individuality, and its complement in the manner of the execution is equally present. These figures are almost entirely detached, and yet in the *paleness* of the modeling and in the avoidance of deep hollows and dark shadows,— the chisel never quite going into the depths of the form, but leaving, as it were, a diaphanous

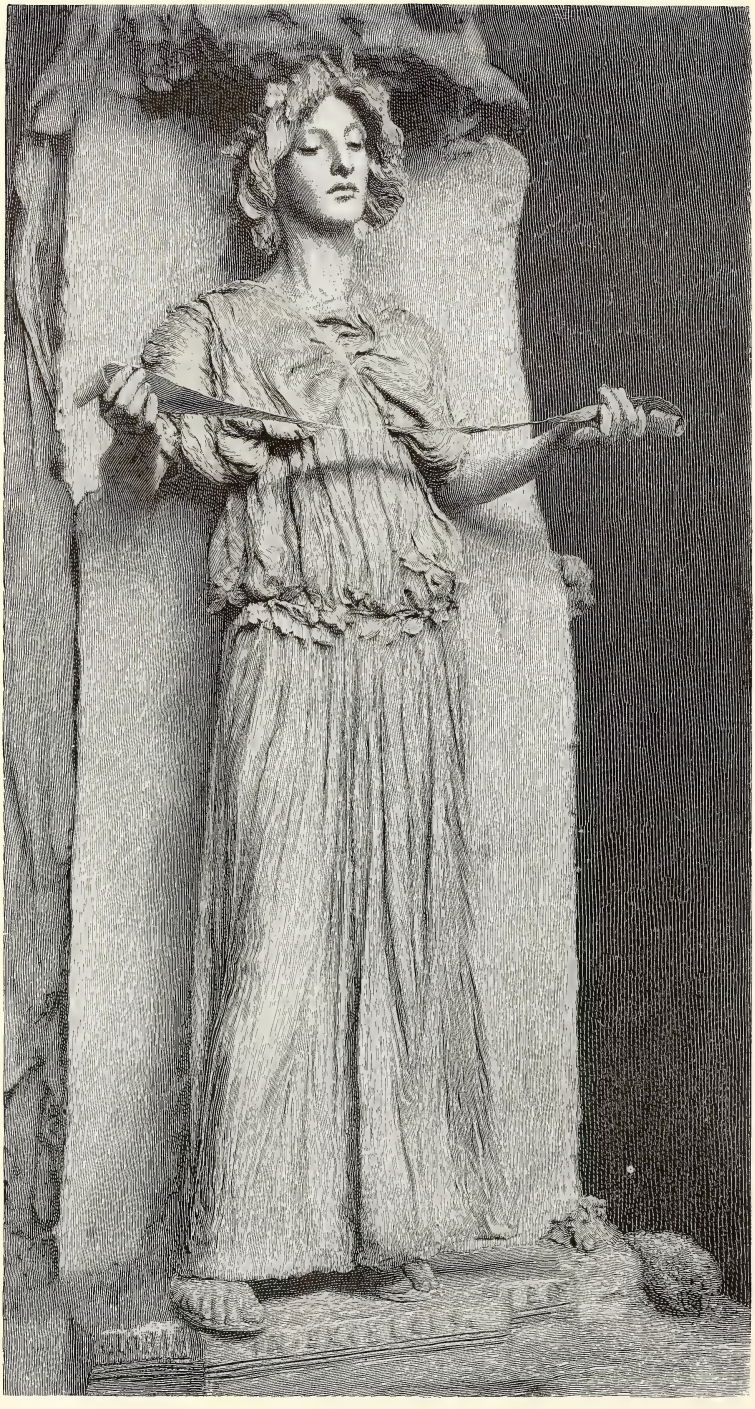


CARYATID ("AMOR") OF THE C. VANDERBILT CHIMNEY-PIECE.

veil between it and our eyes and a mystery for the imagination to penetrate,— we find even here the principle of low-relief.

We find this principle of low-relief even more readily in the angels of the Morgan tomb, and I think, to go back a little, we can find it even in the Farragut. For, though the ruggedness of the type, the material, and the necessity for distant effect demanded depth of shadow, we find in the very means of getting this shadow the lesson of low-relief that it is the appearance of nature and not the absolute fact that is of importance. The figure was first modeled nude with great care, but, when Mr. St. Gaudens came to put the costume upon it, he found that in order to get the necessary accent he had often to disregard the actual form underneath and to cut folds of drapery deeper than they could possibly go. In order to get the *look* of nature he had to disregard the absolute fact.

I have dwelt at considerable length on the likeness of St. Gaudens's work to that of an epoch which he has deeply studied and deeply loves, because it seemed to me that in that way only I could show its great technical merit; but it by no means follows that his work is not original. On the contrary, he could not show the spirit of the Renaissance if he were not strongly individual. As I have said, the essence of the Renaissance spirit is individuality, and in nothing is St. Gaudens more like the great artists of the fifteenth century than in that he is eminently original and that the personal note is strongly felt in all his work. His figures are such as no other man than himself could have made them; his types of beauty are those that appeal most to his own nature and his own peculiar temperament. This temperament one cannot quite analyze, but one can readily discover one or two elements that enter largely into it. Two of these are virility and purity. The manly directness and straightforward simplicity of such works as the Farragut and the Chapin are among their most readily visible characteristics, and the caryatides or the angels of the Morgan monument are as pure as



ANGEL FOR TOMB OF GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN.

they are lovely. In the sweet-flowing grace of movement, in the refined beauty of face and form of these angels, all intent upon their celestial harpings, sensuousness never touches the limits of sensuality. They are as pure as a madonna of Fra Angelico's.

The time has not yet come to define the exact place of Augustus St. Gaudens on the roll of the sculptors of our second Renaissance. I have tried to give some notion of his qualities; of his limitations we cannot yet judge. No sculptor can be assigned his definite rank until he has shown what he can do with the nude, and Mr. St. Gaudens has as yet produced no nude figure except the inevitable Indian which is the "youthful sin" of every American sculptor. He is still a young man with a long life of work before him, and he has by no means said his last word. What we may know now is, that he is an artist of intelligence, learning, and imagination, with a great and distinguished talent, who has done much and from whom we may hope for more.*

* When the above article was written Mr. St. Gaudens's Lincoln had not been modeled.—EDITOR.

Kenyon Cox.

SAINT GAUDENS'S LINCOLN.

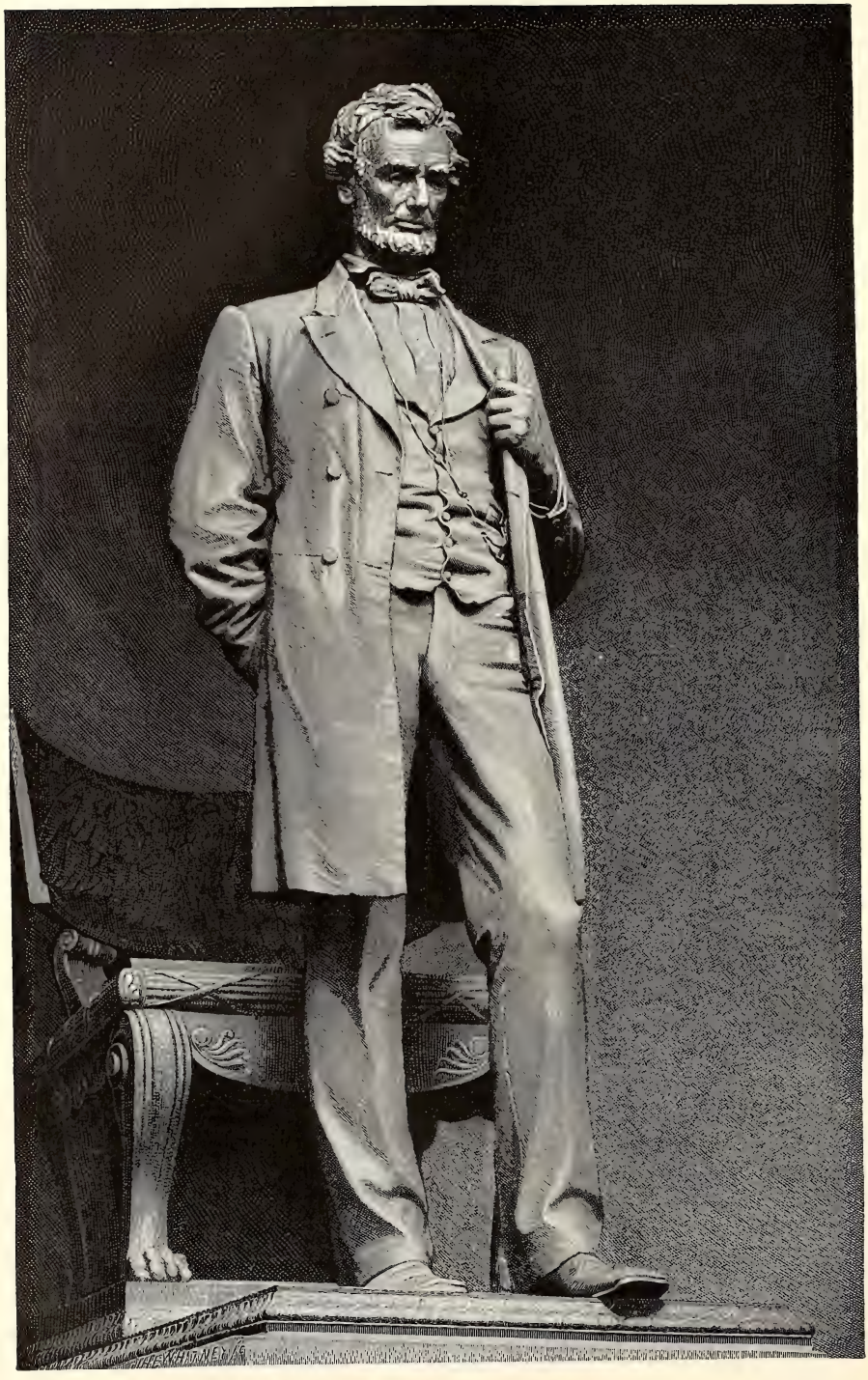
THE Lincoln monument for Chicago is the most important commemorative work that Mr. St. Gaudens has yet produced and may well remain the most important of his life. There could be no nobler task for an American sculptor than the task of representing the greatest of all Americans; and it so chances that the external as well as the intellectual problems it involved were of peculiar interest and difficulty.

To an artist brought up in the belief that only through the representation of purely beautiful forms can a work of sculpture be beautiful as such, Lincoln would, of course, have offered an unsympathetic theme; both in physical structure and in attire he might have seemed almost the embodiment of the sculpturally impossible. But to an artist trained like Mr. St. Gaudens in the gospel of individuality, full of that modern spirit which prizes "character" in a model for portraiture above even beauty itself, no face could have been more inspiring than Lincoln's, while even the difficulties presented by his form and costume could not seem insuperable.

The intellectual problem on the other hand — the primary task of conceiving the soul and potency of the man is so clear and full a way as to make adequate expression possible — had to deal with elements in which force and beauty were equally commingled. A more distinct personality than Lincoln's could not be imagined, nor one in which moral purity and power should be more commensurate with intellectual strength. Here it was the complex richness of his opportunity which made the sculptor's task as difficult as noble. We may truly say that Lincoln was not one great man but many. He was a thinker whose profound imaginings dealt with the deepest, subtilest public problems and a practical man of affairs who controlled a myriad daily details of immediate definite bearing; a leader who guided his people through a terrible crisis, yet an executive who carefully sought out and followed out their own desires; the champion of his country before the world and the father individually of every fellow-countryman who appealed to him; a wonderful orator and a wonderful master of prose expression and of the poetry which may be woven into it; a humorist and yet a philosopher saddened by the ever-present pathos and tragedy of life. His mind seemed a very synonym for practical good sense; yet it was the mind of a poet, a prophet too, and beneath it lay the heart of a child and the tender instincts of a woman. How, we had often asked ourselves, can any artist ever show us such a character? And how can we permit him to dismember it and accept a single part as Lincoln? Yet Mr. St. Gaudens has not dismembered it, and has expressed it for us no less adequately than broadly.

The first question to be decided must have been: Shall the impression to be given base itself primarily upon the man of action or upon the man of affairs? Shall the statue be standing or seated? In the solution of this question we find the most striking originality of the work. The impression given bases itself in equal measure upon the man of action and the man of affairs. Lincoln is standing, but stands in front of a chair from which he has just risen. He is before the people to counsel and direct them, but has just turned from that other phase of his activity in which he was their executive and their protector. Two ideas are thus expressed in the composition, but they are not separately, independently expressed to the detriment of unity. The artist has blended them to the eye as our own thought blends them when we speak of Lincoln. The pose reveals the man of action, but represents a man ready for action, not really engaged in it; and the chair — clearly typical of the Chair of State — reveals his title to act no less than his methods of self-preparation.

We see, therefore, that completeness of expression has been arrived at through a symbolic, idealistic conception. No given moment



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN; CHICAGO.

of Lincoln's life is represented, no special branch of his public usefulness or of his intellectual endowment is emphasized,—all are suggested in the symbolic reach of the conception. But the rendering of this conception is realistic in the best sense of the word. The pose is simple, natural, individually characteristic — as far removed from the conventionally dramatic or "sculpturesque" as from the baldly commonplace. Neither physical facts nor facts of costume are palliated or adorned. Even the chair is in general outline such a one as Lincoln might very possibly have used. It is idealized only by its massiveness and its unobtrusive decoration, and the figure is idealized only by refinement and breadth and vigor in treatment. What we see are realities, but we see them suffused with poetic thought and typical explanatory meanings, and ennobled though not altered by the subtile touch of art: and the reposeful composition speaks to us with true dramatic intensity. Examine the figure more narrowly and see how rich it is in significance, how it carries out in every line the fundamental ideas which inspired the composition as a whole. This Lincoln, with his firmly planted feet, his erect body, and his squared shoulders, stands as a man accustomed to face the people and sway them at his will, while the slightly drooped head and the quiet, yet not passive hands express the meditativeness, the self-control, the conscientiousness of the philosopher who reflected well before he spoke, of the moralist who realized to the full the responsibilities of utterance. The dignity of the man and his simplicity; his strength, his inflexibility and his tenderness; his goodness and his courage; his intellectual confidence and his humility of soul; the poetic cast of his thought, the homely vigor of his manner, and the underlying sadness of his spirit,— all these may be read in the wonderfully real yet ideal portrait which the sculptor has created. And they are all so expressed, I repeat, as to reveal not only the man himself but the various directions in which he brought his great qualities to bear.

Having said as much as this, it is almost needless to comment upon the technical merits of the work. No such meaning, no such message could have made itself felt through any but the most accomplished hand. When we find for the first time a portrait which really shows us the inner Lincoln we are not surprised to find it the first one which from a purely sculptural point of view has dealt successfully with his outward aspect. This aspect was impressive, imposing, inspiring, attractive by reason of the spirit which shone through it; and, naturally, an artist who failed to reveal that spirit could make little of the rough yet noble husk which sheathed it. The lesson thus taught is a priceless one. It proves that even the most difficult task of the most "modern" kind is not beyond the power of the sculptor's art to master; but that it can only be mastered when that art signifies intellectual insight and creative force as well as trained perceptions and a skillful hand.

Another valuable lesson may be read in the nature of that originality which I have claimed for the design as a whole. Strange as it may seem, no previous monumental composition had furnished a precedent for this. The world had had seated statues and standing statues in plenty; but a figure thus recently risen from its seat is that rarest of things — a true novelty in art. No novelty in art, however, is entitled to admiration simply as such. On the contrary, it is trebly bound to make manifest intrinsic worth. We cannot but criticise it with senses sharpened by the thought: If the idea is good, would not some great artist long ere this have conceived it and expressed it? The exceptional strength of Mr. St. Gaudens's talent shows not so much in the originality of his fundamental idea as in that treatment of it which has made it seem not merely a right idea but the only one adequate to his purpose. This implies, of course, that originality came not because it was sought as such, but naturally, inevitably, as a result of the conscientious effort to express a clear conception in the clearest and completest way.

In conclusion, it is most interesting to note the close ties which connect so original, individual a work as this with other great works of other kinds. The union of idealistic conception and realistic rendering which it reveals is almost always found when modern art is at its very best. But it also shows a union of perfect repose with strong dramatic significance, and this union is characteristic of classic art when at its best. There as here it is secured by the same expedient,— by the choice of a moment which is not the one of most vigorous action but the one in which such action is imminent.

The statue is of bronze, eleven and a half feet in height. The simple pedestal which supports it stands in the center of a platform some sixty feet in breadth by thirty in depth which is raised a few steps above the surface of a slight elevation near the entrance of Lincoln Park. Around three sides of the platform curves a stone seat upon the back of which one reads the name of Lincoln, with the dates of his birth and death, and upon the ends two characteristic citations from his own utterances. In the architectural portion of his work Mr. St. Gaudens was assisted by Mr. Stanford White, and together they have given us a monument which is the most precious the country yet possesses; which is not only our best likeness of Abraham Lincoln, but our finest work of monumental art.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

THE GRAYSONS.*

A STORY OF ILLINOIS.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Roxy," etc.



TURNING THE BIBLE.

I. TURNING THE BIBLE.

THE place of the beginning of this story was a country neighborhood on a shore, if one may call it so, that divided a forest and prairie in central Illinois. The time was nearly a lifetime ago. An orange-colored sun going down behind the thrifty orchard of young apple-trees on John Albaugh's farm, put into shadow the front of a dwelling which had stood in wind and weather long enough to have lost the raw look of newness, and to have its tints so softened that it had become a part of the circumjacent landscape. The phœbe-bird locally known as the pewee, had just finished calling from the top of the large barn, and a belated harvest-fly, or singing locust, as the people call him, was yet filling the warm air with the most summery of all summery notes — notes that seem to be felt as well as heard, pushing one another faster and yet faster

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through the quivering atmosphere, and then dying away by degrees into languishing, long-drawn, and at last barely audible vibrations.

Rachel, the daughter of the prosperous owner of the farm, was tying some jasmine vines to the upright posts that supported the roof of a porch, or veranda, that stretched along the entire front of the house. There was that in her fresh calico gown and in her action which gave her the air of one expecting the arrival of guests. She almost always expected company in the evening of a fine day. For the young person whose fortune it is to be by long odds the finest-looking woman in a new country where young men abound, and where women are appreciated at a rate proportioned to their scarcity, knows what it is to be a "reigning belle" indeed. In the vigorous phrase of the country, Rachel was described as "real knock-down handsome;" and, tried by severer standards than those of Illinois, her beauty would have been beyond question. She had the three essentials: eyes that were large and lustrous, a complexion rich and fresh, yet delicately tinted, and features well-balanced and harmonious. Her blonde hair was abundant, and, like everything about her, vital. Her hands and feet were not overlarge, and, fortunately, they were not disproportionately small; but just the hands and feet of a well-developed country girl used to activity and the open air. She was not more than ordinarily clever, but she had a certain passive intelligence. Her voice was not a fine one, nor had her manners any particular charm except that which comes from the repose of one who understands that she is at her best when silent, and who feels herself easily ahead of rivals without making any exertion whatever. Hers was one of those faces the sight of which quickens the pulses even of an old man, and attracts young men with a fascination as irresistible as it is beyond analysis or description. So it happened that many young men were visitors at John Albaugh's hospitable house. Rachel, being chief, could afford to be generous, and where the young men came the young women were prone to come. Thus it happened that Albaugh's was a place of frequent and spontaneous resort for the young people from all the country round.

But it had happened with this much-courted girl, as it has happened to many another like her, that with all the world to choose from, she had tarried single longer than her companions. She was now past twenty-three, in a land where a woman was accounted something of an old maid if unmarried at twenty. Beauties such as she find a certain pleasure in playing with their destiny, as pussy loves the excitement of trifling with the mouse that can hardly escape her in any way. Prey that comes too easily to hand is not highly valued. Every bid for such a woman's hand leads her to raise her estimation of her value and to look for something higher. Rachel's lovers came and went, and married themselves to young women without beauty. Lately, however, Rachel Albaugh's neighbors began to think that she had at length fallen in love "for keeps," as the country phrase expressed it.

"I say, Rache," called her brother Ike, a youth of fifteen, who was just then half-hidden in the boughs of the summer apple-tree by the garden gate, "they 's somebody coming."

"Who is it, Ike?"

"Henry Miller and the two Miller girls."

"Oh! is that all?" said Rachel in a teasing tone.

"Is that *all?*" said Ike. "You don't care for anybody but Tom Grayson these days. I 'll bet you Tom 'll be here to-night."

"What makes you think so?" asked Rachel, trying not to evince any interest in the information.

"Don't you wish you knew?" he answered, glad to repay her teasing in kind.

"Did you see him to-day?"

"Say, Sis," said Ike, affecting to dismiss the subject, "here 's an awful nice apple. Can you ketch?"

Rachel held up her hands to catch the apple, baring her pretty arms by the falling back of her loose sleeves. The mischievous Ike threw a swift ball, and Rachel, holding her hands for it, could not help shrinking as the apple came flying at her. She shut her eyes and ducked her head, and of course the apple went past her, bowling away along the porch and off the other end of it into the grass.

"That 's just like a girl," said Ike. "Here 's a better apple. I won't throw so hard this time." And Rachel caught the large striped apple in her two hands.

"I say, Ike," she said, coaxingly, "where did you see Tom?"

"Oh! I met him over on the big road as I went to mill this morning; he was going home to his mother's, an' he said he was coming over to see you to-night. An' I told him to fetch Barbara, so 's I 'd have somebody to talk to, 'cause you would n't let me get a word in ageways with him. An' Tom laughed an' looked tickled."

"I guess you won't talk much to Barbara while Ginnie Miller 's here," Rachel said; and by this time Henry Miller and his two sisters were nearing the white gate which stood forty feet away from the cool front porch of the house.

"Howdy, Rachel!" said Henry Miller, as he

reached the gate, and "Howdy! Howdy!" came from the two sisters, to which Rachel answered with a cordial "Howdy! Come in!" meant for the three. When they reached the porch, she led the way through the open front door to the "settin' room" of the house, as the living-room was always called in that day. The fire-place looked like an extinct crater; curtains of narrow green slats hung at the windows, and the floor was covered by a new rag-carpet in which was imbedded a whole history of family costume; a patient geologist might have discovered in it traces of each separate garment worn in the past five years by the several members of the Albaugh family. The mantelpiece was commonplace enough, of "poplar" wood — that is, tulip-tree — painted brown. The paint while fresh had been scratched in rhythmical waves with a common coarse comb. This graining was supposed to resemble the grain of some wood yet undiscovered. The table at the side of the room farthest from the door had a cover of thin oilcloth decorated with flowers; most of them done in yellow. A tall wooden clock stood against the wall at the right of the door as you entered, and its slow ticking seemed to make the room cooler. For the rest, there was a black rocking-chair with a curved wooden seat and uncomfortable round slats in the back; there were some rank-and-file chairs besides,— these were black, with yellow stripes; and there was a green settee with three rockers beneath and an arm at each end.

Henry Miller was a square-set young fellow, without a spark of romance in him. He had plowed corn all day, and he would have danced all night had the chance offered, and then followed the plow the next day. His sisters were like him, plain and of a square type that bespoke a certain sort of "Pennsylvania Dutch" ancestry, though the Millers had migrated to Illinois, not from Pennsylvania, but from one of the old German settlements in the valley of Virginia. Ike jumped out of the apple-tree to follow Virginia, the youngest of the Millers, into the house; there was between him and "Ginnie," as she was called, that sort of adolescent attachment, or effervescent reaction, which always appears to the parties involved in it the most serious interest in the universe, and to everybody else something deliciously ridiculous; a sort of burlesque of the follies of people more mature.

This was destined to be one of Rachel's "company evenings"; she had not more than seated the Millers and taken the girls' bonnets to a place of security, when there was a knock on the door-jamb. It was Mely McCord, who had once been a hired help in the Albaugh family. There were even in that day wide differences in wealth and education in Illinois, but class demarcations there were not. Nothing was more natural than that Mely, who had come over from Hubbard township to visit some cousin in the neighborhood, should visit the Albaughs. Mely McCord was a girl — she was always called a girl, though now a little in the past tense — with a stoop in the shoulders, and hair that would have been better if it had been positively and decoratively red. As it was, her head seemed always striving to be red without ever attaining to any purity of color.

Half an hour later, McGill, an Irish bachelor of thirty-five, who, being county clerk, was prudently riding through the country in order to keep up his acquaintance with the voters, hitched his horse at the fence outside of the Albaugh gate, and came in just as Rachel was bringing a candle. Though he had no notion of cumbering himself with a family or with anything else likely to interfere with the freedom or pleasure of "an Irish gentleman," McGill was very fond of playing at gallantry, and he affected a great liking for what he called "faymale beauty," and plumed himself on the impression his own sprucely dressed person and plump face — a little overruddy, especially toward the end of the nose — might make on the sex. He never passed Albaugh's without stopping and enjoying a platonic flirtation with Rachel. George Lockwood arrived at the same time; he was a clerk in Wooden's store, at the county-seat village of Moscow, and he could manage, on his busiest days even, to spend half an hour in selling a spool of cotton thread to Rachel Albaugh. He had now come five miles in the vain hope of finding her alone. The country beauty appreciated the flattery of his long ride, and received his attention with a pleasure undisguised.

But George Lockwood's was no platonic sentiment. He watched intently every motion of Rachel's arms only half-hidden in her open-sleeved dress; even the rustling of the calico of her gown made his heart flutter. He made a shame-faced effort to conceal his agitation; he even tried to devote himself to Mely McCord and the "Miller girls" now and then; but his eyes followed Rachel's tranquil movements, as she amused herself with McGill's bold flatteries, and Lockwood could not help turning himself from side to side in order to keep the ravishing vision in view when he was talking to some one else.

"You had better make the most of your chance, Mr. Lockwood," said pert little Virginia Miller, piqued by his absent-minded pretense of talking with her.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh, talk to Rachel while you can, for maybe after a while you can't!"

"Why can't I?"

"She 's glad enough to talk to you now, but just you wait till Tom Grayson comes. If he should happen in to-night, what do you think would become of *you?*"

"Maybe I 'm not so dead in love as you think," he answered.

"You? You 're past hope. Your eyes go round the room after her like a sunflower twistin' its neck off to see the sun."

"Pshaw!" said George. "You know better than that."

But Virginia noted with amusement that his smile of affected indifference was rather a forced one, and that he was "swallowing his feelings," as she put it. He took her advice as soon as he dared and crossed to where Rachel was sitting with the back of her chair against the jamb of the mantel-piece. Rachel was smiling a little foolishly at the shameless palaver of McGill, who told her that there was a ravishing perfiction about her faychers that he 'd niver sane surpassed, though he 'd had the exquisite playsure of dancing with many of the most beautiful faymales in Europe. Rachel was a little sick of such unwatered sweetness, and was glad to have George Lockwood interrupt these frank criticisms of an appreciative connoisseur.

"I hear Tom Grayson outside now," said Mely McCord, in a half-whisper to Henry Miller. "George Lockwood won't be nowhere when he gits here"; and Mely's freckled face broke into ripples of delight at the evident annoyance which Lockwood began to show at hearing Grayson's voice on the porch. Tom Grayson was preceded by his sister Barbara, a rather petite figure, brunette in complexion, with a face that was interesting and intelligent, and that had an odd look hard to analyze, but which came perhaps, from a slight lack of symmetry. As a child, she had been called "cunning" in the popular American use of the word when applied to children; that is to say, piquantly interesting; and this characteristic of quaint piquancy of appearance she retained, now that she was a young woman of eighteen. Her brother Tom was a middle-sized, well-proportioned man, about two years older than she, of a fresh, vivacious countenance, and with a be-gone-dull-care look. He had a knack of imparting into any company something of his own cheerful heedlessness, and for this his society was prized. He spoke to everybody right cordially, and shook hands with all the company as though they had been his first cousins, looking in every face without reserve or suspicion, and he was greeted on all hands with a corresponding heartiness. But while Tom saluted everybody, his eye turned toward Rachel, and he made his way as quickly as possible to the farther corner of the room where she was standing talking to George Lockwood. He extended his hand to her with a hearty

"Well, Rache, how are you? It would cure fever and ague to see you;" and then turning to Lockwood he said: "Hello, George! you out here! I would n't 'ave thought there was any other fellow fool enough to ride five miles and back to get a look at Rachel but me." And at that he laughed, not a laugh that had any derision in it, or any defiance, only the outbreaking of animal spirits that were unchecked by foreboding or care.

"I say, George," he went on, "let 's go out and fight a duel and have it over. There 's no chance for any of us here till Rachel's beaux are thinned out a little. If I should get you killed off out of the way, I suppose I should have to take Mr. McGill next."

"No, Tom, it 's not with me you 'd foight, me boy. I 've sane too many handsome girls to fight over them, though I have never sane such transcindent—"

"Ah, hush, now, Mr. McGill," said Rachel.

"Faymale beauty 's always adorned by modesty, Miss Albaugh. I 'll only add, that whoever Miss Rachel stoops to marry"—and McGill laughed a slow, complacent laugh as he put an emphasis on stoops—"I 'll be a thorn in his soide, d' yeh mark that; fer to the day of me death I 'll be her most devoted admirer"; and he made a half-bow at the close of this speech, with a quick recovery, which expressed his sense of the formidable character of his own personal charms.

But if McGill was a connoisseur of beauty he was also a politician too prudent to slight any one. He was soon after this paying the closest heed to Mely McCord's very spontaneous talk. He had selected Mely in order that he might not get a reputation for being "stuck up."

"Tom Grayson a'n't the leas' bit afeerd uh George Lockwood nur nobody else," said Mely rather confidentially to McGill, who stood with hands crossed under the tail of his blue-gray coat. "He all'ays wuz that away; a kind 'v a high-headed, don't-keer sort uv a feller. He 'd better luck out, though. Rache 's one uh them skittish kind uh critters that don't stan' 'thout hitchin', an' weth a halter knot at that. Tom Grayson 's not the fust feller that 's felt shore she wuz his 'n an' then found out kind uh suddently 't 'e wuz n't so almighty shore *arter* all. But, lawsee gracious! Tom Grayson a'n't afeerd uv nuthin', nohow. When the master wuz a-lickin' him wunst, at school, an' gin 'im three cuts, an' then says, says he, 'You may go now,' Tom, he jes lucks at 'im an' says uz peart 's ever you see, says he, 'Gimme another to make it even numbers.'"

"An' how did the master fale about that?" asked McGill, who had been a school-master himself.

"W'y he jes let him have it good an' tight right around his shins. Tom walked off an' never wunst said thank yeh, sir. He didn' wear uz good close in them days 's 'e does now, by a long shot. His mother's farm 's in the timber, an' slow to open; so many stumps and the like; an' 'f 'is uncle down 't Moscow had n't a' tuck him up, he 'd 'a' been a-plowin' in that-air stickey yaller clay 'v Hubbard township yit. But you know *ole* Tom Grayson, his father's brother, seein' 's Tom wuz named for him, an' wuz promisin' like, an' had the gift of the gab, he thought 's how Tom mought make 'n all-fired smart lawyer ur doctor, ur the like; an' seein' 's he had n' got no boy to do choores about, he takes Tom an' sends him to school three winters, an' now I believe he 's put him to readin' law."

"Yis, I know he went into Blackman's office last May," said McGill.

"Ole Tom Grayson 's never done nothin' fer the ole woman nur little Barb'ry, there, an' little Barb'ry 's the very flower of the flock, accordin' to *my* tell," Mely went on. "Mrs. Grayson sticks to the ole farm, yeh know, an' rents one field to pap on the sheers, an' works the rest uv it by hirin'. She sets a mighty sight uv store by Tom. Talks about 'im by the hour. She 'lows he 'll be a-gittin' to Congress nex' thing. But I d' know"— and here Mely shook her head. "High nose stumped his toes," says *I*. "Jes look how he 's a-carryin' on with Rache, now."

"She 's older 'n he is," said the clerk, knowing that even this half unfavorable comment would be a comfort to one so far removed from rivalry with her as Mely.

"Three years ef she 's a day," responded Mely promptly. "Jest look at that Lockwood. He 's like a colt on the outside of a paster fence, now,"— and Mely giggled heartily at Lockwood's evident discomfiture.

In gossip and banter the time went by, until some one proposed to "turn the Bible." I do not know where this form of sortilege originated; it is probably as old as Luther's Bible. One can find it practiced in Germany to-day as it is in various parts of the United States.

"Come, Sophronia, you and me will hold the key," said Lockwood, who was always quick to seize an advantage.

These two, therefore, set themselves to tell the fortunes of the company. The large iron key to the front door and a short, fat little pocket-Bible were the magic implements. The ward end of the key was inserted between the leaves of the Bible at the first chapter of Ruth; the book was closed and a string bound so tightly about it as to hold it firmly to the key. The ring end of the key protruded. This was carefully balanced on the tips of the forefingers of Lockwood and Sophronia Miller, so that the Bible hung between and below their hands. A very slight motion, unconscious and invisible, of either of the supporting fingers would be sufficient to precipitate the Bible and key to the floor.

"Who can say the verse?" asked Lockwood.

"I know it like a book," said Virginia Miller.

"You say it, Ginnie," said her sister, "but whose turn first?"

The two amateur sorcerers, with fingers under the key-ring, sat face to face in the dim light of the candle, their right elbows resting on their knees as they bent forward to hold the Bible between them. The others stood about with countenances expressing curiosity and amusement.

"Rachel first," said Henry Miller; "everybody wants to know who in thunderation Rache *will* marry, ef she ever marries anybody. I don't believe even the Bible can tell that. Turn fer Rachel Albaugh, and let 's see how it comes out. Say the verse, Ginnie."

"Letter A," said Virginia Miller, solemnly; and then she repeated the words like a witch saying a charm:

"'Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried.'"

The key did not turn. It was manifest, therefore, that Rachel would never marry any man whose name began with the first letter of the alphabet. The letter B was called, and again the solemn charm was repeated; the company resting breathless to the end. The Bible and key refused to respond for B, or C, or D, or E, or F. But when Ginnie Miller announced "Letter G," it was with a voice that betrayed a consciousness of having reached a critical point in her descent of the alphabet; there was a rustle of expectation in the room, and even McGill, standing meditatively with his hands behind his back, shifted his weight from his left foot to his right so as to have a better view of any antics the Bible might take a notion to perform. Just as Virginia Miller reached the words "and where thou diest will I die," the key slipped off Sophronia's fingers first, and the book fell to the floor.

"G stands for Grayson," said McGill gravely, but he pronounced his "G" so nearly like "J" that a titter went around the room.

"Don't you know better than to spell Grayson with a J, Mr. McGill?" asked Rachel.

McGill did not see the drift of the question, and before he could reply, Lockwood, without looking up, broke in with: "What are you talking about, all of you? It 's not the last name, it 's the given name you go by."

"Oh!" cried Mely McCord, in mild derision, "George begins with G. I did n't think of that."

"Yis," said McGill, reflectively, "that 's a fact; George does begin with Jay too."

"I tell you it 's the last name," said Tom, laughing.

"I tell you it is n't," said Lockwood, doggedly; but Henry Miller, seeing a chance for disagreeable words, made haste to say: "Come, boys, it 's the good-natured one that 'll win. Hang up the Bible once more and let 's see if it 'll drop for Lockwood when it gets to L, or for Tom when we come to T. I don't more than half believe in the thing. It never will turn for me on anything but Q, and they a'n't no girl with Q to her name this side of Jericho except Queen Brooks, an' she lives thirteen miles away an' 's engaged to another feller, and I would n't look at her twiste if she wuz n't, nur she 't me like 's not. Come, Ginnie, gee-up your oxen. Let 's have H."

The Bible refused to turn at H.

"Rachel won't marry you, Henry Miller," said the county clerk.

"No," said Henry, "Rache an' me 's always been first-rate friends, but she knows me too well to fall in love with me, an' I 'm the only feller in this end of the county that 's never made a fool of myself over Rachel."

Neither would the Bible turn at I, J, or K. But at L it turned.

"Of course it 'll turn at L, when Lockwood 's got hold of the key," said Tom with another laugh. "That 's what he took hold for."

"That 's the same as saying I don't play fair," said Lockwood, with irritation.

"Fair and square a'n't just your way, George. But there 's no use being cross about it."

"Come, boys, if you 're going to quarrel over the Bible you can't have it," said Rachel, who loved tranquillity. "As for me, I 'm going to marry whoever I please, and I won't get married *till* I please, Bible or no Bible"; and she untied the string, put the rusty key in the door, and laid the plump little book in its old place on the mantel-piece, until it should be wanted again for religious disputation or fortune-telling.

Grayson went rattling on with cheerful and good-natured nonsense, but George Lockwood, pushed into the shade by Tom's ready talk and by Rachel's apparent preference for him, was not in a very good humor, and departed early in company with McGill. After all the rest had gone, Barbara Grayson had to remind Tom more than once of the lateness of the hour, for nine o'clock was late in that day.

"Send him home, Rachel," she said, "at half-past nine; he 'll never go while you look good-natured." When, taking her brother by the arm, Barbara led him to the gate, Rachel followed, almost as reluctant to close the evening as Tom himself.

II.

WINNING AND LOSING.

THE next Friday evening Grayson and Lockwood were again brought together; this time in the miscellaneous store of Wooden & Snyder, in which George Lockwood was the only clerk. Here after closing-time the young men of the village were accustomed to gratify their gregarious propensities; this was a club-room, where, amid characteristic odors of brown sugar, plug tobacco, new calico, vinegar, whisky, molasses, and the dressed leather of boots and shoes, social intercourse was carried on by a group seated on the top of nail-kegs, the protruding ends of shoe-boxes, and the counters that stretched around three sides of the room. Here were related again all those stock anecdotes which have come down from an antiquity inconceivably remote, but which in every village are yet told as having happened three or four miles away, and three or four years ago, to the intimate friend of the narrator's uncle. The frequency of such assemblies takes off something of their zest; where everybody knows all his neighbor's history and has heard everybody else's favorite story, a condition of mental equilibrium ensues, and there is no exchange of electricities. The new-comer, or the man who has been away, is a heaven-send in a village; he stirs its stagnant intellect as a fresh breeze, and is for the time the hero of every congregation of idlers.

Such a man on this evening was Dave Sovine, the son of a settler from one of the Channel Islands. Four years ago, when but sixteen years old, Dave had unluckily waked up one summer morning at daybreak. Looking out of the little window in the end of the loft of his father's house, he had contemplated with disgust a large field of Indian corn to be "plowed out" that day under a June sun. So repulsive to his nature was the landscape of young maize and the prospect of toil, that he dressed himself, tied up his spare clothes in a handkerchief, and taking his boots in his hand, descended noiselessly the stairway which was in the outside porch of the house. Once on the ground, he drew on his boots and got away toward the Wabash, where he shipped as cook on a flat-boat bound for New Orleans. No

pursuit or inquiry was made by his family, and the neighbors suspected that his departure was not a source of regret. At Shawneetown the flat-boat was suddenly left without a cook. Dave had been sent up in the town with a little money to lay in supplies of coffee and sugar; instead of coming back, he surreptitiously shipped as cabin-boy on the steamboat *Queen of the West*, which was just leaving the landing, bound also for the "lower country." Sovine had afterward been in the Gulf, he had had adventures in Mexico, and he had contrived to pick up whatever of evil was to be learned in every place he visited. He had now come home ostensibly "to see the folks," but really to gratify his vanity in astonishing his old acquaintances by an admirable proficiency in deviltry. His tales of adventure were strange and exciting, and not likely to shrink in the telling. The youth of Moscow listened with open-mouthed admiration to one who, though born in their village, had seen so much of the world and broken every one of the commandments. For his skill at cards they soon had not only admiration but dread. He had emptied the pockets of his companions by a kind of prestidigitation quite incomprehensible to them. He seemed to play fairly, but there was not a loafer in Moscow who had not become timid about playing with Dave; the long run of luck was ever on his side. It was much more amusing to his companions to hear him, with ugly winks and the complacent airs of a man who feels sure that he had cut his eye-teeth, tell how he had plucked others in gambling than to furnish him with new laurels at their own expense.

On this particular evening Dave Sovine lounged on one of the counters, with a stack of unbleached "domestic" cloth for a bolster, while his bright patent-leather shoes were posed so as to be in plain view. Thus comfortably fixed, he bantered the now wary and rather impecunious "boys" for a game of poker, euchre, seven-up, or anything to pass away the time. George Lockwood, as representing the proprietors of the store, sat on a ledge below the shelves with his feet braced on a box under the counter. He was still smarting from his discomfiture with Rachel Albaugh, and he was also desirous of investigating Dave Sovine's play without risking his own "fips" and "bits" in the game. So, after revolving the matter in his mind as he did every matter, he said to Dave, with a half-sinister smile:

"Tom Grayson 's upstairs in Blackman's office. Maybe you might get up a game with him. He plays a stiff hand, and he a'n't afraid of the Ole Boy at cards, or anything else, for that matter."

"You call him down," said Dave, winking his eye significantly, and involuntarily disclosing a vein of exultant deviltry which made the cool-blooded Lockwood recoil a little; however, George felt that it would be a satisfaction to see Tom's pride reduced.

Lockwood got down off the ledge in a sluggish way, and walked around the end of the counter to the stove-pipe which ran from the box-stove in the store up through the office above.

"I say, Tom!" he called.

"What?" came out of the pipe.

"Dave Sovine says he can beat you at any game you choose. Come down and try him."

Grayson was bending over a law-book with only a tallow candle for light. Studying the law of common carriers was, in his opinion, dull business for a fellow with good red blood in his veins. He heard the murmur of conversation below, and for the last half-hour he had longed to put the book up beside its sheepskin companions on the shelves and join the company in the store. This banter decided him.

"I 'll come down a little minute and try just three games and no more," he said. Then he closed the book with a thump and went down the outside stairway, which was the only means of egress from the law-office, and was let into the back door of the store by George Lockwood. He got an empty soap-box and set it facing the nail-keg on which Dave Sovine had placed himself for the encounter. A half-barrel with a board on top was put between the players, and served for table on which to deal and throw the cards; the candle rested on the rusty box-stove which stood, winter and summer, midway between the counters. Lockwood snuffed the candle and then, with an affectation of overlistlessness, placed himself behind Sovine, so as to command a view of his cards and of all his motions.

Tom had prudence enough to insist on playing for small stakes of a twelve-and-a-half-cent bit at a game; — his purse was not heavy enough for him to venture greater ones. At first the larger number of games fell to Grayson, and his winnings were considerable to one who had never had more than money enough for his bare necessities. He naturally forgot all about the law of common carriers and the limit of three games he had prescribed himself.

Dave cursed his infernal luck, as he called it, and when the twelfth round left Tom about a dollar ahead, he gave the cards a "Virginia poke" whenever it came his turn to cut them; that is to say, he pushed one card out of the middle of the pack, and put it at the back. By this means Dave proposed to "change the luck," as he said; but George Lockwood, who looked over Dave's shoulder, was not for a minute deceived by this manœuvre. He knew that this affectation of a superstition about luck

and the efficiency of poking the cards was only a blind to cover from inexpert eyes the real sleight by which Dave, when he chose, could deal himself strong hands. Even the Virginia poke did not immediately bring a change, and when Tom had won a dozen games more than Dave, and so was a dollar and a half ahead, and had got his pulses well warmed up, Dave manifested great vexation, and asked Grayson to increase the stakes to half a dollar, so as to give him a chance to recover some of his money before it was time to quit. Tom consented to this, and the proportion of winnings passed to the other side of the board. Dave won sometimes two games in three, sometimes three in five, and Tom soon found a serious inroad made in the small fund of thirteen dollars which he had earned by odd jobs writing and even by harder and homelier work. This money had been hoarded toward a new suit of clothes. He began to breathe hard; he put up his hard-earned half-dollars with a trembling hand; and he saw them pass into Sovine's pocket with a bitter regret; he took his few winnings with eagerness. Every lost half-dollar represented a day's work, and after every loss he resolved to venture but one more, if the luck did not change. But how could he endure to quit defeated? He saw before him weeks of regret and self-reproach; he felt a desperate necessity for recovering his ground. As the loss account mounted, his lips grew dry, the veins in his forehead visibly swelled, and the perspiration trickled from his face. He tried to hide his agitation under an affectation of indifference and amusement, but when he essayed to speak careless words for a disguise, his voice was husky and unsteady, and he kept swallowing, with an effort as though something in his throat threatened him with suffocation. Dave noted these signs of distress in his adversary with a sort of luxurious pleasure; he had in him the instincts of a panther, and the suffering inflicted on another gave an additional relish to his victory.

Lockwood watched the play with a sharp curiosity, hoping to penetrate the secret of Sovine's skill. He felt, also, a certain regret, for he had not expected to see Tom quite so severely punished. At length Tom's last dollar was reached; with a flushed face, he held the coin in his trembling hand for a moment, and then he said bravely: "It might as well go with the rest, if I lose this time," and he laid it down as a single stake, hoping that luck would favor him.

When Dave had pocketed this he leaned back and smiled with that sort of ruthless content that a beast of prey feels when he licks his chops after having enjoyed a meal from his lawful prey.

Tom's losses were relatively great; it was a kind of small ruin that had suddenly overtaken him. A month of writing, if he had it to do, would not have replaced the money, nor was his a nature that could easily brook defeat. The very courage and self-reliance that would have stood him in admirable stead in another kind of difficulty, and that in other circumstances would have been accounted a virtue, were a snare to him now.

"Look here, Dave," he said, with a voice choked by mortification, "give me a chance to win a little of that back," and he laid his pocket-knife on the table.

"Tom, you 'd better quit," said three or four voices at once. But Dave rather eagerly laid a half-dollar by Tom's knife and won the knife. He liked this chance to give a certain completeness to the job. Then Tom laid out his silk handkerchief, which he also lost — for the games all went one way now.

"Come, Tom, hold on now," said the chorus.

But Tom was in the torment of perdition. He glared at those who advised him to desist. Then, in a mixture of stupor and desperation, he placed his hat on the board against a dollar and lost that; then he stripped the coat from his back and lost it, and at last his boots went the same way. When these were gone, having nothing further to wager without consigning himself to aboriginal nakedness, he sat in a kind of daze, his eyes looking swollen and bloodshot with excitement.

"Come, Dave," said Lockwood, "give him back his clothes. You 've won enough without taking the clothes off his back."

"That 's all you know about it," said Dave, who noted every token of Tom's suffering as an additional element in his triumph. "That may be your Illinois way, but that is n't the way we play in New Orleans. Winnings is winnings where I learnt the game." And he proceeded to lay Tom's things in a neat pile convenient for transportation.

"Aw! come now, Dave," said one and another, "'t a'n't the fair thing to send a fellow home to his folks barefooted and in his shirt-sleeves."

But Dave smiled in supercilious contempt at this provincial view of things, and cited the usages of the superior circles to which he had gained admission.

Lockwood at length lent Tom the money to redeem his garments, and the necessity which obliged him to borrow from the man who had got him into the scrape was the bitterest of all the bitter elements in Tom's defeat. He went out into the fresh air and walked home mechanically. His dashing, headlong ways had already partly alienated his uncle, and the

only hope of Tom's retaining his assistance long enough to complete his law studies lay in the chance that his relative might fail to hear of this last escapade. It was clear to Tom without much canvassing of the question that he could not borrow from him the money to replace what he had gotten from Lockwood to redeem his clothes. He entered the garden by the back gate, climbed up to the roof of the wood-shed by means of a partition fence, and thence managed to pull himself into the window of his own chamber as stealthily as possible, that his uncle's family might not know that he had come home at half-past twelve. He stood a long while in the breeze at the open window watching the shadows of clouds drift over the moonlit prairie, which stretched away like a shoreless sea from the back of his uncle's house. He could not endure to bring his thoughts all at once to bear on his affairs; he stood there uneasily and watched these flitting black shadows come and go, and he gnashed his teeth with vexation whenever a full sense of his present misery and his future perplexities drifted over him.

He shut the window and went to bed at last, and by the time daylight arrived he had turned over every conceivable expedient. There was nothing for him but to accept the most disagreeable of all of them. He would have to draw on the slender purse of his mother and Barbara, for Lockwood's was a debt that might not be put off, and he could see no present means of earning money. He purposed to make some excuse to go home again on Saturday. It would be dreadful to meet Barbara's reproaches, and to see his mother's troubled face. How often he had planned to be the support of these two, but he seemed doomed to be only a burden; he had dreamed of being a source of pride to them, but again and again he had brought them mortification. Had he been less generous or more callous he would not have minded it so much. But as it was, his intolerable misery drove him to castle-building. He comforted himself with the reflection that he could make it all right with the folks at home when once he should get into practice. Barbara should have an easier time then. How often had he drawn drafts on the imaginary future for consolation!

III. PAYING THE FIDDLER.

"You did n't mean no harm, Tommy," said Mrs. Grayson, "I know you did n't." She was fumbling in the drawer of a clothes-press, built by the side of the chimney in the sitting-room of the Grayson farm-house in Hubbard township. She kept her money in this drawer concealed under a collection of miscellaneous articles.

Tom sat looking out of the window. Ever since his gambling scrape he had imagined his mother's plaintive voice excusing him in this way. It was not the first time that he had had to be pulled out of disasters produced by his own rashness, and it seemed such an unmanly thing for him to come home with his troubles; but he must pay Lockwood quickly, lest any imprudent word of that not very friendly friend should reach his uncle's ears. Nothing but the fear of bringing on them greater evil could have scourged him into facing his mother and sister with the story of his gambling. Once in their presence, his wretched face had made it evident that he was in one of those tight places which were ever recurring in his life. He made a clean breast of it; your dashing, dare-devil fellow has less temptation to lie than the rest of us. And now he had told it all,— he made it a sort of atonement to keep back nothing,— and he sat there looking out of the window at the steady dropping of a summer rain which had pelted him ever since he had set out from Moscow. He looked into the rain and listened to the quivering voice of his disappointed mother as she rummaged her drawer to take enough to meet his debt from the dollars accumulated by her own and Barbara's toil and management — dollars put by as a sinking fund to clear the farm of debt. But most of all he dreaded the time when Barbara should speak. She sat at the other window of the room with her face bent down over her sewing, which was pinned to her dress at the knee. She had listened to his story, but she had not uttered a word, and her silence filled him with foreboding. Tom watched the flock of bedraggled and down-hearted chickens creeping about under the eaves of the porch to escape the rain, and wondered whether it would not be better to kill himself to get rid of himself. His mother fumbled long and irresolutely in the drawer, looking up to talk every now and then, mostly in order to delay as long as possible the painful parting with her savings.

"I know you did n't mean no harm, Tommy; I know you did n't; but it 's awful hard on Barb'ry an' me, partin' with this money. Dave Sovine 's a wicked wretch to bring such trouble on two women like us, that 's had such a hard time to git on, an' nobody left to work the place. Out uv six children, you an' Barb'ry 's all that 's left alive. It 's hard on a woman to be left without her husband, an' all but the two youngest children dead."

Here she stopped ransacking the drawer to wipe her eyes. She gave way to her grief the more easily because she still lacked resolution to devote her earnings to filling up the gap made by Tom's prodigality. And in every trouble her mind reverted involuntarily to the

greater sorrows of her life; all rills of disappointment and all rivers of grief led down to this great sea of her sorrows.

"You 're the only two 't 's left, you two. Ef you 'd just keep out uv bad comp'ny, Tommy. But," she said, recovering herself, "I know you 're feelin' awful bad, an' you 're a good boy only you 're so keerless an' ventersome. You did n't mean no harm, an' you won't do it no more, I know you won't."

By this time Mrs. Grayson's trembling hands, on whose hardened palms and slightly distorted fingers one might have read the history of a lifetime of work and hardship, had drawn out a cotton handkerchief in which were tied up thirty great round cumbersome Spanish and Mexican dollars, with some smaller silver. This she took to a table, where she proceeded slowly to count out for Tom the exact amount he had borrowed to redeem his clothes,—not a four-penny bit more did she spare him.

At this point Barbara began to speak. She raised her face from her work and drew her dark eyes to a sharp focus, as she always did when she was much in earnest.

"It don't matter much about us, Tom," she said, despondently. "Women are made to give up for men, I suppose. I 've made up my mind a'ready to quit the school over at Timber Creek, though I do hate to."

"Yes," said her mother, "an' it 's too bad, fer you did like that new-fangled study of algebray, though I can't see the good of it."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings," Barbara went on, "but maybe it 'll do you good, Tom, to remember that I 've got to give up the school, and it 's my very last chance, and I 've got to spin and knit enough this winter to make up the money you 've thrown away in one night. You would n't make us trouble a-purpose for anything,—I know that. And, any way, we don't care much about ourselves; it don't matter about us. But we do care about you. What 'll happen if you go on in this heels-over-head way? Uncle Tom 'll never stand it, you know, and your only chance 'll be gone. That 's what 'll hurt us all 'round — to give up all for you, and then you make a mess of it — in spite of all we 've done."

"You 're awful hard on me, Barb," said Tom, writhing a little in his chair. "I wish I 'd made an end of myself, as I thought of doing, when I was done playing that night."

"There you are again," said Barbara, "without ever stopping to think. I suppose you think it would have made mother and me feel better about it, for you to kill yourself!"

"Don't be so cuttin' with your tongue, Barb'ry," said her mother; "we can stand it, and poor Tom did n't mean to do it."

"Pshaw!" said Barbara, giving herself a shake of impatience, "what a baby excuse that is for a grown-up man like Tom! Tom 's no fool if he would only think; but he 'll certainly spoil everything before he comes to his senses, and then we 'll all be here in the mud together; — the family 'll be disgraced, and there 'll be no chance of Tom's getting on. What makes me mad is that Tom 'll sit there and let you excuse him by saying that he did n't *mean* any harm, and then he 'll be just as gay as ever by day after to-morrow, and just as ready to run into some new scrape."

"Go on, Barb; that 's hitting the sore spot," said Tom, leaning his head on his hand. "Maybe if you knew all I 've gone through, you 'd let up a little." Tom thought of telling her of the good resolutions he had made, but he had done that on other occasions like this, and he knew that his resolutions were by this time at a heavy discount in the home market. He would like to have told Barbara how he intended to make it all up to them whenever he should get into a lucrative practice, but he dreaded to expose his cherished dreams to the nipping frost of her deadly common sense.

He looked about for a change of subject.

"Where 's Bob McCord?" he asked.

"It was a rainy day, and he 's gone off to the grocery, I guess," said Mrs. Grayson. "I 'm afeard he won't come home in time to cut us wood to do over Sunday."

Tom had intended to ride back to Moscow and pay his debt this very evening. But here was a chance to show some little gratitude — a chance to make a beginning of amendment. He did not want to stay at home, where the faces of his mother and Barbara and the pinching economy of the household arrangements would reproach him, but for this very reason he would remain until the next day; it would be a sort of penance, and any self-imposed suffering was a relief. The main use that men make of penitence and the wearing of sackcloth is to restore the balance of their complacency. Tom announced his intention to see to the Sunday wood himself; putting his uncle's horse in the stable, he went manfully to chopping wood in the rain and attending to everything else that would serve to make his mother and sister more comfortable.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

THE LAST APPEAL OF THE RUSSIAN LIBERALS.

AMONG the first questions which arise in the mind of any dispassionate student of contemporary Russian history when he reviews the events of the last twenty years are the following: "What is the real nature and significance of the protest against authority which has recently taken so extreme and violent a form in Russia; what are its original causes, and what are the opinions, hopes, and aims of the party or class which manifests such an unconquerable spirit of rebellion and which acts with such fierce and destructive energy? Is the protesting party or class a homogeneous body, all of whose members are inspired by the same ideas, or is there a difference of opinion among its constituent units as to principles and methods of action? Is what the world calls 'Nihilism' a mere philosophy of negation and destruction, which does not look beyond the overthrow of existing institutions, or has it in view some ideal of social order which it hopes ultimately to realize? If the Nihilists are social reformers sincerely desirous of improving the condition of the people by changing the social and political order of things in the direction of greater freedom, how did it happen that they began their protest at the very time when such changes were being made with great rapidity, and why did they fiercely and vindictively pursue and finally murder Alexander II., the man who was granting, as fast as it seemed prudent or practicable to grant, the very reforms which they themselves demanded? In short, what do the phenomena of contemporary Russian history mean?"

These questions must be answered before any intelligent idea can be formed of the existing situation in Russia, and before any prediction can be made as to the probable outcome of the struggle which is there going on.

It has been my fortune, in the course of the last two years, to make the intimate personal acquaintance of more than five hundred members of this Russian protesting party, including not less than three hundred of the so-called "Nihilists" living in exile at the convict mines and in the penal settlements of Siberia. I can perhaps throw some light, therefore, upon the problems presented by recent Russian history, and answer some of the questions which necessarily suggest themselves to the attentive student of Russian affairs. The subject, however, is one of great extent and complexity, and it is not my purpose in the present paper to even make an attempt to deal with it as a whole. I desire merely to correct some widely prevalent errors and then to present one phase of the Russian protest against authority; namely, the peaceful legal argumentative phase which preceded the appeal to force and out of which ultimately the appeal to force came, as the necessary and inevitable result of the failure of the peaceful protest.

There is a widely prevalent impression in America that the protesting party or class in Russia is essentially homogeneous; that its members are all "Nihilists"; that they prefer violence to any other means of redressing wrongs; that they aim simply at the destruction of existing institutions, and that there is in this so-called "Nihilistic" form of protest against authority something peculiar and mysterious — something which the Occidental mind cannot fully comprehend, owing to its ignorance of the Russian character. This impression, as I hope to show, is almost wholly an erroneous one. In the first place, the protesting party in Russia is not, in any sense of the word, homogeneous. Its members belong to all ranks, classes, and conditions of the Russian people; they hold all sorts of opinions with regard to social and political organization, and the methods by which they propose to improve the existing condition of things extend through all possible gradations — from peaceful remonstrance, in the form of collective petition, to "terroristic" activity, in the shape of bomb-throwing and assassination. The one common bond which unites them is the feeling which they all have that the existing state of affairs has become insupportable and must be changed.

In the second place, there is no protesting party in Russia to which the term "Nihilistic" can be properly applied. This may, perhaps, seem like a paradoxical statement in view of the fact that we have never heard of any other protesting party in Russia; but it is a true statement, nevertheless. There is no party in the empire which deliberately chooses violence and bloodshed as the best possible means of attaining its ends; there is no party which aims merely at the overthrow of existing institutions, and there is no party which preaches or practices a philosophy of negation and destruction. I make these assertions confidently, because my acquaintance with so-called "Nihilists" is probably more extensive and thorough than that of any other foreigner, and I have discussed these questions with them for many hundreds of hours. Liberals, reformers, socialistic theorists, revolutionists, and "ter-

rorists" I have met in all varieties, both in European Russia and among the exiles in Siberia; but a Nihilist in the proper or even in the popular signification of that word — never. Of course, if you use the term "Nihilist," as you would use the term "Know-nothing," merely to denote a certain social or political party and without reference to the original significance of the appellation, you may apply it to any body of men — to the Knights of Labor, for example; but if you use the word with a consciousness of its primary signification, as you would use the word yellow to describe an orange, you cannot properly apply it to any branch of the protesting party in Russia. There is in the empire no party, organization, or body of men to which it is applicable.

The word "Nihilist" was introduced in Russia by Turgenef, who used it in his novel "Fathers and Children" to describe a certain type of character which had then recently made its appearance in the ranks of the rising generation and which he contrasted sharply and effectively with the prevailing types in the generation which was passing from the stage. As applied to Bazaroff, the skeptical, materialistic, iconoclastic surgeon's son in Turgenef's novel, the word "Nihilist" had a natural appropriateness which the Russian public at once recognized. There were differences of opinion as to the question whether any such class as that represented by Bazaroff really existed, but there was no difference of opinion with regard to the appropriateness of the term as applied to that particular character. It was accurately descriptive of the type. The word "Nihilist," however, was soon caught up by the conservatives and by the Government, and was applied indiscriminately by them as an opprobrious and discrediting nickname to all persons who were not satisfied with the existing order of things and who sought, by any active method whatever, to bring about changes in Russian social and political organization. To many of the reformers, iconoclasts, and extreme theorists of that time the term "Nihilist" was perhaps fairly applicable — as it certainly was, for example, to Bakunin and his followers — and by some of them it was even accepted in a spirit of pride and defiance as an appellation which, although a nickname, expressed concisely their opposition to all forms of authority based on force. To the great mass of the Russian malcontents, however, it had then, and has now, no appropriate reference whatever. It would be quite as fair and quite as reasonable to say that the people in the United States who were once called "Know-nothings" were persons who really did not know anything as to say that the people in Russia who are now called "Nihilists" are persons who really do not believe in anything, nor respect anything, nor do anything except destroy. By persistent iteration and reiteration, however, the Russian Government and the Russian conservative class have succeeded in making the world accept this opprobrious nickname as really descriptive of the character and opinions of all their opponents, from the "terrorist" who throws an explosive bomb under the carriage of the Tsar, down to the peaceful and law-abiding member of a provincial assembly who respectfully asks leave to petition the Crown for the redress of grievances. It would be hard to find another instance in history where an incongruous and inappropriate appellation has thus been fastened upon a heterogeneous mass of people to whose beliefs and actions it has no sort of applicability, or a case in which an opprobrious nickname has had so confusing and so misleading an influence upon public opinion throughout the world.

The people most misrepresented and wronged by this nickname are unquestionably the Russian liberals — the members of the protesting party who seek to obtain reforms by peaceable and legal methods. From the point of view of the Government there might perhaps be some propriety in the application of the term "Nihilist" to a conspirator like Nechaief or to a regicide like Ryssakoff; but there can be no possible reason or excuse for calling by that name a professor who opposes the inquisitorial provisions of the new university laws, an editor who disputes the right of the Government to banish a man to Siberia without trial, or a member of a provincial assembly who persuades his fellow-delegates to join in a petition to the Crown asking for a constitution. These people are not "Nihilists," they are not even revolutionists; they are peaceable, law-abiding citizens, who are striving by reasonable methods to secure a better form of government; and yet these men are removed from their official places, silenced by ministerial prohibition, arrested without adequate cause, exiled without a judicial hearing, and finally misrepresented to the world as "Nihilists" and enemies of all social order.*

* It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that this is not a vague, general assertion, made at random. I have particularly in mind the case of a well-known professor of the Moscow University whose name I will not give, because he is not yet in exile; the case of Constantine M. Staniukovitch, formerly editor of the Russian magazine "Diello," who is now in exile in the town of Tomsk, Western Siberia; and the case of Ivan I. Petrunkevitch, formerly a justice of the peace and a member of the provincial assembly of Chernigof, who is now in exile in one of the northern provinces of European Russia. They are all moderate liberals, and they have all been punished without a trial or even a hearing.

I do not mean to say that the Government formally and officially brands this class of its opponents with this nickname, or seriously regards it as properly applicable to them. I mean only that the Russian conservative party and the Government press have used the word "Nihilist" so persistently and so indiscriminately to characterize all sorts of malcontents, that the world has come to regard it as more or less descriptive of the whole protesting class, and has lost sight of the radical differences between the various groups of which that class is made up.

It is my purpose in the present paper to briefly describe the attitude taken toward the Government by this peaceable, law-abiding branch of the Russian protesting party, and then to allow the liberal members of that party to express in their own words the opinions which they hold with regard to the existing state of affairs in Russia, and the means which, in their judgment, should be adopted to stop oppression on one side and violent and unnatural forms of protest on the other.

Before proceeding, however, to an examination of the opinions and actions of the Russian liberals, it is necessary to sketch hastily the conditions under which the protesting class came into existence, and the nature of the wrongs and evils against which the protest was made. The sketch must necessarily be a brief and inadequate one, and the reader will, I trust, understand that it does not pretend to cover fully the ground, or even to outline the history of Russia during the period. It is intended merely to suggest the facts which are indispensable to a clear comprehension of the liberal position.

Between the years 1861 and 1866 the Russian Government, doubtless animated by a sincere desire to promote the welfare of the people, undertook a series of sweeping and far-reaching reforms, which included the emancipation of the serfs, the grant of comparative freedom to the press, the reorganization of the courts, and the establishment of a system of local self-government, by means of elective assemblies, or *zemstvos*. If these reforms had been carried out in the liberal spirit in which they were apparently conceived, they would have affected beneficially every department of Russian social and political life; they would have lightened in a hundred ways the burdens which rested upon all classes of citizens; they would have satisfied, temporarily, at least, the growing demand for greater freedom of thought, speech, and action, and would have saved the country from a long, disastrous, and exhausting revolutionary struggle. Unfortunately, however, the Government either lost faith in its own projected reforms, took alarm at the attitude of independence assumed by some of the provincial assemblies, or became seriously apprehensive that the liberal movement, if not checked and repressed, would go beyond the limits marked out for it, and perhaps get entirely beyond control. Instead, therefore, of carrying out its reforms perseveringly and consistently, and with a feeling of confidence in the good sense, patriotism, and self-control of the people, the Government began almost at once to restrict, qualify, and abrogate the rights and privileges which it had just granted. By means of ministerial circulars and secret instructions to provincial governors, it limited freedom of discussion in the provincial assemblies, gagged again the partially enfranchised press, withdrew whole classes of important cases from the jurisdiction of the reorganized courts, restricted the right of private meeting to discuss questions of political economy, arrested persons who assembled for the purpose of considering the problems presented by Russian life under the novel conditions which the reforms had created, and in a hundred ways harried and exasperated the liberal element, which sought merely to do its part in the work of reform, reorganization, and regeneration which the Government itself had undertaken. The result of this reactionary policy was of course intense popular dissatisfaction, which at first manifested itself in outspoken protests, then took the form of determined opposition, and finally ended in open insubordination. This called forth repressive measures of still greater severity, which only increased the feeling of exasperation; and at last the younger and more impulsive members of the liberal party, finding themselves powerless to attain by open and legal methods the objects which they had in view, and believing that the Government had never been sincere in its liberal professions, undertook to act for themselves, and in their own way, by organizing in all of the larger towns secret circles which were called "Circles for Self-Instruction." These were originally little more than associations of ardent young liberals, who met frequently at private houses to talk over their grievances, and discuss methods of improving the condition of the peasants; but they were gradually transformed by repressive measures into secret centers of revolutionary activity.

About this time began that remarkable, impulsive, generous but quixotic liberal crusade which was known as "going to the people." Thousands of educated young men, fired with an ardent desire to do something to atone for the sins of their fathers toward the recently emancipated serfs, and filled with pity for the latter's ignorance and misery, went into the Russian villages, into the suburbs of the great

cities, into factories, into workshops, into all places where the peasants toiled and suffered, and sought, by sympathy, by coöperation, and by personal instruction, to help and elevate the men and women whom their fathers had bought, sold, and flogged. Hundreds of cultivated and refined young women, with that singular capacity for self-sacrifice which is inherent in the Russian character, abandoned their homes and families, put on coarse peasant dress, went into the remotest, loneliest, and dreariest villages of the empire, and, in the capacity of school-teachers, midwives, or nurses, shared the hard, prosaic life of the common people, labored with them, suffered with them, and bore their burdens, merely in order to learn how they could best be helped. Sophia Perofskaya, one of the five regicides who were hanged at St. Petersburg in 1881, began her career with this sort of missionary work; Vera Phillipova, who planned the assassination of General Strelnikof and who died of prison consumption in the fortress of Schlusselburg last year, was another of the heroic young women who thus went "to the people"; Madame Kavalefskaya, who is now serving out a hard-labor sentence in Eastern Siberia, was a teacher in a peasant school; Anna Pavlovna Korba, who is dying by inches at the convict mines of Kara, was a Red Cross nurse, and treasurer of a local benevolent society, before she became a member of the dreaded "Nihilist" Executive Committee; and hundreds of other young women threw themselves with passionate self-abnegation and self-devotion into the work of educating, elevating, and helping the lower classes.

Something analogous to this took place in our own country soon after the close of the civil war, when educated and refined young women from the New England States went south to teach in negro schools; but the movement in the United States never became epidemic, as it did in Russia, nor was it ever characterized by the reckless, heroic self-sacrifice which illumines so many dark pages of Russian history.

Of course the "Circles for Self-Instruction" and the unprecedented movement of the youth of Russia "to the people" did not escape the vigilant attention of the Government. Both were regarded, and perhaps with good reason, as seditious in their character, and steps were at once taken to put a stop to what was believed to be nothing more than a secret revolutionary propaganda. The "Circles for Self-Instruction" were broken up; all persons suspected of disloyalty were put under strict police supervision or banished to distant provinces; educated young men and women found in peasant villages were required to satisfactorily explain their presence there; the more active opponents of the Government were exiled to Siberia by "administrative process," and arrests were made by the hundred in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, and all the large towns of the empire. The feeling of exasperation meanwhile grew more and more intense, and the revolutionary movement more and more formidable, notwithstanding the increasing severity of the Government's repressive measures, until at last the prisons were literally crammed with political offenders, most of them young people from the educated classes. The cruel treatment of these prisoners and of the exiles in Siberia, who were regarded by their fellow-revolutionists as martyrs in the cause of freedom, finally provoked reprisals, and in 1878 General Mezzentsef, the Chief of Gendarmes, was assassinated in the street in St. Petersburg, and General Trepoff, the Chief of Police of that city, was shot by Vera Zassulitch, for ordering the flogging of a political prisoner named Bogoeuboff.

During all this time the Russian liberals, as distinguished from the revolutionists, had been endeavoring to discourage the resort to violence on the one side, and to secure justice, consistency, and adherence to law on the other. Their efforts, however, were not successful in either direction. The revolutionists believed that the time for peaceful remonstrance had passed, and regarded further discussion as useless, while the Government resented the intermediation of the liberals as an impertinence, if not a manifestation of sympathy with the declared enemies of the State.

Such was the situation of affairs in 1878 and 1879, when the first political assassinations announced the adoption by the revolutionary party of the policy of "terror." The liberals, foreseeing that this policy would almost certainly lead sooner or later to the assassination of the Tsar, and believing that the reaction which must follow such a crime would be disastrous, if not fatal, to the cause of liberty, determined to make another effort to obtain from the Government some recognition of the evils and wrongs against which the revolutionists were so fiercely protesting, and some promise of a return to the liberal programme outlined in the reform measures of 1861-1866. In order, however, to make this attempt with any prospect of success, it was manifestly necessary to secure a temporary suspension, at least, of the destructive activity of the extreme revolutionary party. Nothing could be accomplished by peaceful methods if the "terrorists" continued to alarm and exasperate the Government with threats and deeds of murderous violence. In the early part of 1879, therefore, some of the prominent liberals of Chernigof

and Kharkoff, including Professor Gordeënko (the mayor of the latter city) and Mr. Petrunkevitch (the presiding justice of one of the new courts, and a member of the Chernigof provincial assembly), decided to open communications with the "terrorists," urge upon them the dangers of the path on which they had entered, point out to them the calamities which they might bring upon Russia by this desperate, unreasonable, murderous policy, and ascertain upon what conditions they would agree to stop committing acts of violence. In pursuance of this resolution a committee of liberals, representing several of the *zemstvos*, or provincial assemblies, of central and southern Russia, made journeys to various parts of the empire, and had personal interviews with a number of the leaders of the "terroristic" or extreme revolutionary party. The committee said to the latter:

"We believe that we can bring about reforms by peaceable and legal methods, and we desire now to make another attempt to do so, but we shall of course fail if you continue these political murders. Our object in coming to see you is to ask you to suspend your operations for a while and give us an opportunity to act. If we fail to attain our ends by reasonable and peaceful methods, and if you then think that you can accomplish something by your policy of 'terror,' proceed at your own peril; we shall disapprove and deplore your mistaken action, but we shall have nothing more to say; first, however, give us a chance."

The "terrorists" declared that their policy was not one of choice; that the Government had forced them to adopt it by closing to them all other avenues of escape from an absolutely intolerable position. They were willing, however, to listen to reason, and would solemnly promise not to commit any more acts of violence if the Government would even show a disposition to do three things — namely, first, remove the existing restrictions upon freedom of speech and of the press; second, guarantee personal rights against capricious, illegal, irresponsible action on the part of the executive authorities; and, third, allow the people to participate in some way in the national government. These, they said, were the things for which they were fighting, and if they could be satisfied that the Government would grant these demands, they as a party would refrain wholly from acts of violence and "maintain an attitude of expectancy."

The members of the liberal committee returned to their homes and held a consultation with their fellow-delegates as to the best means of carrying their plans into execution. The only basis upon which they could proceed in legal form was that furnished by the *zemstvos*, or provincial assemblies. These were legally authorized bodies, representative of the people and recognized by the Government, and it was decided to have these *zemstvos* adopt and simultaneously forward memorials or petitions to the Crown setting forth the grievances of the people and asking for a constitutional form of government.

The first petition which went in was that of the provincial assembly of Kharkoff, which convened earlier than the others, and therefore took the lead. This address was not as clear in statement nor as definite in its demands as might have been desired, but nevertheless it produced a profound impression. The Minister of the Interior at once sent a circular letter to the Marshals of the Nobility, who presided over the provincial assemblies, directing them not to allow any memorials to be laid before the assemblies without previous submission to them (the marshals) for approval, and not to permit action of any kind upon such petitions as that from the assembly of Kharkoff. The next *zemstvo* to draw up a memorial was that of Chernigof. Its address to the Crown was respectful in form and tone, but extremely bold in expression. It declared that the Government itself was responsible for the revolutionary movement which it asked the people to oppose, because it had never executed faithfully its own laws; that by constantly violating those laws and resorting to administrative force to attain its illegal ends it had destroyed the people's respect for law, and had thus prepared the way for all sorts of anarchistic teaching; that it had not granted a single reform which on the very next day it had not tried to mutilate or nullify by administrative regulations and restrictions; that it had deprived the Russian people of the right to express its opinions, not only through the press and through public meetings, but even through the provincial assemblies; and, finally, that the only way to successfully combat revolution and anarchy was to create new national forms and adopt a constitution which would restrain illegal action not only on the part of individual citizens, but on the part of the Government.

At an informal meeting of all the delegates of the Chernigof provincial assembly this bold address was adopted with only two dissenting votes, and was then given to Mr. Ivan I. Petrunkevitch for formal presentation to the assembly at its regular session on the following day. In the meantime Mr. Petrunkevitch submitted it to the presiding officer for approval as required by the recent ministerial circular. The marshal after reading it said, "I cannot allow you to lay this paper before the assembly."

"Why?" demanded Mr. Petrunkevitch.

"Because it is forbidden."

"Can you show me any law of the empire which forbids a delegate to lay before the as-

sembly of which he is a member a perfectly respectful petition to the Crown?"

"No," replied the marshal, "but I have an order from the Minister of the Interior which has all the force of law so far as I am concerned, and I must obey it."

"If," said Mr. Petrunkevitch, "you cannot show me a law which forbids such action as that which I propose to take, I am acting within my legal rights, and I shall lay this petition before the assembly to-morrow unless I am prevented by force."

"Very well," replied the marshal, "I must then take my measures."

When, on the following morning, Mr. Petrunkevitch went to the assembly hall, he found the public for the first time excluded. There were gendarmes at the door to keep out all persons except delegates, and there were gendarmes in the hall itself. As soon as the assembly had been called to order, several members sprang to their feet and protested against the presence of the gendarmes, which they declared was a menace and an insult to a deliberative assembly. The presiding officer replied that the gendarmes were there by order of the governor. Amid a scene of great excitement and confusion, Mr. Petrunkevitch rose to present the address to the Crown, which had been almost unanimously adopted by the delegates at the informal session of the previous day. The presiding officer refused to allow it to be read or considered, and when Mr. Petrunkevitch persisted in his attempt to obtain formal action upon it, the marshal peremptorily declared the session of the assembly closed, and the hall was cleared by the gendarmes. The delegates, however, prepared copies of their address, and sent them to all the *zemstvos* in the empire, and many other assemblies — eight or ten, if I remember rightly — followed the example set by the *zemstvos* of Chernigof and Kharkoff, by drawing up memorials, and trying to get them acted upon. Their efforts, however, were rendered fruitless by ministerial prohibitions enforced by gendarmes, and on the 14th of April, 1879, this form of agitation was stopped by the attempt of Solivioff to assassinate the Tsar. Another spasm of alarm, reaction, and repression followed; martial law was declared throughout the greater part of European Russia, and executions, arrests, and the indiscriminate exile of all persons who dared to remonstrate or protest, silenced once more the voice of the Russian people. Mr. Petrunkevitch and other members of the provincial assemblies of Chernigof and Kharkoff were arrested and banished by administrative process, and, to adopt the language of the official reports, "order was reëstablished in the disaffected provinces."

Thus ended another attempt of the Russian liberals to put a stop to violence and bloodshed, and to obtain for the people of the empire by peaceable methods the reforms which the whole protesting class demanded. Of the leaders in this temperate, courageous, patriotic movement only two are now living; one of them is in exile and the other is insane.

It is not necessary to pursue the history of the fierce conflict which took place between the "terrorists" on one side and the police and gendarmes on the other in the year 1879 and the first part of the year 1880. The liberals did not participate in that conflict, and only took the field again when on the 25th of February, 1880, the Tsar, finding that repressive measures alone were not adequate to cope with the volcanic social forces which were in operation, appointed a "Supreme Executive Commission" and put at the head of it General Loris Melikoff, an army officer, but a man who was believed to be in sympathy with the law-abiding branch of the protesting party. To Loris Melikoff the liberals determined to make a last appeal, and in March, 1880, twenty-five of the leading citizens of Moscow, including professors in the university, members of the Moscow Bar Association, a number of well-known authors and representative men from the educated classes generally, drew up, signed, and forwarded to the new Dictator of Russia a long and carefully prepared letter, in which they set forth temperately, but with great courage and frankness, their views with regard to the real nature of the evils from which the empire was suffering and the measures which, in their opinion, should be adopted to restore tranquillity to the country. I obtained from one of the signers a copy of that letter. In order to fully appreciate the weight and significance of this document the reader must bear in mind that it is not an editorial from a "Nihilistic" newspaper; it is not an anonymous proclamation intended to excite or encourage rebellion; it is not a letter designed to affect public opinion in any way, at home or abroad. It is a calm, temperate statement of facts and conclusions, written at a most critical moment in the history of Russia, signed by some of the ablest and most patriotic citizens of the empire, and carried personally by one of them to Loris Melikoff, with a request that it be laid before the Tsar. The rest of this article (except the final paragraph) is a translation of the letter:

FROM THE LIBERALS OF MOSCOW TO GENERAL LORIS MELIKOFF, CHIEF OF THE SUPREME EXECUTIVE COMMISSION.

THE unfortunate condition of Russia at the present time is due to the fact that there has arisen in Russian society a party which acts with great irrationality, and is carrying on a contest with the Government in a manner with which right-thinking people, no matter what their position or degree of education, cannot sympathize. This contest, which is seditious in its character, manifests itself in a series of acts of violence directed against the ruling authorities. The question is, How can the evil be remedied?

In order to answer this question it is necessary first to uncover the real causes of the evil. The object of the present letter is to show —

First. That the principal reason for the morbid form which the contest with the Government has taken is the absence in Russia of any opportunity for the free development of public opinion and the free exercise of public activity.

Second. That the evil cannot be eradicated by any sort of repressive measures.

Third. That the present condition of the people, many of whose most urgent needs are wholly unsatisfied, constitutes ample cause for dissatisfaction, and that this dissatisfaction, having no means of free expression, necessarily manifests itself in morbid forms.

Fourth. That the causes which underlie this wide-spread discontent cannot be removed by governmental action alone, but require the friendly coöperation of all the vital forces of society.

I.

THE unnatural form which the contest with the Government has taken is due to the absence of all means for the free and orderly expression of public discontent. Dissatisfaction cannot be expressed through the press, since the press is closely restricted in its comments upon governmental action, and such restriction is enforced by warnings, suspensions, and heavy penalties, in the shape of the interdiction of street sales and the deprivation of the right to print advertisements, which fall upon the periodical press with crushing force. Questions of first-class importance are wholly removed by censorial prohibition from the field of newspaper discussion, and that at the very time when they most occupy public attention. Within the past year the prohibition has been extended even to educational subjects, such as the classical system of instruction and the laws regulating universities.*

Measures as important as university reform are considered secretly and kept concealed from the people. Then there are other subjects which the periodical press is directed to discuss "with especial caution and circumspection,"— a phrase which, in the language of the censors, has almost the force of a complete prohibition. Newspapers are not even allowed to publish facts, if such facts compromise or reflect in any way upon governmental organs. All remember the recent case of the newspaper "Golos," which was severely punished for merely publishing the facts with regard to the illegal imprisonment of certain dissenting prelates.† The press must, therefore, either be silent or hypocritical, or must express itself in the language of allegory — a language which demoralizes literature and which often unnecessarily excites public opinion. If the newspapers discuss governmental measures within the narrow limits to which they are confined, their readers seek for hidden meaning and unexpressed opinion between the lines. If, on the other hand, a newspaper praises the Government, it is not believed, because the commendation is regarded as hypocritical. Perfect freedom of speech is the privilege of the representatives of extreme opinions only, and we find it on the one side, for example, in the "Moscow Gazette" and kindred organs, and on the other, in the "underground" press.

Another reason for the development of "underground" activity may be found in the en-

* It may seem strange to the American reader that the Russian Government should prohibit the discussion of such questions as "Scientific *vs.* Classical Education"; but it must be remembered that scientific training, to use the language of the Russian censors, "excites the mind,"— that is, leads the student to think, question, and experiment,— while the study of the dead languages does not have that pernicious tendency to so great an extent. The classical system of instruction is therefore favored by the Government, and the advocacy of any other system is forbidden. Herbert Spencer's "Education," and "The Culture demanded by Modern Life," by the late E. L. Youmans, have been withdrawn from all the Russian public libraries and placed on the Index Expurgatorius.—G. K.

† A correspondent of the "Golos" at Suzdal, in the province of Vladimir, discovered that in the prison connected with the monastery at that place there were confined two bishops and an archbishop of the dissenting sect known as the "Starovertsi," or Old Believers. One of the bishops had been in solitary confinement in this monasterial prison 17 years, the other 22 years, and the archbishop 26 years. The "Golos," in commenting editorially upon its correspondent's letter, suggested that these prelates had probably been put in prison for some sectarian obstinacy and had then been entirely forgotten. For publishing this letter and commenting upon it, the "Golos" was deprived for a month of the right to print advertisements.— G. K.

forced silence of public assemblies. The cases of the provincial assemblies of Pultava, Chernigof, and other provinces in 1879 show that the voices of the representatives of the people are stifled even when they are responding in accordance with their best judgment to the call of the Government.* The latter withholds its confidence more and more from the provincial assemblies and bestows it more and more upon bureaucratic institutions — submitting, for example, to the Provincial Councils for Peasant Affairs [a body of *chinovniks* † appointed by the Crown] cases and questions which it formerly referred to the *zemstvos* [representative bodies elected by the people]. The Government creates cantonal and provincial delegates, and at the same time has so little confidence in these representatives of the people that it puts them under the supervision and control of a presiding officer not by themselves chosen; and having imposed upon them such a presiding officer, in the person of a Marshal of the Nobility, the Government strives to turn the latter into a mere *chinovnik*. Many of these marshals serve only in order to obtain rank or for the sake of an administrative career.

The Government often treats with contemptuous neglect statements and petitions from sources fully competent to make them, and listens unwillingly to the representatives even of the most legitimate interests. There may be found in the reports of any provincial administration ‡ records of innumerable petitions sent by the assembly to the Government, which not only have never been granted, but have never even been answered. The voice of the press is treated with equal if not greater contempt. The newspapers and magazines have had occasion of late to discuss almost every question which relates to the administration of the internal affairs of the empire, and with regard to such questions have expressed definite opinions based upon precise scientific data, but very little respect has been paid to their conclusions. A recent illustration of this fact is furnished by the railroad tax. When, in the latter part of 1878, it was first proposed, the organs of the press almost without exception pointed out and pertinaciously insisted upon its inadequacy and its burdensome character. The tax was nevertheless imposed, only to justify the predictions which had been made with regard to it. The Government in general pays too little attention to the investigation of subjects which require exact scientific research. This is particularly the case with regard to questions of economic and financial legislation, which are least of all susceptible to bureaucratic methods of treatment.

The result of the state of things above set forth is the creation of an impression that the Government does not wish to listen to the voice of the people; that it will not tolerate criticism, however just, of its mistakes and failures; that it despises the opinions of competent advisers, and that it has in view peculiar objects not related in any way to the necessities of the people. There is undoubtedly at the present time a wide-spread belief in the existence of an antagonism between the people and the organs of government. Upon this point cultivated society is in remarkable accord with the common people. The peasant reveres the Tsar as he reveres God, but he has no confidence in the *chinovniks*, who, as he naïvely expresses it, "get around the Tsar." In like manner the educated classes of society, while they preserve their deep veneration for their monarch, discern, in a bureaucratic mechanism, isolated from the people, the root of the existing evils. There is in this respect a complete lack of faith in the Government, and faith can never be restored while the Administration manifests neither adequate knowledge nor moral force nor conformity to any ideal. The weakness of the Government is apparent to society, and it is an added cause of irritation, because there is nothing which provokes and humiliates people more than to feel that they are in subjection to persons who can inspire neither respect nor trust. It makes no difference, under such circumstances, what means official power may take to establish its authority; its efforts will result only in exasperation. It does not help matters when the organs of the Government say, as they are inclined to say, that an attack upon them is an attack upon the Imperial power. The sophistry of such a method of dealing with the question is apparent even to the simplest intelligence, and it only intensifies the existing resentment.

The forcible repression of discontent is injurious in another way. The impossibility of speaking out frankly compels people to keep their ideas to themselves, to cherish and nurse them in secret, and to regard complacently even illegal methods of putting them into practice. Thus is created one of the most important of the conditions upon which the spread of sedition depends; namely, the weakening of the loyalty of those who, under other circumstances, would regard sedition with abhorrence.

There are in organized society self-reliant

* The reference is to the attempt of the provincial assemblies to obtain reforms by means of petitions to the Crown.— G. K.

† A *chinovnik* is any officer of the civil service.—G. K.

‡ The permanent executive bureau which attends to the official business of a provincial assembly and keeps its records.— G. K.

opinions which strive for free expression, and an accumulated fund of energy which seeks a field for activity. The more rigorously these impulses are repressed in their legal form, the sooner they will take on a form which is not legal; the more apparent will become the lack of harmony between the strivings of society and the working methods of the ruling power; and the more general and emphatic, and consequently the more infectious, will become the illegal protest. When society has no means of making known and discussing peaceably and publicly its wants and its necessities, the more energetic members of that society will throw themselves passionately into secret activity, and lose gradually the habit of trying to obtain their ends by reasonable methods. The characteristics which at first mark only the more hot-headed members of society will at last become common to people of a very different class, simply because the latter have no field in which to cultivate better qualities.

II.

At the present time, there is a prevalent opinion that the existing evils can be eradicated only by repressive measures. Many people believe that, before anything else is thought of, attention should be concentrated upon methods of repression, and that, when such methods shall have attained the results expected from them, it will be time enough to proceed with the further development of Russian social life. But the evils cannot be remedied by repressive measures; and that is not all — repressive measures not only do not cure the evils which exist, but they create new evils, because they are inevitably accompanied by administrative license.* It might be possible, under given conditions, for people to reconcile themselves to the uncontrolled exercise of power by the higher authorities; but license above creates license below. Every official — *ispravnik*, *stanavoi*, *uriadnik* or gendarme† — has his own idea of saving the country, and upon the strength of it he sets himself above all laws and institutions. The Government thus tears down with one hand what it builds up with the other, and finally undermines all respect for authority, by establishing the conviction in the minds of the people that authority does not propose to be bound by any fixed and definite rules of procedure. License, furthermore, threatens an extraordinary widening of the circle of persons to be proceeded against. It opens the way for a general application of the rule that "he who is not for us is against us" — a rule which, when applied by the Government, is particularly dangerous, because it declares persons to be enemies of the country who are in reality peaceable and useful citizens, but who simply do not agree in all respects with the Administration.

Everybody is well aware of the shadow which has recently been cast, without any serious reason, upon some of the best elements of our society. A crusade has been declared against the educated class, and in this movement the Government itself is not altogether guiltless. It seems to be forgotten that the educated class upon which a brand is thus set is a product of Russian history; that the Government itself, since the time of Peter the Great, has been creating this unfortunate class, and that now, whatever may be its character, it embodies all the self-conscious intellectual faculties of the Russian people. Those who seek to crush these intellectual faculties rely upon the support of excited passion, forgetting that passion is a double-edged blade, which, when it has been raised and turned in one direction, cannot be restrained if, under the influence of an unforeseen impulse, it takes another. Education, — the self-conscious thinking power, — on the other hand, is the best possible support of order. It must be remembered, furthermore, that by encouraging passion, instead of intelligent reflection, administrative license strikes down the sense of lawfulness which in Russia is imperfectly developed at best. License also brings the organs of authority into collision with one another, and such collisions are extremely injurious to the processes of healthy national life. Nothing but the supremacy of law can regulate and discipline and bring into agreement with one another the organs of administrative authority.

But aside from all this, repression cannot kill human thought. Convincing proof of this fact is furnished by the last reign (1825 to 1855) as well as by more recent years. The idea of popular representation, for example, has recently taken enormous strides forward and has made its way even into the wilderness of the provinces, notwithstanding the fact that public discussion or consideration of that idea has been absolutely forbidden. In the absence of a free press there arises another medium of intercommunication in the shape of the oral transmission of ideas from mouth to mouth. Examples of the wide extension in this way of religious heresies are too well known to need reference,

* The Russian word *proizvol*, which I have here translated "license," has no precise equivalent in English. It means action upon personal impulse — action which is not controlled by law, nor by any standard of duty or obligation external to the actor. The word "license" is intended to have this signification wherever it occurs in the present paper. — G. K.

† These words cannot be translated into English. An *ispravnik* is a sort of local governor; *stanavois* and *uriadniks* are officers of the local rural police.

and precisely the same thing takes place in the sphere of politics. When the human mind is subjected to oppression, it becomes peculiarly acute and receptive, catching quickly at the slightest hint and attaching significance to things which under other circumstances it would pass without attention. It is this which gives so much weight to the utterances of the "underground" press. Everybody knows how quickly the newspaper "Kolokol" and other similar publications lost their influence when Russian periodicals were given even comparative freedom of speech.*

In the present unfortunate state of affairs repression is incapable of attaining even the immediate results which are expected from it, because it cannot find objects upon which to exert itself. There can be no war unless there is an enemy in the field. In a situation like the present one, opposition to the Government does not manifest itself exclusively through the actions of a few known individuals; it hovers in the air, and lurks in the hearts of a multitude of people. Severe measures may crush a few of the Government's prominent opponents, but in their places discontent sets forth new champions.

Finally, repression, by keeping the country in a state of constant alarm with warnings of impending danger and with extraordinary and ever-changing methods of prevention, diverts attention from the real necessities of the time and baffles all attempts to anticipate the future. The country lives only from day to day, when it ought to proceed at once and with vigor to its work. Whether, therefore, we regard repression as a necessary and normal feature of national life or merely as a temporary expedient useful in periods of agitation, we find that it is powerless to attain the results that are expected from it.

III.

THE most marked feature of the present situation in Russia is extreme dissatisfaction in urgent need of free expression. Educated society as a whole, irrespective of rank, position, or opinions, is intensely dissatisfied, and out of that dissatisfaction arises the existing agitation.

First. The first and most important of society's unsatisfied demands is the demand for an opportunity to act. This demand even a constantly growing bureaucracy has been unable to silence. It has been encouraged and stimulated by the intellectual movement which began in the last century and which has continued in this; and as early as the beginning of the present reign there had already taken form in literature and in society an ideal of national life which demanded realization. That ideal was founded upon the inviolability of personal rights, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and a system of government by which these things should be guaranteed. The reforms of the first half of the present reign gave completeness and permanence to this ideal and threw upon it the light of approval from above. At the same time, those reforms created social conditions which were so entirely new that the necessity for new national institutions to correspond with them became a necessity no longer theoretical but practical. The old mechanism of government proved to be incapable of directing the new and complex forces which were in operation. Only by the free and independent efforts of society itself could they be regulated and controlled. The striving of the people for an opportunity to act — to take part in the control of the national life — has therefore become a phenomenon which the ruling power must take into account. Unfortunately, however, it is a phenomenon which the Administration regards with hostility. At the very moment when society is aroused both by the nature of its own reflections and by the circumstances of the time and seeks to participate in the life of the State, the Administration throws obstacles in its way. If the ruling mechanism in its present form excludes from direct participation in the government a majority of those who have the first right and the strongest desire to take part in it, then that mechanism stands in need of reformation. Instead, however, of reforming it, the Government is striving to crush and strangle the very institutions intended to bring about such reformation.†

The Russian people are becoming more and more impressed with the conviction that an empire so extensive and a social life so complicated as ours cannot be managed exclusively by *chinovniks*. The provincial assemblies are educating year after year a larger and larger number of men who are capable of taking part in political life, and yet these assemblies are constantly and systematically repressed. Their legislation is subjected to the censorship of the provincial governors; their right to impose taxes for their own needs is restricted; they assemble under presiding officers whose disciplinary power is increased; their right to manage their own schools is denied; their recommendations and petitions are wholly unheeded; jurisdiction over all important questions is taken away from them and given to administrative bureaus, and the provincial governors are allowed to pass judgment upon

* The "Kolokol," or "Bell," was a radical journal published fortnightly in London by Herzen.— G. K.

† The *zemstvos*, or provisional and cantonal assemblies.— G. K.

the character of officials duly elected by popular vote. As a consequence of all this, there is great danger that the provincial assemblies, which should be the independent organs of local self-government, will be transformed into mere subordinate bureaus of the local administration. This system of forcible repression cannot crush the desire of the people for independent political activity, but it is quite enough to produce chronic dissatisfaction and to put the Administration in the attitude of serving the interests of a bureaucracy rather than the interests of the people.

Second. Another demand of society which at the present time is even less satisfied than the desire for political activity is the demand for personal security. The indispensable conditions upon which the very existence of modern society depends are free courts, freedom from arrest and search without proper precautions and safeguards, responsibility of officials for illegal detention and imprisonment, and the due observance of all the legal formalities of public and controversial trial in cases involving the infliction of punishment. In administrative limitations of judicial procedure, whatever be their nature, society cannot acquiesce. Administrative interference always creates license; it shows that the ruling power is not willing to submit to the laws which it has itself ordained, and that it seeks an opportunity to attack both the freedom of the courts and the rights of the persons with whom it is dealing. Such administrative interference, whatever may be its motives, cannot justify itself in the eyes of the people, and only serves to weaken the authority of the ruling power.

The importance of the first stage of judicial procedure in Russia is destroyed by the lack of independent examining magistrates. The law providing that judges shall not be removed from office is deprived of all its virtue by the practice of transferring them to distant posts or promoting them without reason. How little faith there is in the existing method of selecting judges, and how carelessly vacancies are filled by appointment, is shown by the fact that not long ago in Moscow people went to court as they would go to the theater, to be amused by the ignorance and clownishness of an associate judge, who had been appointed by the Minister of Justice instead of another candidate recommended by the court itself. People who take a superficial view of life are amused by such things; the more serious members of society are deeply pained by them; but in both classes there is a consequent loss of respect for the Government. Great numbers of cases are removed entirely from the jurisdiction even of such imperfect courts as we have. In the almost unlimited province of political crime, where the features which distinguish the permissible from the forbidden are so changeable and so difficult of definition, and where, consequently, personal liberty should be surrounded by the greatest possible safeguards, there exists a state of things which is in violation of all the Russian people's ideas of judicial procedure, and in flagrant violation of the most elementary principles of justice. A robber or a murderer cannot be searched nor arrested without a warrant from an official who must answer for his acts upon complaint of the sufferer; but in cases involving political crime an entirely different order of things prevails. For the past ten years the police, upon trivial suspicion or upon a false accusation, have been allowed to break into houses, force their way into the sphere of private life, read private letters, throw the accused into prison, keep them there for months, and finally subject them to an inquisitorial examination without even informing them definitely of the nature of the charges made against them. Many persons arrested in this way by mistake, or under misapprehension, have lived through this experience and have afterward returned to their homes. In the eyes of certain people and of the Government these sufferers are not men justified by the courts and reëstablished in their rights in the face of the world; they are dangerous members of society marked with the brand of disloyalty. In the eyes of other people they are innocent martyrs, or even heroes. It often happens that the lives of such persons are wrecked forever. The dead secrecy of political trials, in contrast with the publicity of ordinary jurisprudence; the unlimited exercise of power by the secret prosecutors, in contrast with the strictly enforced legality of every step in ordinary judicial procedure, are undermining in society the sense of lawfulness, and adding fuel to the fire of exasperation which burns in the hearts not only of the persons who have the misfortune to be prosecuted for political offenses, but of a much wider circle of people. In the absence of any legislation defining political crime and limiting the power of the institutions which deal with it, not a single person belonging to the educated class can regard himself as safe from political prosecution, and consequently not one can escape from the ever-present, humiliating, and exasperating consciousness that he is entirely without rights.

Still more out of harmony with the views of the people is the system of administrative exile and banishment without examination or trial, which has been practiced upon a more extensive scale within the past five years than ever before. While the spirit of the law and the first principles of justice forbid the in-

fliction of punishment without previous trial, hundreds and perhaps thousands of persons annually are subjected to the severest punishment that can be inflicted upon an educated man; namely, banishment from home and friends, and that by a mere administrative order based upon nothing. Persons exiled in this way have no means of knowing how long their punishment will continue. They are deprived even of the consolation which every common criminal has in knowing definitely the length of time he is to suffer. Moreover, the friends of a political exile have no means of knowing the nature of the offense with which he is charged; often he himself does not know; but they both have a right to suppose that the accusation cannot be proved, since if it could be the accused would be duly indicted and tried by a court. At the time when the law relating to administrative exile was promulgated, it was explained as an unusual measure of clemency, intended to lighten the punishment of young and misguided offenders by substituting banishment to distant provinces for the much severer penalties which would be inflicted by the courts if the accused should be brought to formal trial. When, however, the Moscow Assembly of Nobles asked that every person sentenced to exile should be given the right to demand a judicial investigation of his case, no attention whatever was paid to its petition.

Third. There is in the present condition of the courts and of local self-government another cause of irritation, arising out of the grievously illogical and inconsistent policy of the Government itself. In the early part of the present reign the political ideal of the Russian people was approved not only by the highest authorities of the State, but by the supreme ruler of the empire. At the very first step, however, toward the realization of that ideal, the Administration manifested a lack of confidence in the forces of society. Immediately after the promulgation of such laws, for example, as the act providing for the organization of cantonal and provincial assemblies [*Zemskoe Polozhenia*] and the act reforming the courts [*Sudebni Ustavi*], there began a series of withdrawals and restrictions. All the limitations of the powers of the provincial assemblies which have before been enumerated; the peculiar method of dealing with political offenses; the system of administrative exile; the denial in certain cases of the right of trial by jury, and the relegation of political offenses to specially organized courts,— all these were in the nature of withdrawals or restrictions of rights and privileges once granted. These recisions began almost as soon as the new laws went into operation, and they were made in a delicately graded series, which can hardly be regarded as accidental. Take, for example, the series of steps by which we have come, from the order of things established by the new court laws, to the present method of conducting political trials. In the beginning the courts acted independently, and had exclusive jurisdiction; then the officers of the Third Section were appointed assistants of the courts; then the balance of power was transferred from the courts to the Third Section; and finally, all authority and responsibility were concentrated in the hands of the gendarmes. These and other similar facts show what attitude the Government took toward reform. They compelled society to stand forth in defense of the institutions which it held dear, and thus in the very beginning created an abnormal situation. The Government and the people, instead of coöperating fraternally in the work of reform, took an attitude of hostility toward each other. For this the people are often blamed, and to a certain extent they are perhaps blameworthy; but those who condemn the people forget that in a country where the Government is all-powerful the Government should show most self-possession.

Fourth. That which happened to representative institutions and to the courts happened also to the press, and perhaps even in a worse form. The law of 1865 gave to our press certain rights by abolishing in specified cases preliminary censorial supervision, and by giving to the courts jurisdiction of cases where the freedom of the press was abused; but that law was soon made a dead letter by a whole series of restrictive measures. The existing system of censorial supervision which rests upon administrative discretion has one capital defect, and that is its failure to furnish any rule definitely fixing beforehand the cases in which and the extent to which an offending publication shall be proscribed. Of this defect the censors themselves complain, since they sometimes receive at the same time one reprimand for allowing the publication of books and articles manifestly innocent and another for not allowing the publication of books and articles which are as manifestly mischievous. Society is irritated by still another injustice. It often happens that even the withdrawal of a question by censorial prohibition from the field of literary discussion does not prevent the writers on one side [the Government side] from setting forth their opinions and sharply attacking their adversaries, while the latter, silenced by the prohibition, cannot reply even to the extent of explaining more clearly their own position. An illustration of this is furnished by the question of classical instruction in our schools. Restrictions of the press and limitations of free speech in general might have some

raison d'être in a country where the governing power felt itself to be weak in comparison with the people; but it is well known that in Russia the power of the Government is enormous. Limitations of the right of free speech merely weaken that power. If the Government fears publicity, then it must have something to conceal from the people; — such is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from the present condition of the press.

The need of free speech is never so deeply felt as in periods of discontent; and even apart from discontent, that need in Russian society is extremely urgent. The Russian people are passing through an important crisis in their history — a crisis which is economic, social, and political. Nothing but the free interchange of ideas can lessen the difficulties and embarrassments of this transition period. When in dealing with such difficulties and embarrassments the Government adopts a course which society does not approve, the press is the only medium through which the consequent alarm and excitement can be tranquilized. By refusing to listen to frankly expressed opinions, the Government not only gives another proof of its want of confidence in its own power, but deprives itself of an important means of knowing with whom it has to deal. There may exist in the social organism needs and forces of which the Government is entirely ignorant and by which it is liable at any moment to be taken unawares. Of this the present state of things is a proof. The Administration up to this very hour has not been able to find out definitely who the enemies of social order are, and it is doubtful whether it even knows their working methods, because by withdrawing the light of publicity it has enshrouded such methods in an atmosphere of secrecy and obscurity. In the absence of free speech the enemies of the Government must remain unknown even to society itself. The unsatisfied demand of the people for freedom of speech is one of the chief sources of the existing discontent. Every educated man, by virtue of a law of his intellectual being, seeks to exchange ideas with others — to convince or be convinced. Conflict is the natural state of an idea, and it cannot be suppressed without a suppression of thought itself. Limiting the freedom of discussion does not weaken the energy of thought, it intensifies and concentrates it; and if there is no opportunity for an intellectual conflict, there arises a conflict which is social and political.

IV.

THE discontent which pervades Russian society, and which is the result of the mistaken policy of the Government in dealing with internal affairs, can be removed only by measures in which society shall take part. The Government cannot accomplish the desired result alone. A mere cursory glance at the state of the country is enough to convince one that it is time to call into action all Russia's healthy powers. The demands of the empire are constantly increasing. The imperial budget has more than doubled in the last twenty years, and would have been still larger than it is if the satisfaction of important imperial needs had not been postponed. The last war necessitated an extraordinary expenditure, a large part of which has not even yet been permanently covered. It is absolutely impossible for the country, under the present revenue system, to sustain even for a few years the enormous and constantly increasing burden of imperial taxation. Although new issues of paper money and the temporary stimulation of business which followed the war have enabled the Government during the past two years to strike a balance without a deficit, that favorable result cannot be counted upon in future, nor even in the current fiscal year. It is plain to every one, and was long ago admitted by the Government, that Russia's internal revenue system stands in need of a reform — not a reform confined to the working-over of certain old taxes and the invention of a few new ones, but a systematic and fundamental reform of our whole system, with capital changes in the distribution of the burdens of taxation among the several classes of the people. Even this is not enough. No possible reform in the revenue system will be of any avail unless there is an increase in the people's wealth and producing power. All persons who have had an opportunity to observe closely the domestic life of our provinces agree in declaring that the people are constantly growing poorer instead of richer. At this very moment a third of the empire is suffering from insufficient food, and in some places there is actual famine. In southern Russia the grain beetle threatens renewed desolation,* and in a whole series of provinces diphtheria and other epidemic diseases are raging unchecked.†

Our manufacturing industries, in the opinion of competent judges, are beginning to decline, and there is a prospect in the near future of another crisis. In foreign trade the competition of the United States closes to us every year more and more of our markets. Everywhere in all departments of economic life there is a morbid feeling of shaken confidence which saps the productive power of the coun-

* The damage caused by the grain beetle in 1878 exceeded 15,000,000 roubles. — G. K.

† Forty thousand persons had died of diphtheria in the two provinces of Kharkoff and Pultava. — G. K.

try. This feeling is not a mere transitory impression; it is a well-founded consciousness of the fact that our ruling mechanism does not answer to the mutability and the increasing complexity of a great empire's demands. Now, as in "the good old times," the central Government jealously excludes the people from participation in the national life and takes upon itself the difficult task of thinking and acting for them. This task was hard enough even when the life of the people went on in the long-established patriarchal way to which both society and the Government were accustomed, but that order of things has undergone in recent years more vital changes than perhaps ever came to a similar system in any country in the course of a single generation. The emancipation of the serfs has completely and radically transformed the whole economic life of the agricultural peasants and the landed proprietors as well as their relations to each other. Artificial methods of swift intercommunication and transportation have altered the time-honored routes and methods of trade and production, have created new industries and destroyed old ones, and have put the fortunes of whole provinces in the hands of the railroad authorities. Banks and financial institutions of various kinds have sprung up in great numbers and have bound widely separated regions together with meshes of mutual obligation and indebtedness. These changes, complicated and supplemented by others like them, have created everywhere a thousand questions and necessities which previously did not exist, and have so interwoven the interests of separate localities that delay or error in the settlement of a question at one point has a direct influence upon the fortunes of other places often very remote. Every local necessity or calamity, whether it be a drought, the grain beetle, the disorganization of a railroad, an epidemic disease, pleuro-pneumonia among cattle, or industrial stagnation, exerts, without losing its local significance, a wide-spread influence upon the well-being of the empire as a whole.

In an economic life thus complicated, one central administration, even though it possess superhuman wisdom and energy, cannot possibly deal with the innumerable questions and problems which, in the absence of popular self-government, necessarily devolve upon it. Whole classes of wants and demands either remain entirely unsatisfied, are inadequately appeased by methods which take no account of local interests, or are met by a series of unsystematic and mutually contradictory measures. Each of these ways of dealing with such wants and demands undermines respect for authority and inspires painful distrust.

The only way to extricate the country from its present position is to summon an independent parliament [*Sobrania*] consisting of representatives of the *zemstvos;* to give that parliament a share in the control of the national life, and to securely guarantee personal rights, freedom of thought, and freedom of speech. Such freedom will call into action the best capabilities of the people, will rouse the slumbering life of the nation, and will develop the abundant productive resources of the country. Liberty will do more than the severest repressive measures to crush anarchistic parties hostile to the State. Free discussion will show the error of their theories, and the substitution of vigorous healthful activity for epidemic discontent in the life of the people will deprive them of the field in which they carry on their propaganda.

The Russians are as fit for free institutions as the Bulgarians are, and they feel deep humiliation at being kept so long under guardianship. The desire for such institutions, although forced into concealment, and half stifled by repressive measures, finds expression, nevertheless, in the *zemstvos*, in the assemblies of the nobles, and in the press. The granting of such institutions, and the calling together of a representative body to preside over them, will give to the nation renewed strength, and renewed faith in the Government and in its own future. When the people of Russia made themselves ready for the recent war, it was with an instinctive feeling that in the great work of freeing kindred nations there was the promise of freedom for themselves. Are such expectations, hopes, and promises never to be realized?

THE above temperate, patriotic, and courageous address was laid before the Tsar, and he acted upon it; but, unfortunately, his action came too late. On the 12th of March, 1881, he signed a proclamation announcing to the people his intention to summon a national assembly and to grant a constitutional form of government. On the very next day, before this proclamation had been made public, he was assassinated.

George Kennan.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AT SPRINGFIELD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE MONTGOMERY CONFEDERACY.

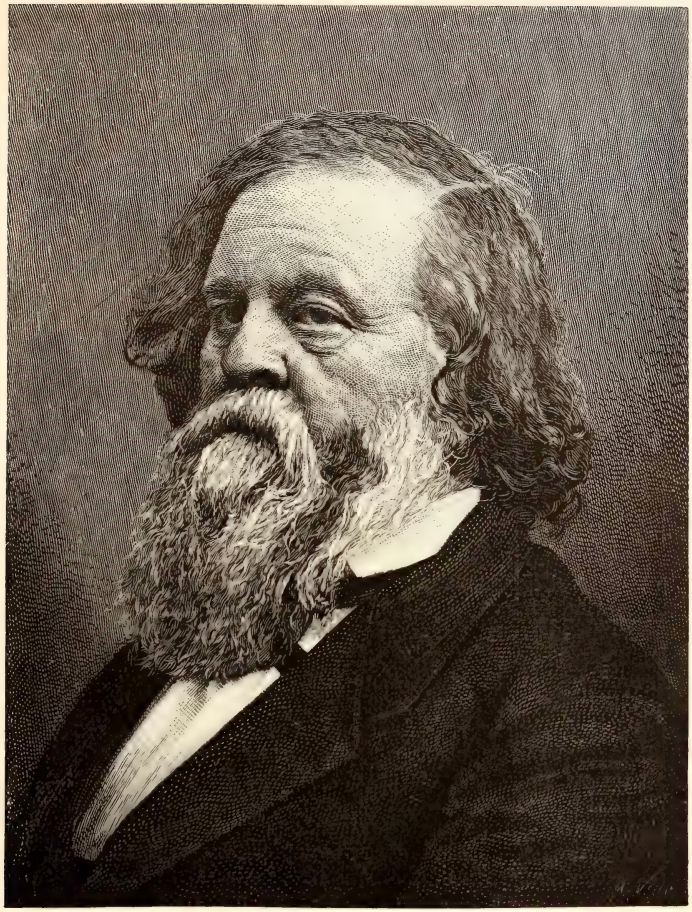
FOLLOWING the successive ordinances of secession passed by the cotton-States, their delegations withdrew one by one from Congress. In this final step their senators and members adopted no concerted method, but went according to individual convenience or caprice; some making the briefest announcement of their withdrawal, others delivering addresses of considerable length. These parting declarations contain nothing of historical interest. They are a mere repetition of what they had said many times over in debate: complaints of Northern aggression and allegations of Northern hostility; they failed to make any statement or acknowledgment of the aggressions and hostility on the part of the South against the North. The ceremony of withdrawal, therefore, was formal and perfunctory; pre-announced and recognized as a foregone conclusion, it attracted little attention from Congress or the public. Only two cases were exceptional,—that of Mr. Bouligny, a representative from Louisiana, who, as already mentioned, remained loyal to the Union and retained his seat in the House; and that of Senator Wigfall of Texas, who, radically and outspokenly disloyal, yet kept his seat in the Senate, not only through the remainder of Mr. Buchanan's term, but even during the special session assembled, according to custom, to confirm the nominations made by President Lincoln immediately after his inauguration.

One of the remarkable coincidences of the secession conspiracy is, that on the same day which witnessed the meeting of a peace convention in Washington city to deceive and confuse further the public opinion of the North with discussion of an impossible compromise, the delegates of the seceded States convened at Montgomery, Alabama, to consolidate rebellion and prepare for armed resistance. It is not impossible that this was a piece of strategy, purposely designed by the secession leaders; for the Washington peace conference, despite its constant avowals of a desire to promote union, was originated and managed by the little clique of Virginia conspirators whose every act, if not preconceived, at least resulted in treasonable duplicity.

The secession conventions of the cotton-States had appointed delegates equal in number to their former senators and representatives in Congress. These met in Montgomery, Alabama, on the 4th day of February, 1861, to form a Southern Confederacy. The Washington caucus, it will be remembered, suggested the 15th of the month. But such had been the success, or, rather, the want of opposition to the movement, that it was probably considered advisable to hasten the programme, and instead of only having preliminary secession complete by the 4th of March, to finish the whole structure of an independent government before the inauguration of President Lincoln. Thus far Mr. Buchanan had not offered the slightest impediment to the insurrection; it might reasonably be inferred that this inaction on his part would continue to the end of his term. Mr. Lincoln would be powerless until officially invested with the executive duties, and thus the formal organization of a Southern Confederacy could proceed at convenient leisure and in perfect immunity from disturbance.

The meeting at Montgomery had its immediate origin in the resolutions of a committee of the Mississippi Legislature, adopted January 29th; and it is another evidence of the secret and swift concert of secession leaders, that in six days thereafter the delegates of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida were assembled for conference. The delegates from Texas joined them later on. An organization was effected by choosing Howell Cobb chairman, and the body called itself a Provisional Congress, though it was merely a revolutionary council, invested with no direct representation of the people, but appointed by the secession conventions. Its reactionary spirit was shown in returning to the antiquated and centralizing mode of voting by States. This same rule under the old Congress of the Confederation had produced nothing but delay and impotence, and earned deserved contempt; and these

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HOWELL COBB, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST CONFEDERATE CONGRESS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT.)

identical delegates, after incorporating the rule in their provisional scheme of government, immediately rejected it when framing their permanent one. We may infer that they employed it at the moment, because it was admirably suited to the use of cliques and the purposes of intrigue. Very little more than half the delegates of four States could carry a measure, and the minority of total membership could exercise full power of legislation. A project of government was perfected on February 8th, and the name of the "Confederate States of America" was adopted.

This first project was provisional only, to serve for one year; and the Provisional Congress retained the legislative power for the same period. The temporary continuance of certain United States laws and officials was provided for. On the following day (February 9th) it elected Jefferson Davis of Mississippi President and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia Vice-President of the new Confederacy. The body then set itself more seriously at work to prepare a permanent constitution which should go into effect a year later. This labor it completed and adopted on the 11th of March. In this permanent constitution, as in the provisional one, they adhered closely to the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, making few changes other than those which the pretensions and designs of the rebellion made essential.

"The new constitution professed to be established by 'each State acting in its sovereign and independent character,' instead of simply by 'we the people.' It provided that in newly acquired territory 'the institution of negro slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognized and protected by Congress and by the Territorial Government'; also for the right of transit and sojourn for 'slaves and other property,' and the right to

reclaim 'slaves and other persons' to service or labor. It did not, as consistency required, provide for the right of secession, or deny the right of coercion; on the contrary, all its implications were against the former and in favor of the latter; for it declared itself to be the supreme law of the land, binding on the judges in every State. It provided for the punishment of treason; and declared that no State should enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation, grant letters of marque and reprisal, coin money, lay duties, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, make any compact with another State or with a foreign power;—a sweeping practical negation of the whole heretical dogma of State supremacy upon which they had built their revolt."*

Stephens, being a member of the Congress, was sworn into office as Vice-President, February 10th. Davis, with becoming modesty, remained absent during the election; being sent for, he arrived and was formally inaugurated on February 18th. His inaugural address presents few salient points. In later times he has disavowed the fiery and belligerent harangues the newspapers reported him to have made on his way to assume his new duties. Perhaps the most important announcement of his inaugural was the opinion that the new Confederacy might welcome the border slave-States; "but beyond this," he continued, "if I mistake not the judgment and will of the people, a reunion with the States from which we have separated is neither practicable nor desirable."

Superficially, it appeared that the new government had been agreed upon among the leaders, with unusual harmony and unanimity; and such is the impression conveyed in the books written long years after by the two principal chiefs. But plausible reports have come down by tradition, that no previous legislative body had ever developed an equal amount of jealousy and bitterness to that which manifested itself in the Provisional Congress; that there were more candidates for President than States in the Confederacy, Georgia alone having furnished four aspirants, and that the rivalry between Toombs and Cobb in fact brought about the selection of Davis, who had openly expressed his preference for the post of General-in-Chief of the future rebel armies. Cobb might indeed dispute the prize of leadership with Davis, and especially with Toombs, who was, of all the candidates, least suited for such a task. It was Cobb who was the master spirit of secession intrigue in Buchanan's Cabinet; it was Cobb who carried the wavering Georgia convention into secession; it was Cobb who reappeared as the dominating power in the Montgomery Congress. Practically, it was Cobb who by recent secret manipulations had made the Confederacy possible, and erected the Confederate constitution. He might without vanity aspire to become its chief officer; yet with a truer recognition of the fitness of things, the choice of the delegates fell upon Davis, who, for a longer period and with deeper representative characteristics, had been the real embodiment and head of the conspiracy.

Jefferson Davis was born in Christian (afterwards Todd) county, Kentucky, June 3d, 1808. Soon afterwards his father removed to Mississippi; but the boy was sent to complete the education begun by home and academic studies, to Transylvania University, where he remained till the age of sixteen. Appointed in that year a cadet at the Military Academy at West Point, he received the thorough training of that institution, graduating in June, 1828; he was then attached to the army, and served as a lieutenant of infantry in the Black Hawk war and other campaigns against the Indians. He resigned his military commission in 1835, having attained the grade of first lieutenant of dragoons. Returning to Mississippi, he secluded himself in plantation life, devoting his time largely to political studies calculated to qualify him for a public career. In 1843 he launched himself on the tide of Mississippi politics, by a speech in the Democratic State convention, which attracted considerable notice. From the very first he became a central party figure in his State, was made a presidential elector in 1844, and chosen a representative in Congress in 1845. When the Mexican war broke out, Davis's military training and experience naturally carried him into the campaign as colonel of a volunteer regiment called the Mississippi Rifles; and he rendered valuable service and won deserved distinction in the storming of Monterey and the battle of Buena Vista. Returned from the war, the governor of Mississippi appointed him to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy. When the next legislature met, it confirmed the governor's choice by electing him for the remainder of the term; and a subsequent legislature reëlected him for the full term succeeding.

From the beginning to the end of his public career Davis posed as a disciple of Calhoun and an advocate of the extreme doctrine of State-rights. His maiden speech in the Mississippi convention of 1843 was to recommend Calhoun as an alternative presidential candidate; his parting address on leaving the Senate in 1861 drew a contrast between Calhoun as the advocate of nullification, and himself as the advanced defender of secession. So also, when President Polk offered him the commis-

* Nicolay, "The Outbreak of Rebellion."

sion of brigadier-general of volunteers, to reward his military service in Mexico, the Quixotism which was a marked feature of Davis's character moved him to employ the incident for the ostentatious championship of State-rights. He declined the offer, his biographer says, "on the ground that no such commission could be conferred by Federal authority, either by appointment of the President or by act of Congress."

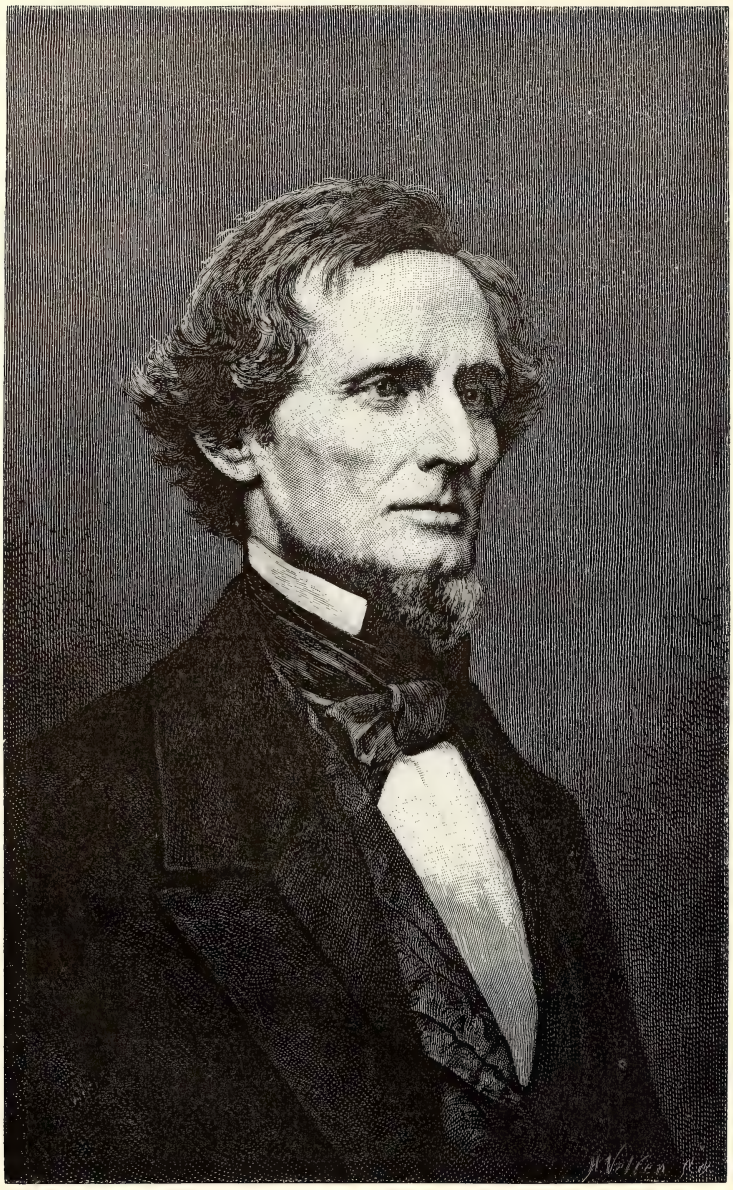
His next State-rights exploit occurred in 1851. A strong party in Mississippi, violently opposing the compromise measures of 1850, organized a resistance movement in that State, and undertook upon that issue to elect General Quitman governor in 1851. A preliminary election, however, in the month of September, showed them to be some seven thousand votes in the minority; whereupon Quitman withdrew from the contest. Jefferson Davis immediately resigned his full term in the United States Senate and took up the canvass for governor of Mississippi, which Quitman had ingloriously abandoned. Davis's short campaign was brilliant but unsuccessful; he was beaten about one thousand votes by Hon. Henry S. Foote, the Union candidate, who had also resigned the remainder of his senatorship to make the contest.

The defeat appeared to have a salutary influence upon Davis's politics, but it proved transient. In the presidential campaign of 1852 a forlorn-hope of the State-rights fanatics nominated Quitman for President. Davis, with a wiser calculation, forsook his reckless friends and supported Pierce; and for this adhesion Pierce gave him a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of War. The history of the Kansas trouble shows how faithful he was in this position to pro-slavery interests; and when Buchanan succeeded, he again became a senator for Mississippi, and assumed the leadership of the ultra-Democrats. Years afterwards he explained that in abandoning for a while his extreme course, he was conforming his actions to the decision which Mississippi pronounced in 1851 in favor of the Union. "His opinions," he said, "the result of deliberate convictions, he had no power to change." When, therefore, he entered the Cabinet of President Pierce in 1853 as Secretary of War, and when again on the accession of President Buchanan the Legislature of Mississippi returned him to the Senate, he was by his own declaration, and by the evidence of his subsequent words and deeds, only an acting Unionist, who at heart cherished the belief of Federal usurpation, and hoped and labored for the hour of confederated State resistance.

It may not be without interest to call attention at this point to a few coincidences in the careers of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. They were both born in Kentucky — Davis in the south-western, Lincoln near the central part of the State. They were both near the same age, Davis being less than nine months the elder. Both were taken in their early years from their birthplaces — Davis's parents emigrating south to Mississippi, Lincoln's north to Indiana and Illinois. Both were soldiers in the Black Hawk war — Davis as lieutenant of Regulars, Lincoln as captain of Volunteers. Both were candidates for presidential elector in 1844. Both were soon elected to Congress — Davis in 1845, Lincoln in 1846. Both were successful politicians and popular orators. Both were instinctively studious, introspective, self-contained. Both rose to distinction through the advocacy of an abstract political idea. Both became the chiefs of rival sections in a great civil war.

These are the only points of resemblance, and the contrasts running through their lives are bold and radical. It is unnecessary to present them in detail; they are comprehended and expressed in their opposing leaderships. If chance or fate had guided their parents to exchange their routes of emigration from Kentucky; if Lincoln had grown up on a Southern cotton plantation, and Davis had split rails to fence a Northern farm; if the tall Illinois pioneer had studied trigonometry at West Point, and the pale Mississippi student had steered a flat-boat to New Orleans, education might have modified but would not have essentially changed either. Lincoln would never have become a political dogmatist, an apostle of slavery, a leader of rebellion; Davis could never have become the champion of a universal humanity, the author of a decree of emancipation, the martyr to liberty. Their natures were antipodal, and it is perhaps by contemplating the contrast that the character of Davis may be best understood.

His dominant mental traits were subtlety and will. His nature was one of reserve and pride. His biographers give us no glimpse of his private life. They show us little sympathy of companionship, or sunshine of genial humor. Houston is reported to have said of him that he was "as ambitious as Lucifer and as cold as a lizard." His fancy lived in a world of masters and slaves. His education taught him nothing but the law of subordination and the authority of command. A Democrat by party name, he was an aristocrat in feeling and practice. He was a type of the highest Southern culture and most exclusive Southern caste. His social ideas were of the past. In political theory he was a sophist, and not a logician. With him, "consent of the governed" in a State was truth; "consent of the gov-



JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

erned" in a Territory was error. "Rebellion" in a State must be obeyed; "rebellion" in a Territory "must be crushed." Constitutional forms in Kansas in the interest of slavery were sacred law; constitutional forms in the Union in the interest of freedom were flagrant usurpation. The majority in a State was enthroned freedom; a majority in the nation was insufferable despotism. But even his central dogma became pliant before considerations of self-interest. In his own State, a majority of seven thousand against Quitman in September he treated as a dangerous political heresy to be overthrown by his personal championship. A majority of one thousand against himself in November he affected to regard as a command to stultify his own opinions. His beliefs were at war with the most essential principles of American government. He denied the truth of the Declaration of Independence, denied

the right of the majority to rule, denied the supremacy of the national Constitution. His narrowness was of that type which craved the exclusion of Northern teachers and the official censorship of school-books to keep out "Abolition poison." It was in perfect keeping with his character, and in perfect illustration of the paradoxical theories of his followers, that, holding the lash over fifty or a hundred slaves, or exercising an inflexible military dictatorship over nine millions of "his people," he could declaim in fervid oratory against the despotism of a majority.

One of his most salient traits was the endeavor to maintain a double position on the question of disunion. His leadership of the "resistance" party in Mississippi in 1850–51 gave him a conspicuous starting-point as an instigator of sedition, and while laboring then and afterwards to unite the South in extreme political demands, and in armed preparation for war against the Union if those demands were not complied with, he as constantly declared that he was no disunionist. Of course he could do this only by setting at defiance the plainest meaning of words and the clearest significance of acts. As the slavery contest drew to its culmination, his recklessness of assertion and antagonism of declaration on these points reached an extreme entitling them to be classed among the curiosities of abnormal mental phenomena. As a blind man may not be held responsible for his description of a painting, or a deaf-mute be expected to repeat accurately the airs of an opera, so we can only explain Jefferson Davis's vehement denial of the charge of hypocrisy and conspiracy through a whole decade, by the supposition that he was incapable of understanding the accepted meaning of such words as "patriotism," "loyalty" "allegiance," "faith," "honor," and "duty." On no other hypothesis can we credit the honesty of convictions and sincerity of expression of sentiments so diametrically opposed as the following which occur in the same speech:

"Neither in that year [1852], nor in any other, have I ever advocated a dissolution of the Union, or a separation of the State of Mississippi from the Union, except as the last alternative, and have not considered the remedies which lie within that extreme as exhausted, or ever been entirely hopeless of their success. I hold now, as announced on former occasions, that whilst occupying a seat in the Senate, I am bound to maintain the Government of the Constitution, and in no manner to work for its destruction; that the obligation of the oath of office, Mississippi's honor and my own, require that, as a Senator of the United States, there should be no want of loyalty to the Constitutional Union. . . .

"Whether by the House [of Representatives] or by the people, if an Abolitionist be chosen President of the United States, you will have presented to you the question of whether you will permit the Government to pass into the hands of your avowed and implacable enemies. Without pausing for your answer, I will state my own position to be that such a result would be a species of revolution by which the purposes of the Government would be destroyed, and the observance of its mere forms entitled to no respect. In that event, in such manner as should be most expedient, I should deem it your duty to provide for your safety outside of a Union with those who have already shown the will, and would have acquired the power, to deprive you of your birthright and reduce you to worse than the colonial dependence of your fathers. . . . As when I had the privilege of addressing the Legislature a year ago, so now do I urge you to the needful preparation to meet whatever contingency may befall us. The maintenance of our rights against a hostile power is a physical problem and cannot be solved by mere resolutions. Not doubtful of what the heart will prompt, it is not the less proper that due provision should be made for physical necessities. Why should not the State have an armory for the repair of arms, for the alteration of old models so as to make them conform to the improved weapons of the present day, and for the manufacture on a limited scale of new arms, including cannon and carriages; the casting of shot and shells, and the preparation of fixed ammunition?"*

That man is not to be envied whose reason can be quieted by a casuistry capable of discovering consistency between these and analogous propositions. From declarations of this quality he could prove his record black or white, as occasion demanded, and, in face of direct threats of secession in Mississippi, deny in the United States Senate, without wincing, that he had avowed disunion sentiments.

It will not be amiss to invite the reader to a pen-picture of the man as he appeared in the Senate (May 8th, 1860) shortly before he led the South, with open eyes, into that drama of disaster, suffering, and blood of which he was the fatal inspiration:

"The crowd in the galleries give a buzz of relief, and everybody tells his right-hand man, 'Here he comes; that 's Jeff Davis.' And can it be possible that he proposes to make a speech? You are surprised to see him walking. Why, that is the face of a corpse, the form of a skeleton. Look at the haggard, sunken, weary eye, the thin, white wrinkled lips clasped close upon the teeth in anguish. That is the mouth of a brave but impatient sufferer. See the ghastly white, hollow, bitterly puckered cheek, the high, sharp cheek-bone, the pale brow full of fine wrinkles, the grizzly hair, prematurely gray; and see the thin, bloodless, bony, nervous hands! He deposits his documents upon his desk, and sinks into his chair as if incapable of rising. In a few minutes the Vice-President gives his desk a blow with his ivory hammer, calls for profound order, and states 'that the senator from Mississippi' has the floor. Davis rises with a smile. His speech was closely reasoned, and his words were well chosen. Once in a while he pleases his hearers by a happy period; but it was painfully evident that he was ill."

Montgomery having witnessed the glories of such an inauguration pageant as could be extemporized, Davis proceeded to the appointment of his Cabinet. Toombs of Georgia was made Secretary of State; Memminger of South Carolina Secretary of the Treasury; Walker

*Jefferson Davis, speech at Jackson, Mississippi, Nov. 11th, 1858. In "Daily Mississippian," Nov. 15th, 1858.

of Alabama Secretary of War; Mallory of Florida Secretary of the Navy; Reagan of Texas Postmaster-General; and Benjamin of Louisiana Attorney-General. Various acts of the Provisional Congress authorized the new Executive to continue the organization of the provisional government of the Confederate States. A regular army of about 10,000 men was ordered to be established; a navy of 10 steam gun-boats authorized to be constructed or purchased; 100,000 volunteers for 12 months authorized to be enlisted, and existing State troops to be received into the provisional army. A loan of $15,000,000 was authorized, and an export duty on cotton of ⅛ cent per pound levied, to pay principal and interest. Among the first executive acts, Davis assumed control of military operations in the several seceded States; and his Secretary of War (March 9th) made a requisition for 11,000 volunteers, for contingent service at Charleston, Pensacola, and other points. Agents were dispatched to Europe to purchase material of war; and to obtain if possible a recognition of the Confederate States by foreign powers. As a matter of the greatest immediate necessity, a commission of three persons was appointed to proceed to Washington, to bring about the peaceful acquiescence of the United States in the dismemberment of the Union.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

The disunion conspirators had good reason to show symptoms of dismay at the Cabinet régime to which Mr. Buchanan yielded direction and authority in the last days of the year 1860. Hitherto, not alone in shaping a policy of non-coercion and preventing reenforcements, but in numerous minor matters as well, had the complicity of Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson enabled them to turn the varied agencies of the Government against its own life. Under the new dispensation these practices instantly came to an end. For the moment Mr. Buchanan was in a patriotic mood, and at the urgent solicitation of Black, Holt, and Stanton yielded his consent to a number of measures he had for two months persistently neglected. For the first time since his arrival in Washington, General Scott was permitted to notify commanders of forts and garrisons to be on the alert against surprise; and though this admonition came too late to inspirit and reassure many a wavering officer, it had the direct effect of saving one of the most important military posts on the gulf. Reënforcements were resolved upon. The policy of defending the national capital was discussed and adopted. At least one member of the Cabinet placed himself in confidential communication with leading Republicans and unionists in Congress, and counsel and warning in behalf of the Government were freely interchanged and faithfully observed. Preëminent in his opportunities and services at this critical juncture was the new Secretary of War, Joseph Holt, of Kentucky. He had been a life-long Democrat and a stubborn partisan; but above everything else he was a patriot. Under his administration the War Department was no longer a bureau of insurrection.

The Cabinet régime consisted mainly of the combined will and energy of four leading members,—Black, Secretary of State; Dix, Secretary of the Treasury; Holt, Secretary of War; and Stanton, Attorney-General. Neither their relation to the President nor to each other can be very clearly made out. Their loyal activity was still occasionally hampered by Buchanan's stubbornness and timidity. On some points they appear to have had very different views, but the daily stress and danger in which they moved compelled mutual tolerance and tacit cooperation. They had indeed one common bond of union. Now that the conspiracy was so fully revealed they battled against it manfully, not with any proximate hope of crushing it, but to tide over the peril to the end of the presidential term, to be able to lay down their responsibilities with honor. Their services in detail cannot be here recorded, but the principal duty which they successfully performed, the protection of the national capital, needs special mention.

In the early days of January, 1861, Washington city was the natural focus of the secession excitement pervading the South; and the capital seemed to lean towards the prevailing mania. Seditious harangues in Congress were applauded from well-filled galleries, and society feasted and flattered the most daring fire-eaters. So strong was this Southern drift of local sentiment that the Federal city began to be confidently looked upon by the conspirators as the prospective capital of a Southern Confederacy. Nothing seemed wanting to the early consummation of such a scheme but the secession of Virginia and Maryland, of which the signs were becoming only too abundant. Reasoning from this to plausible consequences, the coolest heads began to fear a popular outbreak to seize upon the buildings and archives of the Government; and as a final result forcibly to prevent the inauguration of the President-elect.

Buchanan affected not to share these apprehensions. Nevertheless he acknowledged his duty and purpose to preserve the peace, and authorized the necessary precautions. On the 9th of January, therefore, Colonel Charles P. Stone, chosen for that duty by General Scott, submitted a memorandum in which he sketched a plan for the defense of

Washington, which was adopted, and under which Colonel Stone was appointed inspector-general and ordered to organize and drill the militia of the District of Columbia. This duty he faithfully discharged, and on the 5th of February reported the existence of some thirteen volunteer companies, constituting a total of 925 men, "which can be at once called into service"; adding also, "the number of volunteers for service can be doubled within seven days with proper facilities." Not underrating either the moral or military aid of raw levies of militia, General Scott was nevertheless too old a soldier to rely exclusively upon them in an emergency. He therefore obtained consent to concentrate at the capital available regular forces to the number of eight companies, a total of about 480 men.

Stanton, appointed Attorney-General on the 20th of December, was, with his ardent and positive nature, one of the most energetic and uncompromising unionists in the Cabinet. For him, the expulsion of Floyd, the reënforcement of Sumter, and the other military precautions hastily ordered, were not yet sufficient. Chafing under the President's painful tardiness, he turned to Congress as a means for exposing and thwarting the intrigues of the conspirators. Sacrificing his party attachments to the paramount demands of national safety, he placed himself in confidential correspondence with Republican leaders in that body, giving and receiving advice as to the best means of preserving the Government.

On the 8th of January Mr. Buchanan transmitted to Congress a special message on the state of the Union, discussing also the rumors of hostile designs against the capital. The Republicans in the House of Representatives seized the occasion to secure the appointment of a Committee of Investigation, of which Mr. Howard, of Michigan, was made chairman. He has left us an interesting account of its origin and purpose:

"That committee was raised at the request of loyal members of the Cabinet. The resolutions came from them, and were placed in my hands with a request that I should offer them and thus become, if they should pass, chairman of the committee. At first I refused to assume so fearful a responsibility. But being urged to do so by members and senators, I at last consented, on condition that the Speaker would allow me to nominate two members of the committee. I selected Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Reynolds, of New York. Mr. Reynolds was elected as a Democrat, but he was true as steel, and a good lawyer. I do not know that Mr. Stanton wrote the resolutions creating the committee. I did not see him write them. I never heard him say he wrote them. It would be easier, however, to persuade me that Mr. Jefferson did not write the Declaration of Independence than that Mr. Stanton did not write those resolutions."

With this committee Mr. Stanton and perhaps other members of the Cabinet continued to correspond confidentially and coöperate. This has been characterized as disrespect and treachery to their chief; but in the face of Mr. Buchanan's repeated neglect and avowed impotence to resist open insurrection, discriminating history will applaud the act. The committee found no substantial proof of an organized plot to seize the capital; nevertheless its investigation and report quieted the apprehensions of the timid, at the same time that they afforded a warning to mischief-makers that the authorities were on the alert and would make such an enterprise extremely hazardous.

While the Howard Committee was yet pursuing its inquiry, and as the day for counting the presidential vote approached, General Scott requested permission from the Secretary of War to bring several additional companies of regulars from Fortress Monroe, to be replaced by recruits. This would augment his regulars to some seven hundred men, which, with the police and militia, he deemed sufficient for all contingencies. Before the day arrived a confidential arrangement of signals was communicated to the officers, the regular troops being placed under command of Colonel Harvey Brown. General instructions were issued in strict confidence, and to officers alone. The militia was charged with the care of the various bridges of the Potomac; the regulars were stationed at convenient points in the city.

Happily no alarm occurred. On the 13th of February an unusually large and brilliant throng filled the galleries of the House of Representatives to witness the proceedings of the presidential count. Vice-President Breckinridge, one of the defeated candidates, presided over the joint convention of the two Houses. Senator Douglas, another, was on the floor, and moved to dispense with certain tedious routine. The sealed returns of the electoral votes, cast by the chosen colleges of the several States on the 5th of December, were opened and registered. The tellers officially declared the result already known, viz.: that Lincoln had received 180 votes; Breckinridge, 72; Bell, 39; Douglas, 12. Vice-President Breckinridge thereupon announced that "Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of electoral votes, is elected President of the United States for four years commencing the 4th of March, 1861."

To comprehend more clearly the transactions growing out of the event, it is necessary to repeat that immediately after the beginning of the Cabinet régime it was resolved to send reënforcements to Fort Sumter. The first arrangement was to dispatch them in the sloop-of-war *Brooklyn*; but owing to certain difficulties and objections which presented

themselves, General Scott decided to send two hundred recruits with supplies from New York in the merchant steamer *Star of the West*, hoping she might enter the harbor and effect their landing at the fort without suspicion of her real errand. But, among others, Secretary Thompson, who was still a member of Buchanan's Cabinet, sent the Charleston conspirators notice of her coming. When on the morning of January 9th about daylight the *Star of the West* attempted her entrance, she was fired upon from a battery which had been erected since New Year's Day under the order of Governor Pickens; and, though the vessel suffered no serious injury, the apparent danger caused the officers to desist from their attempt and turn and run the vessel out of the harbor.

The whole occurrence came upon Major Anderson unexpectedly; and before he could well comprehend the design or decide to encourage or assist the ship with the guns of Fort Sumter, she had retreated, and the opportunity was gone. But the insult to the national flag roused his anger, and he demanded an apology from Governor Pickens for the hostile act. So far from retracting or apologizing, however, the governor boldly avowed and sustained his conduct; and Major Anderson, instead of making good the threat which accompanied his demand, proposed as an alternative to "refer the whole matter to my Government." With great tact Governor Pickens at the same time made use of the occasion to send Attorney-General Hayne, of South Carolina, to President Buchanan, bearing a new written demand (the third one made by the State), for the possession of the forts in Charleston Harbor; and the two messengers arrived in Washington on the 13th of January. But the central cabal at Washington, which in its caucus resolutions of January 5th had issued orders for immediate secession, seeing the danger and complication likely to arise from this headlong separate action of South Carolina's governor, now took possession of Hayne and his mission. By a skillful device of dilatory diplomacy they kept open the question of the demand Hayne had been instructed to make, and thereby prolonged the military truce at Charleston which it involved, until the 6th of February following, when Secretary of War Holt officially wrote the President's refusal of the governor's demand. The advantage of this course to the conspirators became quickly apparent. Between the 12th of January and the 6th of February the insurrection at Charleston worked day and night in building batteries and preparing men and material to attack Sumter. In other States the processes of secession, seizure, drill, equipment, and organization had also been going on with similar activity. Receiving no effective discouragement or check, the various elements of rebellion had finally united in a provisional congress at Montgomery, which two days later (February 8th) perfected a provisional government for the rebellion.

As part of the same intrigue another incident, which for convenience may be called the Fort Pickens truce, must also be mentioned. One of the most important naval and military stations of the United States was that at Pensacola, Florida. Near it on the mainland were Fort Barrancas and Fort McRae, and on Santa Rosa Island, immediately opposite, Fort Pickens, a powerful work, built for a war garrison of 1260 men, but now entirely empty. Lieutenant Slemmer held military command with a garrison of only forty-six men, in Fort Barrancas. When on January 3d General Scott under the Cabinet régime admonished him to prevent the seizure of these forts by surprise, Slemmer repeated the strategy of Anderson, spiking the guns and destroying the powder in Barrancas and McRae, and transferring his command, increased by thirty ordinary seamen from the Navy Yard, with all available supplies, to Fort Pickens, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of January. Lieutenant Slemmer was not a moment too quick. The Florida convention passed an ordinance of secession on the 10th, and two days afterwards a regiment of Florida and Alabama rebels appeared and took possession of the Navy Yard and the two abandoned forts. A considerable rebel force was within a short time concentrated to attempt the capture of Fort Pickens, but in the mean time sundry ships of war had been ordered there by the Government. On January 21st the *Brooklyn*, with a company of regular artillery under Captain Vodges, was dispatched thither as a further reënforcement to the fort. The rebels now perceiving that this preponderance of military strength might enable the Government to recapture the Navy Yard, the central cabal at Washington resorted to an intrigue to paralyze it. They proposed that "no attack would be made on the fort if its present status should be suffered to remain," thus beguiling President Buchanan into a new truce. A joint order was thereupon issued by the Secretaries of War and the Navy, January 29th, that Captain Vodges's artillery company should not be landed from the *Brooklyn* "unless said fort shall be attacked or preparations made for its attack." The advantages of this stipulation were all on the side of the insurrection, and its existence proved a most mischievous complication, and caused perilous delay when the new Lincoln Administration began its dealings with the rebellion.

Want of space forbids us to review the

debates and proceedings of Congress during the winter of 1860–61 further than to note the complete failure of the projects of compromise which were originated in and out of it, and brought to its attention. The Senate Committee of Thirteen ended by reporting an irreconcilable disagreement. The various propositions which were apparently adopted by the House Committee of Thirty-three proved to be nothing but the resolves of the several minority factions of that committee, and commanded no united support when reported to the House. The Peace Conference terminated its labors by certain recommendations receiving only a minority vote of that body, and Congress, to which these recommendations were sent, would have nothing to do with them. So also certain other propositions of adjustment offered in Congress, known as the "Crittenden Compromise," failed equally of acceptance.

Nevertheless these many efforts were not entirely barren of result. At a point where it was least expected, they contributed to the adoption by Congress of a measure of adjustment which might have restored harmony to the country if the rebellion of the cotton-States had not been originated and controlled by a conspiracy bent upon revolution as its prime and ultimate object. It is a noteworthy fact that just at the dawn of the civil war through which slavery rushed to a swift self-destruction, that institution received the largest recognition and concession ever given it in American legislation.

The report of the Committee of Thirty-three was made about the middle of January, but at that time none of its six propositions or recommendations commanded the attention of the House. The secession stage of the revolution was just culminating. All was excitement and surprise over the ordinances of the cotton-States and the seizure, without actual collision or bloodshed, of the several Southern forts and arsenals. The retirement of the Southern members of Congress, and the meeting of the revolutionary leaders, to unite and construct their provisional government at Montgomery, prolonged what was to the public a succession of dramatic and spectacular incidents resembling the movements of a political campaign, rather than the serious progress of a piece of orderly business-like statesmanship. The North could not yet believe that the designs of the cotton-State hotspurs were so desperate.

The more conservative Congressmen from the North and from the border States still hoped that good might come if an effort of conciliation and compromise were once more renewed. Accordingly, near the close of the session (February 27th, 1861), Mr. Corwin, chairman of the House Committee of Thirty-three, brought forward one of the propositions which had been reported more than a month before from his committee. The original report proposed in substance an amendment of the Constitution providing that any constitutional interference with slavery must originate with the slave-States, and have the unanimous assent of all the States to become valid. Mr. Corwin by an amendment changed the phraseology and purport to the following:

> "Article 13. No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State."

This amendment was adopted by the House on February 28th, yeas 133, nays 65. The Senate also passed it during the night preceding the 4th of March, though in the journals of Congress it appears dated as of March 2d. The variation is explained by the fact that the legislative day of the journals frequently runs through two or more calendar days. In that body the vote was, yeas 24, nays 12, and it was approved by President Buchanan probably only an hour or two before the inauguration of his successor.

Mr. Lincoln alluded to this amendment in his inaugural address, reciting its substance and giving it his unreserved approval. "I understand," he said, "a proposed amendment to the Constitution — which amendment, however, I have not seen — has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable." The new Lincoln Administration soon after transmitted this Joint Resolution to the several States to receive their official action. But nothing came of it. The South gave no response to the overture for peace, and in the North it was lost sight of amid the overshadowing events that immediately preceded the outbreak of hostilities.

It was at this point that the South committed its great political blunder. There is little doubt that in the prevailing anxiety for compromise this constitutional amendment might have been ratified by the necessary three-fourths of the States. Had the Southern leaders been sincere in their professed apprehensions for the security of their slave property and polity in their own States, here was an effectual and practically a perpetual guaranty, offered in good faith as such. Their neglect and rejection of it shows that it was not dread

of ultimate abolition, but chagrin and a species of gambler's desperation at the present and prospective loss of political domination for which they rushed headlong into revolution.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

AMONG the first congratulations which poured in upon Mr. Lincoln was a terse greeting from Governor Chase, dated November 7th, that admirably expressed the prevalent feeling.

"You are President-elect. I congratulate you and thank God. The great object of my wishes and labors for nineteen years is accomplished in the overthrow of the slave power. The space is now clear for the establishment of the policy of Freedom on safe and firm grounds. The lead is yours. The responsibility is vast. May God strengthen you for your great duties." *

Day after day confirmed the completeness of the Republican victory, and two weeks after election the city of Springfield was in all the blaze and glory of a great celebration to signalize the result. Projected merely as a local jubilee, it called to the city crowds of rejoicing strangers. Though he had not said a public word during the campaign, Mr. Lincoln could not on this occasion refuse the sound of his voice to the huge torch-light procession, and the crowds of his neighbors and friends whose shouts called him to the door of his modest home. It was not the voice of partisan exultation, however, but of patriotic liberality.

"Friends and fellow-citizens," said he, "please excuse me on this occasion from making a speech. I thank you in common with all those who have thought fit by their votes to indorse the Republican cause. I rejoice with you in the success which has thus far attended that cause. Yet in all our rejoicings, let us neither express nor cherish any hard feelings toward any citizen who by his vote has differed with us. Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling."

We will perceive hereafter how in this simple utterance of his opening presidential career he struck the keynote of blended firmness and charity, which was to become the characteristic of his Administration.

For some months Springfield now became the Mecca of American politics. Transient travelers and casual visitors tarried for a few hours to shake hands with the newly chosen chief; correspondents of leading newspapers established temporary headquarters from which to send their readers pen-pictures of his personal appearance, his daily habits, his home and public surroundings, and to catch the flying and often contradictory rumors of his probable intentions. Artists came to paint his portrait, ambitious politicians to note new party currents, and veteran statesmen to urge the adoption of favorite theories or the advancement of faithful adherents.

To all outside appearance Lincoln remained unchanged. In the unpretending two-story frame house which constituted his home, his daily routine continued as before, except that his door was oftener opened to welcome the curious visitor or to shelter the confidential discussion of ominous occurrences in national affairs. His daily public occupation was still to proceed to the governor's office in the State-house, to receive the cordial and entirely unceremonious greetings of high or low,— whosoever chose to enter at the open door,— and in the interim to keep himself informed, by means of the daily-increasing budget of letters and newspapers, of the events of the country at large, and to give directions to his private secretary as to what replies should be made to important communications. Beyond the arrival of distinguished visitors, there was in all this no sign of elevation or rulership; he was still the same kind neighbor and genial companion, who, whether on the street, in his office, or at his fireside, had for every one he met the same familiar nod or smile or cheering word,— the same bearing which for a quarter of a century had made his name a household synonym of manly affection, virtue, and honor.

Under this quiet exterior and commonplace routine he was, however, already undergoing most anxious and harassing labors. Day by day the horizon of politics gathered gloom,— there were signs of disunion in the South, of discord in Congress, of weakness in Mr. Buchanan's administration. The theory of secession became the theme of every newspaper and the staple question of his daily visitors. Even upon theories Lincoln maintained a prudent reserve. Nevertheless his qualified comments to friends were prompt and clear. "My own impression is," said he (November 15th), "leaving myself room to modify the opinion if upon a further investigation I should see fit to do so, that this Government possesses both the authority and the power to maintain its own integrity. That, however, is not the ugly point of this matter. The ugly point is the necessity of keeping the Government together by force, as ours should be a government of fraternity." Later (December 13th) he formulated his opinion a little more in detail. "The very existence," said he, "of a general and national government implies the legal power, right, and duty of maintaining its own integrity. This, if not expressed, is at least implied in the Constitution. The right of a State to secede is not an open or debatable question. It was fully discussed in Jackson's

* Chase to Lincoln, Nov. 17th, 1860. Warden, "Life of Chase," p. 364.

time, and denied not only by him, but by the vote of Congress. It is the duty of a President to execute the laws and maintain the existing Government. He cannot entertain any proposition for dissolution or dismemberment. He was not elected for any such purpose. As a matter of theoretical speculation it is probably true, that if the people, with whom the whole question rests, should become tired of the present government, they may change it in the manner prescribed by the Constitution."*

The secrets of the incipient rebellion, and the treachery and conspiracy of a portion of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, which have been already so fully laid bare from data only since become accessible, neither Mr. Lincoln nor any one save the actors themselves had then any means of knowing. But in addition to other current sources of information the confidential letters of Captain Abner Doubleday, second in command at Fort Moultrie, written to the captain's brother in New York, were, so long as mail communication remained, forwarded to the President-elect, giving him an inside view of matters at that critical post.

Most important, however, in its influence, and most valuable in its possible as well as actual consequences, were the correspondence and unity of patriotic confidence which established themselves at an early day between Mr. Lincoln and General Scott. The general was evidently somewhat proud of his famous "Views," written to President Buchanan under date of October 29th, 1860, as a political suggestion. He transmitted a copy of the same to the President-elect, as he had done to many other gentlemen of prominence. A brief acknowledgment was written in reply (November 9th):

"Mr. Lincoln tenders his sincere thanks to General Scott for the copy of his 'views, etc.,' which is received; and especially for this renewed manifestation of his patriotic purposes as a citizen, connected as it is with his high official position and most distinguished character as a military captain."†

The delicate compliment and dignified reserve made their impression on the old hero. Called to Washington about the middle of December, and smarting under the neglect of Secretary Floyd and the discouraging indifference of President Buchanan, his hopes turned toward the elect of the people at Springfield.

It was at this juncture (December 17th) that a personal and political friend of long standing called upon the general, and in a confidential but frank interview learned from his own lips the alarming dangers of the Government,—the neglect of the Administration to send reënforcements, the defenseless situation of Fort Moultrie, and that Sumter, the key of Charleston Harbor, lay at the mercy of the mob.

"None of his suggestions or recommendations have been acted upon, and of course he is powerless to do anything further, but his heart is sound and true. 'I wish to God,' said he, 'that Mr. Lincoln was in office.' He continued, 'I do not know him, but I believe him a true, honest, and conservative man.' Then he asked earnestly, 'Mr. Washburne, is he a *firm* man?' I answered that I had known you long and well and that you would discharge your duty, and your whole duty, in the sight of the furnace seven times heated. He then said resolutely and hopefully, 'All is not lost.'"‡

In response to this patriotic expression of the general, the return mail carried back the following letter from Lincoln to Washburne:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 21st, 1860.
"HON. E. B. WASHBURNE.
"MY DEAR SIR: Last night I received your letter giving an account of your interview with General Scott, and for which I thank you. Please present my respects to the general, and tell him, confidentially, I shall be obliged to him to be as well prepared as he can to either *hold* or *retake* the forts, as the case may require, at and after the inauguration.
"Yours as ever, A. LINCOLN."‖

A little later Mr. Lincoln again sent messages of esteem and confidence to the general by Senators Cameron and Baker, who made visits to Springfield.

"I have seen General Scott," writes Cameron in reply (January 3d), "who bids me say he will be glad to act under your orders in all ways to preserve the Union. He says Mr. Buchanan at last has called on him to see that order shall be preserved at the inauguration, in this District; that for this purpose he has ordered here two companies of flying artillery, and that he will organize the militia and have himself sworn in as a constable. The old warrior is roused, and he will be equal to the occasion."§

This statement was repeated in an autograph note from the general himself on the following day:

"Lieutenant-General Scott is highly gratified with the favorable opinion entertained of him by the President-elect as he learns through Senators Baker and Cameron, also personal friends of General S., who is happy to reciprocate his highest respect and esteem. The President-elect may rely with confidence on General S.'s utmost exertions in the service of his country (the Union) both before and after the approaching inauguration."

The general then mentions in detail the measures just taken, under the reorganized Cabinet and the accession of Mr. Holt, to countermand the shipment of the Pittsburg guns, to send reënforcements to Fort Jefferson, and to secure the safety of Washington for the presidential count and the approaching inauguration.¶

"Permit me," wrote Mr. Lincoln in reply, January 11th, "to renew to you the assurance of my high

* Nicolay, Manuscript Memoranda.
† Lincoln to Scott, Nov. 9th, 1860. Unpublished MS.
‡ Washburne to Lincoln, Dec. 17th, 1860. Unpublished MS.
‖ Lincoln to Washburne, Dec. 21st, 1860. Unpublished MS.
§ Cameron to Lincoln, Jan. 3d, 1861. Unpublished MS.
¶ Scott to Lincoln, Jan. 4th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

appreciation of the many past services you have rendered the Union, and my deep gratification at this evidence of your present active exertions to maintain the integrity and honor of the nation." *

The President-elect was further gratified to receive about the same time from the veteran General Wool a letter of noble and uncompromising loyalty.

"Many thanks," he wrote in reply, January 14th, "for your patriotic and generous letter of the 11th instant. As to how far the military force of the Government may become necessary to the preservation of the Union, and more particularly how that force can best be directed to the object, I must chiefly rely upon General Scott and yourself. It affords me the profoundest satisfaction to know, that with both of you judgment and feeling go heartily with your sense of professional and official duty to the work." †

Meanwhile trusty friends in Washington, both in and out of Congress, had kept Lincoln informed by letter of public events occurring there, so far as they were permitted to come to the knowledge of Republicans: how the Cabinet divided, how the message was scouted, the bold utterances of treason, the growing apprehensions of the public. But general opinion was still in a hopeful mood.

"Mr. Mann," wrote one, "who stated that he knew you personally, requested me to say that he had seen the Union dissolved twice — once when Southern members of Congress refused for three days to occupy their seats — and that it all ended in smoke. He did not appear the least alarmed about the secession movement, but others, particularly Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley, expressed great anxiety." ‡

These were influential names, and it may be well to cite their own words. "I am anticipating troubles," wrote Mr. Weed, December 2d, "not generally apprehended by our friends. I want the North to be sure she is right and then to go ahead." || Some days later he wrote further:

"In consultation yesterday with several friends, it was thought best to invite the governors of several States to meet in this city on Thursday of next week, so that, if possible, there should be harmony of views and action between them. It occurred to me that you should be apprised of this movement. Of course it is to be quiet and confidential. I have been acting without knowledge of your views, upon vital questions. But I find it safe to trust the head and heart when both are under the guidance of right motives. I do not want you to be saddled with the responsibilities of the Government before you take the helm. On the question of preserving the Union, I am unwilling to see a *united* South and a *divided* North. Nor is such an alternative necessary. With wisdom and prudence we can unite the North in upholding the supremacy of the Constitution and Laws, and thus united, your Administration will have its foundation upon a rock. . . ." §

To this Mr. Lincoln replied as follows:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., December 17th, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 11th was received two days ago. Should the convocation of governors of which you speak seem desirous to know my views on the present aspect of things, tell them you judge from my speeches that I will be inflexible on the territorial question; that I probably think either the Missouri line extended, or Douglas's and Eli Thayer's popular sovereignty, would lose us everything we gain by the election; that filibustering for all south of us, and making slave-States of it would follow, in spite of us, in either case; also that I probably think all opposition, real and apparent, to the fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution ought to be withdrawn.

"I believe you can pretend to find but little, if anything, in my speeches, about secession. But my opinion is, that no State can in any way lawfully get out of the Union without the consent of the others; and that it is the duty of the President and other government functionaries to run the machine as it is.

"Truly yours, A. LINCOLN." ¶

Mr. Greeley not only had similar fears, but, what was much worse, by his editorials in the "Tribune" encouraged the South to hope for peaceable disunion. He wrote (November 30th):

"Webster and Marshall and Story have reasoned well; the Federal flag represents a government, not a mere league; we are in many respects one nation from the St. John to the Rio Grande; but the genius of our institutions is essentially Republican and averse to the employment of military force to fasten one section of our Confederacy to the other. If eight States, having five millions of people, choose to separate from us, they cannot be permanently withheld from so doing by Federal cannon." **

"There is a pretty general belief here that the cotton-States will go out of the Union," wrote a correspondent from Washington. "One South Carolina member is sorry for the condition of things in his State — is at heart opposed to disunion; but I will not mention his name lest it should by some means get into the newspapers. Orr was forced into the secession movement against his will. This I have from good authority, and yet the statement may be a mistake. It is hard to get at the exact truth." ††

From another Mr. Lincoln received information as to the course of his party friends: "A good feeling prevails among Republican senators. The impression with all, unless there be one exception, is, that Republicans have no concessions to make or compromises to offer, and that it is impolitic even to discuss making them. . . . I was a little surprised that the House voted to raise a committee on the state of the Union. . . . Inactivity and a kind spirit is, it seems to me, all that is left for us to do, till the 4th of March." ‡‡

* Lincoln to Scott, Jan. 11th, 1861. Unpublished MS.
† Lincoln to Wool, Jan. 14th, 1861. Unpublished MS.
‡ Trumbull to Lincoln, Dec. 2d, 1860. Unpublished MS.
|| Weed to Swett, Dec. 2d, 1860. Unpublished MS.
§ Weed to Lincoln, Dec. 16th, 1860. Unpublished MS.
¶ Weed, Memoirs, Vol. II., p. 310.
** N. Y. "Tribune," Nov. 30th, 1860.
†† Gurley to Lincoln, Dec. 3d, 1860. MS.
‡‡ Trumbull to Lincoln, Dec. 4th, 1860. Unpublished MS.



HON. E. B. WASHBURNE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

"I have never in my life," wrote Mr. Corwin, chairman of the Committee of Thirty-three (December 10th), "seen my country in such a dangerous position. I look upon it with great alarm, but I am resolved not to be paralyzed by dismay. Our safety can only be insured by looking the danger full in the face and acting with calm dignity in such way as [that] if possible we may ride out the storm."*

These few extracts out of a multitude must suffice to indicate the current and character of the reports which reached Mr. Lincoln from various quarters. The hopes of the more sanguine were, unfortunately, not realized. The timid grew more despondent, the traitors bolder, and the crisis almost became a panic. Business men and capitalists of the Eastern States were beginning to exert a pressure for concessions to avert civil war, under which stanch Republicans were on the point of giving way. The border States, through their presses and their public men, implored a compromise, but the entreaty was uniformly directed to the Republicans to make concessions, and more often to justify than to denounce disunion. Some of the conspirators themselves adroitly encouraged this effort to demoralize the North by a pretense of contrition. "South Carolina, I suppose," wrote a friend to Mr. Lincoln, "will try on her secession project. Perhaps some of the cotton-States will follow. Their number will not be large. Indeed I know that some of the heretofore most rabid secessionists now tremble before the brink on which they stand. They would retreat without trying the experiment if they had not kindled a fire at home which is beyond their control. This, in substance, Jefferson Davis stated to Fitch no longer ago than yesterday."† The profession did not well accord with the signing of the conspirator's secession address by that senator only three days before. "I listened yesterday to Mr. Crittenden's speech," wrote another friend, "in support of his proposed compromise. In my opinion he is one of the most patriotic and at the same time mischievous of the Southern senators. . . . After Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Johnson of Tennessee took the floor. . . . His simple declaration that the supposed wrongs must be settled inside of the Union is worth a hundred-fold more than all the patriotic wailing of the antediluvian Crittendens."‡

There were plenty of correspondents to announce and describe the present and impending dangers, but none to furnish a solution of the national difficulty. There was no end of wild suggestion, and that too from prominent men ordinarily capable of giving counsel. One, as we have seen, was for accepting disunion. Another thought a letter or proclamation from the President-elect would still the storm. A third wanted him to drop down into Washington "with a carpet-sack." A fourth advised him to march to the capital with a hundred thousand "wide-awakes." Still a fifth proposed he should create a diversion by the purchase of Cuba.

It was a providential blessing that in such a crisis the President-elect was a man of unfailing common sense and complete self-control. He watched the rising clouds of insurrection; he noted the anxious warnings of his friends. He was neither buoyed up by reckless hopes, nor cast down by exaggerated fears. He bided his time, grasped at no rash counsels or experiments, uttered neither premature cry of alarm nor boast of overweening confidence. He resisted pressing solicitations to change his position, to explain his intention, to offer, either for himself or the great national majority which chose him, any apology for his or their high prerogative exercised in his election.

It must not, however, be inferred from the foregoing that Mr. Lincoln shut himself up in total silence. To discreet friends, as well as to honorable opponents, under the seal of con-

*Corwin to Lincoln, Dec. 10th, 1860. Unpublished MS.
†Fogg to Lincoln, Dec. 17th, 1860. Unpublished MS.
‡Williams to Lincoln, Dec. 19th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

fidence, he was always free to repeat his well-formed convictions, and even in some degree to foreshadow his probable course. It is gratifying to note in this connection, especially since it evinces his acute judgment of human nature, that in few instances was such confidence violated during the whole period of his candidacy and official life. By unnoticed beginnings he easily and naturally assumed the leadership of his party in the personal interviews and private correspondence following the election, called out by the manifestations of Southern discontent. He was never obtrusive nor dictatorial; but in a suggestion to one, a hint to another, a friendly explanation or admonition to a third, he soon gave direction, unity, and confidence to his adherents.

Mr. Bryant, for instance, was strongly opposed to Mr. Seward's going into the Cabinet. Lincoln wrote him a few lines in explanation, which brought back the following qualified acquiescence:

"I have this moment received your note. Nothing could be more fair or more satisfactory than the principle you lay down in regard to the formation of your council of official advisers. I shall always be convinced that whatever selection you make it will be made conscientiously." *

Mr. Greeley was, as we have seen, indulging in damaging vagaries about peaceable secession, and to him Lincoln sent a word of friendly caution. Greeley wrote a statement of his views in reply, but substantially yielded the point. He said a State could no more secede at pleasure from the Union than a stave could secede from a cask. That if eight or ten contiguous States sought to leave, he should say, "There 's the door — go!" But,

"if the seceding State or States go to fighting and defying the laws, the Union being yet undissolved save by their own say-so, I guess they will have to be made to behave themselves. . . . I fear nothing, care for nothing, but another disgraceful back-down of the free States. That is the only real danger. Let the Union slide — it may be reconstructed; let Presidents be assassinated, we can elect more; let the Republicans be defeated and crushed, we shall rise again. But another nasty compromise, whereby everything is conceded and nothing secured, will so thoroughly disgrace and humiliate us that we can never again raise our heads, and this country becomes a second edition of the Barbary States, as they were sixty years ago. 'Take any form but that.'" †

* W. C. Bryant to Lincoln, Jan. 3d, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† Greeley to Lincoln, Dec. 22d, 1860. Unpublished MS.

‡ Lincoln to Kellogg, Dec. 11th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

It would have been well had his advice been followed. Under the pressure of the disunionists and of the border-State men, Kellogg's firmness gave way, and he announced his willingness to recede from the Republican declarations. The change effected nothing but the sacrifice of his own consistency. He lost his friends and gained no followers. His concession was spurned by the disunionists; and being a large and corpulent man, the wits of the day made themselves merry by dubbing his apostacy the "Mammoth Cave."



THURLOW WEED. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

On this point Lincoln's note had reassured his shrinking faith. The "Tribune" announced that Mr. Lincoln had no thought of concessions, and thenceforward that powerful journal took a more healthy and hopeful tone.

Hon. William Kellogg, the Illinois representative on the Committee of Thirty-three, wrote to him for instructions as to the course he should pursue. Under date of December 11th Mr. Lincoln replied to him as follows:

"Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery. The instant you do they have us under again: all our labor is lost, and sooner or later must be done over. Douglas is sure to be again trying to bring in his 'Popular Sovereignty.' Have none of it. The tug has to come, and better now than later. You know I think the fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution ought to be enforced — to put it in its mildest form, ought not to be resisted." ‡

Some weeks later Kellogg visited Lincoln to urge his views of compromise on the President-elect. As a result of that visit Lincoln wrote the following letter to Seward on February 1st:

"On the 21st ult. Hon. W. Kellogg, a Republican member of Congress of this State, whom you probably know, was here in a good deal of anxiety for our friends to go in the way of compromise on the now vexed question. While he was with me I received a dispatch from Senator Trumbull, at Washington, al-

luding to the same question and telling me to await letters. I therefore told Mr. Kellogg that when I should receive these letters, posting me as to the state of affairs at Washington, I would write you, requesting you to let him see my letter. To my surprise, when the letters mentioned by Judge Trumbull came they made no allusion to the 'vexed question.' This baffled me so much that I was near not writing you at all, in compliance with what I had said to Judge Kellogg. I say now, however, as I have all the while said, that on the territorial question — that is, the question of extending slavery under the national auspices — I am inflexible. I am for no compromise which assists or permits the extension of the institution on soil owned by the nation. And any trick by which the nation is to acquire territory, and then allow some local authority to spread slavery, is as obnoxious as any other. I take it that to effect some such result as this, and to put us again on the high road to a slave empire, is the object of all these proposed compromises. I am against it. As to fugitive slaves, District of Columbia, slave-trade among the slave-States, and whatever springs of necessity from the fact that the institution is amongst us, I care but little, so that what is done be comely and not altogether outrageous. Nor do I care about New Mexico, if further extension were hedged against." *

We shall describe somewhat in detail the formation of Lincoln's Cabinet, and will only mention here that on December 13th he began that work by tendering the post of Secretary of State to Mr. Seward, which offer was accepted December 28th. The correspondence between these eminent men affords an interesting view of the beginnings of the new administration.

"Mr. Weed finding it not inconvenient to go West," wrote Seward, December 16th, "I have had some conversation with him concerning the condition and the prospect of public affairs, and he will be able to inform you of my present unsettled view of the subject upon which you so kindly wrote me a few days ago. I shall remain at home until his return, and shall then in further conference with him have the advantage of a knowledge of the effect of public events certain to occur this week." †

Weed went to Springfield and had several interviews with the President-elect. There is no record of these conferences; but it is likely that Mr. Weed urged on those occasions, as he did on all others, the utmost forbearance, conciliation, and concession to the South. To employ his favorite formula, he wanted Republicans "to meet secession as patriots and not as partisans." The sentiment and the alliteration were both pleasing; but Lincoln, trained in almost life-long debate with Douglas, the most subtle juggler in words ever known to American politics, was not a man to deal in vague phrases. He told Mr. Weed just what he would concede and just how far he would conciliate — drew him a sharp and definite line to show where partisanship ends and where patriotism begins. When Mr. Weed returned he bore with him the written statement of Lincoln; what he believed, and was determined to assert and maintain on pending and probable issues.

Mr. Seward's letter of December 26th, to Lincoln, gives us the sequel of this visit.

"I had only the opportunity for conferring with Mr. Weed which was afforded by our journeying together on the railroad from Syracuse to Albany.

"He gave me verbally the substance of the suggestion you prepared for the consideration of the Republican members, but not the written proposition. This morning I received the latter from him, and also information for the first time of your expectation that I would write to you concerning the temper of parties and the public here.

"I met on Monday my Republican associates on the Committee of Thirteen, and afterwards the whole committee. With the unanimous consent of our section I offered three propositions which seemed to me to cover the ground of the suggestion made by you through Mr. Weed as I understood it.

"*First.* That the Constitution should never be altered so as to authorize Congress to abolish or interfere with slavery in the States. This was accepted.

"*Second.* That the fugitive-slave law should be amended by granting a jury trial to the fugitive. This in opposition to our votes was amended so as to give the jury in the State from which the fugitive fled, and so amended was voted down by our own votes. The committee had already agreed to Mr. Crittenden's amendment concerning the fees of the commissioner, making them the same when the fugitive is returned to slavery as when he is discharged.

"Our *Third* resolution was that Congress recommend to all the States to revise their legislation concerning persons recently resident in other States and to repeal all such laws which contravene the Constitution of the United States, or any law of Congress passed in pursuance thereof. This was rejected by the pro-slavery vote of the committee.

"To-day we have had another meeting. I offered, with the concurrence of my political associates, a fourth proposition, viz.: That Congress should pass a law to punish invasions of our States and conspiracies to effect such invasions, but the latter only in the State and district where the acts of such complicity were committed. This by the votes of our opponents was amended so as practically to carry out Mr. Douglas's suggestion of last winter for the revival of the old Sedition law of John Adams's time, and then was rejected by our own votes.

"This evening the Republican members of the committee with Judge Trumbull and Mr. Fessenden met at my house to consider your written suggestion and determine whether it shall be offered. While we think the ground has been already covered, we find that in the form you give it, it would divide our friends not only in the Committee but in Congress; a portion being unwilling to give up their old opinion that the duty of executing the constitutional provisions concerning fugitives from service belongs to the States, and not at all to Congress. But we shall confer and act as wisely as we can.

"Thus far I have reported only our action on the subject of your suggestion. I proceed now to tell you what I think of the temper of the parties and of the public here.

"South Carolina has already taken her attitude of defiance. Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana are pushed on towards the same attitude. I think that they could not be arrested even if we should offer all you suggest and with it the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line. But persons acting for those States intimate that they might be so arrested because they think that the Republicans are not going to concede the restoration of that line.

"The action of the border States is uncertain. Sym-

* Lincoln to Seward, Feb. 1st, 1860. Unpublished MS.

† Seward to Lincoln, Dec. 16th, 1860. Unpublished MS.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

pathy there is strong with the cotton-States, while prudence and patriotism dictate adhesion to the Union. Nothing could *certainly* restrain them but the adoption of Mr. Crittenden's compromise, and I do not see the slightest indication of its adoption on the Republican side of Congress. The members stand nearly or quite as firm against it as the country is. Under these circumstances, time and accident, it seems to me, must determine the course of the border States.

"Probably all the debate and conferences we have hitherto had will sink out of the public mind within a week or two, when the Republican members shall have refused to surrender at discretion to the State of South Carolina. New and exciting subjects will enter into the agitation and control results.

"Thus I have said all that I am able to say of the temper of parties and of the public. I add, very respectfully, my own opinion on the probable future.

"The United States of America, their Constitution, their capital, their organization in all its departments, and with all its military and naval forces, will stand and pass without resistance into your hands. There will be several, perhaps all, of the slave-States standing in a contumacious attitude on the 4th of March. Sedition will be growing weaker and loyalty stronger every day from the acts of secession as they occur." *

But now the crisis in the affairs of the Government was approaching. It is already foreshadowed in Mr. Seward's letter of December 28th. "There is a feverish excitement here," writes he, "which awakens all kinds of apprehensions of popular disturbance and disorders connected with your assumption of the government." And he suggests that Mr. Lincoln should prepare to come to Washington a week earlier than is usual on such occasions; prefacing the advice, however, with the statement, "I do not entertain these apprehensions myself." But by the day following he becomes convinced of the danger.

"At length I have gotten a position," writes he, December 29th, "in which I can see what is going on in the councils of the President. It pains me to learn that things there are even worse than is understood. The President is debating day and night on the question whether he shall not recall Major Anderson and surrender Fort Sumter and go on arming the South. A plot is forming to seize the capital on or before the 4th of March, and this too has its accomplices in the public councils. I could tell you more particularly than I dare write, but you must not imagine that I am giving you suspicions and rumors. Believe me that I know what I write. In point of fact, the responsibilities of your administration must begin before the time arrives." †

Mr. Seward then advises that the President should arrive earlier, that he appoint his Secretaries of War, Navy, and Treasury, and that they come to Washington as soon as possible.

The events of a day or two, however, dissipated the apparent magnitude of the crisis. Buchanan's council broke up, Floyd retired in disgrace, the Cabinet was reorganized; Holt was made Secretary of War, and the immediate plots of the conspirators were exposed and for a season baffled.

STEPHENS'S SPEECH AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH LINCOLN.

FOLLOWING the lead of South Carolina, the governor of Georgia began the secession movement in that State almost immediately after the presidential election, by such public declarations and acts as fell within the scope of his personal influence and official authority. Georgia had, however, given a heavy vote for Douglas, and her people were imbued with a strong feeling of conditional unionism. An opposition to hasty secession at once developed itself of so formidable a character that all the influence and cunning of the secessionists were needed to push their movement to success. The ablest men in the State hurried to Milledgeville and met in a sort of battle-royal of speech-making and wire-pulling. The Legislature was the target, and its action or non-action upon military appropriations and a convention bill the result to be affected. Senator Toombs and others made speeches to promote

* Seward to Lincoln, Dec. 26, 1860. Unpublished MS.

† Seward to Lincoln, Dec. 29, 1860. Unpublished MS.

secession; and in reply to these Alexander H. Stephens addressed the Legislature by special invitation on the 14th of November. It was the greatest effort of his life, and takes rank as the ablest speech made by a Southerner in opposition to disunion. The occasion appears to have been one of great excitement. Toombs sat on the platform beside the speaker, and interlarded the address with his cynical interrogatories and comments, which Stephens met in every instance with successful repartee.

The speaker declared that to secede in consequence of Lincoln's election was to break the Constitution, and show bad faith. "We went into the election with this people," said he. "The result was different from what we wished; but the election has been constitutionally held." Mr. Lincoln could do the South no harm against an adverse House and Senate. This government, with all its defects, came nearer the object of all good governments than any other on the face of the earth. One by one he refuted the charges and complaints which had been advanced by Toombs, and warned his hearers against the perils of sudden disunion. Liberty once lost might never be restored. Georgia had grown great, rich, and intelligent in the Union.

"I look upon this country, with our institutions," continued he, "as the Eden of the world, the Paradise of the Universe. It may be that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous; but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear if we yield to passion, and without sufficient cause shall take that step, instead of becoming greater, or more peaceful, prosperous, and happy — instead of becoming gods we will become demons, and at no distant day commence cutting one another's throats."

The speech created an immense sensation throughout the South, and but for an artful trick of the secessionists would have arrested and changed the immediate tide of secession in Georgia. Seeing that the underlying Union feeling was about to endanger their scheme of revolt, through a defection or hesitation on the part of the Empire State of the South, they devised an adroit plea to appropriate its whole force to further their own plans. They persistently urged that "we can make better terms out of the Union than in it." Mr. Stephens himself has explained the misrepresentation and its result. "Two-thirds at least of those who voted for the ordinance of secession did so, I have but little doubt, with a view to a more certain re-formation of the Union."*

To understand this statement more thoroughly, it must be added that Mr. Stephens's great Union speech was also enthusiastically hailed by the North as a sign of firm allegiance. But that part of the country totally misapprehended its spirit and object. With all his eloquently asserted devotion to the Union, he was a pro-slavery man of the most ultra type. He defended the institution upon the "higher-law" doctrine. "If slavery," said he, "as it exists with us is not best for the African, constituted and made as he is, if it does not best promote his welfare and happiness, socially, morally, and politically, as well as that of his master, it ought to be abolished."† He believed slavery should be protected in the Territories by Federal law. He did not go quite to the extent of advocating a revival of the African slave-trade; but went so far as to suggest that without such a reopening the South could not maintain her coveted balance of power. "If the policy of this country," said he, "settled in its early history, of prohibiting further importations or immigrations of this class of population, is to be adhered to, the race of competition between us and our brethren of the North in the colonization of new States, which heretofore has been so well maintained by us, will soon have to be abandoned."‡

So again, while he asserted that the South had lost nothing, but gained much through the slavery agitation, and while he maintained that she was menaced by no danger, he had been for nearly ten years a conditional disunionist. During the agitation of 1850, a convention of Georgia passed certain resolutions, known as the "Georgia platform." The resolutions declared the acceptance of the Compromise of 1850 as a "permanent adjustment"; and then went on to threaten disunion in case that adjustment were violated.§ This "Georgia platform" was Mr. Stephens's rallying-ground and stronghold; latterly he had extended it by including personal liberty bills as a cause of disunion. He loved the Union, but he held the Union secondary to the Georgia platform; and he opposed secession because he thought it a departure from this platform. "Not only a departure from the Georgia platform," said

* Stephens, "War Between the States," Vol. II., p. 321.

† Stephens, Farewell Speech, Augusta, Ga., July 2d, 1859. Cleveland, "Life of Stephens," p. 650.

‡ Ibid., p. 647.

§ "*Fourth.* That the State of Georgia, in the judgment of this convention, will, and ought to resist, even (as a last resort) to a disruption of every tie which binds her to the Union, any future act of Congress abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, without the consent and petition of the slave-holders thereof, or any act abolishing slavery in places within the slave-holding States, purchased by the United States for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, navy-yards, and other like purposes; or in any act suppressing the slave-trade between slave-holding States; or in any refusal to admit as a State any territory applying, because of the existence of slavery therein; or in any act prohibiting the introduction of slaves into the territories of Utah and New Mexico; or in any act repealing or materially modifying the laws now in force for the recovery of fugitive slaves."— [Stephens, "War Between the States," Vol. II., p. 676.]

he, "and from the long-established principles of the national Democratic party, but an entire change of position of the entire South, of all parties, not of all individuals, in relation to the power and jurisdiction of the Federal Government over the subject of African slavery."* Still further: when the disruption of the Charleston convention paralyzed the Democratic party, Mr. Stephens lost heart. He thought the times out of joint. He saw no further prospect of doing good. The popular fever must run its course. If disunion came he avowed he would yield to the misfortune. His destiny, he said, lay with Georgia and the South.† It will appear from this that if Mr. Stephens was not a flexible reasoner, he was a most unsafe political mentor. Yet, out of this lethargy of conviction and will came the splendid outburst of patriotic eloquence and Union argument of his Milledgeville speech; only to be marred, however, at its close by renewed adhesion to the Georgia platform, and a new subserviency to the "will of Georgia."

The newspapers brought the report of Mr. Stephens's speech to Springfield, the home of Mr. Lincoln, as well as to all other Northern cities, and the President-elect read its stirring periods with something of the general hope that a gleam of light was shining upon dark places. Like other men in the North, he had no means of knowing the eccentricities of Mr. Stephens's principles and policy, and therefore probably shared the general error of overvaluing his expressions of attachment to the Union. He had personally known him as fellow-congressman and a fellow-whig in 1847–9; they had become co-laborers in their advocacy of the nomination and election of General Taylor to the presidency, and through these associations contracted a warm social and political friendship.

It was, therefore, most natural that, upon reading his reported speech Mr. Lincoln addressed a note of a few lines to Mr. Stephens, asking him for a revised copy; and that this note led to a short but most interesting correspondence.

Mr. Stephens replied courteously, saying that his speech had not been revised by him; that while the newspaper report contained several verbal inaccuracies, its main points were sufficiently clear for all practical purposes. The note closed with the following sentence: "The country is certainly in great peril, and no man ever had heavier or greater responsibilities resting upon him than you have in the present momentous crisis." The phrase seemed to open the way to a confidential interchange of thought; and a few days afterwards Mr. Lincoln wrote the following frank letter:

"*For your own eye only.*

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 22d, 1860.

"HON. A. H. STEPHENS.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, and for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in, and the weight of responsibility on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with the slaves, or with them about the slaves? If they do, I wish to answer you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the time of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended, while we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. That, I suppose, is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us. Yours very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."‡

With equal frankness Mr. Stephens, under date of December 30th, wrote back a long reply, which is conspicuous for its candid admissions. Premising that though differing from him politically he was not Mr. Lincoln's enemy, Mr. Stephens proceeds as follows:

"I will also add that in my judgment the people of the South do not entertain any fears that a Republican administration, or at least the one about to be inaugurated, would attempt to interfere directly and immediately with slavery in the States. Their apprehension and disquietude do not spring from that source. They do not arise from the fact of the known antislavery opinions of the President-elect. Washington, Jefferson, and other Presidents are generally admitted to have been antislavery in sentiment. But in those days antislavery did not enter as an element into party organizations. . . . But now this subject, which is confessedly on all sides outside of the constitutional action of the Government so far as the States are concerned, is made the central idea in the platform of principles announced by the triumphant party. The leading object seems to be simply, and wantonly, if you please, to put the institutions of nearly half the States under the ban of public opinion and national condemnation. This, upon general principles, is quite enough of itself to arouse a spirit not only of general indignation, but of revolt on the part of the proscribed. . . . We at the South do think African slavery, as it exists with us, both morally and politically right. This opinion is formed upon the inferiority of the black race; you, however, and perhaps a majority of the North, think it wrong. Admit the difference of opinion. The same difference of opinion existed to a more general extent amongst those who formed the Constitution when it was made and adopted. The changes have been mainly to our side. As parties were not formed on this difference of opinion then, why should they be now? The same difference would, of course, exist in the supposed case of religion. When parties, or combinations of men, therefore, so form themselves, must it not be assumed to arise not from reason or any sense of justice, but from fanaticism? The motive can spring from no other source, and when men come under the influence of fanaticism, there is no telling where their impulses or passions may drive them. This is what creates our

* Stephens, Augusta Speech, Sept. 1st, 1860. Cleveland, p. 692.

† Stephens to Landrum, July 1st, 1860. Cleveland, p. 672.

‡ Stephens, "War Between the States," Vol. II., p. 266.

discontent and apprehension. . . . Conciliation and harmony, in my judgment, can never be established by force. Nor can the Union, under the Constitution, be maintained by force. The Union was formed by the consent of Independent Sovereign States. Ultimate sovereignty still resides with them separately, which can be resumed, and will be, if their safety, tranquillity, and security in their judgment require it. Under our system, as I view it, there is no rightful power in the general government to coerce a State in case any one of them should throw herself upon her reserved rights, and resume the full exercise of her sovereign powers. Force may perpetuate a Union — that depends upon the contingencies of war. But such a Union would not be the Union of the Constitution: it would be nothing short of a consolidated despotism." *

Mr. Lincoln could not, of course, enter upon a further discussion of the topics raised, and made no reply to Mr. Stephens's letter. The correspondence is noteworthy as showing how both writers agreed perfectly upon the actual and underlying cause of the political crisis,— *viz.*, that the South believed slavery to be right and ought to be extended, while the North believed it was wrong and ought to be restricted. It was a conflict of public opinion. Such conflicts have come in all times, in all nations, and under all forms of government. They have sprung from every passion of the human soul, ambition, avarice, the generous affection of kindred nations, and the deadly hatred of religious fanaticism. But, admitting the existence of such a conflict of opinion, the true and legitimate inquiry arises, Was it a proper cause of war?

History must answer this question unhesitatingly and emphatically in the negative. In ages happily passed, the anger of a king, the caprice of a mistress, or the ambition of a minister has often deluged a nation in blood. But in our day the conscience of civilization demands that the sword shall only defend the life of governments, or the life, liberty, and property of their subjects. It has ordained that written constitutions should decide claims of rulers and rights of citizens. Casuistry the most adroit could not prove the right of the free States to expel the slave-States for believing the institution of slavery to be a substantial blessing; equally absurd was the doctrine that the slave-States had a right to destroy the Union by secession because the free States thought slavery a moral, social, and political evil. Upon this question, as upon all others, public opinion was the arbiter appointed by the Constitution and laws. Upon this question the lawful and constitutional verdict had been pronounced by the election of Lincoln; and the proper duty of the South under the circumstances had been admirably stated by Mr. Stephens himself in his Milledgeville speech: "In my judgment the election of no man constitutionally chosen to that high office, is sufficient cause for any State to separate from the Union. It ought to stand by and aid still in maintaining the Constitution of the country." †

Mr. Stephens's letter utterly ignored the existence of the pro-slavery sentiment in the South, which had for six years been united and unceasing in party affiliation and action; that this party action had wrought the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in violation of plighted political faith, and generous comity between sections. Moreover that antislavery opinions had there been not only under ban of public sentiment, but had notoriously for years been visited with mob violence, and been made the subject of prohibitory penal statutes. The experiment of a sentimental union dreamed by Stephens and others had been fully tried in the compromise of 1850, and first and flagrantly violated by the South herself, under party coalition, against every appeal and protest.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

One of the vexatious duties of Lincoln was to answer the importunings of a class of sincere, intelligent, but timid men, alarmed by the signs of disunion, who besought him to make some public statement or declaration to quiet the South. Requests of this character were not confined to one party, but came from all; the more considerable numbers being from Republicans and from Southern unionists or followers of Bell and Everett. The great bulk of these letters were, of course, never answered; but occasionally one was received from a man of such standing and influence that to ignore it would not only seem ungracious, but might subject the President-elect to more serious misrepresentation than it had already been his lot to endure. Both to show a prominent phase of current politics and his manner of dealing with it, several replies of this class are laid before the reader.

Thus, for instance, he wrote, confidentially, to Mr. William S. Speer, a citizen of Tennessee, under date of October 23d:

"I appreciate your motive when you suggest the propriety of my writing for the public something disclaiming all intention to interfere with slaves or slavery in the States; but in my judgment it would do no good. I have already done this many, many times; and it is in print, and open to all who will read. Those who will not read or heed what I have already publicly said would not read or heed a repetition of it. 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.'" ‡

Among the political newspapers of the West, none had for many years taken a higher rank or wielded a greater influence than the "Louisville Journal." It had in a manner been Mr. Lincoln's primer in politics in those early days

* Stephens, "War Between the States," Vol. II., pp. 267–70.

† Cleveland, p. 696.

‡ Lincoln to Speer, Oct. 23d, 1860. Unpublished MS.

when he labored through Blackstone, or even farther back when he was yet struggling with Kirkham's grammar on the shady knolls of New Salem. Compared with these rocks and pitfalls of letters, the anecdotes, the wit, the epigrammatic arguments of the "Louisville Journal" were a very garden of delight, not only to Lincoln, but to the crude yet knowledge-hungry intellects of the whole Mississippi Valley. In time the "Journal" became a great luminary, and the name of its witty editor a household word. For long years it was a beacon and watchtower of the Whig party; then the Pandora's box of the Nebraska bill was opened; and when finally in the extraordinary campaign of 1860 Lincoln read this once-favorite sheet, it was to find himself the victim of its satire and depreciation. Victory, however, is a sovereign balm for detraction; and it must have been easy for him to forgive his old friend George D. Prentice when the latter wrote him (October 26th): "There is evidently a very strong probability of your being elected to the presidency by the popular vote." Expressing the "strongest" confidence in both his "personal and political integrity," he suggests that in the event of his election he should publish a letter setting forth his conservative views and intentions, "to assure all good citizens of the South and to take from the disunionists every excuse or pretext for treason." *

To this appeal Mr. Lincoln prepared a reply, October 29th, though it was not then sent.

"Your suggestion," wrote he, "that I in a certain event shall write a letter setting forth my conservative views and intentions, is certainly a very worthy one. But would it do any good? If I were to labor a month, I could not express my conservative views and intentions more clearly and strongly than they are expressed in our platform and in my many speeches already in print and before the public. And yet even you, who do occasionally speak of me in terms of personal kindness, give no prominence to these oft-repeated expressions of conservative views and intentions, but busy yourself with appeals to all conservative men to vote for Douglas,— to vote any way which can possibly defeat me,— thus impressing your readers that you think I am the very worst man living. If what I have already said has failed to convince you, no repetition of it would convince you. The writing of your letter, now before me, gives assurance that you would publish such a letter from me as you suggest; but, till now, what reason had I to suppose the 'Louisville Journal,' even, would publish a repetition of that which is already at its command, and which it does not press upon the public attention? And now, my friend,— for such I esteem you personally,— do not misunderstand me. I have not decided that I will not do substantially what you suggest. I will not forbear from doing so merely on punctilio and pluck. If I do finally abstain, it will be because of apprehension that it would do harm. For the good men of the South — and I regard the majority of them as such — I have no objection to repeat seventy and seven times. But I have bad men also to deal with, both North and South; men who are eager for something new upon which to base new misrepresentations; men who would like to frighten me, or at least to fix upon me the character of timidity and cowardice. They would seize upon almost any letter I could write as being an 'awful coming down.' I intend keeping my eye upon these gentlemen, and to not unnecessarily put any weapons in their hands." †

This letter was withheld till after election. On the 16th of November he wrote a letter of very similar purport to Mr. N. Paschal, editor of the "Missouri Republican."

"I could say nothing which I have not already said, and which is in print, and accessible to the public. Please pardon me for suggesting that if the papers like yours, which heretofore have persistently garbled and misrepresented what I have said, will now fully and fairly place it before their readers, there can be no further misunderstanding. I beg you to believe me sincere, when I declare I do not say this in a spirit of complaint or resentment; but that I urge it as the true cure for any real uneasiness in the country, that my course may be other than conservative. The Republican newspapers now and for some time past are and have been republishing copious extracts from my many published speeches, which would at once reach the whole public if your class of papers would also publish them. I am not at liberty to shift my ground — that is out of the question. If I thought a repetition would do any good I would make it. But in my judgment it would do positive harm. The secessionists *per se*, believing they had alarmed me, would clamor all the louder." ‡

With solicitations of this nature coming in part from his political friends, Mr. Lincoln was not only as firm and decided, but more emphatic and unsparing in criticism. On November 5th, the day before the presidential election, there arrived at Springfield, and called upon the President-elect, a gentleman from New England of some prominence in political and official life, who brought and presented letters of this same tenor from a considerable number of citizens representing business, commercial, and manufacturing industries of that region. He was one of those keen, incisive talkers who went direct to the heart of his mission.

"I have called to see," he said, "if the alarms of many persons in New England engaged in commerce and manufactures cannot by some means be relieved. I am myself largely interested in manufactures. Our trade has fallen off, our workmen are idle, we get no orders from the South, and with the increasing chances of civil war, bankruptcy and ruin stare us in the face."

Something in the persistence and manner of his interlocutor, something in the tone of the letters presented, and still more in the character of the signers, quickly irritated Lincoln to a warmth of retort he seldom reached until after long provocation. He divined at once the mercenary nature of the appeal about to be tried on him, and it roused him to repel the pressure. His visitor closed by asking some

* Prentice to Lincoln, Oct. 26th, 1860. Unpublished MS.
† Lincoln to Prentice, Oct. 29th, 1860. Unpublished MS.
‡ Lincoln to Paschal, Nov. 16th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

conservative promise "to reassure the men honestly alarmed."

"There are no such men," bluntly replied Lincoln. "This is the same old trick by which the South breaks down every Northern victory. Even if I were personally willing to barter away the moral principle involved in this contest for the commercial gain of a new submission to the South, I would go to Washington without the countenance of the men who supported me and were my friends before the election; I would be as powerless as a block of buckeye wood."

The man still insisted, and Lincoln continued:

"The honest men (you are talking of honest men) will look at our platform and what I have said. There they will find everything I could now say, or which they would ask me to say. All I could add would be but repetition. Having told them all these things ten times already, would they believe the eleventh declaration? Let us be practical. There are many general terms afloat, such as 'conservatism,' 'enforcement of the irrepressible conflict at the point of the bayonet,' 'hostility to the South,' etc., all of which mean nothing without definition. What then could I say to allay their fears, if they will not define what particular act or acts they fear from me or my friends?"

At this stage of the conversation his visitor, who with true military foresight had provided a reserve, handed him an additional letter numerously signed, asking if he did not there recognize names that were a power.

"Yes," retorted Lincoln sharply, glancing at the document, "I recognize them as a set of liars and knaves who signed that statement about Seward last year."

The visitor was taken aback at this familiarity with the local politics of his State, but rallied and insisted that there were also other names on the list. Lincoln now looked through the paper more carefully, his warmth meanwhile cooling down a little.

"Well," answered he, laughing, "after reading it, it is about as I expected to find it. It annoyed me to hear that gang of men called respectable. Their conduct a year ago was a disgrace to any civilized citizen."

Here his visitor suggested that the South was making armed preparations.

"The North," answered Lincoln, "does not fear invasion from the slave-States, and we of the North certainly have no desire, and never had, to invade the South. They have talked about what they intend to do in the event of a Black Republican victory, until they have convinced themselves there is really no courage left in the North."



GEORGE D. PRENTICE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

"Have we backed this time?" interrupted the visitor.

"That is just what I am pressed to do now," replied Lincoln. "If I shall begin to yield to these threats, if I begin dallying with them, the men who have elected me (if I shall be elected) would give me up before my election, and the South, seeing it, would deliberately kick me out. If my friends should desire me to repeat anything I have before said, I should have no objection to do so. If they required me to say something I had not yet said, I would either do so or get out of the way. If I should be elected, the first duty to the country would be to stand by the men who elected me."*

Still, from time to time the point was pressed upon him from other influential quarters. Mr. Raymond, editor of the "New York Times," joined in urging it. Lincoln, on November 28th, answered him confidentially as follows:

"Yours of the 14th was received in due course. I have delayed so long to answer it, because my reasons for not coming before the public in any form just now had substantially appeared in your paper (the 'Times'), and hence I feared they were not deemed sufficient by you, else you would not have written me as you did. I now think we have a demonstration in favor of my view. On the 20th instant Senator Trumbull made a short speech, which I suppose you have both seen and approved. Has a single newspaper, heretofore against us, urged that speech upon its readers with a purpose to quiet public anxiety? Not one, so far as I know. On the contrary, the 'Boston Courier' and its class hold me responsible for that speech, and endeavor to inflame the North with the belief that it foreshadows an abandonment of Republican ground by the incoming administration; while the 'Washington Constitution' and its class hold the same speech up to the South as an open declaration of war against them. This is just as I expected, and just what would happen

* Nicolay, Manuscript memoranda.

with any declaration I could make. These political fiends are not half sick enough yet. Party malice, and not public good, possesses them entirely. 'They seek a sign, and no sign shall be given them.' At least such is my present feeling and purpose."*

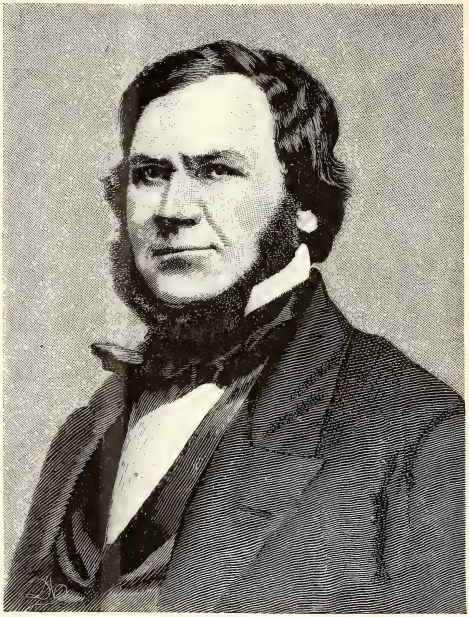
And in this purpose he remained steadfast to the end, though put to yet more trying tests. It has already been mentioned, that with the opening of Congress, and the formation of the Senate Committee of Thirteen and the House Committee of Thirty-three, certain conservative men from the border slave-States endeavored to gain control of the political situation by forming a neutral or mediating party between the disunionists and the Republicans. Their policy was an utter mistake; for, while reprobating present dismemberment, their attitude on the slavery question indicated clearly enough that, if clung to, it would inevitably drive them to the extreme plans of the cotton-States. Some of these would-be "neutral" States eventually went that direful road; and those which did not were saved only by the restraint of the Union army. But for the present their leaders were sincerely patriotic. From one of the most prominent of these, Hon. John A. Gilmer of North Carolina, to whom Lincoln afterwards made a tender of a Cabinet appointment, he received an inquiry, dated December 10th, concerning his opinions on several points of the slavery controversy, saying:

"I am not without hope that a clear and definite exposition of your views on the questions mentioned may go far to quiet, if not satisfy, all reasonable minds that on most of them it will become plain that there is much more misunderstanding than difference, and that the balance are so much more abstract than practical."†

However difficult to resist this appeal, so influential, so respectful, so promising, the President-elect felt himself bound to adhere to his policy of refusing any public utterance, for reasons which he set forth at some length in a confidential answer, written December 15th.

"I am greatly disinclined," said he, "to write a letter on the subject embraced in yours; and I would not do so, even privately as I do, were it not that I fear you might misconstrue my silence. Is it desired that I shall shift the ground upon which I have been elected? I cannot do it. You need only to acquaint yourself with that ground, and press it on the attention of the South. It is all in print and easy of access. May I be pardoned if I ask whether even you have ever attempted to procure the reading of the Republican platform, or my speeches, by the Southern people? If not, what reason have I to expect that any additional production of mine would meet a better fate? It would make me appear as if I repented for the crime of having been elected and was anxious to apologize and beg forgiveness. To so represent me would be the principal use made of any letter I might now thrust upon the public. My old record cannot be so used;* and that is precisely the reason that some new declaration is so much sought.

* Lincoln to Raymond, Nov. 28th, 1860. Unpublished MS.



JOHN A. GILMER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

"Now, my dear sir, be assured I am not questioning your candor; I am only pointing out, that while a new letter would hurt the cause which I think a just one, you can quite as well effect every patriotic object with the old record. Carefully read pages 18, 19, 74, 75, 88, 89, and 267 of the volume of Joint Debates between Senator Douglas and myself with the Republican Platform adopted at Chicago, and all your questions will be substantially answered. I have no thought of recommending the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, nor the slave-trade among the slave-States, even on the conditions indicated; and if I were to make such recommendation, it is quite clear Congress would not follow it.

"As to employing slaves in arsenals and dockyards, it is a thing I never thought of in my life, to my recollection, till I saw your letter; and I may say of it precisely as I have said of the two points above.

"As to the use of patronage in the slave-States, where there are few or no Republicans. I do not expect to inquire for the politics of the appointee, or whether he does or not own slaves. I intend in that matter to accommodate the people in the several localities, if they themselves will allow me to accommodate them. In one word, I never have been, am not now, and probably never shall be in a mood of harassing the people either North or South.

"On the territorial question I am inflexible, as you see my position in the book. On that there is a difference between you and us; and it is the only substantial difference. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended; we think it is a wrong and ought to be restricted. For this neither has any just occasion to be angry with the other.

"As to the State laws, mentioned in your sixth question, I really know very little of them. I never have read one. If any of them are in conflict with the fugitive-slave clause, or any other part of the Constitution, I certainly shall be glad of their repeal; but I

† Gilmer to Lincoln, Dec. 10th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

could hardly be justified, as a citizen of Illinois, or as President of the United States, to recommend the repeal of a statute of Vermont or South Carolina." *

We have given samples of these solicitations coming from Republicans, from Douglas Democrats, and from the adherents of Bell; the following, coming from the fourth political school, will perhaps be found of equal if not greater interest. Its origin is given in the words of the principal actor, General Duff Green, who, in a letter some three years afterwards, thus described it:

"In December, 1860, at the request of the President of the United States, I went to Springfield to see Mr. Lincoln and urge him to go to Washington and exert his influence in aid of the adjustment of the questions then pending between the North and the South. I was authorized by Mr. Buchanan to say to him that if he came he would be received and treated with the courtesy due to the President-elect. I saw Mr. Lincoln at his own house, and did urge the necessity of his going to Washington and uniting his efforts in behalf of peace, telling him that in my opinion he alone could prevent a civil war, and that if he did not go, upon his conscience must rest the blood that would be shed." †

Whether this proposition came by authority or not, Lincoln could not publicly either question the truth of the envoy or the motive of the mission. In either case the appeal was most adroitly laid. Of course it was impossible to accept or even to entertain it; on the other hand, a simple refusal might be made the basis of very serious misrepresentation. He therefore wrote the following reply:

"Springfield, Ill., Dec. 28th, 1860.

"Gen. Duff Green.

"My Dear Sir: I do not desire any amendment of the Constitution. Recognizing, however, that questions of such amendment rightfully belong to the American people, I should not feel justified nor inclined to withhold from them if I could a fair opportunity of expressing their will thereon through either of the modes prescribed in the instrument.

"In addition I declare that the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and I denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as the gravest of crimes.

"I am greatly averse to writing anything for the public at this time; and I consent to the publication of this only upon the condition that six of the twelve United States senators for the States of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, and Texas shall sign their names to what is written on this sheet below my name, and allow the whole to be published together.

"Yours truly,

"A. Lincoln.

"We recommend to the people of the States we represent respectively, to suspend all action for dismemberment of the Union, at least until some act deemed to be violative of our rights shall be done by the incoming administration." ‡

This letter Lincoln transmitted to Senator Trumbull at Washington, with the following direction:

"General Duff Green is out here endeavoring to draw a letter out of me. I have written one which herewith I inclose to you, and which I believe could not be used to our disadvantage. Still, if on consultation with our discreet friends you conclude that it may do us harm, do not deliver it. You need not mention that the second clause of the letter is copied from the Chicago Platform. If, on consultation, our friends, including yourself, think it can do no harm, keep a copy and deliver the letter to General Green." §

While the fact is not definitely known, it is probable that this letter was delivered. Nothing further came of Duff Green's mission except a letter from himself in the "New York Herald" mentioning his visit and its failure, in the vaguest generalities. His whole aim had been to induce Lincoln tacitly to assume responsibility for the Southern revolt; and when the latter by his skillful answer pointed out the real conspirators, they were no longer anxious to have a publication made.

The whole attitude and issue of the controversy was so tersely summed up by Lincoln in a confidential letter to a Republican friend, under date of January 11th, 1861, that we cannot forbear citing it in conclusion:

"Yours of the 6th is received. I answer it only because I fear you would misconstrue my silence. What is our present condition? We have just carried an election on principles fairly stated to the people. Now we are told in advance the Government shall be broken up unless we surrender to those we have beaten, before we take the offices. In this they are either attempting to play upon us or they are in dead earnest. Either way, if we surrender, it is the end of us, and of the Government. They will repeat the experiment upon us *ad libitum*. A year will not pass till we shall have to take Cuba as a condition upon which they will stay in the Union. They now have the Constitution under which we have lived over seventy years, and acts of Congress of their own framing, with no prospect of their being changed; and they can never have a more shallow pretext for breaking up the Government, or extorting a compromise, than now. There is in my judgment but one compromise which would really settle the slavery question, and that would be a prohibition against acquiring any more territory." ‖

* Lincoln to Gilmer, Dec. 15th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

† Duff Green to Jefferson Davis, May 26th, 1863. Unpublished MS.

‡ Lincoln to Duff Green, Dec. 28th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

§ Lincoln to Trumbull, Dec. 28th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

‖ Lincoln to Hon. J. T. Hale, Jan. 11th, 1861. Unpublished MS.



THE POT-HUNTER.

AU LARGE.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Grande Pointe," etc.

I. THE POT-HUNTER.

THE sun was just rising, as a man stepped from his slender dug-out and drew half its length out upon the oozy bank of a pretty bayou. Before him, as he turned away from the water, a small gray railway platform and frame station-house, drowsing on long legs in the mud and water, were still veiled in the translucent shade of the deep cypress swamp whose long moss drapings almost overhung them on the side next the brightening dawn. The solemn gray festoons did overhang the farthest two or three of a few flimsy wooden houses and a saw-mill with its lumber, logs, and sawdust, its cold furnace and idle engine.

As with gun and game this man mounted by a short, rude ladder to firmer footing on the platform, a negro, who sat fishing for his breakfast on the bank a few yards up the stream where it bent from the north and west, slowly lifted his eyes, noted that the other was a white man, an Acadian, and brought his gaze back again to hook and line.

He had made out these facts by the man's shape and dress, for the face was in shade. The day, I say, was still in its genesis. The waters that slid so languidly between the two silent men as not to crook one line of the station-house's image inverted in their clear dark depths, had not yet caught a beam upon their whitest water-lily, nor yet upon their tallest bulrush; but the tops of the giant cypresses were green and luminous, and as the Acadian glanced abroad westward, in the open sky far out over the vast marshy breadths of the "shaking prairie,"* two still clouds, whose under surfaces were yet dusky and pink, sparkled on their seaward edges like a frosted fleece. You could not have told whether the Acadian saw the black man or not. His dog, soiled and wet, stood beside his knee, pricked his ears for a moment at sight of the negro, and then dropped them.

It was September. The comfortable air could only near by be seen to stir the tops of the high reeds whose crowding myriads stretched away south, west, and north, an open sea of green, its immense distances relieved here and there by strips of swamp forest tinged with their peculiar purple haze. Eastward the railroad's long causeway and telegraph poles narrowed on the view through its wide, axe-hewn lane in the overtowering swamp. New Orleans, sixty miles or more away, was in that direction. Westward, rails, causeway, and telegraph tapered away again across the illimitable hidden quicksands of the "trembling prairie" till the green disguise of reeds and rushes closed in upon the attenuated line, and only a small notch in a far strip of woods showed where it still led on toward Texas. Behind the Acadian the smoke of woman's early industry began to curl from two or three low chimneys.

But his eye lingered in the north. He stood with his dog curled at his feet beside a bunch of egrets,—killed for their plumage,—the butt of his long fowling-piece resting on the platform, and the arm half-outstretched whose hand grasped the barrels near the muzzle. The hand, toil-hardened and weather-browned, showed, withal, antiquity of race. His feet were in rough muddy brogans, but even so they were smallish and shapely. His garments were coarse, but there were no tatters anywhere. He wore a wide Campeachy hat. His brown hair was too long, but it was fine. His eyes, too, were brown, and, between brief moments of alertness, sedate. Sun and wind had darkened his face, and his pale brown beard curled meager and untrimmed on a cheek and chin that in forty years had never felt a razor.

Some miles away in the direction in which he was looking the broadening sunlight had struck and brightened a single red lug-sail that, for all the eye could see, was coming across the green land on a dry keel. But the bayou, hidden in the tall rushes, was its highway; for suddenly the canvas was black as it turned its shady side, and soon was red again as another change of direction caught the sunbeams upon its tense width and showed that, with much more wind out there than it would

* The "shaking prairie," "trembling prairie," or "*prairie tremblante*," is low, level, treeless delta land, having a top soil of vegetable mold overlying immense beds of quicksand.

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find by and by in here under the lee of the swamp, it was following the unseen meanderings of the stream. Presently it reached a more open space where a stretch of the water lay shining in the distant view. Here the boat itself came into sight, showed its bunch of some half-dozen passengers for a minute or two, and vanished again, leaving only its slanting red sail skimming nautilus-like over the vast breezy expanse.

Yet more than two hours later the boat's one blue-shirted, barefoot Sicilian sailor in red worsted cap had with one oar at the stern just turned her drifting form into the glassy calm by the railway station, tossed her anchor ashore, and was still busy with small matters of boat-keeping, while his five passengers clambered to the platform.

The place showed somewhat more movement now. The negro had long ago wound his line upon its crooked pole, gathered up his stiffened fishes from the bank, thrust them into the pockets of his shamelessly ragged trousers, and was gone to his hut in the underbrush. But the few amphibious households round about were passing out and in at the half-idle tasks of their slow daily life, and a young white man was bustling around, now into the station and now out again upon the platform, with authority in his frown and a pencil and two matches behind his ear. It was Monday. Two or three shabby negroes with broad, collapsed, glazed leather traveling-bags of the old carpet-sack pattern dragged their formless feet about, waiting to take the train for the next station to hire out there as rice harvesters, and one, with his back turned, leaned motionless against an open window gazing in upon the ticking telegraph instruments. A black woman in blue cotton gown, red-and-yellow Madras turban, and some sportsman's cast-off hunting-shoes, minus the shoe-strings, crouched against the wall. Beside her stood her shapely mulatto daughter, with head-covering of white cotton cloth, in which female instinct had discovered the lines of grace and disposed them after the folds of the Egyptian fellah head-dress. A portly white man, with decided polish in his commanding air, evidently a sugar-planter from the Mississippi "coast" ten miles northward, moved about in spurred boots, and put personal questions to the negroes, calling them "boys," and the mulattress, "girl."

The pot-hunter was still among them; or, rather, he had drawn apart from the rest and stood at the platform's far end, leaning on his gun, an innocent, wild-animal look in his restless eyes, and a slumberous agility revealed in his strong, supple loins. The station-agent went to him and with abrupt questions and assertions, to which the man replied in low, grave monosyllables, bought his game,— as he might have done two hours before, but — an Acadian can wait. There was some trouble to make exact change, and the agent, saying "Hold on, I 'll fix it," went into the station just as the group from the Sicilian's boat reached the platform. The agent came bustling out again with his eyes on his palm, counting small silver.

"Here!" But he spoke to the empty air. He glanced about with an offended frown.

"Achille!" There was no reply. He turned to one of the negroes: "Where 's that 'Cajun?" Nobody knew. Down where his canoe had lain tiny rillets of muddy water were still running into its imprint left in the mire; but canoe, dog, and man had vanished into the rank undergrowth of the swamp.

II. CLAUDE.

Of the party that had come in the Sicilian's boat four were men and one a young woman. She was pretty; so pretty, and of such restful sweetness of countenance, that the homespun garb, the brand-new creaking gaiters, and a hat that I dare not describe were nothing against her. Her large, soft, dark eyes, more sweetly but not less plainly than the attire, confessed her a denizen of the woods.

Not so the man who seemed to be her husband. His dress was rustic enough; and yet you would have seen at once that it was not the outward circumstance, but an inward singularity, that had made him and must always keep him a stranger to the ordinary ways of men. There was an emotional exaltation in his face as he hastily led his companions with military directness to the ticket window. Two others of the men were evidently father and son, the son barely twenty years of age, the parent certainly not twice as old; and the last of the group was a strong, sluggish man of years somewhat near, but under, fifty.

They bought but one ticket; but, as one may say, they all bought it, the youngest extricating its price with difficulty from the knotted corner of his red handkerchief, and the long, thin hand of the leader making the purchase, while the eyes of the others followed every movement with unconscious absorption.

The same unemotional attentiveness was in their forms as their slow feet drifted here and there always after the one leader, their eyes on his demonstrative hands, and their ears drinking in his discourse. He showed them the rails of the track, how smooth they were, how they rested on their cross-ties, and how they were spiked in place always the same

width apart. They crowded close about him at the telegraph window while he interpreted with unconscious originality the wonders of electricity. Their eyes rose slowly from the window up and out along the ascending wires to where they mounted the poles and eastward and westward leaped away sinking and rising from insulator to insulator. One of the party pointed at these green dots of glass and murmured a question, and the leader's wife laid her small hand softly upon his arm to check the energy of his utterance as he said, audibly to all on the platform, and with a strong French accent:

"They?—are there lest the heat of the telegraph fluid inflame the post-es!" He laid his own hand tenderly upon his wife's in response to its warning pressure, yet turned to the sugar-planter and asked:

"Sir, pardon; do I not explain truly?"

The planter, with restrained smile, was about to reply, when some one called, "There she comes!" and every eye was turned to the east.

"Truly!" exclaimed the inquirer, in a voice made rich with emotion. "Truly, she comes! She comes! The iron horse, though they call him 'she'!" He turned to the planter—"Ah! sir, why say they thus many or thus many horse-power, when truly"—his finger-tip pattered upon his temple—"truly it is mind-power!"

The planter, smiling decorously, turned away, and the speaker looked again down the long vacant track to where the small dark focus of every one's attention was growing on the sight. He spoke again, in lower voice but with larger emotion.

"Mind-power! thought-power! knowledge-power! learning and thinking power!" He caught his wife's arm. "See! see, Sidonie, my dear! See her enhancing in magnitude so fastly approaching!" As he spoke a puff of white vapor lifted from the object and spread out against the blue, the sunbeams turned it to silver and pearl, and a moment later came the far-away, long, wild scream of the locomotive.

"Retire!" exclaimed the husband, drawing back all his gazing companions at once. "Retire! retire! the whisttel is to signify warning to retire from too close the edge of the galérie! There! rest at this point. 'T is far enough. Now, each and all resolve to stand and shrink not whilst that iron mare, eating coal, drinking hot water, and spitting fire, shall seem, but falsely, threatening to come on the platform. Ah! Claude!" he cried to the youngest of the group, "now shall you behold what I have told you—that vast am-azement of civilize-ation anni-*high*-lating space and also time at the tune of twenty miles the hour!" He wheeled upon the planter—"Sir, do I exaggerate?"

"Forty miles," replied the planter; "sometimes fifty."

"Friends,—confirmated! more than twice-fold confirmated. Forty, sometimes fifty! Thou heardest it, Maximian Roussel! Not from me, but from the gentleman himself! Forty, sometimes fifty! Such the march, the forward march of civilize-ation!"

His words were cut short by the unearthly neigh of the engine. Sidonie smote herself backward against her husband.

"Nay, Sidonie, fear thou nothing! Remember, dear Sidonie, thy promise of self-control! Stand boldly still, St. Pierre; both father and son stand." The speaker was unheard. Hissing, clanging, thundering, and shaking the earth, the engine and train loomed up to the platform and stopped.

"Come!" cried Bonaventure Deschamps, "lose no moment, dear friends. Tide and time—even less the railroad—wait for nobody. Claude, remember; give your ticket of passage to none save the conductor only. 'T is print' in letter' of gold on front his cap—'Conductor'—Stop! he is here—Sir, this young man, inexperienced, is taking passage for—"

"Shoot him aboard," replied a uniformed man, and walked on without a pause. Claude moved toward the train. Bonaventure seized him by both arms.

"Claude St. Pierre! Claude, my boy; pride of Grande Pointe, second only with Sidonie, farewell!"

Tears leaped into the eyes of both. Bonaventure snatched Claude to his arms and kissed him. It was less than nothing to him that every eye on and off the train was on them. He relaxed his grasp. "Sidonie! tell him farewell!—ah! nay! shake not hands only! Kiss her, Claude! Kiss him, my own Sidonie, kiss him farewell!"

It was done. Claude blushed red, and Sidonie stepped back, wiping her eyes. Maximian moved into the void and smiling gave his hand to the young adventurer.

"Adjieu, Claude." He waved a hand awkwardly. "Teck care you'seff," and dropped the hand audibly against his thigh.

Claude's eye sought his father. St. Pierre pressed forward, laid his right hand upon his son's shoulder, and gazed into his face. His voice was low and husky. He smiled.

"Claude,"—tears rose in his eyes, but he swallowed them down,—"Claude,—my baby,"—and the flood came. The engine bell rang. The conductor gave the warning word, the youth leaped upon his father's neck, St. Pierre thrust him off, caught his two cheeks between fluttering palms and kissed him vio-

lently, the train moved, the young man leaped aboard, the blue uniforms disappeared, save one on the rear platform, the bell ceased, the gliding mass shrunk and dwindled away, the rails clicked more and more softly, the tearful group drew closer together as they gazed after the now unheard train, it melted to a point and disappeared, the stillness of forest and prairie fell again upon the place, the soaring sun shone down, and Claude St. Pierre was gone to seek his fortune.

III. THE TAVERN FIRESIDE.

I CALL to mind a certain wild, dark night in November. St. Pierre lay under his palmetto thatch in the forest behind Grande Pointe and could not sleep for listening to the wind and wondering where his son was, in that wild Texas norther. On the Mississippi a steamer, upward bound, that had whistled to land at Belmont, or Belle Alliance plantation, seemed to be staying there afraid to venture away. Miles southward beyond the river and the lands on that side, Lake des Allemands was combing with the tempest and hissing with the rain. Still farther away, on the little bayou and at the railway station in the edge of the swamp that we already know, and westward over the prairie where Claude had vanished into the world, all life was hidden and mute. And farther still, leagues and leagues away, the mad tempest was riding the white-caps in Berwick's Bay and Grande Lake, and yet beyond, beyond New Iberia, and up by Carancro, and around again by St. Martinville, Breaux Bridge, Grand Coteau, and Opelousas, and down once more across the prairies of Vermillion, the marshes about Côte Blanche Bay, and the islands in the Gulf, it came bounding, screaming, and buffeting. And all the way across that open sweep from Mermentau to Côte Gelée it was tearing the rain to mist and freezing it wherever it fell, only lulling and warming a little about Joseph Jefferson's Island, as if that prank were too mean a trick to play upon his orange-groves.

In Vermillionville the wind came around every corner piercing and pinching to the bone. The walking was slippery; and though it was still early bed-time and the ruddy lamplight filled the wet panes of some window every here and there, scarce a soul was stirring without, on horse or afoot, to be guided by its kindly glow.

At the corner of two streets quite away from the court-house square, a white frame tavern, with a wooden Greek porch filling its whole two-story front and a balcony built within the porch at the second story windows in oddest fashion, was glowing with hospitable firelight. It was not nearly the largest inn of the place, nor the oldest, nor the newest, nor the most accessible. There was no clink of glass there. Yet in this, only third year of its present management, it was the place where those who knew best always put up.

Around the waiting-room fire this evening sat a goodly semicircle of men,— commercial travelers. Some of them were quite dry and comfortable and wore an air of superior fortune over others whose shoes and lower garments sent out more or less steam and odor toward the open fire-place. Several were smoking. One who neither smoked nor steamed stood with his back to the fire and the skirts of his coat lifted forward on his wrists. He was a rather short, slight, nervy man, about thirty years of age, with a wide pink baldness running so far back from his prominent temples and forehead that when he tipped his face toward the blue joists overhead, enjoying the fatigue of a well-filled day, his polished skull sent back the firelight brilliantly. There was a light skirmish of conversation going on in which he took no part. No one seemed really acquainted with another. Presently a man sitting next on the left of him put away a quill toothpick in his watch-pocket, looked up into the face of the standing man, and said, with a faint smile:

"That job 's done!"

With friendly gravity the other looked down and replied, "I never use a quill toothpick."

"Yes," said the one who sat, "it 's bad. Still, I do it."

"Nothing," continued the other,—"nothing harder than a sharpened white-pine match should ever go between the teeth. Brush thoroughly but not violently once or twice daily with a moderately stiff brush dipped in soft water into which has been dropped a few drops of the tincture of myrrh. A brush of badger's hair is best. If tartar accumulates, have it removed by a dentist. Do not bite thread or crack nuts with the teeth, or use the teeth for other purposes than those for which nature designed them." He bent toward his hearer with a smile of irresistible sweetness, drew his lips away from his gums, snapped his teeth together loudly twice or thrice, and smiled again, modestly. The other man sought defense in buoyancy of manner.

"Right you are!" he chirruped. He reached up to his adviser's blue-and-crimson neck-scarf and laid his finger and thumb upon a large, solitary pear-shaped pearl. "You 're like me; you believe in the real thing."

"I do," said the pearl's owner; "and I like people that like the real thing. A pearl of the first water *is* real. There 's no sham there; no deception — except the iridescence, which is,

as you doubtless know, an optical illusion attributable to the intervention of rays of light reflected from microscopic corrugations of the nacrous surface. But for that our eye is to blame, not the pearl. See?"

The seated man did not reply; but another man on the speaker's right, a large man, widest at the waist, leaned across the arm of his chair to scrutinize the jewel. Its owner turned his throat for the inspection, despite a certain grumness and crocodilian aggressiveness in the man's interest.

"I like a diamond, myself," said the new on-looker, dropped back in his chair, and met the eyes of the pearl's owner with a heavy glance.

"Tastes differ," kindly responded the wearer of the pearl. "Are you acquainted with the language of gems?"

The big-waisted man gave a negative grunt and spat bravely into the fire. "Did n't know gems could talk," he said.

"They do not talk, they speak," responded their serene interpreter. The company in general noticed that, with all his amiability of tone and manner, his mild eyes held the big-waisted man with an uncomfortable steadiness. "They speak not to the ear, but to the eye and to the thought:

> "'Thought is deeper than all speech;
> Feeling deeper than all thought;
> Souls to souls can never teach
> What unto themselves was taught.'"

The speaker's victim writhed, but the riveted gaze and an uplifted finger pinioned him. "You should know — every one should know — the language of gems. There is a language of flowers:

> "'To me the humblest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears.'

But the language of gems is as much more important than that of flowers as the imperishable gem is itself more enduring than the withering, the evanescent blossom. A gentleman may not with safety present to a lady a gem of whose accompanying sentiment he is ignorant. But with the language of gems understood between them, how could a sentiment be more exquisitely or more acceptably expressed than by the gift of a costly gem uttering that sentiment with an unspoken eloquence! Did you but know the language of gems your choice would not be the diamond. 'Diamond me no diamonds,' emblems of pride —

> "'Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of humankind pass by.'

"Your choice would have been the pearl, symbol of modest loveliness.

> "'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear'—
> 'Orient pearls at random strung'—
> 'Fold, little trembler, thy fluttering wing,
> Freely partake of love's fathomless spring.
> So hallowed thy presence, the spirit within
> Hath whispered, "the angels protect thee from sin."'"

The speaker ceased, with his glance hovering caressingly over the little trembler with fluttering wing, that is, the big-waisted man. The company sat in listening expectancy, and the big-waisted man, whose eyes had long ago sought refuge in the fire, lifted them and said, satirically, "Go on," at the same time trying to buy his way out with a smile.

"It 's your turn," quickly responded the jewel's owner, with something droll in his manner that made the company laugh at the other's expense. The big-waisted man kindled, then smiled again, and said:

"Was that emblem of modest loveliness give' to your symbolically, or did you present it to yourself?"

"I took it for a debt," replied the wearer, bowing joyously.

"Ah!" said the other. "Well, I s'pose it was either that or her furniture?"

"Thanks, yes." There was a pause, and then the pearl's owner spoke on. "Strange fact. That was years ago. And yet —" he fondled his gem with thumb and finger and tender glance — "you 're the first man I 've met to whom I could sincerely and symbolically present it, and you don't want it. I 'm sorry."

"I see," said the big-waisted man, glaring at him.

"So do I," responded the pearl's owner. A smile went round, and the company sat looking into the fire. Outside the wind growled and scolded, shook and slapped the house, and thrashed it with the rain. A man sitting against the chimney said:

"If this storm keeps on six hours longer I reduce my estimate of the cotton crop sixty-five thousand bales." But no one responded; and as the importance died out of his face he dropped his gaze into the fire with a pretense of deep meditation. Presently another, a good-looking young fellow, said:

"Well, gents, I never cared much for jewelry. But I like a nice scarf-pin; it 's nobby. And I like a handsome seal-ring." He drew one from a rather chubby finger, and passed it to his next neighbor, following it with his eyes, and adding: "That 's said to be a real intaglio. But — now, one thing I don't like, that 's to see a lady wear a quantity of diamond rings outside of her glove, and heavy gold chains, and —" He was interrupted. A long man, with legs stiffened out to the fire, lifted a

cigar between two fingers, sent a soft jet of smoke into the air, and began monotonously:

"'Chains on a Southern woman? Chains?'

I know the lady that wrote that piece." He suddenly gathered himself up for some large effort. "I can't recite it as she used to, but—" And to the joy of all he was interrupted.

"Gentlemen," said one, throwing a cigarette stump into the fire, "that brings up the subject of the war. By the by, do you know what that war cost the Government of the United States?" He glanced from one to another until his eye reached the wearer of the pearl, who stood, now, with the jewel glistening in the firelight, and who promptly said:

"Yes; how much?"

"Well," said the first questioner with sudden caution, "I may be mistaken, but I 've heard that it cost six — I think they say six — billion dollars. Did n't it?"

"It did," replied the other, with a smile of friendly commendation; "it cost six billion, one hundred and eighty-nine million, nine hundred and twenty-nine thousand, nine hundred and eight dollars. The largest item is interest: one billion, seven hundred and one million, two hundred and fifty-six thousand, one hundred and ninety-eight dollars, forty-two cents. The next largest, the pay of troops; the next, clothing the army. If there 's any item of the war's expenses you would like to know, ask me. Capturing president Confederate States — ninety-seven thousand and thirty-one dollars, three cents." The speaker's manner grew almost gay. The other smiled defensively and responded:

"You 've got a good memory for sta-stistics. I have n't; and yet I always did like sta-stistics. I 'm no sta-stitian, and yet if I had the time sta-stistics would be my favorite study; I s'pose it 's yours."

The wearer of the pearl shook his head. "No. But I like it. I like the style of mind that likes it." The two bowed with playful graciousness to each other. "Yes, I do. And I 've studied it, some little. I can tell you the best time of every celebrated trotter in this country; the quickest trip a steamer ever made between Queenstown and New York, New York and Queenstown, New Orleans and New York; the greatest speed ever made on a railroad or by a yacht, pedestrian, carrier-pigeon, or defaulting cashier; the rate of postage to every foreign country; the excess of women over men in every State of the Union so afflicted — or blessed, according to how you look at it; the numbers of volumes in each of the world's ten largest libraries; the salary of every officer of the United States Government; the average duration of life in a man, elephant, lion, horse, anaconda, tortoise, camel, rabbit, ass, etcetera, etcetera; the age of every crowned head in Europe; each State's legal and commercial rate of interest; and how long it takes a healthy boy to digest apples, baked beans, cabbage, dates, eggs, fish, green corn, h, i, j, k, l-m-n-o-p, quinces, rice, shrimps, tripe, veal, yams, and anything you can cook commencing with z. It 's a fascinating study. But it 's not my favorite.

"'The proper study of mankind is man.'

. . . . . .

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!'

"I love to study human nature. That 's my favorite study! The art of reading the inner human nature by the outer aspect is of immeasurable interest and boundless practical value, and the man who can practice it skillfully and apply it sagaciously is on the high road to fortune, and why? Because to know it thoroughly is to know whom to trust and how far; to select wisely a friend, a confidant, a partner in any enterprise; to shun the untrustworthy, to anticipate and turn to our personal advantage the merits, faults, and deficiencies of all, and to evolve from their character such practical results as we may choose for our own ends; but a thorough knowledge is attained only by incessant observation and long practice; like music, it demands a special talent possessed by different individuals in variable quantity or not at all. You, gentlemen, all are, what I am not, commercial tourists. Before you I must be modest. You, each of you, have been chosen from surrounding hundreds or thousands for your superior ability, natural or acquired, to scan the human face and form and know whereof you see. I look you in the eye — you look me in the eye — for the eye, though it does not tell all, tells much — it is the key of character — it has been called the mirror of the soul —

"'And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.'

And so looking you read me. You say to yourself, 'There 's a man with no concealments, yet who speaks not till he 's spoken to; knows when to stop, and stops.' You note my pale eyebrows, my slightly prominent and pointed chin, somewhat oversized mouth; small, well-spread ears, faintly aquiline nose; fine, thin, blonde hair, a depression in the skull where the bump of self-conceit ought to be, and you say, 'A man that knows his talents without being vain of them; who not only minds his own business, but loves it, and who in that business, be it buggy-whips or be it washine, or be it something far nobler,'— which, let me

say modestly, it is,—'simply goes head and stays there.' Yes, sirs, if I say that reading the human countenance is one of my accomplishments, I am diffidently mindful that in this company, I, myself, am read, perused; no other probably so well read — I mean so exhaustively perused. For there is one thing about me, gentlemen, if you 'll allow me to say it, I 'm short meter, large print, and open to the public seven days in the week. And yet you probably all made one mistake about me: you take me for the alumni of some university. Not so. I 'm a self-made man. I made myself; and considering that I 'm the first man I ever made, I think — pardon the seeming egotism — I think I 've done well. A few years ago there dwelt in humble obscurity among the granite hills of New England, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow upon his father's farm, a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. But one day a voice within him said, 'Tarbox,'— George W.,— namesake of the man who never told a lie,—'do you want to succeed in life? Then leave the production of tobacco and cider to unambitious age and find that business wherein you can always give a man ten times as much for his dollar as his dollar is worth.' The meaning was plain, and from that time forth young Tarbox aspired to become a book-agent. 'T was not long ere he, like

"'Young Harry Bluff, left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land, o'er the wide world to roam.'

Books became his line, and full soon he was the head of the line. And why? Was it because in the first short twelve months of his career he sold, delivered, and got the money for, 5107 copies of 'Mend-me-at-Home'? No. Was it, then, because three years later he sold in one year, with no other assistance than a man to drive the horse and wagon, hold the blackboard, and hand out the books, 10,003 copies of 'Rapid 'Rithmetic'? It was not. Was it, then, because in 1878, reading aright the public mind, he said to his publishers, whose confidence in him was unbounded, 'It ain't "Mend-me-at-Home" the people want most, nor "Rapid 'Rithmetic," nor "Heal Thyself," nor "I meet the Emergency," nor the "Bouquet of Poetry and Song." What they want is all these in one.' 'Abridged?' said the publishers. 'Enlarged!' said young Tarbox,— 'enlarged and copiously illustrated, complete in one volume, price, cloth, three dollars, sheep four, half morocco, gilt edges, five; real value to the subscriber, two hundred and fifty; title, "The Album of Universal Information; author, G. W. Tarbox; editor, G. W. T.; agent for the United States, the Canadas, and Mexico, G. W. Tarbox," that is to say, myself.' That, gentlemen, is the reason I stand at the head of my line; not merely because on every copy sold I make an author's as well as a solicitor's margin; but because, being the author, I know whereof I sell. A man that 's got my book has got a college education; and when a man taps me,— for, gentlemen, I never spout until I 'm tapped,— and information bursts from me like water from a street hydrant, and he comes to find out that everything I tell is in that wonderful book, and that everything that is in that wonderful book I can tell, he wants to own a copy; and when I tell him I can't spare my sample copy, but I 'll take his subscription, he smiles gratefully —"

A cold, wet blast, rushing into the room from the hall, betrayed the opening of the front door. The door was shut again, and a well-formed, muscular young man who had entered stood in the parlor doorway lifting his hat from his head, shaking the rain from it, and looking at it with amused diffidence. Mr. Tarbox turned about once more with his back to the fire, gave the figure a quick glance of scrutiny, then a second and longer one, and then dropped his eyes to the floor. The big-waisted man shifted his chair, tipped it back, and said:

"He smiles gratefully, you say?"

"Yes."

"And subscribes?"

"If he 's got any sense." Mr. Tarbox replied in a preoccupied tone, his eyes on the young man who still stood in the door. This person must have reached the house in some covered conveyance. Even his boot-tops were dry or nearly so. He was rather pleasing to see; of good stature, his clothing cheap. A dark-blue flannel sack of the ready-made sort hung on him not too well. Light as the garment was, he showed no sign that he felt the penetrating cold out of which he had just come. His throat and beardless face had the good brown of outdoor life, his broad chest strained the two buttons of his sack, his head was well-poised, his feet were shapely, and but for somewhat too much roundness about the shoulder-blades, noticeable in the side view as he carefully stood a long, queer package that was not buggy-whips against the hat-rack, it would have been fair to pronounce him an athlete.

The eyes of the fireside group were turned toward him; but not upon him. They rested on a girl of sixteen who had come down the hall and was standing before the new-comer just beyond the door. The registry-book was just there on a desk in the hall. She stood with a freshly dipped pen in her hand, ignoring the gaze from the fireside with a faintly overdone calmness of face. The new guest came forward and, in a manner that showed

slender acquaintance with the operation, slowly registered his name and address.

He did it with such painstaking, that, upside down as the writing was, she read it as he wrote. As the Christian name appeared, her perfunctory glance became attention. As the surname followed, the attention became interest and recognition. And as the address was added, Mr. Tarbox detected pleasure dancing behind the long fringe of her discreet eyes, and marked their stolen glance of quick inspection upon the short, dark locks and strong young form still bent over the last strokes of the writing. But when he straightened up, carefully shut the book, and fixed his brown eyes upon hers in guileless expectation of instructions, he saw nothing to indicate that he was not the entire stranger that she was to him.

"You done had sopper?" she asked. The uncommon kindness of such a question at such an hour of a tavern's evening was lost on the young man's obvious inexperience, and as one schooled to the haphazard of forest and field he merely replied:

"Naw, I didn' had any."

The girl turned — what a wealth of black hair she had! — and disappeared as she moved away along the hall. Her voice was heard: "Mamma?" Then there was a silence of an unheard consultation. The young man moved a step or two into the parlor and returned toward the door as a light double foot-fall approached again down the hall and the girl appeared once more, somewhat preceded by a small, tired-looking, pretty woman some thirty-five years of age, of slow, self-contained movement and clear, meditative eyes.

But the guest, too, had been reënforced. A man had come silently from the fireside, taken his hand, and now, near the doorway, was softly shaking it and smiling. Surprise, pleasure, and reverential regard were mingled in the young man's face, and his open mouth was gasping —

"Mister Tarbox!"

"Claude St. Pierre, after six years, I 'm glad to see you. Madame, take good care of Claude. No fear but she will, my boy; if anybody in Louisiana knows how to take care of a traveler, it's Madame Beausoleil." He smiled for all. The daughter's large black eyes danced, but the mother asked Claude, with unmoved countenance and soft tone:

"You are Claude St. Pierre? — from Gran' Point'?"

"Yass."

"Dass lately since you left yondah?"

"About two month'."

"Bonaventure Deschamps — he was well?"

"Yass." Claude's eyes were full of a glad surprise and asked a question that his lips did not dare to venture upon. Madame Beausoleil read it, and she said:

"We was raise' together, Bonaventure and me." She waved her hand toward her daughter. "He teach her to read. Seet down to the fire; we make you some sopper."

IV. MARGUERITE.

Out in the kitchen, while the coffee was dripping and the ham and eggs frying, the mother was very silent, and the daughter said little, but followed her now and then with furtive liftings of her young black eyes. Marguerite remembered Bonaventure Deschamps well and lovingly. For years she had seen the letters that at long intervals came from him at Grande Pointe to her mother here. In almost every one of them she had read high praises of Claude. He had grown, thus, to be the hero of her imagination. She had wondered if it could ever happen that he would come within her sight, and if so, when, where, how. And now, here at a time of all times when it would have seemed least possible, he had, as it were, rained down.

She wondered to-night, with more definiteness of thought than ever before, what were the deep feelings which her reticent little mother — Marguerite was an inch the taller — kept hid in that dear breast. Rarely had emotion moved it. She remembered its terrible heavings at the time of her father's death, and the later silent downpour of tears when her only sister and brother were taken in one day. Since then, those eyes had rarely been wet; yet more than once or twice she had seen tears in them when they were reading a letter from Grande Pointe. Had her mother ever had something more than a sister's love for Bonaventure? Had Bonaventure loved her? And when? Before her marriage, or after her widowhood?

The only answer that came to her as she now stood, knife in hand, by the griddle was a roar of laughter that found its way through the hall, the dining-room, and two closed doors from the men about the waiting-room fireside. That was the third time she had heard it. What could have put them so soon into such gay mood? Could it be Claude? Somehow she hoped it was not. Her mother reminded her that the batter-cakes would burn. She quickly turned them. The laugh came again. When by and by she went to bid Claude to his repast, the laughter, as she reached the door of the waiting-room, burst upon her as the storm would have done had she opened the front door. It came from all but Claude and Mr. Tarbox. Claude sat with a knee in his hands, smiling. The semicircle had widened

out from the fire, and in the midst Mr. Tarbox stood telling a story, of which Grande Pointe was the scene, Bonaventure Deschamps the hero, a school examination the circumstance, and he, G. W., the accidental arbiter of destinies that hung upon its results. The big-waisted man had retired for the night, and half an eye could see that the story-teller had captivated the whole remaining audience. He was just at the end as Marguerite reappeared at the door. The laugh suddenly ceased, and then all rose: it was high bed-time.

"And did they get married?" asked one. Three or four gathered close to hear the answer.

"Who; Sidonie and Bonaventure? Yes. I did n't stay to see. I went away into Mississippi, Tennessee, and Alabama, and just only a few weeks ago took a notion to try this Attakapas and Opelousas region. But that 's what Claude tells me to-night — married more than five years ago. Claude, your supper wants you. Want me to go out and sit with you? Oh, no trouble! not the slightest! It will make me feel as if I was nearer to Bonaventure."

And so the group about Claude's late supper numbered four. And because each had known Bonaventure, though each in a very different way from any other, they were four friends when Claude had demolished the ham and eggs, the strong black coffee, and the griddle-cakes and sirop-de-battarie.

At the top of the hall stairway, as Mr. Tarbox was on his way to bed, one of the dispersed fireside circle stopped him, saying:

"That 's an awful good story!"

"I would n't try a poor one on you."

"Oh! — but really, now, in good earnest, it is good. It 's good in more ways than one. Now, you know, that man, hid away there in the swamp at Grande Pointe, he little thinks that six or eight men away off here in Vermillionville are going to bed to-night better men — that 's it, sir — yes, sir, that 's it — yes, sir! — better men — just for having heard of him!"

Mr. Tarbox smiled with affectionate approval and began to move away; but the other put out a hand —

"Say, look here; I 'm going away on that two o'clock train to-night. I want that book of yours. And I don't want to subscribe and wait. I want the book now. That 's my way. I 'm just that kind of a man; I 'm the nowest man you ever met up with. That book 's just the kind of thing for a man like me who ain't got no time to go exhaustively delving and investigating and researching into things, and yet has got to keep as sharp as a brier."

Mr. Tarbox, on looking into his baggage, found he could oblige this person. Before night fell again he had done virtually the same thing, one by one, for all the rest. By that time they were all gone; but Mr. Tarbox made Vermillionville his base of operations for several days.

Claude also tarried. For reasons presently to appear, the "ladies' parlor," a small room behind the waiting-room, with just one door, which let into the hall at its inner end, was given up to his use; and of evenings not only Mr. Tarbox, but Marguerite and her mother as well, met with him, gathering familiarly about a lamp that other male lodgers were not invited to hover around.

The group was not idle. Mr. Tarbox held big hanks of blue and yellow yarn, which Zoséphine wound off into balls. A square table quite filled the center of the room. There was a confusion of objects on it, and now on one side and now on another Claude leaned over it and slowly toiled, from morning until evening alone, and in the evening with these three about him; Marguerite, with her sewing dropped upon the floor, watching his work with an interest almost wholly silent, only making now and then a murmured comment, her eyes passing at intervals from his preoccupied eyes to his hands, and her hand now and then guessing and supplying his want as he looked for one thing or another that had got out of sight. What was he doing?

As to Marguerite, more than he was aware of. Zoséphine Beausoleil saw, and was already casting about somewhat anxiously in her mind to think what, if anything, ought to be done about it. She saw her child's sewing lie forgotten on the floor, and the eyes that should have been following the needle, fixed often on the absorbed, unconscious, boyish-manly face so near by. She saw them scanning the bent brows, the smooth, bronzed cheek, the purposeful mouth, and the unusual length of dark eyelashes that gave its charm to the whole face; and she saw them quickly withdrawn whenever the face with those lashes was lifted and an unsuspecting smile of young companionship broke slowly about the relaxing lips and the soft, deep-curtained eyes. No; Claude little knew what he was doing. Neither did Marguerite. But, aside from her, what was his occupation? I will explain.

About five weeks earlier than this a passenger on an eastward bound train of Morgan's Louisiana and Texas railway stood at the rear door of the last coach, eying critically the track as it glided swiftly from under the train and shrank perpetually into the west. The coach was nearly empty. No one was near him save the brakeman, and by and by he took his attention from the track and let it rest on this person. There he found a singular attraction. Had he seen that face before,

or why did it provoke vague reminiscences of great cypresses overhead, and deep-shaded leafy distances with bayous winding out of sight through them, and canebrakes impenetrable to the eye, and axe-strokes — heard but unseen — slashing through them only a few feet away? Suddenly he knew.

"Was n't it your father," he said, "who was my guide up Bayou des Acadiens and Blind River the time I made the survey in that big swamp north of Grande Pointe? Is n't your name Claude St. Pierre?" And presently they were acquainted.

"You know I took a great fancy to your father. And you 've been clear through the arithmetic twice? Why, see here; you 're just the sort of man I — Look here; don't you want to learn to be a surveyor?" The questioner saw that same ambition that had pleased him so in the father leap for joy in the son's eyes.

An agreement was quickly reached. The surveyor wandered into another coach, and nothing more passed between them that day save one matter, which, though trivial, has its place. When the surveyor returned to the rear train Claude was in a corner seat gazing pensively through the window and out across the wide, backward-flying, purpling green canefields of St. Mary to where on the far left the live-oaks of Bayou Teche seemed hoveringly to follow on the flank of their whooping and swaggering railway train. Claude turned and met the stranger's regard with a faint smile. His new friend spoke first.

"Matters may turn out so that we can have your father — "

Claude's eyes answered with a glad flash. "Dass what I was t'inkin'!" he said, with a soft glow that staid even when he fell again into reverie.

But when the engineer — for it seems that he was an engineer, chief of a party engaged in redeeming some extensive waste swamp and marsh lands — when the chief engineer, on the third day afterward, drew near the place where he suddenly recollected Claude would be waiting to enter his service, and recalled this part of their previous interview, he said to himself, "No, it would be good for the father, but not best for the son," and fell to thinking how often parents are called upon to wrench their affections down into cruel bounds to make the foundations of their children's prosperity.

Claude widened to his new experience with the rapidity of something hatched out of a shell. Moreover, accident was in his favor; the party was short-handed in its upper ranks, and Claude found himself by this stress taken into larger and larger tasks as fast as he could, though ever so crudely, qualify for them.

"'T is n't at all the best thing for you," said one of the surveyors, "but I 'll lend you some books that will teach you the why as well as the how."

In the use of these books by lantern-light certain skill with the pen showed itself; and when at length one day a dispatch reached camp from the absent "chief" stating that in two or three days certain matters would take him to Vermillionville, and ordering that some one be sent at once with all necessary field notes and appliances and give his undivided time to the making of certain urgently needed maps, and the only real draughtsman of the party was ill with swamp-fever, Claude was sent.

On his last half-day's journey toward the place, he had fallen in with an old gentleman whom others called "Governor," a tall, trim figure, bent but little under fourscore years, with cheerful voice and ready speech, and eyes hidden behind dark glasses and flickering in their deep sockets.

"Go to Madame Beausoleil's," he advised Claude. "That is the place for you. Excellent person; I 've known her from childhood; a woman worthy a higher station." And so, all by accident, chance upon chance, here was Claude making maps, and this delightful work, he thought, was really all he was doing, in Zoséphine's little inner parlor.

By and by it was done. The engineer had not yet arrived. The storm had delayed work in one place and undone work in another, and he was detained beyond expectation. But a letter said he would come in a day or two more, and some maps of earlier surveys, drawn by skilled workmen in great New Orleans, arrived; seeing which, Claude blushed for his own and fell to work to make them over.

"If at first you not succeed," said Claude, "Try — try aga-a-ain," responded Marguerite; "Bonaventure learn me that poetry; and you?"

"Yass," said Claude. He stood looking down at his work and not seeing it. What he saw was Grande Pointe in the sunset hour of a spring day six years gone, the wet, spongy margin of a tiny bayou under his feet, the great swamp at his back, the leafy undergrowth all around; his canoe and paddle waiting for him, and Bonaventure repeating to him — swamp urchin of fourteen — the costliest words of kindness — to both of them the costliest — that he had ever heard, ending with these two that Marguerite had spoken. As he resumed his work, he said, without lifting his eyes:

"Seem' to me 'f I could make myself like any man in dat whole worl', I radder make myself like Bonaventure. And you?"

She was so slow to answer that he looked at her. Even then she merely kept on sweeping her fingers slowly and idly back and forth on the table, and, glancing down upon them, said without enthusiasm: "Yass."

Yet they both loved Bonaventure, each according to knowledge of him. Nor did their common likings stop with him. The things he had taught Claude to love and seek suddenly became the admiration of Marguerite. Aspirations — aspirations! — began to stir and hum in her young heart, and to pour forth like waking bees in the warm presence of spring. Claude was a new interpretation of life to her; as one caught abed by the first sunrise at sea, her whole spirit leaped, with unmeasured self-reproach into fresh garments and to a new and beautiful stature, and looked out upon a wider heaven and earth than ever it had seen or desired to see before. All at once the life was more than meat and the body than raiment. Presently she sprang to action. In the convent school, whose white belfry you could see from the end of Madame Beausoleil's balcony, whither Zoséphine had sent her after teaching her all she herself knew, it had been "the mind for knowledge"; now it was "knowledge for the mind." Mental training and enrichment had a value, now, never before dreamed of. The old school-books were got down, recalled from banishment. Nothing ever had been hard to learn, and now she found that all she seemed to have forgotten merely required, like the books, a little beating clear of dust.

And Claude was there to help. "If C" —— C! —— "having a start of one hundred miles, travels" — so and so, and so and so, — "how fast must I travel in order to" — etc. She cannot work the problem for thinking of what it symbolizes. As C himself takes the slate, her dark eyes, lifted an instant to his, are large with painful meaning, for she sees at a glance she must travel — if the arithmetical is the true answer — more than the whole distance now between them. But Claude says there is an easy way. She draws her chair closer and closer to his; he bows over the problem, and she cannot follow his pencil without bending her head very close to his — closer — closer — until fluffy bits of her black hair touch the thick locks on his temples. Look to your child, Zoséphine Beausoleil, look to her! Ah! she can look; but what can she do?

She saw the whole matter; saw more than merely an unripe girl smitten with the bright smile, goodly frame, and bewitching eyes of a promising young rustic; saw her heart ennobled, her nature enlarged, and all the best motives of life suddenly illuminated by the presence of one to be mated with whom promised the key-note of all harmonies; promised heart-fellowship in the ever-hoping effort to lift poor daily existence higher and higher out of the dust and into the light. What could she say? If great spirits in men or maidens went always or only with high fortune, a mere Acadian lass, a tavern maiden, were safe enough, come one fate or another. If Marguerite were like many a girl in high ranks and low, to whom any husband were a husband, any snug roof a home, and any living life — But what may a maiden do, or a mother bid her do, when she looks upon the youth so shaped without and within to her young soul's belief in its wants that all other men are but beasts of the field and creeping things, and he alone Adam? To whom could the widow turn? Father, mother? — Gone to their rest. The curé who had stood over her in baptism, marriage, and bereavement? — Called long ago to higher dignities and wider usefulness in distant fields. O for the presence and counsel of Bonaventure! It is true, here was Mr. Tarbox, so kind and so replete with information; so shrewd and so ready to advise. She spurned the thought of leaning on him; and yet the oft-spurned thought as often returned. Already his generous interest had explored her pecuniary affairs, and his suggestions, too good to be ignored, had molded them into better shape, and enlarged their net results. And he could tell how many 8-oz. tacks make a pound, and what electricity is, and could cure a wart in ten minutes, and recite "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" And this evening, the seventh since the storm, when for one weak moment she had allowed the conversation to drift toward wedlock, he had stated a woman's chances of marrying between the ages of fifteen and twenty; to wit: 14½ per cent.; and between thirty and thirty-five, 15½.

"Hah!" exclaimed Zoséphine, her eyes flashing as they had not done in many a day, "'t is not dat way! — not in Opelousas!"

"Arithmetically speaking!" the statistician quickly explained. He ventured to lay a forefinger on the back of her hand, but one glance of her eye removed it. "You see, that 's merely arithmetically considered. Now, of course, look at it geographically — why, of course! And — why, as to that, there are ladies — "

Madame Beausoleil rose, left Mr. Tarbox holding the yarn, and went down the hall, whose outer door had opened and shut. A moment later she entered the room again.

"Claude!"

Marguerite's heart sank. Her guess was right: the chief engineer had come. And early in the morning Claude was gone.

(To be continued.)

George W. Cable.

SUGAR-MAKING IN LOUISIANA.



HE beginnings of the sugar industry in Louisiana are somewhat obscure. Even Gayarré fails to trace them definitely in his faithful and picturesque history of the State. There is a tradition that the Jesuit Fathers introduced the cane from San Domingo in 1751 and planted it on ground now occupied by the banks and chief commercial houses of New Orleans, just north of Canal street. The juicy plant was afterwards cultivated in a small way for syrup, but attempts to make sugar were not successful down to 1795. No dependence could be placed on the juice to granulate, and after numerous experiments had failed, the planters came to the discouraging conclusion that the climate of the Mississippi delta had an unfavorable influence on the cane. The man who finally dispelled this delusion and showed the way to the development of sugar-making into a great industry on the rich lowlands of Louisiana was Etienne de Boré. A striking character was this De Boré. He was born in what was known in the last century as the Illinous district of Louisiana, a region with vague boundaries which embraced the whole valley of the upper Mississippi. When he was four years old his parents took him back to France, and growing there to manhood, he became a member of King Louis' mousquetaire guard, a royal household troop to which only nobles could belong, and in which every private soldier had the rank and pay of captain, while the commander was a lieutenant-general. Etienne de Boré might have continued to parade at Versailles until death or the revolution had cut him off, had he not fallen in love with a daughter of Destréhan, ex-treasurer of Louisiana. His wooing prospered, and he married the girl in 1771. She received as part of her dowry an estate described as lying on the left bank of the Mississippi six miles above New Orleans. The ground is now covered by the suburb of Carrollton and by the park in which were held the exhibitions of 1884–85 and 1885–86. Soon after his marriage the gallant mousquetaire put off his uniform, and leaving the gayeties of the court forever, took ship for America with his wife, and converted himself into a plain colonial planter struggling with the problem, then a life-and-death one for Louisiana, of finding some crop that could profitably be raised on the fat, reeking soil redeemed by embankments from the overflow of the great river. He tried indigo, like many others, and failed. Cotton did not thrive save on the then scarcely known uplands north of Red River; Indian corn furnished a bread-stuff for house use, but had no export value. De Boré saw his hopes blasted and his family threatened with poverty. In his extremity he determined to renew the abandoned effort to manufacture sugar. His wife warned him that her father had in former years experimented with the cane and failed; she begged him not to hazard the little they had left in a hopeless undertaking. His friends, too, croaked disaster. Fortunately, De Boré was no irresolute dreamer. Nothing could shake his determination. In 1794 he planted a small crop, and using all the canes for a second planting, in 1795 he actually made a quantity of sugar so large that he sold it for twelve thousand dollars.

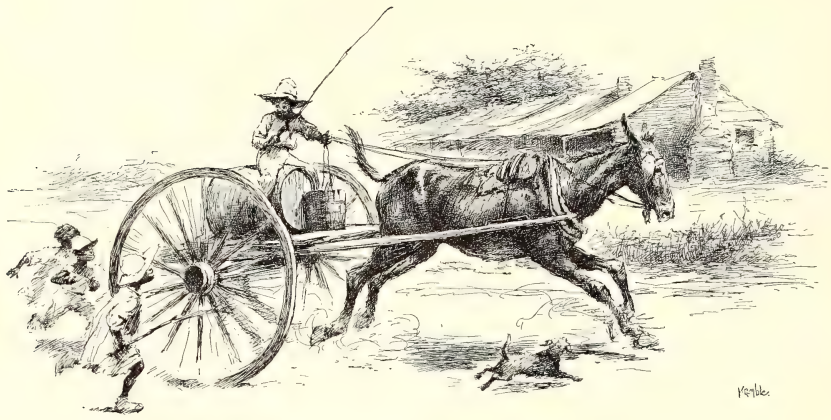
His grandson Charles Gayarré relates in his history of Louisiana that on the day when the grinding of the cane was to begin, large numbers of the most respectable inhabitants gathered at the sugar-house to witness the success or failure of the experiment. Would the syrup granulate? Would it be converted into sugar? "When the critical moment came," says Gayarré, "the stillness of death came among them, each one holding his breath and feeling that it was a matter of ruin or prosperity for them all. Suddenly the sugar-maker cried out with exultation, 'It granulates!' and the crowd repeated, 'It granulates!' Inside and outside of the building one could have heard the wonderful tidings flying from mouth to mouth, and dying in the distance, as if a hundred glad echoes were telling it to one another." A notable man indeed was this De Boré, the reader must agree, and well deserving of a place in history. When Governor Claiborne took possession of ceded Louisiana for the American Government, he appointed Captain De Boré mayor of New Orleans, as the best man to reconcile the Creole population with the new state of affairs.

Probably no important industry in this country — certainly none based directly upon the tillage of the soil — has suffered such vicissitudes as that of making sugar from the cane. The causes of these vicissitudes are two,—



A GANG-DRIVER.

first, the absolute dependence of the industry upon a protective tariff; and second, the fact that the total product of cane sugar in the United States is but a drop in the bucket of the aggregate sugar-product of the world. There is a small sugar district on the lower Brazos, in Texas, and a few plantations in Alabama and Florida, but the estimated product of all districts outside of Louisiana, is only 14,000,000 pounds a year. Now let us look



THE PLANTATION WATERING-CART.

Thus while subject to all the fluctuations of foreign markets, this product exercises no appreciable effect in determining prices. If the Louisiana crop should be a total failure this year, the price of sugar throughout the civilized world would not thereby be increased a fraction of a cent per pound. The Louisiana planter can look for no compensation for a short crop in higher prices. His contribution to the general demand for sweets is relatively a very small one. All the cane-sugar made in the United States during the year 1884 was 301,712,230 pounds, while we imported during the same year a total of 2,641,258,139 pounds. Thus the home cane-growers only supplied about one-ninth of the demand. If they should go out of the business at once by common accord, our grocers' bills would not apprise us of the change, for foreign sugars would immediately fill the gap in the market.

We Americans are the greatest sugar-eating people in the world, and our consumption is constantly increasing. It has almost doubled since 1867, and is now, including all kinds of sweets except glucose and honey, fifty-six pounds a year per capita of the population. Yet our domestic sugar-product is not increasing. It reached the highest point in 1861, and has never since approached the figures of that year. Let me say before we get further into the subject, that the Louisiana product of cane sugar is practically the national product. at the following table of the annual product of Louisiana in hogsheads, to get an idea of the great fluctuations the industry has undergone.

Crop of	*Hhds.*	*Crop of*	*Hhds.*
1884	170,431	1854	346,635
1883	221,515	1853	449,324
1882	241,220	1852	321,934
1881	122,982	1851	237,547
1880	218,314	1850	211,201
1879	169,972	1849	247,923
1878	213,221	1848	220,000
1877	127,753	1847	240,000
1876	169,331	1846	140,000
1875	144,146	1845	186,000
1874	116,867	1844	200,000
1873	89,498	1843	100,000
1872	108,520	1842	140,000
1871	128,461	1841	90,000
1870	144,881	1840	87,000
1869	87,090	1839	115,000
1868	84,256	1838	70,000
1867	37,647	1837	65,000
1866	41,000	1836	70,000
1865	18,070	1835	30,000
1864	10,387	1834	100,000
1863	76,800	1833	75,000
1862 (no data).		1832	70,000
1861	459,419	1829	48,000
1860	228,753	1828	88,000
1859	221,840	1827	71,000
1858	362,296	1826	45,000
1857	279,697	1825	30,000
1856	73,296	1824	32,000
1855	231,427	1823	30,000

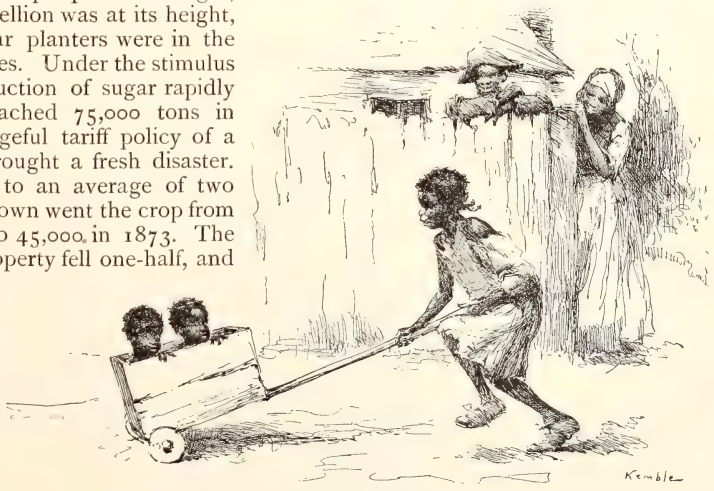
Some of the fluctuations observed in the above table were occasioned by unfavorable seasons; others by the effect of tariff legisla-

tion. It will be seen that there was on the whole a steady progress until 1833. This was due to the Clay Tariff of 1816, which levied a duty of 3 cents per pound on foreign sugars. In 1832 the duty was reduced to 2½ cents, and this blow was so severely felt that, of 700 plantations worked in 1833, 166 were abandoned during the ensuing 4 years' operation of the new tariff. The industry revived and enjoyed a period of great prosperity, which culminated in the Civil War. This period was the golden age of Louisiana, and the older people always speak of it with a sigh of regret. It was then that the Louisiana sugar-planters became the most cultivated, proud, and luxurious class in all the South. Their great white mansions, standing in groves of magnolias and orange-trees, on the shores of rivers and bayous, were the scenes of a lavishly generous hospitality. The wealth drawn from the soil by the slave labor under their control was poured into the lap of New Orleans with liberal hand, and made of that city a place of great commercial activities, and at the same time a social and intellectual capital whose influence was felt throughout the Gulf States.

The war changed all that. The slave-labor system, on which the sugar industry rested, was destroyed. Hostile armies ravaged the sugar districts. Houses were burned, mills destroyed, and the cane-fields grew up to weeds. In 1864 only five thousand tons of sugar were made in Louisiana. With the return of peace, however, the planters, always a peculiarly intelligent and enterprising class, courageously set to work to rebuild their broken fortunes. They were greatly aided by the tariff of 1864, by which Congress generously accorded a protective duty of three cents per pound on sugar, at a time when the rebellion was at its height, and nearly all the sugar planters were in the ranks of the rebel armies. Under the stimulus of this tariff, the production of sugar rapidly increased, until it reached 75,000 tons in 1870. Then the changeful tariff policy of a changeful Congress brought a fresh disaster. Down went the duty to an average of two cents per pound, and down went the crop from 75,000 tons in 1870 to 45,000 in 1873. The value of plantation property fell one-half, and two-thirds of the sugar commission houses of New Orleans went into bankruptcy.

In 1875 the duty was advanced to an average of 2½ cents, and the production increased to 110,000 tons in 1880, 120,000 in 1882, and 128,000 in 1884. But now arose a new menace to the much-vexed industry. The German Government stimulated the production of beet-sugar by a law which in effect gave a large bounty on all sugar exported. The beets were taxed at the rate of 16 marks per 1000 kilograms, and a drawback of 20.80 marks given on each 100 kilograms of sugar exported. Now, as 1000 kilograms of beets will produce 100 kilograms of sugar, the bounty on the sugar exported amounted to 4.80 marks per kilogram. An enormous increase of the German output resulted. It went up from 644,775 tons in 1881–82, to 1,150,000 tons in 1884–85. A very large part of this increased production was thrown upon the American market. Our importations of European beet-sugar in 1884 were double those of 1883, and twelvefold what they were in 1882. The price of sugar fell so low that the Louisiana planter, even with the 2½ cents duty in his favor, could only save himself from actual loss on his crop by practicing the closest economies in its production. Many of the Cuban planters were ruined. It is said that, after paying freight, brokerage, and other expenses connected with marketing their crops, there remained to the Cuban only about a cent a pound to meet the cost of producing it.

At the date this article is written (March, 1886) the situation is improving. A reaction has followed the artificial stimulus given to beet-sugar making by government bounties. Besides, the German law soon expires by limitation, and the beet-sugar producers will be thrown back upon the old law, not so favorable to exporting. In Louisiana the planters feel renewed confidence, believing that the



IN THE QUARTERS.



A PLANTER.

worst of their struggle with beet-sugar is over and that they have a fair chance for moderately profitable operations in future, if Congress will not diminish the advantage they now derive from the tariff.

The seeker after information concerning the cane-sugar industry in Louisiana is astonished at the outset of his researches by the significant fact that the acreage planted in cane has not increased during the past quarter of a century, but has, on the contrary, decreased. This is a statement that can be made of no other important agricultural crop produced in the United States. It cannot be said that it is due to the destruction of the system of slave labor, nor to any local peculiarity of climate or population. The cotton crop of the State has increased; so has the rice crop, which is cultivated on the same kind of land which grows the cane and in the same parishes. It is true that cane planting and grinding require a stricter and more systematic labor organization than raising cotton or rice, but experienced planters now get as good results per acre with free labor as they formerly did with slave. Mr. John Dymond, one of the largest planters in the State and one of the best-informed men on all matters concerning the sugar industry, says that Louisiana has the capacity economically to produce 500,000 tons of sugar a year, which is about four times her present production. Then why does not the annual product increase with the rapidly increasing consumption of sugar? The reason is that the sugar-planter stands on quite a different footing from the cotton-planter or the wheat-farmer. He must produce his staple in competition with the slave, coolie, peon, and other low grades of labor employed in its culture in other countries. He could not produce it at all save for the heavy tax on imported sugars levied by our tariff schedules. He can feel no certainty that this tax will not be varied to his serious detriment, if not to his absolute ruin, at any meeting of Congress. Consequently he is not willing to take the risk of opening new plantations or enlarging old ones. In fact he only continues in the business because he knows of no other way to utilize his fertile acres. Making sugar is his trade. He loves it and is unwilling to abandon it. Its very uncertainty has a fascination for him. Besides, it combines manufacturing with agriculture, and thus develops intellectual faculties not much called into play in ordinary farming. The planter must have the machinery and appliances for grinding the cane and converting the juice into sugar and molasses, and must understand their economical use. If he is unskillful, his product will not bring as much into one or two cents per pound as that of his skillful neighbor. To be successful he must also understand the management of labor, the purchase of supplies, the marketing of his product, and the diking and draining of his land. He must, therefore, be farmer, manufacturer, merchant, and civil engineer combined. I have said that the sugar-planters of Louisiana are a peculiarly intelligent class. They could not

be otherwise without going to the wall. It is not a business for dull, unprogressive men. These planters have an association which supports an experimental farm, where new varieties of cane are raised, new machinery tried, and the best scientific knowledge put into practice. They are a force in the politics of the State strong enough to defeat, recently, for reëlection a United States senator, because he was willing to uphold the sugar tariff as a revenue tariff only, and not as a tariff based on the principle of protection. The planters saw that if there was to be no principle of national policy underlying the sugar duty they were liable at any time to be ruined by the reduction of the duty to a point where it would yield the most revenue. Evidently, they said, the duty would produce more money to the Treasury if placed just below the figure which would enable the Louisiana planter to compete with foreign sugars.

The reader who has no interest in sugar other than as a consumer, will, I apprehend, be ready by this time to ask whether it is worth while to maintain by a high protective tariff an industry not indigenous and not capable, after nearly a hundred years of existence, of standing alone. Now let us hear the planter's argument for a protective tariff on his product. First, he says that cane-growing is not a forced and unnatural industry. The cane is not indigenous in this country, but neither is wheat nor oats nor cotton. There is no greater danger of frost injuring the cane crop of Louisiana than there is of its injuring the corn crop of Illinois. After a century of cultivation the cane may well claim to be a fully naturalized crop. Second, he argues that no tax by which money is raised to support the Federal Government is fairer or less onerous than the tariff on sugar. The rich use the most sugar and thus pay the heaviest tax per capita, but all pay something, as is just, because all are protected and benefited by the Government. In



THE PLANTER'S HOME.

fact the sugar tariff is the only natural tax which is distributed over the whole body of the population. The annual consumption of raw sugar in this country is about 56 pounds per capita of the population. At an average



IN THE FRENCH MARKET.

of 2½ cents per pound duty, the increased cost by reason of the tariff is $1.40 per individual. The duty paid on foreign sugars for the year ending June 30th, 1884, was in round numbers $48,000,000, and the benefit derived by the Louisiana planters from the duty was about $7,000,000. At the same time the planters of the Sandwich Islands received, in effect, a bounty from our Government of over $3,000,000 by the admission of their sugar duty free. Thus the United States practically gave nearly half as much to aid the cane-sugar industry in a foreign country as it did to foster it in our own State of Louisiana.

The next point in the argument is that the Government, having for nearly a hundred years encouraged the investment of capital in sugar-planting by a protective tariff, has assumed a certain responsibility in the premises which it cannot honestly throw off. In other words, it has no right to ruin a large class of its citizens who have placed confidence in the continuance of a policy long since become settled and traditional. It is in honor bound, say the planters, either to maintain a duty on foreign sugars at a point high enough to enable them to compete with such sugars in our home markets, or to compensate them for the losses which would result from the abandonment of the protective policy.

Finally they draw an affecting picture of the ruin and desolation that would come upon the richest districts of Louisiana if the sugar interests should be destroyed. There is only one other crop besides the cane adapted to the alluvial lands of the State, and that is rice. It would not be practicable or profitable to convert more than a small part of the area now cultivated in cane into rice plantations. Rice can only be grown where there are economical facilities for flooding the land. The greater part of the agricultural area below Red River would be abandoned if cane-planting could no longer be carried on. The levees could not be kept up, and the country would become a swampy wilderness. New Orleans would be ruined as a commercial city, the richest parishes in the State would be plunged into poverty and misery, and many thousands of people would die from starvation. In time the negroes who might survive the calamity would make shift to live by raising corn and potatoes on lands not requiring levee protection; but nothing could restore the former prosperity of the lowlands: they would fall into a condition of semi-barbarism, like the coast districts of Central America.

The area of land now cultivated in cane, in Louisiana, is about 170,000 acres. It is no greater than is embraced in an average prairie county in Dakota or Nebraska; but it is stretched out in narrow strips along the banks of the Mississippi, and of the numerous bayous, which serve as escape-pipes for the waters of the great rivers, and in reality comprises

more than half the tillable soil in the lower half of the State. While a wheat-raising county in the North-west supports only 10,000 or 15,000 people at the most, this sugar country supports half the population of Louisiana. On the plantations it maintains 300,000 souls; and it is but a moderate estimate, to say that there are 150,000 more supported by transportation and the manufacture and sale of supplies used upon the plantations. An acre of wheat does not, on the average, produce more than $15; an acre of cotton will not average $30; but an acre of cane turns out a product in sugar and molasses which at the present low prices will bring from $75 to $100.

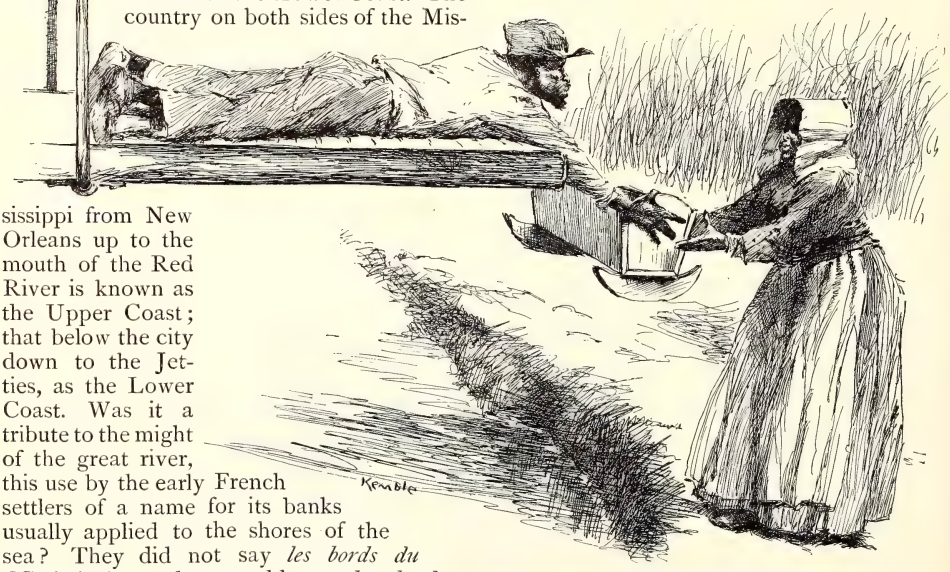
No important product of our national industry, with the possible exception of iron, has suffered such a fall in value in recent years as sugar. The grade of sugar which in 1869 sold in New Orleans for 15¼ cents per pound, sold in the same city in 1884 for 4½ cents. It is wonderful that the planting interest managed to resist annihilation under such disastrous conditions. That it still survives is an evidence of the courage and energy of the men engaged in it, and of its inherent vitality. The Louisiana planters have increased the yield of cane by better tillage and the introduction of new varieties, and at the same time have increased the yield of sugar per ton of cane by greater care in the manufacturing processes and by the use of improved machinery. Labor, which is 70 per cent. of the expense of producing sugar, costs them as much, and in most plantations more, than in 1869. They still believe, however, that the country has the capacity of furnishing all the sweets consumed by its people, and think it would do so in two or three decades if a uniform and permanent tariff policy were adopted by Congress, and if there should be no efforts on the part of the Government to bring in Mexican, West Indian, and Hawaiian sugars free, under the operations of special commercial treaties. Why, they ask, should our statesmen be willing to destroy a home industry, now producing $20,000,000 a year, for the sake of securing $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 of foreign trade? Our interstate trade is more valuable than any foreign trade. Louisiana now buys with the money her sugar brings more food products, manufactured goods, than Mexico and the West Indies combined. If all her alluvial lands were cultivated, and also the much greater area in Texas favorable to cane-growing, the sugar interest would develop a commerce of $200,000,000, most of which would go to the Northern States for clothing, machinery, coal, grain, and cured meats.

If the reader has now in mind a few cardinal points about the cane-sugar industry and



CAPTAIN, MATE, AND CLERK OF THE "ALVIN."

its relations to the general government, let us go on board one of the sugar-boats that carry supplies to the plantations on rivers and bayous and bring the crops to New Orleans. The artist and the writer thread their way through the French market with its polyglot chatter, its fragrant coffee-stands, and its queer medley of meats and calicoes, fish, oranges, and toys, and passing the open many-gabled sugar-sheds, come out on the broad levee. A group of steamboats lie with their noses against the bank. These are the sugar-boats, and this particular portion of the city's great protecting embankment is called the sugar levee. There is a mild stir of business upon the levee in the way of weighing and testing barrels of sugar, and a good many people, black, white, and yellow, saunter about as if they had nothing in particular on their minds. We are bound for the Lower Coast. The country on both sides of the Mississippi from New Orleans up to the mouth of the Red River is known as the Upper Coast; that below the city down to the Jetties, as the Lower Coast. Was it a tribute to the might of the great river, this use by the early French settlers of a name for its banks usually applied to the shores of the sea? They did not say *les bords du Mississippi*, as they would say *les bords du Seine*, but always *les côtes du Mississippi*. We make choice between the *Daisy*, a preposterously small and dirty boat, which carries the mail, and is therefore bound to make good time, and a large and reputable-looking craft called the *Alvin*, which transports freight and stops at every plantation named on her manifest, preferring the latter. She does not start until an hour after her advertised time of leaving. Nobody grumbles or seems to think this extraordinary. It is the way of the country. Captain, mate, and clerk stand at the shore end of the long landing-stage, chatting and laughing, while keeping a desultory outlook for a belated passenger or dray-load of freight. Finally the *Alvin* backs out from between the other boats and begins a *voyage en zigzag*, crossing and recrossing the river more times than any one cares to keep account of, to land at plantations on one bank and the other. Every time the boat lands she must make a great circle so as to get her bows against the rushing yellow current. A great deal more space is traversed in these zigzags and curves than in a direct line down the river, so that we are all the afternoon making twenty-eight miles. But what matter? Is not the February air as mild as that of a Northern May, and does not the warm breeze bring grateful odors of the new-plowed earth, the budding cane, the orange groves, and the delicate green foliage of the willows and cypress? Besides we see in our leisurely progress much of the life of the plantations,— the gangs of negroes with plows and hoes, and



UNLOADING THE CRADLE.

the great cane-carts carrying the plant cane to the freshly tilled fields. Our boat is a traveling storehouse of curiously mixed merchandise. At one plantation we put off a consignment of crackers, at another a baby's cradle, at another a mule. Before the bows touch the bank a row of roustabouts stand on the plank, one with a barrel, another with a bag of fertilizer, a third with a box or bale—eight or ten of them ready to rush ashore. The moment the last article is landed, the mate shouts "get aboard" and "hoist away," and up goes the great plank into the air while the crew comes running in.



IN THE STORE.

At night the landing scenes are still more picturesque. The electric headlight suddenly irradiates a few rods of the levee, causing a negro cabin, the colonnaded mansion of a planter, or the dingy walls of a sugar-house to flash out of the obscurity for a moment, and then to relapse into the surrounding blackness. The boat feels her way with the light to the landing-places, and when she stops for a few moments, to put a passenger or a box ashore, the illuminated scene on the levee seems to have been conjured out of chaos and black night for our momentary wonder.

We go ashore at Belair, a plantation celebrated for its careful and systematic field work. The planter is waiting upon the levee for his guests. Two negroes seize our portmanteaux, and we are shown the way to an old-fashioned, square house, completely surrounded on all sides and on both floors by broad galleries supported by columns. It stands in perilous proximity to the menacing yellow flood of the river, and the owner explains its need of repairs by saying that as the water is eating into the land in front of it at the rate of seven feet a year, it must soon fall into the stream, which is a hundred feet deep at this point. He does not, therefore, think it worth while to spend any money on the old structure. After supper we go to the store. The store is usually the center of the business life and of much of the social life of a plantation. It is owned by the planter, who keeps in it a stock of clothing, provisions, and knick-knacks to supply his laborers. A book account is kept with each head of a family, and a settlement made on every weekly or monthly pay-day. We find a score of negro men and boys in the store listening to the music of an accordion, a fiddle, and a triangle, and with some little coaxing and the promise of a quarter to the best dancer we succeed in getting up an amusing competitive double-shuffle and heel-and-toe dance. The contestants, who have been toiling in the fields all day, throw off their coats and get down to the work with evident relish, amid shouts of "Hi! hi!" "Go in, Jim!" "You, dah, Gawge!" and "Let youssef out, Mose!" and clapping of hands on knees from the delighted sable spectators. When the fun begins to get monotonous I manage to have a talk with an intelligent old negro named Squire, who was a "driver" in slave days and is still a "driver" — not of mules, be it under-

stood, but of men. A "driver" is the foreman of a gang of laborers. On some plantations the title of foreman is coming into use, the negroes objecting to the old word. I ask Squire if the field hands do as much work in a day as they did in slave times. "Nuffin like it, boss," he replies; "befo' de wah, de plow gang had to be in de field long befo' sun up, all drawn up in line and ebery man a-hold of his plow, waitin' foh de first daylight to start. And de hoe gang was dah, ebery man a-leanin' on his hoe, ready to start at de word jist as soon as dey could rightly see de rows of cane."

"If a man did not keep up his row, what did you do?"

"Give him a lick wid de whip. Dat mostly brought him to his senses. Times is not what dey was, boss." The old man evidently regrets the days when his authority as driver enabled him to give a lazy fellow a whipping.

Next morning we are up in good season, but our host has been in the saddle since six, starting the field work for the day. After breakfast we all mount and ride out over the smooth plantation roads to see the gangs at work. The place fronts for three miles on the river, and extends back about a mile to the swamp. There are more than twenty-five miles of roads upon it. About a thousand acres are under cultivation. The great enemy of the planters in all lower Louisiana is water. They must constantly be on their guard against it, throwing up their defenses in front and rear in the form of strong dikes; keeping open with constant labor a checkerboard system of drainage ditches and pumping out into the swamp the water that falls as rain or soaks through from the river. Belair has two protection levees on the swamp side, so that if one is overflowed a defense can be made on the second line. In sugar-culture an enormous amount of labor must be expended in diking and ditching that has no direct result in the production of the crop.

How delightful is a February morning in these warm lowlands! The atmosphere is like that in Corot's pictures, misty, vague, and dreamy. The gigantic live-oaks seem like ghosts of trees. The figures of men and animals moving across the shrouded fields against the gray sky loom up into strangely exaggerated proportions. A soft breeze blows from the Gulf. The line of faint green on the horizon shows that the cypress-trees in the swamp are beginning to put on their spring colors. Flocks of noisy blackbirds are holding mass meetings on the new-plowed ground and passing resolutions in favor of immediate migration to the North.

Let us follow in their sequence the processes of planting. First is the uncovering with plows of the furrows in which the seed-cane has been buried since last fall, the pulling it out of the ground with great iron hooks attached to poles, and the loading it into carts. In the "hooking-up" gang I observe two white men working with the negroes. They are Spaniards from the *Terre aux Bœufs* country, the other side of the swamps. There are two others who are neither whites nor negroes. They have a



"HOOKING-UP."

brown complexion, high cheek-bones, regular features, and straight black hair. These are "Manilla men"—natives of the Philippine Islands. The curiously mixed population of lower Louisiana includes two or three thousand of them.

Big stout carts with broad-tired wheels haul the resurrected canes to the field prepared for planting. Here a gang of women called "droppers" take up the canes by armfuls and drop them in heaps at intervals beside the furrows. They are placed in the furrows by other women called "planters." Another gang passes along the furrows and chops up the canes with rude hatchet-like knives. The object of this is to give the weak eyes a chance to draw strength from the stalk which would otherwise be absorbed by those which have already a good start. About six tons of cane go to the planting of an acre. One acre of seed-cane will plant three acres, and as the planting must be done every third year, one-ninth of the crop average of a plantation must be given up to seed-cane. When the seed-cane is cut in the fall, the stalks are laid between the rows of stubble and covered with a plow run on each side.



DROPPING AND PLANTING.

After the canes are laid and cut, they are covered with plows or with a machine called a rotary hoe, and the ground is then rolled to press the dirt close to the sprouting eyes. The first crop is called plant-cane. Next year the cane sprouts from the stubble, and is called first ratoons. The second year it sprouts again, and is called second ratoons. The third year the stubble is plowed up and the ground sowed with field peas, which recuperates the land, as clover does Northern farms. The fourth year it is again put in plant-cane. A good yield to the acre is 25 tons of plant-cane, 20 of first ratoons, and 15 of second ratoons. On the Upper Coast, above New Orleans, it is customary to let the stubble ratoon but once. In Cuba it often ratoons six successive years, but the cane becomes constantly more woody and poorer in saccharine matter.

In the stubble-fields the first spring, work consists in "barring off," or moving the dirt away from the roots of the cane with plows and hoes, to permit the light and air to hasten the germinating of the ratoons. By the middle of April there should be a good "stand" of the young sprouts. Then the dirt is worked back toward the rows, and there is constant cultivation with the plow till about the 1st of July, when the crop is "laid by." No more work is done on it till the cutting begins in September. Now the cane is so high that a man driving a mule is lost to sight between the rows. Soon it will be tall enough to swallow up a man on horseback. The rows are usually seven feet apart and always run parallel with the ditches — that is, from the river or bayou toward the swamp. July and August was formerly the time for cutting wood in the swamps to run the sugar-mill during the grinding season, but now most plantations burn coal. The crop being "made," the planter feels that he can relax his vigilance, and if he has the means, he goes off to the North with his family to escape the two hottest months of the year in Louisiana and build up his health in a less enervating climate.

The field hands work steadily, but in a rather leisurely way. I am struck by the strong mus-

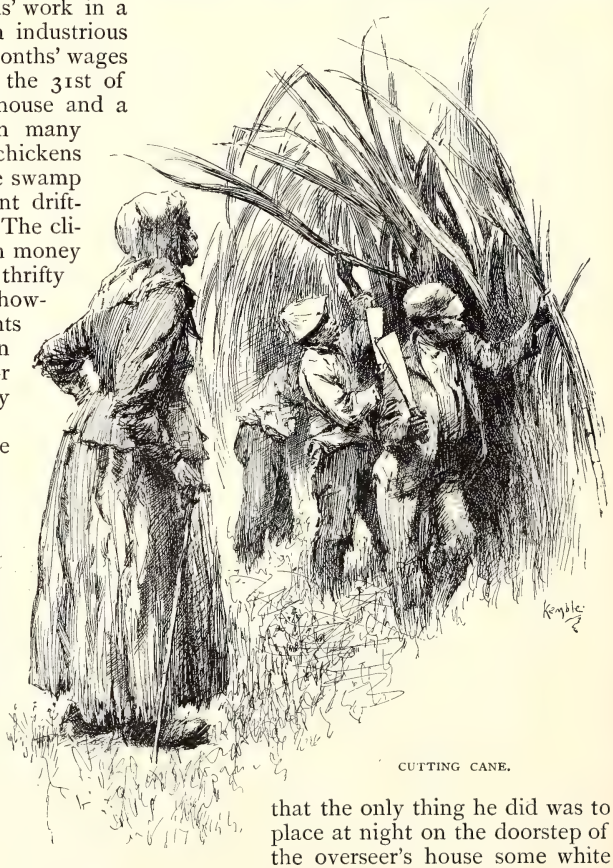
cular build of many of the men and women and the easy, cheerful way in which they go about their tasks. The women only do field work during the planting and grinding seasons. The rest of the time they look after their simple household duties. There is a good deal of light work on a plantation for the children, so that they become helps to their parents as soon as they are eight or ten years old. The ordinary wage of a man is 75 cents per day, and of a woman 65. But during the cutting and grinding period, which embraces three months of a year, the men earn $1 to $1.25 for regular hours and usually make extra pay by overwork. In no part of the South do the negroes seem to be as well off as on the sugar plantations: there is a common saying that it takes fourteen months' work in a year to make a sugar crop. An industrious man can actually earn fourteen months' wages between the 1st of January and the 31st of December. Each family gets a house and a garden-patch rent free, and on many plantations is allowed to keep chickens and pigs. Their fuel is cut in the swamp or picked up from the abundant drift-wood cast ashore by the river. The climate is so warm that not much money need be spent for clothes. A thrifty negro family will always manage, however, to have presentable garments for Sunday wear, and the women can usually gratify their love for bright ribbons and cheap flashy jewelry.

We ride back in the rear of the plantation to see the huge drainage-wheel driven by steam, lazily lifting the yellow water from the canal on its broad arms up to the level of the bayou that leads to the swamp. We pass a group of houses inhabited by Spaniards, where moss is drying on the palings and yellow-faced children are tumbling about the door-yards,—"Built for tenant farmers who worked ground on shares," explained the planter, pointing to the cottages, "but the system did not succeed. The tenants were not willing to share the hardships of a bad year, and when they got less money by reason of a short crop, they accused me of cheating them. I now let the cottages to white laborers employed for wages on the place."

"Is there much white labor seeking employment on sugar estates?"

"More and more every year—principally Germans and Italians. Thrifty people they are too; very poor when they come from the old country, but soon getting ahead."

Now the tones of the big plantation-bell are heard across the broad, level fields. All the gangs stop work, and people and animals go trooping to the quarters for dinner, the foreman of each gang going ahead to prevent the men from racing the mules. As we ride homewards, the planter talks of the great part religion plays in the lives of the negroes, and of the survival of old heathen superstitions. Some time ago the negroes took a dislike to the overseer, and sent to the city for a conjurer to come down and "Voodoo" him. The conjurer undertook to rid them of the overseer for $30, but finally came down in his demand to $2.50. An investigation showed



CUTTING CANE.

that the only thing he did was to place at night on the doorstep of the overseer's house some white powder with two black hairs crossed upon it. The negroes questioned would not say whether they expected the overseer to die, or only to leave the place. The Voodoo man had merely told them that they would "get shut of him."

Our next visit was to Magnolia plantation, the sugar estate farthest down the river of



HAULING CANE.

any now worked. Below it all the cultivated land is in small rice-farms.

The Magnolia sugar-house is generally known in Louisiana as having the best machinery and all the new processes. It is not much imitated, for two reasons: First, the conservatism of the older class of planters, which leads them to stick to the methods they understand, and second, the fact that the business of sugar-making has not been sufficiently profitable in recent years to enable planters of moderate capital to purchase new apparatus. They are obliged to hold on to their old pans and kettles, for want of money to buy new. Let us now go into the great irregular brick building, with its three tower-like chimneys and its general big-factory air, which contains the sugar-making plant, promising at the start to go through hastily, and not to bore the reader with details about machinery, or with the fine scientific points of the business. A sugar-planter will talk to you by the hour, about percentages of sucrose, and glucose, inverted crystallization, degrees of vacuum, and polariscope tests, until your brain takes in only a confusion of words and figures. First the owner of "Magnolia" calls attention to his bagasse-burner, which makes more than half the steam used to run the mill. Formerly the bagasse, which is the cane after it has parted with as much of its juice as the mill will extract, was either burned in a furnace to get rid of it, or thrown out on the levee to help fight off the river from eating away the bank. Now every economically managed mill burns it to make steam, by the aid of the draught of an enormous chimney. The best method is to burn it on grates, under which air is forced by a blower.

The canes, hauled in the big carts from the fields, are dumped upon an endless band and carried into the mill, usually direct to the big iron rollers, but at Magnolia first to a "shredder." There are only two shredders in the State, the machine being a new invention. Its revolving teeth chew up the cane into pulp. The pulp and juice fall upon a rubber apron which carries them to the mill; grinding is simply squeezing between three or four sets of iron rollers. Now the juice runs in a trough to a strainer, where a woman gathers up now and then the shreds of cane remaining and takes them back to the mill. Next the juice is pumped into an iron cylinder called the "juice-heater," and heated with exhaust steam to 190°. This is a new process, not much in use. Next it runs into the clarifiers or defecators, which are large iron vats with rows of steam pipes at the bottom. Here slacked quicklime is added, which brings to the top all impurities, to be skimmed off into a division of the pan at the end. The juice is then boiled and "brushed" with a long paddle until the bubbles become white, when it is allowed to settle for fifteen minutes. There is a side operation for saving the sugar in the skimmings by putting them through filter presses.

In the advanced process at Magnolia the juice next goes through bone-black filters instead of to the ordinary settling-tanks, to settle for six or seven hours. A filter is a big iron drum containing ten thousand pounds of animal bone-black. The "char" must be washed with

hot water every two days and dried in a kiln. After filtering, the juice, still thin as when first pressed from the cane, goes to the "double effects." This is a new apparatus, resembling two upright boilers of a portable engine. Each cupola-like machine contains five hundred tubes in which the juice is boiled in a vacuum by exhaust steam. The usual plan is to boil in an open cylindrical pan, having coils of steam pipe at the bottom. Now the juice goes to fresh filters and next to the vacuum-pan, which is not a pan, but a big iron cupola-shaped cylinder, with an apparatus for exhausting the air and multitudinous coils of steam pipe. This is the process requiring most skill. The chief sugar-maker attends to it himself, watching his vacuum-gauge and thermometer carefully, and testing every few minutes his boiling mass by drawing out a tube which does not break the vacuum. He seeks to keep the temperature down to 130°. If it is too high some of the sucrose will "invert" or "caramel" into glucose, and the proportion of sugar will be lessened. First he fills the pan only in part. Then when he sees fine granulations of sugar against the light in his test-tube, he admits more juice, and thus builds up the grains little by little to larger size. When sufficiently boiled, the thick syrup is called the "masse cuite." The "strike" is now done, air is admitted to the pan, and the contents are run off into the "mixer,"—a huge oblong iron pan in which steel arms revolve. Next the "masse cuite" falls into the "centrifugals," which are small drums holding about 120 pounds of sugar. Within the drum is a wire screen basket revolving at the rate of 1600 turns per minute. The centrifugal force throws out the molasses through the wire network and leaves the sugar. Perfectly clear water is then spurted into the drum from a syringe. This water is thrown out through the sugar, washing out the remaining coloring matter. The motion of the centrifugal is now stopped and the sugar let out of a trap in the bottom into a screw conveyer, from which a bucket band carries it to a big bin. A man stands in the bin and shovels the sugar, as if it were wheat, into a tube under which the barrels are placed one by one to receive it.

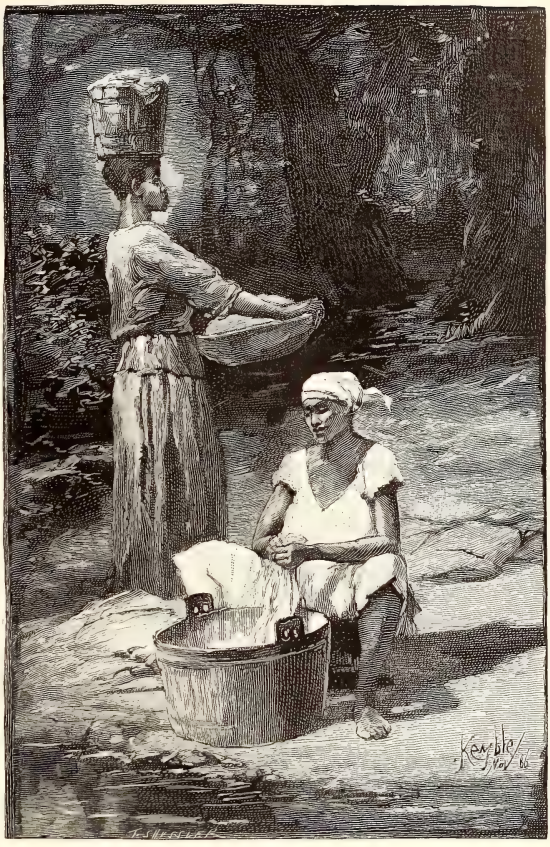


MAKING THE SUGAR.

This first product of the sugar-mill is called "firsts," and is the whitest and best sugar. The molasses is boiled again in the vacuum-pan, goes again through the centrifugals, and a light-brown sugar called "seconds" results. Yet again the remaining molasses goes through the pans, but the "masse cuite" is now sticky and stringy, and will not yield its sugar to the centrifugals. It is put into iron tanks on wheels, called "wagons," each of which holds about 2500 pounds, and wheeled into the hot-room. The temperature here is from 90° to 100°. Here the wagons stand in closely packed rows for thirty days. The mass is now

very stiff and waxy. It is next thrown into the boiler, stirred up well and put into the centrifugals, with cold water, which washes out the molasses. The final remainder of sugar is called "thirds," and is of a dark-brown color. The separated molasses is of a very poor quality, and sells for only about thirteen cents a gallon. Distillers use it to make alcohol, and the glucose manufacturers buy it to give a cane-flavor to their glucose syrup.

By the improved processes I have thus described about 78 per cent. of the weight of the cane is extracted in juice, whereas the average extraction in Louisiana is only about 63 per cent. The best five roller-mills get about 70 per cent., the additional 8 per cent. being due to the use of the shredder. The new processes give about 160 pounds of sugar from a ton of cane, the average of the State being only 100 pounds. In 1885 Magnolia plantation averaged 163 pounds from a ton of cane. The sucrose of the crop of 1885 was about 11 per cent. less than that of 1884, but the sugar yield was increased 6 pounds to the ton of cane by improved manufacture. To some extent the low amount of sugar produced by old methods is compensated for by the greater amount and better quality of the molasses, but as molasses is worth only 2 cents a pound, when sugar brings from 4½ to 6, there is no possible economy in holding on to the old processes.



WASH-DAY IN THE QUARTERS.

A SUGAR plantation is divided by main ditches and roads into sections known in some parishes as "cuts," in others as "strips," and in still others as "blocks." These have names familiar to all the people on the place. At Magnolia they talk of the "Polly Garden Strip," the "Molly Shanty Strip," the "North Front Strip," the "Big Oak Strip," etc. Each of these sections is subdivided by small ditches into fields containing an average of about twenty-five acres. Every well-managed plantation is carefully mapped, and the planter, running his eye over the map in his office, will tell you just what fields are in plant-cane, in stubble-cane, or in cow-peas. He plans his operations on his map as a general does a campaign. It is a stirring, fascinating business, which keeps a man on the alert, mentally and physically, and develops the most intelligent type of the country gentleman to be found in the South.

The cane-cutting season begins the 1st of October. It would be advantageous to wait longer, for the canes are constantly sweetening their juices, but there is danger that the crop may not all be harvested before the frosts come. In Cuba, where there is no frost, the planter can continue to cut and grind until the new sap begins to flow in the stalks. Not infrequently it happens that a Louisiana planter raises more cane than he can work up in his mill before the cold weather of January sets in. The next year he reduces his acreage. The amount of land he can cultivate must depend on the capacity of his mill.

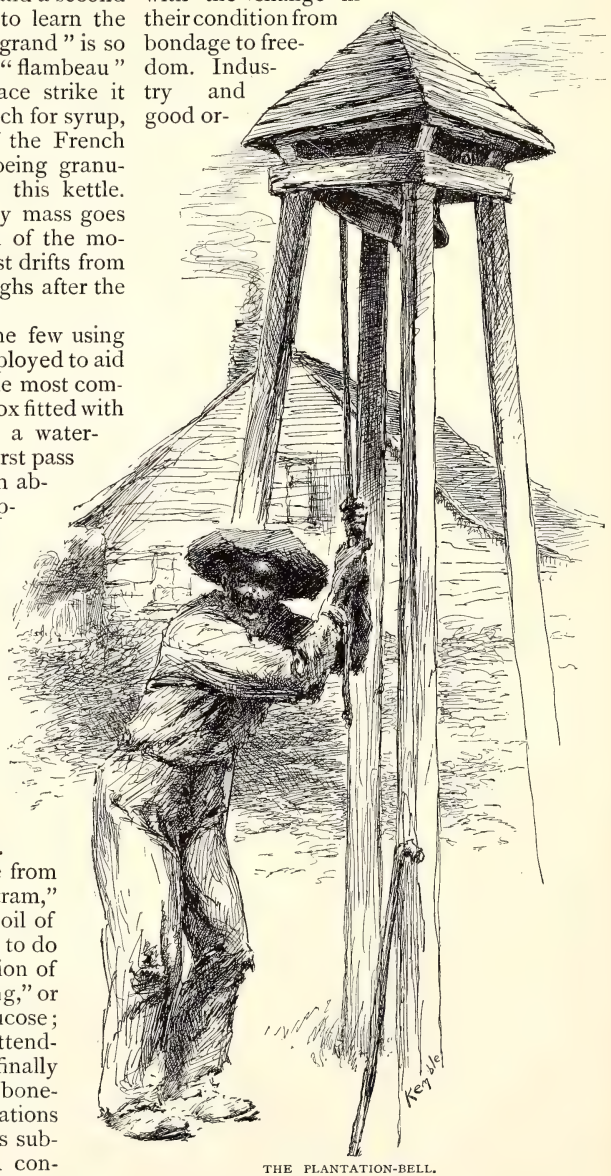
A great deal of sugar is still made in Louisiana by the old open-kettle process, wasteful as it is, for the simple reason that the planters cannot afford to buy new apparatus. This old process is substantially the same as was in use at the beginning of the century. Five or six big cast-iron kettles of graduated size are arranged in line over a brick furnace. At one end is the fire of cypress wood; at the other the tall chimney. The cane-juice runs into

the largest kettle, called "the grand," which is farthest from the fire, and in the course of the boiling is ladled successively into the others, called, in order, "the prop" or "proy," "the flambeau," the "sirop," and "the battery." Often there are six kettles, a first and a second "grand." I have not been able to learn the derivation of the "prop." The "grand" is so called because of its size, the "flambeau" because the flames of the furnace strike it with most force; "sirop" is French for syrup, and "battery" is a corruption of the French word *bâtir*, to build, the syrup being granulated or built up into sugar in this kettle. From the battery the thick sugary mass goes to wooden tanks to cool. Much of the molasses is here drained off. The rest drifts from the hogsheads placed above troughs after the sugar is packed.

In all sugar-houses, except the few using bone-black, sulphur fumes are employed to aid the lime process in clarifying. The most common apparatus is a large wooden box fitted with numerous shelves, a retort, and a water-tank. The fumes of the sulphur first pass over the water in the tank, which absorbs the sulphuric acid and is supposed to leave only sulphurous gas to go up into the box, and mingle with the cane-juice which drips from shelf to shelf. To produce a draught there is a steam-exhaust apparatus above. The juice next goes to the clarifiers to be mingled with lime. Here the vegetable albumen is coagulated and rises in a scum called the "blanket," which is skimmed off, the mineral constituents of the juice falling to the bottom of the pans.

Next in order in the advance from the old open kettles is the "steam tram," which is a series of vats with a coil of steam pipe at the bottom of each to do the boiling without the direct action of fire, and thus prevent "carameling," or the inversion of sucrose into glucose; next is the vacuum-pan with its attendant centrifugal machines, and finally the "double effects" and the bone-black apparatus. On a few plantations the high-grade centrifugal sugar is subjected to a drying process, and converted into "plantation granulated."

At Southdown plantation in Terrebonne parish, I found a good example of an estate and sugar-house of the first class, not employing, however, the exceptionally advanced appliances. The lands embraced in the horse-shoe bend of a bayou were originally cleared by the father of the present owner, and most of the laborers were formerly slaves or are the children of slaves born upon the place. Their docility and attachment to the family of the proprietor seem to have been little changed with the change in their condition from bondage to freedom. Industry and good or-



THE PLANTATION-BELL.

der are secured by their dread of being discharged and thus compelled to leave the old plantation. Their local attachments are very strong. Their whitewashed cabins, each with its piazza fronting upon a street shaded with live-oaks, are as dear to them as is the "big house"

to the "boss." To the "big house," as they call the residence of the planter, they resort for medicine and advice in case of illness and for kindly counsel and assistance in trouble.

The relations between employer and employees on a sugar estate are unique. They are the nearest approach in America to a feudal system. Not a foot of land do the laborers own. Yet their right to homes and labor on an estate is a sort of unwritten law, so binding that they are seldom sent away except for very serious cause. They regard the mules and implements of the planter as to some extent their own, using them to cultivate their gardens and to haul their fuel. In directing the plantation work he seldom uses any harsh words of command; talks rather in kindly tones, scolds a little if needs be, but in rather a parental fashion; asks opinions at times from swarthy old "uncles" who have a standing on the place as faithful men and experts in cane-culture; knows the strong and weak points in the character of every man in his employment. Indeed his rule is so mild that a stranger to plantation life wonders how the uncouth mass of black laborers is held together and disciplined so as to produce favorable industrial results.

I must leave the picturesque features of plantation life to the pencil of the artist. Something I would like to say in this regard, and something, too, of the pleasant homes of the planters of the better class, with their portraits of ancestors for a century back on the walls, their old mahogany furniture, their libraries of old books, their bountiful hospitality, the good conversation in front of brass andirons and blazing wood fires, the tea served in old china, "brought from France by our grand-mother," whose portrait by Gilbert Stuart looks benignly down on the scene, the willing, friendly black servitors, the reminiscent tone of much of the talk, referring constantly to the golden age of sugar-planting, which was in the "good old times before the war." But for all this there is no space, and I must close with a few random notes that have not fitted themselves into the foregoing text.

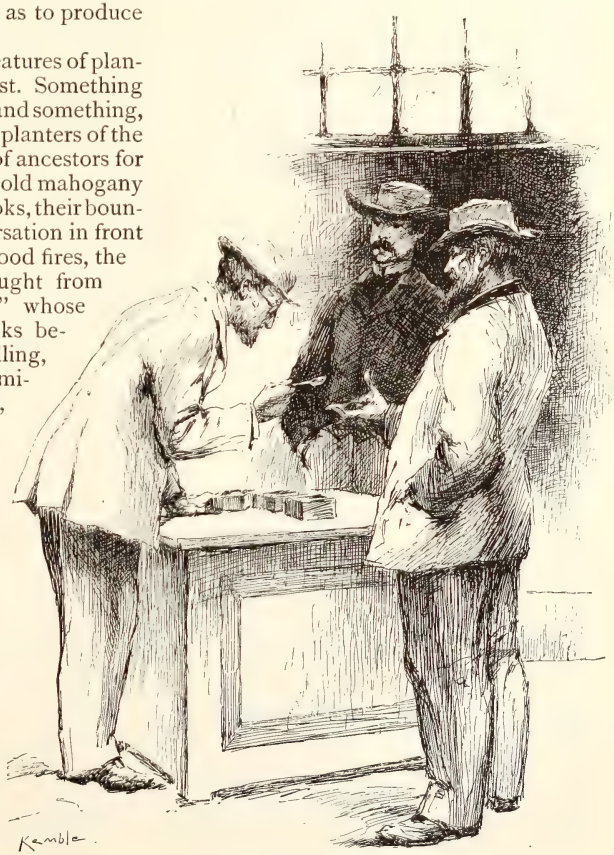
NOTES FROM A MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

THE heaviest yield of sugar on record was raised in 1882 on a plantation in Jefferson parish, opposite the city of New Orleans. From 50 acres of canes 300,000 pounds of sugar and 12,000 gallons of molasses were obtained.

The "double-effects" apparatus was invented about thirty years ago by a free colored man named Relieux, who went to Paris and made a fortune from it. It is generally used in beet-sugar making, and also in most cane-sugar countries except Louisiana. Relieux told the Louisiana planters before he went to France that they would in the end have to use his invention or quit the sugar business.

The Louisiana Sugar Exchange, built three years ago, is a commodious structure having a large exchange room, a reading-room, telegraph office, secretary's room, etc. In the exchange are many tables where the samples of sugar and molasses are displayed. There is no speculation — no daily call, no dealing in futures, the business being purely commercial. Most of the Louisiana product is disposed of here by brokers, but many planters are members of the exchange and sell their crop directly to the merchants.

To show the wide range of values for differ-



IN THE EXCHANGE.



AT TWILIGHT.

ent grades of sugars and molasses, I copied the following figures one day in February, 1886, from the bulletin board of sales made at the Exchange. Open-kettle sugar ranged from 2 cents per pound for inferior of lowest grade to 5⅛ cents; centrifugals from 4⅝ for "seconds" to 6¼ cents; molasses from 20 cents for centrifugal to 27 for open kettle.

In St. Mary's parish farmers who have no sugar-houses are raising cane, crushing it, and conveying the juice through pipes to centrally located sugar-houses, just as petroleum is conveyed by the Pennsylvania pipe-lines. This system promises to have important results in opening the cane-planting industry to men of small means who cannot own large plantations and expensive apparatus.

I saw on two plantations on the "Lower Coast" a portable railway used for hauling the canes from the fields to the mill. The planters said it effected an important economy in the labor of men and animals. Rails and ties were moved from road to road as the cutting progressed.

In Ascension parish a tenant system has been in successful operation for several years. A large land-owner leases his land to small farmers, white and colored, buying the canes of them at a fixed price per ton. The tenants get their houses free of rent. In recent years barrels have entirely taken the place of hogsheads as receptacles of sugar except for the open-kettle sugar. Nevertheless the hogshead is still the unit of measurement in speaking of the crop of plantations, parishes, or the State.

The Louisiana sugar country is usually divided into the following districts, all lying below Red River: the Upper Coast, the Lower Coast, Bayou Lafourche, Terrebonne, and St. Mary's on Bayou Teche. The Upper Coast is the most important.

About one-fourth of the sugar estates are said to be owned by Northern men who have come to Louisiana since the war. As a rule they are more successful than the old planters. Many plantations are in the hands of New Orleans banks that have taken them in payment of loans. If sold by the sheriff, a plantation will not bring much more than the cost of the sugar-house and machinery. No estimates I have heard agree as to the number of estates still in the possession of the families owning them before the war. Some place it is as low as 10 per cent., some as high as 33.

Next to the negro the mule is the most important force on the sugar plantation. No mules are raised in Louisiana. All are brought from Kentucky, Tennessee, or Missouri. Horses do not long endure hard work in the hot, moist climate of Louisiana lowlands. The mule is much more hardy and longer-lived.

The plantations do not feed their laborers nor their animals. Sometimes a little corn is raised; oftener none. Hay is put up from cow-peas. Flour, bacon, corn-meal, potatoes, oats, and baled timothy hay came from the North. A planter cultivating about 700 acres will pay out $50,000 during the year for labor, victuals, clothing, and forage before he gets a dollar back. Nearly all this money goes to Northern farmers and manufacturers.

Whisky-drinking is a common vice among the plantation negroes. Looking over the books of a plantation store in Terrebonne parish, I observed that among the items charged in each entry there was pretty sure to be a quart of whisky. Indeed whisky occurred oftener in the accounts than bacon or flour.

Indian corn-meal is no longer the staple bread-stuff on the plantations, as in the days of slavery. The negroes prefer wheat flour, and insist on having a good quality. They consume large quantities of bacon and salt pork. Fresh beef they seldom eat. They vary the monotony of hot biscuits and bacon with game and fish. Rabbits abound, wild ducks are plentiful, and rivers, bayous, and bays afford an abundant supply of fish.

Among the planters I hear two radically different opinions as to the future of the cane-sugar industry in Louisiana. A planter who is using old-fashioned apparatus, carrying heavy mortgages, and paying 12 or 15 per cent. interest and commissions, thinks the business is going to ruin. On the other hand, a planter who has a sugar-house equipped with the best machinery, and is every year getting more cane to the acre, more juice to the ton of cane, and a larger percentage of sugar from the juice, believes that the industry is only in its infancy. The scientific study of fertilizers and drainage, and further improvements in the processes of sugar-making, will result in still greater yields, he says, and if Congress will let the tariff alone for ten years Northern capital will be attracted to the industry; much wild land will be diked and drained, and Louisiana, with the aid of the beet-sugar factories of the Pacific Coast, and the sorghum of the West, will furnish sweets enough for the entire population of the United States.

Hawaiian sugar is sold to the New Orleans refiners at two cents per pound less than the price in San Francisco. The excuse for the Hawaiian treaty was to give the people of the Pacific Coast cheap sugar. It has no such effect. The exemption from duties is simply a bounty to the Hawaiian producer, to enable him to compete with our own planters. The price of sugar in San Francisco is always the Eastern price, plus the high transcontinental freight rate. Hawaiian sugar coming East is

said to pay less than half the freight rate charged Louisiana sugar going West. Since the treaty went into operation, we have practically paid the Sandwich Islands planters $23,000,000 in the form of a remission of tariff dues,—that is, more than the value of all the goods they have bought of us. If we had presented them with the goods outright, and collected duties on their sugar, the account between the two countries would have been more favorable to the United States.

Eugene V. Smalley.



INDIAN SUMMER.

AS frosty Age renews the early fire
Whose eager flame in hazy warmth appears,
And brings again, across the shadowy years,
The vanished dreams that kindle and inspire;
As time repeats the hour of young desire
In smoother laughter and more tranquil tears,
And childish pleasures mixed with needless fears
Stir through the pulses of the withered sire,—
So when November, sharp with frost and sleet
And moaning winds about the rocky height,
Has reaped the shining forest to his hand,
The charm of Spring returns in mellower heat,
To veil the leafless hills with purple light
And brood in peace above the naked land.

Dora Read Goodale.

THE LIGHT.

THERE is no shadow where my love is laid;
For (ever thus I fancy in my dream
That wakes with me and wakes my sleep), some gleam
Of sunlight, thrusting through the poplar shade,
Falls there; and even when the wind has played
His requiem for the Day, one stray sunbeam,
Pale as the palest moonlight glimmers seem,
Keeps sentinel for her till starlights fade.

And I, remaining here and waiting long,
And all enfolded in my sorrow's night,
Who not on earth again her face may see,—
For even Memory does her likeness wrong,—
Am blind and hopeless, only for this light —
This light, this light, through all the years to be.

H. C. Bunner.



COLLEGE COMPOSITES.

COMPOSITE photographs of college classes should furnish more important evidence as to the value of this method of typical representation than any which could be derived from composites of less closely related groups. The likenesses and the differences which might be found to exist should lead to some interesting conclusions in regard to the limitations of the process.

When the composite portrait of the class of '86 at Smith College* was made, it was my plan to make composites of the succeeding Senior classes, and I hoped at some time to be able to secure composites of classes in other colleges. This hope has been already realized, as the accompanying illustrations show. Through the courtesy and coöperation of friends in a number of colleges and universities, the students were interested in the matter, and arrangements were made with various photographers for taking the special negatives necessary for the purpose. These were all sent to me, and from them the composites were made in the manner described in the March CENTURY. To these portraits and that of the Harvard Faculty, for which negatives were made at the same time as those of the Harvard Seniors and students of the "Annex," I am fortunately able to add one of the students of Wells College, which was made by Professor French of that college, and one of a class of nurses at the McLean Asylum Training School, which Dr. Cowles has been kind enough to place at my disposal.

The first question which these composite photographs enable us to answer is: Will all Senior classes of the same college yield the same composite face? Any one who will take the trouble to compare the portrait of the class of '87 Smith with that of the class of '86 will see at a glance that this is not the case. The groups are not large enough to give in both cases (or in either) the general type of the Smith Senior. There is a difference as distinct as the impression which different classes make upon the minds of their instructors or fellow-students. The class individuality asserts itself, and we can hope to get the general type only when a co-composite of many class composites can be made; and this will then be perhaps somewhat aside from the present truth, for I suspect that the type of Senior in most American colleges (and especially in those for women) is slowly changing.

With the answer to this question one anticipates the answer to another which many have asked: Would the composites of the same class in different colleges for women (or for men) be identical?

Yet, though prepared for a negative, many will probably be surprised at the great diversity which is shown in the experimental answer given by these Senior portraits which lie before us.

Although we are not justified in taking any of these as exhibiting the general type of Senior in the particular college, they must be regarded as approximations to that type, and closer approximations as the number of the group is larger. Perhaps in the case of Harvard the number is large enough to give accurately the general type. They serve thus fairly well to show the diversities in type of the students at the colleges and universities

* See THE CENTURY for March, 1887.



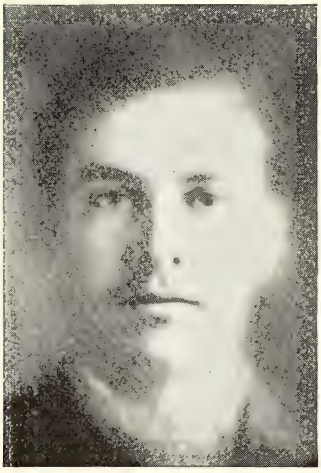
SEVENTY-ONE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT AMHERST COLLEGE. 63 PER CENT. FROM NEW ENGLAND; 21 PER CENT. FROM THE MIDDLE STATES. (FROM NEGATIVES BY PACH.)



TWENTY-EIGHT MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT BOWDOIN COLLEGE. ALL, WITH ONE OR TWO EXCEPTIONS, FROM MAINE. (FROM NEGATIVES BY REED, OF BRUNSWICK, ME.)



SEVENTY MEMBERS (SIXTY-FIVE MEN AND FIVE WOMEN) OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY. ABOUT 75 PER CENT. FROM NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA. (FROM NEGATIVES BY EVANS, OF ITHACA.)



ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY. ABOUT 60 PER CENT. FROM NEW ENGLAND; 17 PER CENT. FROM THE MIDDLE STATES. (FROM NEGATIVES BY LOVELL, OF NORTHAMPTON, MASS.)



TWENTY-TWO DOCTORS OF PHILOSOPHY AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY. (FROM NEGATIVES BY CUMMINS, OF BALTIMORE.)



FORTY-THREE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL. ABOUT 40 PER CENT. FROM NEW ENGLAND (CHIEFLY CONN.); 32 PER CENT. FROM THE MIDDLE STATES. (FROM NEGATIVES BY PACH.)

which are represented. These diversities are the resultants of many conditions. The difference in locality from which the students are drawn is perhaps the most tangible of these conditions, and is probably a considerable factor in the result. But many of the conditions are much too subtile to be dealt with by any ordinary statistical method, and can find fitting expression only in the composite photograph. This shows at a glance much that the statistician's tables could never give, and tells many things which could not find adequate expression in words. The influences of parentage, of home-training, of the "atmosphere" of the college in which three or four years have been spent — in a word, of heredity and environment — are here all summed up and averaged.

Along with the differences in these faces of college students, one cannot fail to note a certain "family resemblance." While this is doubtless increased by the general effect of a process which eliminates all strong individual characteristics and leaves a somewhat colorless expression, it is due chiefly to the inherent

similarity of the groups. Each class forms a group whose variation from the type shown in the co-composites is not very great, a fact rendered more distinct by comparison of the fair collegians with the attractive nurse of the training school.

In the co-composites it is probable that the number of faces is large enough to yield a general type. They were made in such a way,—by exposures of the single composites for times which were proportional to the number of individuals in each group,—that the results are the same as those which would have been obtained by making them directly from the original negatives. Co-composites of succeeding classes in the same institutions would not, I fancy, vary much, if at all, from these. The types which they give are the general ones of students in all these representative colleges. Marked resemblances to one of the composites are to be noticed in each of these co-composites. A like similarity has been sometimes remarked in comparing the individuals of a group with their composite portrait, and only goes to prove that the individual or group in which the likeness to the blended portrait is detected, comes very near to the average of the entire number.



FIFTY-SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE. ABOUT 35 PER CENT. FROM NEW ENGLAND; 45 PER CENT. FROM THE MIDDLE STATES. (FROM NEGATIVES BY LOVELL.)

In the article on composite photography in the March CENTURY the possible influence of the order of exposing the components in making composites was discussed, and it was stated that there was very conclusive experimental evidence to the effect that the order of exposure made no difference. In spite of this statement it has been said to me again and again by those who professed to have read the article with attention, that "of course" the negative last (or first) exposed must control the result. A well-known photographer, in commenting on the article in a photographic journal, writes: "In our opinion the master face of the group is always bound to assert itself, and by master (or mistress) we mean the first image impressed upon the film."

Another photographer of reputation, in an article on the subject, states that in consequence of "atomic momentum" each successive exposure should be less than the preceding one — which amounts to saying that, if equal exposures are given, the *last* face exposed will be strongest in the composite picture. Of course, if this notion in regard to the influence of the order is correct, all composite photographs made by the usual method are valueless as types. But the only way to decide







CO-COMPOSITES OF AMHERST, BOWDOIN, CORNELL, HARVARD, JOHNS HOPKINS, SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC, AND WILLIAMS COMPOSITES. A GROUP OF 449.

TWO COMPOSITES, SHOWING THE RESULT OF EXPOSING THE THREE COMPONENT NEGATIVES IN DIFFERENT ORDERS. (SEE PAGE 125.)



FORTY-FOUR STUDENTS OF THE CLASS OF '87 OF THE "HARVARD ANNEX." (FROM NEGATIVES BY LOVELL.)



FORTY-SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY. 53 PER CENT. FROM NEW ENGLAND; 32 PER CENT. FROM THE MIDDLE STATES. (FROM NEGATIVES BY LOVELL.)



THIRTY-EIGHT MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT SMITH COLLEGE. 71 PER CENT. FROM NEW ENGLAND. (FROM NEGATIVES BY LOVELL.)



SIXTY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE. ABOUT 53 PER CENT. FROM NEW ENGLAND; 25 PER CENT. FROM THE MIDDLE STATES. (FROM NEGATIVES BY PACH.)



SIXTY-TWO STUDENTS OF WELLS COLLEGE, CHIEFLY FROM CENTRAL AND WESTERN NEW YORK. (COMPOSITE MADE BY PROF. E. L. FRENCH FROM NEGATIVES BY R. R. ABBOTT.)



THIRTY-SIX MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87 AT VASSAR COLLEGE. 24 PER CENT. FROM NEW ENGLAND; 54 PER CENT. FROM THE MIDDLE STATES. (FROM NEGATIVES BY VAIL BROS. OF POUGHKEEPSIE.)

such a question as this is by direct experiment and not by theoretical arguments. Here, too, the notion would seem to find some support, one photographer at least having claimed, according to the New York "Sun," that he obtained a different result with every change in the order of exposure.

My own experiments on this point have, however, invariably confirmed the statement that, when the intensity of illumination is the same, and the times of exposure are equal, the order makes no difference whatever. This has also been the result of experiments by others, among them a Philadelphia photographer who tested the matter thoroughly in making a composite of a club of clergymen.

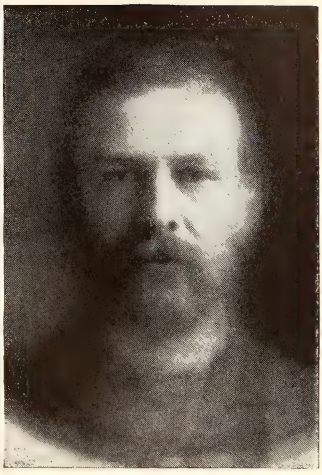
So much interest has been shown in this point, and such an obstinate belief in the in-



CO-COMPOSITE OF THE "ANNEX," MOUNT HOLYOKE, SMITH, WELLESLEY, WELLS, AND VASSAR COMPOSITES. A GROUP OF 287.



FIFTEEN NURSES. CLASS OF '86 AT THE McLEAN ASYLUM TRAINING-SCHOOL.* COMPOSITE MADE BY NOTMAN.



THIRTY-EIGHT OF THE HARVARD FACULTY. (FROM NEGATIVES BY LOVELL.)

fluence of the order manifested, notwithstanding the statements of experimental results, that I am disposed to lay the results before the reader in the hope that in this form they may appeal even to those who do not appreciate the value of statements of scientific evidence, and may, perhaps, interest those who do not need such an illustrated argument. From several examples at hand one has been selected which shows two composites made from three negatives exposed in different orders, all other conditions remaining the same. These engravings, like all the others in this paper, were made by a photographic process and are hence exact reproductions of the original transparencies. In the two views in the lower right hand corner of page 123 the individual faces were selected for their distinct diversity. One was spectacled, one adorned by a mustache, the third smooth and quite unlike the others. In making one composite the spectacles came first, the mustache last; in the other, the mustache first, the spectacles last. Any influence of the "order" would certainly have made itself apparent under these circumstances.

Some successful composites have been made with an ordinary camera, and one by Mr. Rockwood of New York City † was made directly from the sitters instead of from negatives. These methods are of course possible; but the use of the special camera with a mirror for aid in focusing and adjustment will be found much more convenient and satisfactory, while there is a grave objection to the plan of working from the sitters. This lies in the fact that it is difficult to control the illumination by daylight in this case, and almost impossible to make proper allowance for the different photograhic effect of various tints of coloring. Indeed, Mr. Rockwood recognizes this by saying:

"I can readily see how one of the young ladies with round smooth face, blonde complexion and flaxen hair, could, if not guarded against, have neutralized the impression of all the rest, if they were of a darker style."

But he does not seem to realize that this difficulty is one which is inherent in the method he used and which cannot be guarded against without very unusual judgment and knowledge of the photographic action of different tints; while when negatives are employed, there is no variety of colors — one has to deal only with the comparatively simple problem of securing equal intensity of illumination by means of artificial light.

John T. Stoddard.

* The McLean Asylum Training School was brought into successful operation through the energy of Dr. Edward Cowles, Superintendent of the McLean Asylum at Somerville, Mass. It was decided upon in 1879, and after due preparation formally organized in 1882. Its work has been developed slowly for the sake of soundness, and the first class of sixteen nurses (fifteen of whom form the composite) was graduated in 1886. This school is the first organized in this country for the training of nurses for the insane. The second class has now been graduated and the school is well established with full classes. See Dr. Cowles's article on "Nursing-Reform for the Insane," in the October number of the "American Journal of Insanity."

† See the "Art Amateur" for June, 1887.





RIGHT AND LEFT PROFILES OF GENERAL GRANT. (SEE NOTE, PAGE 129.) FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY WALKER IN 1875, AND LENT BY MAJOR C. C. SNIFFIN.



MUSIC ON SHERIDAN'S LINE OF BATTLE.

GRANT'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

I.

THE CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG.*

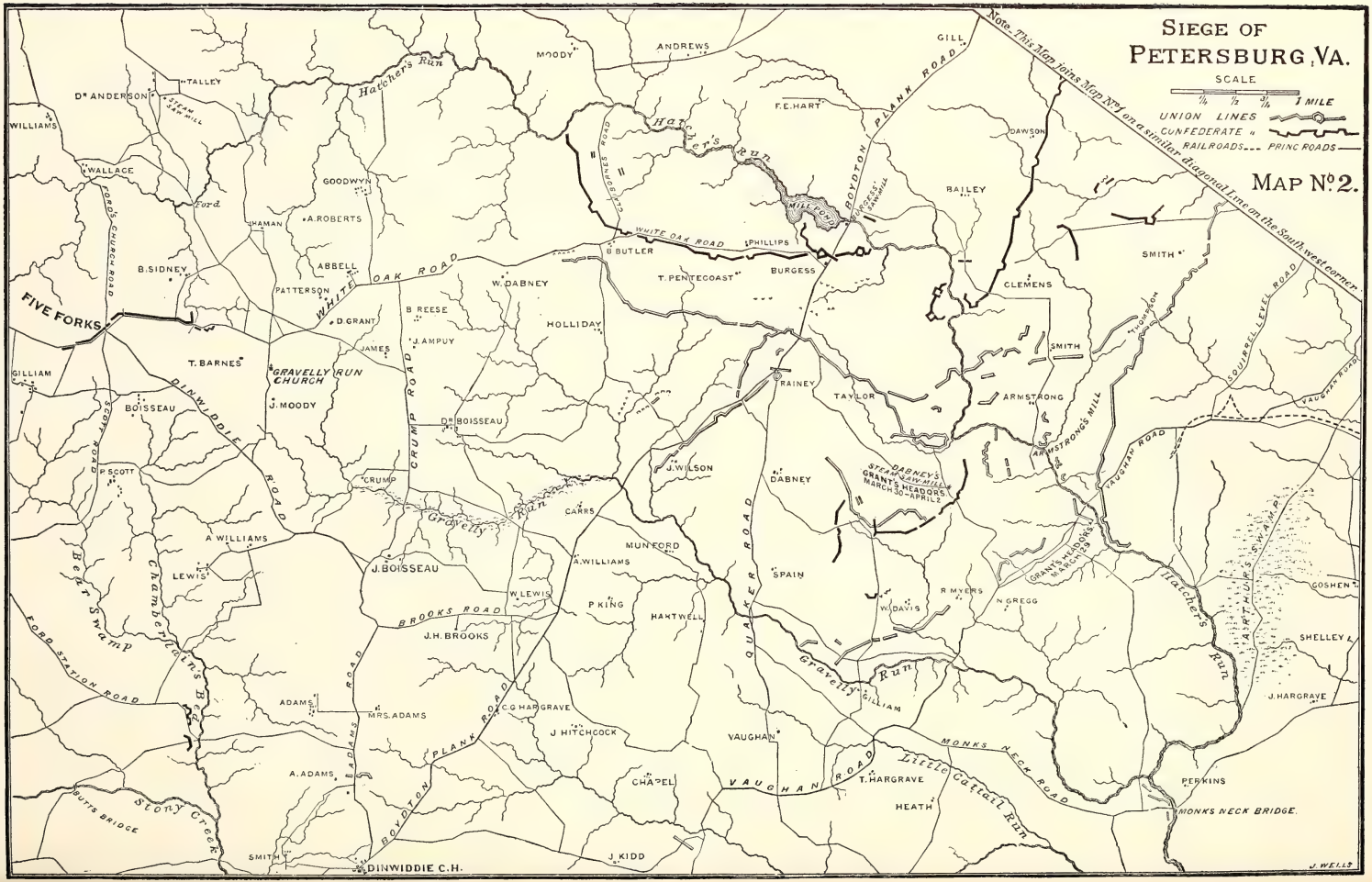
AT 9 o'clock in the morning of the 29th of March, 1865, General Grant and the officers of his staff bid good-bye to President Lincoln and started by special train from City Point to the front.

The military railroad connecting headquarters with the camps south of Petersburg was a surface road, built up hill and down dale, and its undulations were so emphasized, that a train moving along it looked in the distance like a fly crawling over a corrugated washboard. The general sat down near the end of the car, drew from his pocket the flint and slow match that he always carried, which unlike a match never missed fire in a gale of wind, and was soon wreathed in the smoke of the inevitable cigar. I took a seat near him with several other officers of the staff, and he at once began to talk over his plans in detail. They had been discussed in general terms before starting out from City Point.

For a month or more, General Grant's chief apprehension had been that Lee might suddenly pull out from his intrenchments, and fall back into the interior, where he might unite with General Joe Johnston against Sherman and force our army to follow him to a great distance from its present base. General Grant had been sleeping with one eye open and one foot out of bed for many weeks, in the fear that Lee would thus give him the slip. Each army, in fact, had been making preparations for either a fight or a foot-race, or both, and the starting time had now arrived, for the weather had been fair for several days, and the roads were getting in good condition for the movement of troops, that is, as good as could be expected, through a section of country in which the dust in summer was generally so thick that the army could not see where to move, and the mud in winter was so deep that it could not move anywhere. On the train General Grant said: "The President is one of the few visitors I have had who has not attempted to extract from me a knowledge of my plans. He not only never asks them, but says it is better he should not know them, and then he can be certain to keep the secret."

When we reached the end of the railway, we rode down the Vaughn road, and went into camp for the night in a field just south of that road, close to Gravelly Run (see map, page 128). That night (March 29th), the army was disposed in the following order from right to left: Weitzel in front of Richmond, with a portion of the Army of the James, Parke and Wright holding our works in front of Petersburg, Ord extending to the intersection of Hatcher's Run and the Vaughn road, Humphreys stretching beyond Dabney's Mill, Warren on the extreme left reaching as far as the junction of the Vaughn road and the Boydton

* The reader is referred to the September CENTURY for articles on the siege of Petersburg, the last event described there being the Confederate sortie and repulse at Fort Stedman on March 25th. In order to bring the first half of General Horace Porter's paper within the limits of the present magazine article, many interesting details, including those of the fighting at Five Forks, have been necessarily omitted. The paper will be given entire in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," a work now being published by subscription, by the Century Co., in thirty-two parts—or four volumes—containing THE CENTURY war series in permanent and greatly extended and embellished form. —EDITOR.


SIEGE OF PETERSBURG, VA.
SCALE
1 MILE
UNION LINES
CONFEDERATE "
RAILROADS
PRINC ROADS
MAP Nº 2.
Note. This Map joins Map Nº1 on a straight diagonal line on the South west corner.
Hatcher's Run
Gravelly Run
Little Cattail Run
Stony Creek
Beef Swamp
Chamberlains Bed
Arthur's Swamp
Dr ANDERSON
TALLEY
WILLIAMS
WALLACE
FORDS CHURCH ROAD
Ford
GOODWYN
A. ROBERTS
HAMAN
B. SIDNEY
ABBELL
PATTERSON
WHITE OAK ROAD
FIVE FORKS
T. BARNES
GILLIAM
BOISSEAU
DINWIDDIE ROAD
J. MOODY
GRAVELLY RUN CHURCH
D. GRANT
JAMES
B. REESE
J. AMPUY
CRUMP ROAD
Dr BOISSEAU
Dr P. SCOTT
CROW ROAD
CRUMP
W. DABNEY
HOLLIDAY
MOODY
ANDREWS
GILL
F.E. HART
DAWSON
BAILEY
BOYDTON PLANK ROAD
CROSS ROADS
WHITE OAK ROAD
B. BUTLER
PHILLIPS
T. PENITECOAST
BURGESS
CLEMENS
SMITH
SQUIRREL LEVEL ROAD
RAINEY
TAYLOR
ARMSTRONG
SMITH
ARMSTRONGS MILL
VAUGHAN ROAD
J. WILSON
DABNEY
STEAM SAW MILL
DABNEY'S SAW MILL
GRANT'S HEADQRS MARCH 30 - APRIL 2
GRANT'S HDQRS MARCH 29
CARRS
MUNFORD
A. WILLIAMS
LEWIS
J. BOISSEAU
W. LEWIS
P. KING
HARTWELL
SPAIN
W. DAVIS
R. MYERS
N. GREGG
GOSHEN
SHELLEY
J. HARGRAVE
BROOKS ROAD
J.H. BROOKS
FORD STATION ROAD
ADAMS
MRS. ADAMS
ADAMS ROAD
C.G. HARGRAVE
J. HITCHCOCK
PLANK ROAD
QUAKER ROAD
GILLIAM
VAUGHAN
MONKS NECK ROAD
A. ADAMS
CHAPEL
VAUGHAN ROAD
T. HARGRAVE
HEATH
PERKINS
SUTTS BRIDGE
SMITH
DINWIDDIE C.H.
J. KIDD
MONKS NECK BRIDGE
J. WELLS

plank-road, and Sheridan at Dinwiddie Court House. The weather had become cloudy, and towards evening rain began to fall. It fell in torrents during the night and continued with but little interruption all the next day. The country was densely wooded, and the ground swampy, and by the evening of the 30th whole fields had become beds of quicksand in which horses sank to their bellies, and the bottoms of the roads seemed to be falling out. The men began to feel that if any one in after years should ask them whether they had been through Virginia, they could say, "Yes, in a number of places." The roads had become sheets of water; and it looked as if the saving of that army would require the services not of a Grant but of a Noah.

While standing in front of the general's tent on the morning of the 30th, discussing the situation with several others of the staff, General Sheridan turned in from the Vaughn road with his escort and came up to our headquarters camp. He dismounted, entered General Grant's tent, and had a long interview. The general informed Sheridan that he had intended to send him a corps of infantry that day, but the condition of the roads prevented, and that he hoped he could feel the enemy the next day, and if possible seize Five Forks with his cavalry. The next morning, the 31st, Sheridan reported that the enemy had been hard at work intrenching at Five Forks and to a point about a mile west of there. Lee had been as prompt as Grant to recognize Five Forks as a strategic point of great importance, and, to protect his right, had sent Pickett there with a large force of infantry and nearly all the cavalry. The rain continued during the night of the 30th, and the weather was cloudy and dismal on the morning of the 31st.

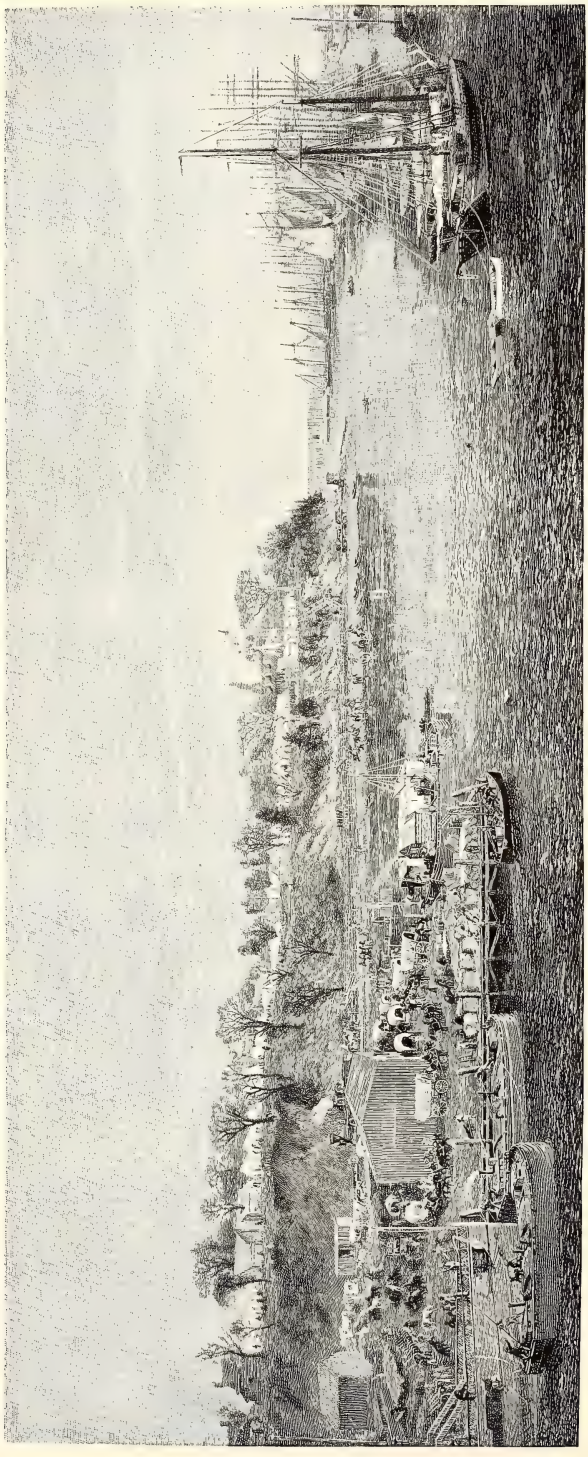
General Grant had anticipated that Warren would be attacked that morning and had warned him to be on the alert. Warren advanced his corps to develop with what force the enemy held the White Oak road and to try to drive him from it; but before he had gone far, he met with a vigorous assault. When news came of the attack, General Grant directed me to go to the spot and look to the situation of affairs there. Upon meeting him afterwards, about 1 o'clock, as he was riding out to Warren's command he directed me to go to Sheridan and explain what was taking place in Warren's and Humphreys's front, and have a full understanding with him as to further operations in his vicinity. I rode rapidly down the Boydton plank-road, and hearing heavy firing in the direction of the Five Forks road, hurried on in that direction by way of the Brooks road.

I found Sheridan a little north of Dinwiddie Court House, and gave him an account of matters on the left of the Army of the Potomac. He said he had had one of the liveliest days in his experience, fighting infantry and cavalry with only cavalry, but that he was concentrating his command on the high ground just north of Dinwiddie, and would hold that position at all hazards. He begged me to go to General Grant at once and urge him to send him the Sixth Corps, because it had been under him in the Shenandoah Valley, and its people knew his people and were familiar with his way of fighting. I told him, as had been stated to him before, that the Sixth Corps was next to our extreme right, and that the only one which could reach him by daylight was the Fifth. I started soon after for General Grant's headquarters, then at Dabney's Mill, a distance of about eight miles, reached there at 7 o'clock P. M., and gave the general a full description of Sheridan's operations. He at once telegraphed the substance of my report to Meade, and preparations soon after began looking to the sending of the Fifth Corps to report to Sheridan. This proved to be one of the busiest nights of the whole campaign. Generals were writing dispatches and telegraphing from dark till daylight. Staff-officers were rushing from one headquarters to another, wading through swamps, penetrating forests and galloping over corduroy roads, engaged in carrying instructions, getting information, and making extraordinary efforts to hurry up the movement of the troops.

The next morning, April 1st, General Grant said to me: "I wish you would spend the day with Sheridan's command, and send me a bulletin every half-hour or so, advising me fully as to the progress being made. You know my views, and I want you to give them to Sheridan fully. I hope there may now be an opportunity of fighting the enemy's infantry outside of its fortifications."

I set out with half a dozen mounted orderlies to act as couriers in transmitting field bulletins. Captain Hudson, of our staff, went with me. After traveling again by way of the Brooks road, I met Sheridan about 10 A. M., on the Five Forks road, not far from J. Boisseau's house. General Warren, who had accompanied

NOTE TO THE PROFILES OF GENERAL GRANT: On being asked for the history of these portraits (which, it will be noticed, were taken during General Grant's second term as President), Colonel Frederick D. Grant replied: "The taking of the photographs in profile was the occasion of my father's shaving for the second time that I ever knew of. My mother had asked him to have a profile taken so that she might send it to Rome to have a cameo cut. Thinking that she wanted a profile of his features, he got shaved and had these pictures taken, very much to the disgust of my mother, who did not accept them for the cameo, but waited until his beard grew out again, and then had another profile taken for the purpose."— EDITOR.



GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS, CITY POINT. (FROM THE PAINTING BY E. L. HENRY, OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK.)

Crawford's division, arrived at 11 o'clock and reported in person to Sheridan.

A few minutes before noon, Colonel (afterwards General) Babcock, of General Grant's staff, came over from headquarters, and said to Sheridan: "General Grant directs me to say to you, that if in your judgment the Fifth Corps would do better under one of the division commanders, you are authorized to relieve General Warren, and order him to report to him, General Grant, at headquarters." General Sheridan replied, in effect, that he hoped such a step as that might not become necessary, and then went on to speak of his plan of battle.

The enemy's earth-works were parallel to the White Oak road and about a mile and three-quarters in length, with an angle formed by running a line back about one hundred yards from the main line and at right angles to it. The Fifth Corps was to wheel to the left and make its attack upon the "angle," and then moving westward sweep down in rear of the enemy's intrenched line. The cavalry, principally dismounted, was to deploy in front of the enemy's line and engage his attention, and, as soon as it heard the firing of our infantry, to make a vigorous assault upon his works.

The Fifth Corps had borne the brunt of the infantry fighting ever since the army had moved out on the 29th, and the gallant men who composed it were eager once more to cross bayonets with their old antagonists. But the movement was slow, the required formation seemed to drag, and Sheridan, chafing with impatience and consumed with anxiety, became as restive as a racer when he nears the line, and is struggling to make the start. He made every possible appeal for promptness; he dismounted from his horse, paced up and down, struck the clenched fist of one hand into the palm of the other, and fretted like a caged tiger.

At 4 o'clock, the formation was completed, the order for the assault was given, and the struggle for Pickett's intrenched line began.

Soon Ayres's men met with a heavy fire on their left flank and had to change directions by facing more towards the west. As the troops entered the woods and moved forward over the boggy ground and struggled through the dense undergrowth, they were staggered by a heavy fire from the angle and fell back in some confusion. Sheridan now rushed into the midst of the broken lines, and cried out: "Where is my battle-flag?" As the sergeant who carried it rode up, Sheridan seized the crimson and white standard, waved it above his head, cheered on the men, and made great efforts to close up the ranks. Bullets were humming like a swarm of bees. One pierced the battle-flag, another killed the sergeant who had carried it, another wounded Captain McGonnigle in the side, others struck two or three of the staff-officers' horses. All this time Sheridan was dashing from one point of the line to another, waving his flag, shaking his fists, encouraging, threatening, praying, swearing, the very incarnation of battle. It would be a sorry soldier who could help following such a leader. Ayres and his officers were equally exposing themselves in rallying the men, and these veterans soon rushed forward with a rousing cheer and dashed over the earth-works, sweeping everything before them, and killing or capturing every man in their immediate front whose legs had not saved him.



GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864.)

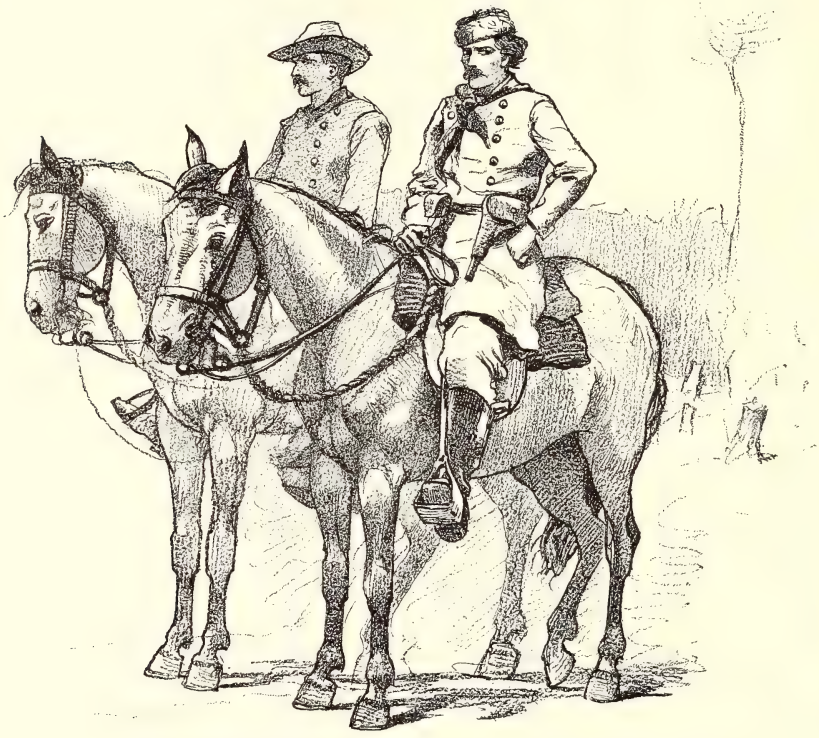
Sheridan rode "Rienzi," the famous horse that had once carried him "twenty miles from Winchester." The general spurred him up to the angle, and with a bound he carried his rider over the earth-works, and landed in the midst of a line of prisoners who had thrown down their arms and were crouching close under their breastworks. Some of them called out, "Whar do you want us all to go?" Then Sheridan's rage turned to humor, and he had a running talk with the "Johnnies" as they filed past. "Go right over there," he cried, pointing to the rear, "get right along, now, drop your guns, you 'll never need them any more. You 'll all be safe over there. Are there any more of you? We want every one of you fellows." Nearly 1500 were captured at the angle.

The cavalry commanded by the gallant Merritt had made a final dash, had gone over the earth-works with a hurrah, captured a battery of artillery, and scattered everything in front of them. Here Custer, Devin, Fitzhugh, and the other cavalry leaders were in their element, and vied with each other in deeds of valor.

After the capture of the angle, I went in the direction of Crawford's division, passed around the left of the enemy's works, and met Sheridan again, west of the Ford road, just a little before dark. He was laboring with all the energy of his nature to complete the destruction of the enemy's forces, and to make preparation to protect his own detached com-

mand from an attack by Lee in the morning. He said he had relieved Warren, directed him to report in person to General Grant, and placed Griffin in command of the Fifth Corps.

Sheridan had that day fought one of the most interesting technical battles of the war, almost perfect in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents, and productive of immensely important results.



TWO OF SHERIDAN'S SCOUTS. (SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WINSLOW HOMER.)

About half-past 7 o'clock I started for general headquarters. The roads in places were corduroyed with captured muskets; ammunition trains and ambulances were still struggling forward for miles; teamsters, prisoners, stragglers, and wounded were choking the roadway; the "coffee-boilers" had kindled their fires, cheers were resounding on all sides, and everybody was riotous over the victory. A horseman had to pick his way through this jubilant condition of things as best he could, as he did not have the right of way by any means. As I galloped past a group of men on the Boydton plank, my orderly called out to them the news of the victory. The only response he got was from one of them who raised his open hand to his face, put his thumb to his nose, and yelled: "No, you don't — April fool." I then realized that it was the 1st of April. I had ridden so rapidly, that I reached headquarters at Dabney's Mill before the arrival of the last courier I had dispatched. General Grant was sitting with most of the staff about him before a blazing camp-fire. He wore his blue cavalry overcoat, and the ever-present cigar was in his mouth. I began shouting the good news as soon I got in sight, and in a moment all but the imperturbable general-in-chief were on their feet giving vent to wild demonstrations of joy. For some minutes there was a bewildering state of excitement, grasping of hands, tossing up of hats, and slapping each other on the backs. It meant the beginning of the end, the reaching of the "last ditch." It pointed to peace and home. The general, as was expected, asked his usual question: "How many prisoners have been taken?" This was always his first inquiry when an engagement was reported. No man ever had such a fondness for taking prisoners. I think the gratification arose from the kindliness of his heart, a feeling that it was much better to win in this way than by the destruction of human life. I was happy to report that the prisoners this time were esti-

mated at over five thousand, and this was the only part of my recital that seemed to call forth a responsive expression from his impassive features. After having listened attentively to the description of Sheridan's day's work, the general, with scarcely a word, walked into his tent, and by the light of a flickering candle took up his "manifold writer," a small book which retained a copy of the matter written, and after finishing several dispatches, handed them to an orderly to be sent over the field wires, came out and joined our group at the camp-fire, and said as coolly as if remarking upon the state of the weather: "I have ordered an immediate assault along the lines." This was about 9 o'clock.

In his conversation now, his sense of humor began to assert itself. I had sent him a bulletin during the day saying, "I have noticed among the prisoners many old men whose heads are quite bald." This was mentioned as an evidence that the enemy in recruiting was "robbing the grave." A staff-officer was sitting with us whose hair was so thin, that he used to part it low behind and comb the stray locks forward, trying to make the rear-guard do picket duty at the front. The general delighted in teasing him on this subject, and he now said to me: "When I got your message to-day about the bald-headed men, I showed it to General Blank and told him he had better take care and not fall into the hands of the enemy, for that is just the way they would be commenting on his head in their reports."

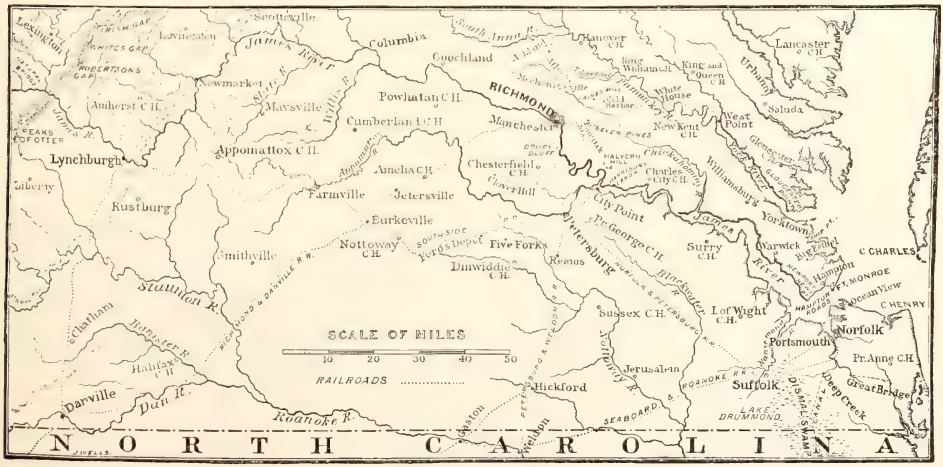
A little after midnight General Grant tucked himself into his camp-bed, and was soon sleeping as peacefully as if the next day was to be devoted to a picnic instead of a decisive battle.

At 4:45 there was a streak of gray in the heavens which soon revealed another streak of gray formed by Confederate uniforms in the works opposite, and the men rushed forward to the charge. The thunder of hundreds of guns shook the ground like an earthquake, and soon the troops were engaged all along the lines. The general awaited the result of the assault at headquarters, where he could be easily communicated with, and from which he could give general directions.

At a quarter past 5 a message came from Wright that he had carried the enemy's line and was pushing in. Next came news from Parke, that he had captured the outer works in his front, with 12 pieces of artillery and 800 prisoners.

Soon Ord was heard from as having broken through the intrenchments, and Humphreys, too, had been doing gallant work.

The general and staff now rode out to the front, as it was necessary to give immediate direction to the actual movements of the troops, and prevent confusion from the overlapping and intermingling of the several corps as they pushed forward. He urged his horse over the works which Wright's corps had captured, and suddenly came upon a body of three thousand prisoners marching to the rear. His whole attention was for some time riveted upon them, and we knew he was enjoying his usual satisfaction in seeing them. General Grant, after taking in the situation, directed both Meade and Ord to face their commands towards the east, and close up towards the inner lines which covered Petersburg. Lee had been pushed so vigorously, that he seemed for a time to be making but little effort to recover any of his lost ground, but now he made a determined fight against Parke's corps, which was threaten-



MAP OF THE PETERSBURG–APPOMATTOX CAMPAIGN.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN, GENERAL GRANT, AND TAD LINCOLN AT A RAILWAY STATION. (SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WINSLOW HOMER.)

ing his inner line on his extreme left and the bridge across the Appomattox. Repeated assaults were made, but Parke resisted them all successfully, and could not be moved from his position. Lee had ordered Longstreet from the north side of the James, and with these troops reënforced his extreme right. General Grant dismounted near a farm-house which stood on a knoll within a mile of the enemy's inner line, and from which he could get a good view of the field of operations. He seated himself at the foot of a tree, and was soon busy receiving dispatches and writing orders to officers conducting the advance. The position was under fire, and as soon as the group of staff-officers was seen, the enemy's guns began paying their respects to the party. This lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour, and as the fire became hotter and hotter several of the officers, apprehensive of the general's safety, urged him to move to some less conspicuous position, but he kept on writing and talking without the least interruption from the shots falling around him, and apparently not noticing what a target the place was becoming, or paying any heed to the gentle reminders to "move on." After he had finished his dispatches, he got up, took a view of the situation, and as he started towards the other side of the farm-house said, with a quizzical look at the group around him: "Well, they do seem to have the range on us." The staff was now sent to various points of the advancing lines, and all was activity in pressing forward the good work. By noon, nearly all the outer line of works was in our possession, except two strong redoubts which occupied a commanding position, named respectively Fort Gregg and Fort Whitworth. The general decided that these should be stormed, and about 1 o'clock three of Ord's brigades swept down upon Fort Gregg. The garrison of three hundred men with two rifled cannon made a desperate defense, and a most gallant contest took place. For half an hour after our men had gained the parapet a bloody hand-to-hand struggle continued, but nothing could stand against the onslaught of Ord's troops, flushed with their morning's victory. By half-past two, 57 of the brave garrison lay dead, and about 250 had surrendered. Fort Whitworth was at once abandoned, but the guns of Fort Gregg were opened upon the garrison as they marched out, and the commander and sixty men were surrendered.

Prominent officers now urged the general to make an assault on the inner lines and capture Petersburg that afternoon, but he was firm in his resolve not to sacrifice the lives necessary to accomplish such a result. He said the city would undoubtedly be evacuated during the night, and he would dispose the troops for a parallel march westward, and try to head off the escaping army. And thus ended this eventful Sunday.

The general was up at daylight the next morning, and the first report brought in was



UNION CAVALRYMEN RIDING AROUND THE MONUMENT OF JACKSON IN THE CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND.

that Parke had gone through the lines at 4 A. M., capturing a few skirmishers, and that the city had surrendered at 4:28 to Colonel Ely. A second communication surrendering the place was sent in to Wright.

The evacuation had begun about 10 the night before, and was completed before 3 on the morning of the 3d. Between 5 and 6 A. M. the general had a conference with Meade, and orders were given to push westward with all haste. About 9 A. M. the general rode into Petersburg. Many of the citizens, panic-stricken, had escaped with the army. Most of the whites who remained staid indoors, a few groups of negroes gave cheers, but the scene generally was one of complete desertion. Grant rode along quietly with his staff until he came to a comfortable-looking brick house with a yard in front, situated on one of the principal streets, and here he and the officers accompanying him dismounted and took seats on the piazza. A number of the citizens now gathered on the sidewalk and gazed, with eager curiosity, upon the features of the commander of the Yankee armies.



CITIZENS OF RICHMOND TAKING REFUGE IN CAPITOL SQUARE DURING THE CONFLAGRATION FOLLOWING UPON THE EVACUATION, APRIL 3D, 1865.

The general was anxious to move westward at once with the leading infantry columns, but Mr. Lincoln had telegraphed that he was on his way to see him, and the general decided to prolong his stay until the President came up. Mr. Lincoln soon after arrived, accompanied by his little son "Tad," dismounted in the street and came in through the front gate with long and rapid strides, his face beaming with delight. He seized General Grant's hand as the general stepped forward to greet him, and stood shaking it for some time and pouring out his thanks and congratulations with all the fervor of a heart which seemed overflowing with its fullness of joy. I doubt whether Mr. Lincoln ever experienced a happier moment in his life. The scene was singularly affecting and one never to be forgotten. He then said:

"Do you know, general, I have had a sort of sneaking idea for some days that you intended to do something like this, though I thought some time ago that you would so manœuvre as to have Sherman come up and be near enough to coöperate with you."

"Yes," replied the general, "I thought at one time that Sherman's army might advance so far as to be within supporting distance of the

Eastern armies when the spring campaign against Lee opened, but I have had a feeling that it is better to let Lee's old antagonists give his army the final blow and finish up the job single-handed."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Lincoln, "but I never thought of it in that light. In fact my anxiety has been so great that I did n't care where the help came from so the work was perfectly done."

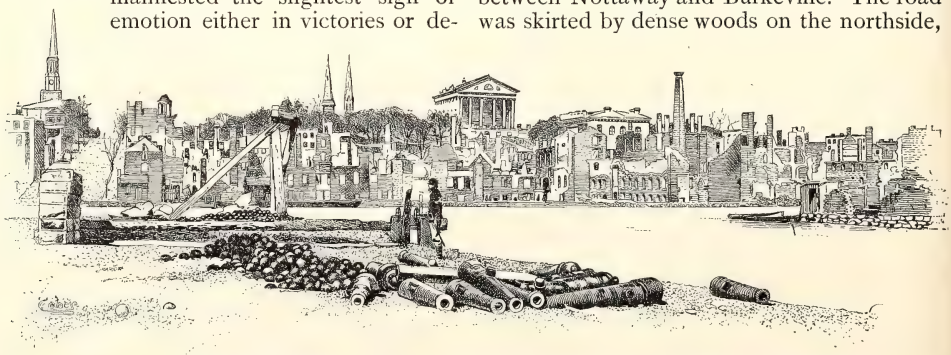
Mr. Lincoln then began to talk about the civil complications that would follow the destruction of the Confederate armies in the field, and showed plainly the anxiety he felt regarding the great problems in state-craft which would soon be thrust upon him.

Meanwhile Tad, for whom he always showed great affection, was now becoming a little uneasy and gave certain appealing looks to which a staff-officer responded by producing some sandwiches, which he offered to him, saying: "Here, young man, I guess you must be hungry." Tad seized them as a drowning man would seize a life-preserver, and cried out: "Yes, I am, that 's what 's the matter with me." This greatly amused the President and the general-in-chief, who had a hearty laugh at Tad's expense.

The general hoped that he would hear before he parted with the President that Richmond was in our possession, but after the interview had lasted about an hour and a half, the general said he must ride on to the front and join Ord's column, and took leave of the President who shook his hand cordially, and with great warmth of feeling wished him God-speed and every success.

The general and staff had ridden as far as Sutherland's Station, about nine miles, when a dispatch from Weitzel overtook him, which had come by a roundabout way, announcing the capture of Richmond at 8:15 that morning. Although the news was expected, there were wild shouts of rejoicing from the group who heard it read. The general, who never manifested the slightest sign of emotion either in victories or defeats, merely said; "I am sorry I did not get this news before we left the President. However, I suppose he has heard of it by this time," and then added: "Let the news be circulated among the troops as rapidly as possible."

Grant and Meade both went into camp at Sutherland's Station that evening, the 3d. The Army of the Potomac caught a few hours' sleep, and at 3 the next morning was again on the march. The pursuit had now become unflagging, relentless. Grant put a spur on the heel of every dispatch he sent. Sheridan "the inevitable," as the enemy had learned to call him, was in advance thundering along with his cavalry, followed by Griffin and the rest of the Army of the Potomac, while Ord was swinging along towards Burkeville to head off Lee from Danville, to which point it was naturally supposed he was pushing in order to unite with Joe Johnston's army. The 4th was another active day; the troops found that this campaign was to be won by legs, that the great walking match had begun, and success depended upon which army could make the best distance record. General Grant marched this day with Ord's troops. Meade was quite sick and at times had to take to an ambulance, but his loyal spirit never flagged, and his orders breathed the true spirit of the soldier. That night General Grant camped at Wilson's Station, on the South Side railroad twenty-seven miles west of Petersburg. On the 5th he marched again with Ord's column, and at noon reached Nottaway Court House, about ten miles east of Burkeville, where he halted for a couple of hours. A young staff-officer here rode up to General Ord, in a state of considerable excitement, and said to him: "Is this a way-station?" The grim old soldier, who always went armed with a joke concealed somewhere about his person, replied with great deliberation: "This is Nott-a-way Station." We continued to move along the road which runs parallel to the South Side railroad till nearly dark, and had reached a point about half-way between Nottaway and Burkeville. The road was skirted by dense woods on the northside,



THE RUINS OF RICHMOND BETWEEN THE CANAL BASIN AND CAPITOL SQUARE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the side towards the enemy. There was a sudden commotion among the headquarters escort, and on looking around I saw some of our men dashing up to a horseman in full Confederate uniform, who had suddenly appeared in the road, and in the act of seizing him as a prisoner.

I recognized him at once as one of Sheridan's scouts, who had before brought us important dispatches, and said to him: "How do you do, Campbell?" and told our men he was all right and was one of our own people.

He informed us he had had a hard ride from Sheridan's camp, and had brought a dispatch for General Grant. By this time the general had recognized him, and had stopped in the road to see what he had brought. Campbell then took from his mouth a wad of tobacco, broke it open, and pulled out a little ball of tin-foil. Rolled up in this was a sheet of tissue paper on which was written the famous dispatch so widely published at the time, in which Sheridan described the situation at Jetersville, and added: "I wish you were here yourself."

The general said he would go at once to Sheridan, and dismounted from his black pony "Jeff Davis," which he had been riding, and called for his big bay horse "Cincinnati." He stood in the road for a few minutes and wrote a dispatch, using the pony's back for a desk, and then mounting the fresh horse, told Campbell to lead the way. It was found we would have to skirt pretty closely to the enemy's lines, and it was thought prudent to take some cavalry with us, but there was none near at hand, and the general said he would risk it with our mounted escort of fourteen men. Calling upon me and two or three other officers to accompany him, he started off. It was now after dark, but there was enough moonlight to enable us to see the way without difficulty. After riding nearly twenty miles, following cross-roads through a wooden country, we struck Sheridan's pickets about half-past 10 o'clock and soon after reached his headquarters.

Sheridan was awaiting the general-in-chief, thinking he would come after getting the dispatch; a good supper of coffee and cold chicken had been spread out, and it was soon demonstrated that the night ride had not impaired any one's appetite.

When he had learned fully the situation in Sheridan's front, General Grant first sent a message to Ord to watch the roads running south from Burkeville and Farmville, and then rode over to Meade's camp near by. Meade was still suffering from illness. His views differed somewhat from General Grant's regarding the movements of the Army of the Potomac for the next day, and the latter changed the proposed dispositions so as to have the army swing round towards the south, and endeavor to head off Lee in that direction. The next day, the 6th, proved a decided field day in the pursuit. It was found in the morning that Lee had retreated during the night from Amelia Court House, and from the direction he had taken and from information received that he had ordered rations to meet him at Farmville, it was seen that he had abandoned all hope of reaching Burkeville and was probably heading for Lynchburg. Ord was to try to burn the High Bridge and push on to Farmville. Sheridan's cavalry was to work around on Lee's left flank, and the Army of the Potomac was to make another forced march and strike the enemy wherever it could reach him.

I spent a portion of the day with Humphreys's corps, which attacked the enemy near Deatonsville, and gave his rear-guard no rest. Joining General Grant later I rode with him to Burkeville, getting there some time after dark.

Ord had pushed out to Rice's Station, and Sheridan and Wright had gone in against the enemy and fought the battle of Sailor's Creek [east of Farmville, see map, page 143] capturing six general officers and about seven thousand men, and smashing things generally. General Grant started from Burkeville early the next morning, the 7th, and took the direct road to Farmville. The columns were crowding the roads, and the men, aroused to still greater efforts by the inspiring news of the day before, were sweeping along, despite the rain that fell, like trained pedestrians on a walking-track. As the general rode amongst them, he was greeted with shouts and hurrahs, on all sides, and a string of sly remarks, which showed how familiar swords and bayonets become when victory furnishes the topic of their talk.

II.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.

A LITTLE before noon on the 7th of April, 1865, General Grant with his staff rode into the little village of Farmville on the south side of the Appomattox River, a town which will be memorable in history as the place in which he opened the correspondence with Lee which led to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

He drew up in front of the village hotel, dismounted, and established headquarters on its broad piazza. News came in that Crook was fighting large odds with his cavalry on



THE RETREAT FROM PETERSBURG — CONFEDERATES AT A WELL NEAR FARMVILLE.
(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, WHO OBSERVED THE INCIDENT.)

the north side of the river, and I was directed to go to his front and see what was necessary to be done to assist him. I found that he was being driven back, and the enemy was making a bold stand north of the river. Humphreys was also on the north side, isolated from the rest of our infantry, confronted by a large portion of Lee's army, and having some very heavy fighting. On my return to general headquarters that night, Wright's corps was ordered to cross the river and move rapidly to the support of our troops there. Notwithstanding their long march that day, the men sprang to their feet with a spirit that made every one marvel at their pluck, and came swinging through the main street of the village, with a step that seemed as elastic as on the first day of their toilsome tramp. It was now dark, but they spied the general-in-chief watching them with evident pride from the piazza of the hotel.

Then was witnessed one of the most inspiring scenes of the campaign. Bonfires were lighted on the sides of the street, the men seized straw and pine knots, and improvised torches. Cheers arose from throats already hoarse with shouts of victory, bands played, banners waved, arms were tossed high in air and caught again. The night march had become a grand review, with Grant as the reviewing officer.

Ord and Gibbon had visited the general at the hotel, and he had spoken with them as well as with Wright about sending some communication to Lee which might pave the way to the stopping of further bloodshed. Dr. Smith, formerly of the regular army, a native of Virginia and a relative of General Ewell, now one of our prisoners, had told General Grant the night before that Ewell had said in conversation that their cause was lost when they crossed the James River, and he considered it the duty of the authorities to negotiate for peace then, while they still had a right to claim concessions, adding that now they were not in condition to claim anything. He said that for every man killed after this somebody would be responsible, and it would be little better than murder. He could not tell what General Lee would do, but he hoped he would at once surrender his army. This statement, together with the news which had been received from Sheridan saying that he had heard that General Lee's trains of provisions which had come by rail were at Appomattox and that he expected to capture them before Lee could reach them, induced the general to write the following communication:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.
"5 P. M., April 7th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.:

"The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army, known as the Army of Northern Virginia. U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

This he intrusted to General Seth Williams, adjutant-general, with directions to take it to Humphreys's front, as his corps was close up to the enemy's rear-guard, and have it sent into Lee's lines.

The general decided to remain all night at Farmville and await the reply from Lee, and he was shown to a room in the hotel in which he was told Lee had slept the night before.

Lee wrote the following reply within an hour after he received General Grant's letter, but it was brought in by rather a circuitous route and did not reach its destination till after midnight:

"April 7th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on conditions of its surrender.

"R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
"Commanding Armies of the U. S."

The next morning before leaving Farmville the general wrote the following reply, and General Williams again started for Humphreys's front to have the letter transmitted to Lee:

"April 8th, 1865.

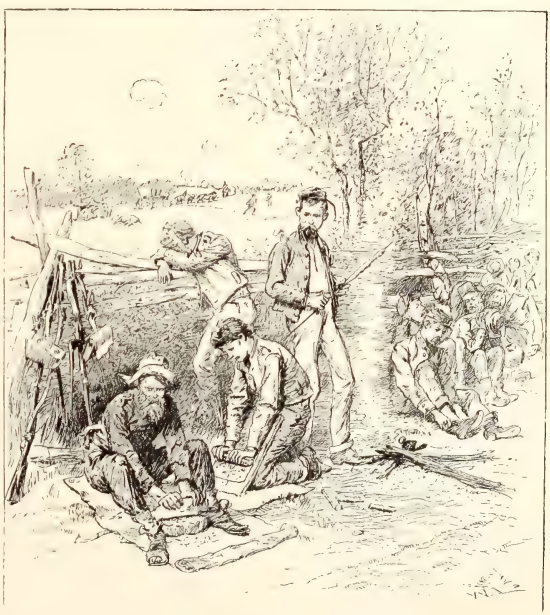
"GENERAL R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

"Your note of last evening in reply to mine of the same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon,— namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

There turned up at this time a rather hungry-looking gentleman in gray, in the uniform of a colonel, who proclaimed himself the proprietor of the hotel. He said his regiment had crumbled to pieces, he was the only man left in it, and he thought he might as well stop off at home. His story was significant as indicating the disintegrating process which was going on in the ranks of the enemy.

General Grant had been marching most of the way with the columns which were pushing along south of Lee's line of retreat, but expecting that a reply would be sent to his last letter and wanting to keep within easy communication with Lee, he decided to march this day with the portion of the Army of the Potomac, which was pressing Lee's rear-guard. After issuing some further instructions to Ord and Sheridan, he started from Farmville, crossed to the north side of the Appomattox, conferred in person with Meade, and rode with his columns. Encouraging reports came in all day, and that night headquarters were established at Curdsville in a large white farm-house, a few hundred yards from Meade's camp. The general and several of the staff had cut loose from the headquarters trains the night he started to meet Sheridan at Jetersville, and had neither baggage nor camp equipage. The general did not even have his sword with him. This was the most advanced effort yet made at moving in "light marching order," and we billeted ourselves at night in farm-houses, or bivouacked on porches, and picked up meals at any camp that seemed to have something to spare in the way of rations. This night we



THE RETREAT FROM PETERSBURG — CONFEDERATES GRATING AND GRINDING CORN, AND COOKING FLOUR-PASTE ON RAMRODS. (BY W. L. SHEPPARD, WHO OBSERVED THE INCIDENT.)

sampled the fare of Meade's hospitable mess and once more lay down with full stomachs.

General Grant had been suffering all the afternoon from a severe headache, the result of fatigue, anxiety, scant fare, and loss of sleep, and by night it was much worse. He had been induced to bathe his feet in hot water and mustard, and apply mustard plasters to his wrists and the back of his neck, but these remedies afforded little relief. The dwelling we occupied was a double house. The general threw



CAPTURE OF GUNS AND THE DESTRUCTION OF A CONFEDERATE WAGON-TRAIN AT PAINEVILLE, APRIL 5TH, BY DAVIES'S CAVALRY BRIGADE OF CROOK'S DIVISION. (BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The wagon-train was escorted by Gary's cavalry with five guns. General Humphreys, in "The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65" (Charles Scribner's Sons), says it is believed that "the papers of General Robert E. Lee's headquarters, containing many valuable reports, copies of but few of which are now to be found, were destroyed by the burning of these wagons."

himself upon a sofa in the sitting-room on the left side of the hall, while the staff-officers bunked on the floor of the room opposite to catch what sleep they could. About midnight we were aroused by Colonel Whittier of Humphreys's staff, who brought another letter from General Lee. General Rawlins at once took it in to General Grant's room. It was as follows:

"April 8th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. to-morrow on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies. R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT."

General Grant had been able to get but very little sleep. He now sat up and read the letter, and after making a few comments upon it to General Rawlins, lay down again on the sofa.

About 4 o'clock in the morning of the 9th, I got up and crossed the hall to ascertain how the general was feeling. I found his room empty, and upon going out of the front door saw him pacing up and down in the yard holding both hands to his head. Upon inquiring how he felt, he replied that he had had very little sleep and was still suffering the most excruciating pain. I said: "Well, there is one consolation in all this, general: I never knew you to be ill that you did not receive some good news. I have become a little superstitious regarding these coincidences, and I should not be surprised if some good fortune overtook you before night." He smiled and said: "The best thing that can happen to me to-day is to get rid of the pain I am suffering." We were now joined by some others of

the staff, and the general was induced to go over to Meade's headquarters with us and get some coffee, in the hope that it would do him good. He seemed to feel a little better now, and after writing the following letter to Lee and dispatching it, he prepared to move forward. The letter was as follows:



THE VILLAGE OF APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. THE McLEAN HOUSE ON THE RIGHT. (FROM A SKETCH MADE BY R. K. SNEDEN.)

"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL: Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, that I am equally desirous for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they would hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.,

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE."

It was proposed to him to ride during the day in a covered ambulance which was at hand, instead of on horseback, so as to avoid the intense heat of the sun, but this he declined to do and soon after mounted "Cincinnati" and struck off towards New Store. From that point he went by way of a cross-road to the south side of the Appomattox with the intention of moving around to Sheridan's front. While riding along the wagon road which runs from Farmville to Appomattox Court House at a point eight or nine miles east of the latter place, Lieutenant Pease of Meade's staff overtook him with a dispatch. It was found to be a reply from Lee, which had been sent in to our lines on Humphreys's front. It read as follows:

"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose. R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT."

Pease also brought a note from Meade, saying that at Lee's request he had read the communication addressed to General Grant and in consequence of it had granted a short truce.

The general, as soon as he had read these letters, dismounted, sat down on the grassy bank by the roadside, and wrote the following reply to Lee:

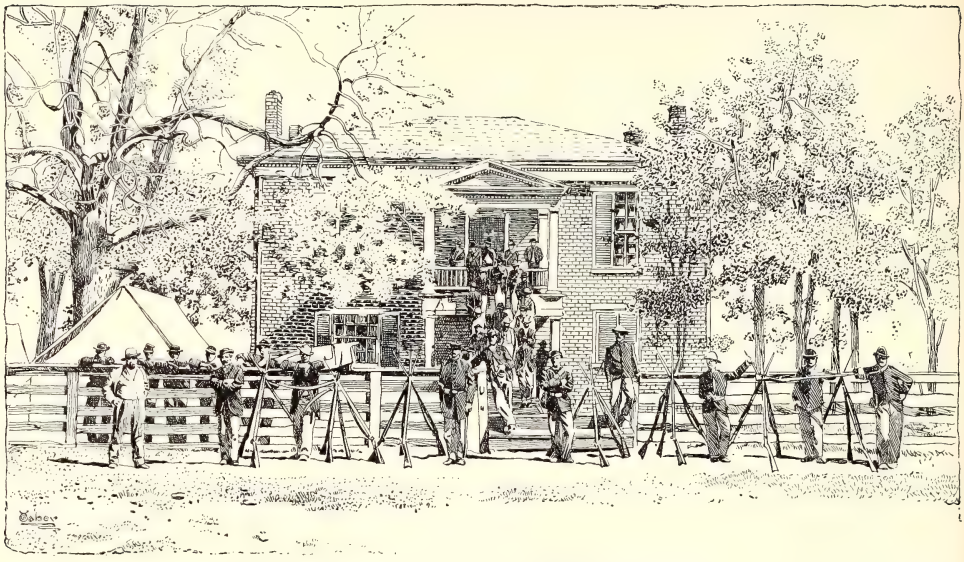
"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. Army:

"Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A. M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg roads to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL."

He handed this to Colonel Babcock of the staff, with directions to take it to General Lee by the most direct route. Mounting his horse again, the general rode on at a trot towards Appomattox Court House. When five or six miles from the town, Colonel Newhall, Sheridan's adjutant-general, came riding up from the direction of Appomattox and handed the general a communication. This proved to be a duplicate of the letter from Lee which Lieutenant Pease had brought in from Meade's lines. Lee was so closely pressed that he was anxious to communicate with Grant by the most direct means, and as he could not tell with which column Grant was moving, he sent in one copy of his letter on Meade's front and one on Sheridan's. Colonel Newhall joined our party, and after a few minutes' halt to read the letter, we continued our ride towards Appomattox. On the march I had asked the general several times how he felt. To the same question now he said, "The pain in my head seemed to leave me the moment I got Lee's letter." The road was filled with men, animals and wagons, and to avoid these and shorten the distance, we turned slightly to the right and began to "cut across lots"; but before going far we spied men conspicuous in gray, and it was seen that we were moving towards the enemy's left flank and that a short ride farther would take us into his lines. It looked for a moment as if a very awkward condition of things might possibly arise, and Grant become a prisoner in Lee's lines instead of Lee in his. Such a circumstance would have given rise to an important cross-entry in the system of campaign book-keeping. There was only one remedy — to retrace our steps and strike the right road, which was done without serious discussion. About 1 o'clock the little



APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

village of Appomattox Court House with its half-dozen houses came in sight, and soon we were entering its single street. It is situated on some rising ground, and beyond the country slopes down into a broad valley. The enemy was seen with his columns and wagon trains covering the low ground. Our cavalry, the Fifth Corps, and part of Ord's command were occupying the high ground to the south and west of the enemy, heading him off completely.

Generals Sheridan and Ord with a group of officers around them were seen in the road, and as our party came up, General Grant said:

"How are you, Sheridan?"

"First-rate, thank you; how are you?" cried Sheridan, with a voice and look that seemed to indicate that on his part he was having things all his own way.

"Is Lee over there?" asked General Grant, pointing up the street, having heard a rumor that Lee was in that vicinity.

"Yes, he is in that brick house," answered Sheridan.

"Well, then, we 'll go over," said Grant.

The general-in-chief now rode on, accompanied by Sheridan, Ord, and some others, and soon Colonel Babcock's orderly was seen sitting on his horse in the street in front of a two-story brick house, better in appearance than the rest of the houses. He said General Lee and Colonel Babcock had gone into this house a short time before, and he was ordered to post himself in the street and keep a lookout for General Grant, so as to let him know where General Lee was. Babcock told me afterwards that in carrying General Grant's last letter he passed through the enemy's lines and found General Lee a little more than half a mile beyond Appomattox Court House. He was lying down by the roadside on a blanket which had been spread over a few fence rails on the ground under an apple-tree, which was part of an orchard. This circumstance furnished the only ground for the widespread report that the surrender occurred under an apple-tree. Babcock dismounted upon coming near, and as he approached on foot, Lee sat up, with his feet hanging over the roadside embankment. The wheels of the wagons in passing along the road had cut away the earth of this embankment and left the roots of the tree projecting. Lee's feet were partly resting on these roots. One of his staff-officers came forward, took the dispatch which Babcock handed him and gave it to General Lee. After reading it, the general rose and said he would ride forward on the road on which Babcock had come, but was apprehensive that hostilities might begin in the mean time, upon the termination of the temporary truce, and asked Babcock to write a line to Meade informing him of the situation. Babcock wrote accordingly, requesting Meade to maintain the truce until positive orders from General Grant could be received. To save time it was arranged that a Union officer, accompanied by one of Lee's officers, should carry this letter through the enemy's lines. This route made the distance to Meade nearly ten miles shorter

than by the roundabout way of the Union lines. Lee now mounted his horse and directed Colonel Charles Marshall, his military secretary, to accompany him. They started for Appomattox Court House in company with Babcock and followed by a mounted orderly. When the party reached the village they met one of its residents, named Wilbur McLean, who was told that General Lee wanted to occupy a convenient room in some house in the town. McLean ushered them into the sitting-room of one of the first houses he came to, but upon looking about and finding it quite small and meagerly furnished, Lee proposed finding something more commodious and better fitted for the occasion. McLean then conducted the party to his own house, about the best one in the town, where they awaited General Grant's arrival.

The house had a comfortable wooden porch with seven steps leading up to it. A hall ran through the middle from front to back, and on each side was a room having two windows, one in front and one in rear. Each room had two doors opening into the hall. The building stood a little distance back from the street, with a yard in front, and to the left was a gate for carriages and a roadway running to a stable in rear. We entered the grounds by this gate and dismounted. In the yard were seen a fine large, gray horse, which proved to be General Lee's, and a good-looking mare belonging to Colonel Marshall. An orderly in gray was in charge of them, and had taken off their bridles to let them nibble the grass.

General Grant mounted the steps and entered the house. As he stepped into the hall, Colonel Babcock, who had seen his approach from the window, opened the door of the room on the left, in which he had been sitting with General Lee and Colonel Marshall, awaiting General Grant's arrival. The general passed in, while the members of the staff, Generals Sheridan and Ord, and some general officers who had gathered in the front yard remained outside, feeling that he would probably want his first interview with General Lee to be, in a measure, private. In a few minutes Colonel Babcock came to the front door, and making a motion with his hat towards the sitting-room, said: "The general says, come in." It was then about half-past 1 of Sunday, the 9th of April. We entered, and found General Grant sitting at a marble-topped table in the center of the room, and Lee sitting beside a small oval table near the front window, in the corner opposite to the door by which we entered, and facing General Grant. Colonel Marshall, his military secretary, was standing at his left side.



CONFEDERATES DESTROYING THE RAILROAD FROM APPOMATTOX TOWARD LYNCHBURG, AND ARTILLERYMEN DESTROYING GUN-CARRIAGES AT NIGHTFALL, SATURDAY, APRIL 8th. (BY W. L. SHEPPARD, WHO OBSERVED THE INCIDENTS.)



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX. (DRAWN BY W. TABER; BASED UPON THE LITHOGRAPH CALLED "THE DAWN OF PEACE." BY PERMISSION OF W. H. STELLE.)

2. General Robert E. Lee. 1. Colonel Charles Marshall, of General Lee's Staff. 8. Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant. 15. Major-General Philip H. Sheridan. 7. Major-General Edward O. C. Ord. 14. Brevet Major-General Rufus Ingalls. 10. Brigadier-General John A. Rawlins, Chief of Staff; other members of General Grant's Staff: 4. Major-General Seth Williams. 12. Brevet Major-General John G. Barnard. 9. Colonel Horace Porter. 3. Colonel Orville E. Babcock. 5. Colonel Ely S. Parker. 6. Colonel Theodore S. Bowers. 11. Colonel Frederick T. Dent. 13. Colonel Adam Badeau.

We walked in softly, and ranged ourselves quietly about the sides of the room, very much as people enter a sick-chamber when they expect to find the patient dangerously ill. Some found seats on the sofa and a few chairs which constituted the furniture, but most of the party stood.

The contrast between the two commanders was very striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention, as they sat ten feet apart facing each other.

General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were a nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on a single-breasted blouse, made of dark-blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top-boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had had on a pair of thread gloves, of a dark-yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt "sugar-loaf" stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on the table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder-straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height, and quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver gray, and quite thick except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword of exceedingly fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia. His top-boots were comparatively new, and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean and but little travel-stained. On the boots were handsome spurs, with large rowels. A felt hat, which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long buckskin gauntlets lay beside him on the table. We asked Colonel Marshall afterwards how it was that both he and his chief wore such fine toggery, and looked so much as if they had just turned out to go to church, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the "shabby-genteel." He enlightened us regarding the contrast, by explaining that when their headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, and it was found they would have to destroy all their baggage except the clothes they carried on their backs, each one, naturally, selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the gods of destruction by a sacrifice of his second-best.

General Grant began the conversation by saying:

"I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere."

"Yes," replied General Lee, "I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it and tried to recollect how you looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature."

After some further mention of Mexico, General Lee said:

"I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army."

General Grant replied:

"The terms I propose are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday,—that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again



McLEAN'S HOUSE, APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

until properly exchanged, and all arms, ammunition, and supplies to be delivered up as captured property."

Lee nodded an assent, and said:

"Those are about the conditions which I expected would be proposed."



GENERAL LEE AND COLONEL MARSHALL LEAVING McLEAN'S HOUSE AFTER THE SURRENDER.
(BY A. R. WAUD, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

General Grant then continued:

"Yes, I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting; and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities and be the means of preventing any further loss of life."

Lee inclined his head as indicating his accord with this wish, and General Grant then went on to talk at some length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. Lee was evidently anxious to proceed to the formal work of the surrender, and he brought the subject up again by saying:

"I presume, General Grant, we have both carefully considered the proper steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing the terms you have proposed, so that they may be formally acted upon."

"Very well," replied General Grant, "I will write them out." And calling for his manifold order-book, he opened it on the table before him and proceeded to write the terms. The leaves had been so prepared that three impressions of the writing were made. He wrote very rapidly, and did not pause until he had finished the sentence ending with "officers appointed by me to receive them." Then he looked towards Lee, and his eyes seemed to be resting on the handsome sword which hung at that officer's side. He said afterwards that this set him to thinking that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords, and a great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses, and after a short pause he wrote the sentence: "This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage." When he had finished the letter he called Colonel (afterwards General) Parker, one of the military secretaries on the staff, to his side and looked it over with him and directed him as they went along to interline six or seven words and to strike out the word "their," which had been repeated. When this had been done, he handed the book to General Lee and asked him to read over the letter. It was as follows:

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA,
"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.

"GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States, until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked, and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

"Very respectfully,
"U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

Lee took it and laid it on the table beside him, while he drew from his pocket a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and wiped the glasses carefully with his handkerchief. Then he crossed his legs, adjusted the spectacles very slowly and deliberately, took up the draft of the letter, and proceeded to read it attentively. It consisted of two pages. When he reached the top line of the second page, he looked up, and said to General Grant: "After the words 'until properly,' the word 'exchanged' seems to be omitted. You doubtless intended to use that word."

"Why, yes," said Grant; "I thought I had put in the word 'exchanged.'"

"I presumed it had been omitted inadvertently," continued Lee, "and with your permission I will mark where it should be inserted."

"Certainly," Grant replied.

Lee felt in his pocket as if searching for a pencil, but did not seem to be able to find one. Seeing this and happening to be standing close to him, I handed him my pencil. He took it, and laying the paper on the table noted the interlineation. During the rest of the interview he kept twirling this pencil in his fingers and occasionally tapping the top of the table with it. When he handed it back it was carefully treasured by me as a memento of the occasion. When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side-arms, private horses and baggage, he showed for the first time during the reading of the letter a slight change of countenance, and was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked towards General Grant as he finished reading and said with some degree of warmth in his manner: "This will have a very happy effect upon my army."

General Grant then said: "Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink and sign it."

"There is one thing I would like to mention," Lee replied after a short pause. "The cavalrymen and artillerists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States." This expression attracted the notice of our officers present, as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: "I would like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses?"

"You will find that the terms as written do not allow this," General Grant replied; "only the officers are permitted to take their private property."

Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and then said:

"No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear." His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made, and Grant said very promptly and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

"Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course I did not know that any private sol-



UNION SOLDIERS SHARING THEIR RATIONS WITH THE CONFEDERATES AT APPOMATTOX.
(BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

diers owned their animals, but I think this will be the last battle of the war — I sincerely hope so — and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all the others, and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way. I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms." (This expression has been quoted in various forms and has been the subject of some dispute. I give the exact words used.)

Lee now looked greatly relieved, and though anything but a demonstrative man, he gave every evidence of his appreciation of this concession, and said, "This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying and will do much towards conciliating our people." He handed the draft of the terms back to General Grant, who called Colonel Bowers of the staff to him and directed him to make a copy in ink. Bowers was a little nervous, and he turned the matter over to Colonel (afterwards General) Parker, whose handwriting presented a better appearance than that of any one else on the staff. Parker sat down to write at the table which stood against the rear side of the room. Wilbur McLean's domestic resources in the way of ink now became the subject of a searching investigation, but it was found that the contents of the conical-shaped stoneware inkstand which he produced appeared to be participating in the general breaking up and had disappeared. Colonel Marshall now came to the rescue, and pulled out of his pocket a small box-wood inkstand, which was put at Parker's service, so that, after all, we had to fall back upon the resources of the enemy in furnishing the stage "properties" for the final scene in the memorable military drama.

Lee in the mean time had directed Colonel Marshall to draw up for his signature a letter of acceptance of the terms of surrender. Colonel Marshall wrote out a draft of such a letter, making it quite formal, beginning with "I have the honor to reply to your communication, etc." General Lee took it, and after reading it over very carefully, directed that these formal expressions be stricken out and that the letter be otherwise shortened. He afterwards went over it again and seemed to change some words, and then told the colonel to make a final copy in ink. When it came to providing the paper, it was found we had the only supply of that important ingredient in the recipe for surrendering an army, so we gave a few pages to the colonel. The letter when completed read as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN
"VIRGINIA, April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect. R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT."

While the letters were being copied, General Grant introduced the general officers who had entered, and each member of the staff, to General Lee. The general shook hands with General Seth Williams, who had been his adjutant when Lee was superintendent at West Point, some years before the war, and gave his hand to some of the other officers who had extended theirs, but to most of those who were introduced he merely bowed in a dignified and formal manner. He did not exhibit the slightest change of features during this ceremony until Colonel Parker of our staff was presented to him. Parker was a full-blooded Indian, and the reigning Chief of the Six Nations. When General Lee saw his swarthy features he looked at him with an evident stare of surprise, and his eyes rested on him for several seconds. What was passing in his mind probably no one ever knew, but the natural surmise was that he at first mistook Parker for a negro, and was struck with astonishment to find that the commander of the Union armies had one of that race on his personal staff.

Lee did not utter a word while the introductions were going on, except to Seth Williams, with whom he talked quite cordially. Williams at one time referred in rather jocose a manner to a circumstance which occurred during their former service together, as if he wanted to say something in a good-natured way to break up the frigidity of the conversation, but Lee was in no mood for pleasantries, and he did not unbend, or even relax the fixed sternness of his features. His only response to the allusion was a slight inclination of the head. General Lee now took the initiative again in leading the conversation back into business channels. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, General Grant, a number of them officers whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in



GENERAL LEE'S RETURN TO HIS LINES AFTER THE SURRENDER — THE LAST APPEARANCE AMONG HIS TROOPS. (DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.)

In his "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee" (J. M. Stoddart & Co.), General A. L. Long says of this scene: "When, after his interview with Grant, General Lee again appeared, a shout of welcome instinctively ran through the army. But instantly recollecting the sad occasion that brought him before them, their shouts sank into silence, every hat was raised, and the bronzed faces of the thousands of grim warriors were bathed with tears. As he rode slowly along the lines hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around the noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting for him their great affection. The general then, with head bare and tears flowing freely down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens."

need of both rations and forage. I telegraphed to Lynchburg, directing several train loads of rations to be sent on by rail from there, and when they arrive I should be glad to have the present wants of my men supplied from them."

At this remark, all eyes turned towards Sheridan, for he had captured these trains with his cavalry the night before, near Appomattox Station. General Grant replied:

"I should like to have our men sent within our lines as soon as possible. I will take steps at once to have your army supplied with rations, but I am sorry we have no forage for the animals. We have had to depend upon the country for our supply of forage. Of about how many men does your present force consist?"

"Indeed, I am not able to say," Lee answered after a slight pause. "My losses in killed and wounded have been exceedingly heavy, and, besides, there have been many stragglers and some deserters. All my reports and public papers, and, indeed, my own private letters, had to be destroyed on the march, to prevent them from falling into the hands of your people. Many companies are entirely without officers, and I have not seen any returns for several days; so that I have no means of ascertaining our present strength."

General Grant had taken great pains to have a daily estimate made of the enemy's forces from all the data that could be obtained, and judging it to be about 25,000 at this time, he said:

"Suppose I send over 25,000 rations, do you think that will be a sufficient supply?"

"I think it will be ample," remarked Lee, and added, with considerable earnestness of manner, "and it will be a great relief, I assure you."

General Grant now turned to his chief commissary, Colonel (afterwards General) Morgan, who was present, and directed him to arrange for issuing the rations. The number of men surrendered was over 28,000. As to General Grant's supplies, he had ordered the army on starting out to carry twelve days' rations. This was the twelfth and last day of the campaign.

General Grant's eye now fell upon Lee's sword again, and it seemed to remind him of the absence of his own, and, by way of explanation, he said to Lee:

"I started out from my camp several days ago without my sword, and as I have not seen my headquarters baggage since, I have been riding about without any side-arms. I have generally worn a sword, however, as little as possible, only during the actual operations of a campaign."

"I am in the habit of wearing mine most of the time," remarked Lee; "I wear it invariably when I am among my troops, moving about through the army."

General Sheridan now stepped up to General Lee and said that when he discovered some of the Confederate troops in motion during the morning, which seemed to be a violation of the truce, he had sent him (Lee) a couple of notes protesting against this act, and as he had not had time to copy them he would like to have them long enough to make copies. Lee took the notes out of the breast-pocket of his coat and handed them to Sheridan with a few words expressive of regret that the circumstance had occurred, and intimating that it must have been the result of some misunderstanding.

After a little general conversation had been indulged in by those present, the two letters were signed and delivered, and the parties prepared to separate. Lee before parting asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front and lives be uselessly lost. This request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines as the shortest route to Meade, — some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with. At a little before 4 o'clock, General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Colonel Marshall left the room. One after another we followed and passed out to the porch. Lee signaled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the general stood on the lowest step and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond where his army lay — now an army of prisoners. He smote his hands together a number of times in an absent sort of a way; seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unconscious of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness which overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie and he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the porch, and moving towards him, saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present; Lee raised his hat respectfully in acknowledgment, and rode off to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

General Grant and his staff then mounted and started for the headquarters camp, which in the mean time had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines and the firing of salutes began at several points, but the general sent orders at once to have them stopped, and used these words in referring to the occurrence: "The war is over, the rebels are our countrymen again, and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field."

Mr. McLean had been charging about in a manner which indicated that the excitement was shaking his system to its nervous center, but his real trials did not begin until the departure of the chief actors in the surrender. Then the relic-hunters charged down upon the manor-house and made various attempts to jump Mr. McLean's claims to his own furniture. Sheridan set a good example, however, by paying the proprietor twenty dollars in gold for the table at which Lee sat for the purpose of presenting it to Mrs. Custer, and handed it over to her dashing husband, who started off for camp bearing it upon his shoulder, and looking like Atlas carrying the world. Ord paid forty dollars for the table at which Grant sat, and afterwards presented it to Mrs. Grant, who modestly declined it and insisted that it should be given to Mrs. Ord, who then became its possessor. Bargains were at once struck for all the articles in the room, and it is even said that some mementos were carried off in the shape of flowers and other things for which no coin of the realm was ever exchanged.

Before General Grant had proceeded far towards camp, he was reminded that he had not yet announced the important event to the Government. He dismounted by the roadside, sat down on a large stone, and called for pencil and paper. Colonel (afterwards General) Badeau handed his order-book to the general, who wrote on one of the leaves the following message, a copy of which was sent to the nearest telegraph station. It was dated 4:30 P. M.

"HON. E. M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR, WASHINGTON.

"General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

Upon reaching camp he seated himself in front of his tent, and we all gathered around him, curious to hear what his first comments would be upon the crowning event of his life. But our expectations were doomed to disappointment, for he appeared to have already dismissed the whole subject from his mind, and turning to General Ingalls, his first words were: "Ingalls, do you remember that old white mule that so-and-so used to ride when we were in the city of Mexico?" "Why, perfectly," said Ingalls, who was just then in a mood to remember the exact number of hairs in the mule's tail if it would have helped to make matters agreeable. And then the general-in-chief

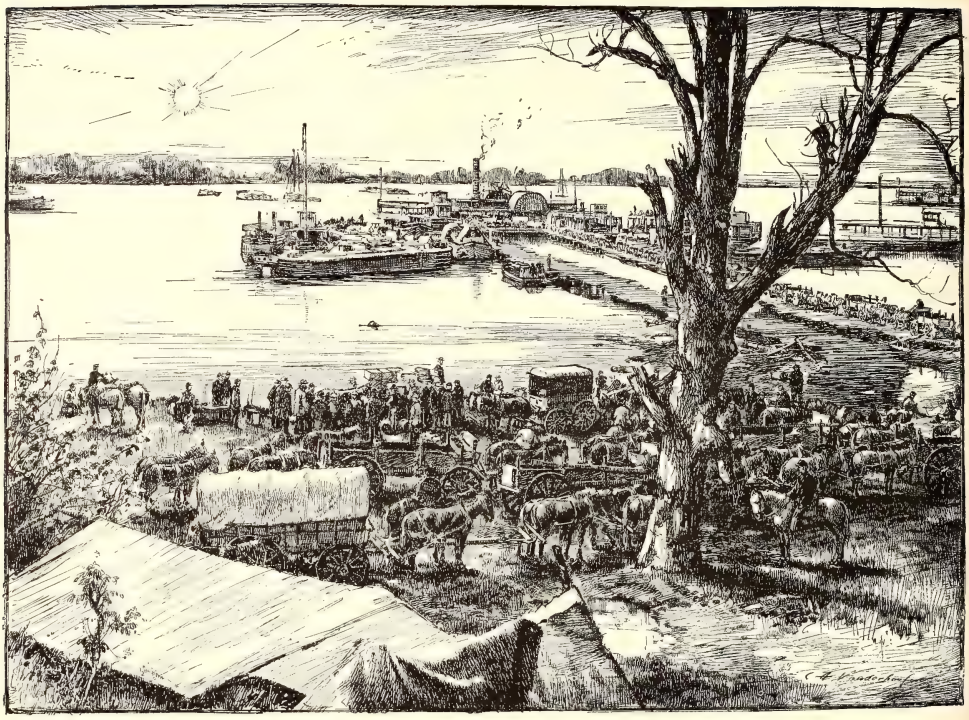
went on to recall the antics played by that animal during an excursion to Popocatapetl. It was not until after supper that he said much about the surrender, when he talked freely of his entire belief that the rest of the rebel commanders would follow Lee's example, and that we would have but little more fighting, even of a partisan nature. He then surprised us by announcing his intention of starting to Washington early the next morning. We were disappointed at this, for we wanted to see something of the opposing army, now that it had become civil enough for the first time in its existence to let us get near it, and meet some of the officers who had been acquaintances in former years. The general, however, had no fondness for looking at the conquered, and but little curiosity in his nature, and he was anxious above all things to begin the reduction of the military establishment and diminish the enormous expense attending it, which at this time amounted to about four millions of dollars a day. When he considered, however, that the railroad was being rapidly put in condition and that he would lose no time by waiting till the next noon, he made up his mind to delay his departure.

That evening I made full notes of the occurrences which took place during the surrender, and from these the above account has been written.

There were present at McLean's house besides Sheridan, Ord, Merritt, Custer, and the officers of General Grant's staff, a number of other officers and one or two citizens who entered the room at different times during the interview.

About 9 o'clock on the morning of the 10th General Grant with his staff rode out towards the enemy's lines, but it was found upon attempting to pass through that the force of habit is hard to overcome, and that the practice which had so long been inculcated in Lee's army of keeping Grant out of its lines was not to be overturned in a day, and he was politely requested at the picket-lines to wait till a message could be sent to headquarters asking for instructions. As soon as Lee heard that his distinguished opponent was approaching, he was prompt to correct the misunderstanding at the picket-line, and rode out at a gallop to receive him. They met on a knoll which overlooked the lines of the two armies, and saluted respectfully by each raising his hat. The officers present gave a similar salute, and then grouped themselves around the two chieftains in a semicircle, but withdrew out of earshot. General Grant repeated to us that evening the substance of the conversation, which was as follows:

Grant began by expressing a hope that the war would soon be over, and Lee replied by stating that he had for some time been anxious to stop the further effusion of blood, and he trusted that everything would now be done to restore harmony and conciliate the people of the South. He said the emancipation of the negroes would be no hindrance to the restoring of relations between the two sections of the country, as it would probably not be the desire of the majority of the Southern people to restore slavery then, even if the question were left open to them. He could not tell what the other armies would do or what course Mr. Davis would now take, but he believed it would be best for their other armies to follow his example, as nothing could be gained by further resistance in the field. Finding that he entertained these sentiments, General Grant told him that no one's influence in the South was so great as his, and suggested to him that he should advise the surrender of the remaining armies and thus exert his influence in favor of immediate peace. Lee said he could not take such a course without consulting President Davis first. Grant then proposed to Lee that he should do so, and urge the hastening of a result which was admitted to be inevitable. Lee, however, was averse to stepping beyond his duties as a soldier, and said the authorities would doubtless soon arrive at the same conclusion without his interference. There was a statement put forth that Grant asked Lee to go and see Mr. Lincoln and talk with him as to the terms of reconstruction, but this was erroneous. I asked General Grant about it when he was on his death-bed, and his recollection was distinct that he had made no such suggestion. I am of opinion that the mistake arose from hearing that Lee had been requested to go and see the "President" regarding peace, and thinking that this expression referred to Mr. Lincoln, whereas it referred to Mr. Davis. After the conversation had lasted a little more than half an hour and Lee had requested that such instructions be given to the officers left in charge to carry out the details of the surrender, that there might be no misunderstanding as to the form of paroles, the manner of turning over the property, etc., the conference ended. The two commanders lifted their hats and said good-bye. Lee rode back to his camp to take a final farewell of his army, and Grant returned to McLean's house, where he seated himself on the porch until it was time to take his final departure. During the conference Ingalls, Sheridan, and Williams had asked permission to visit the enemy's lines and renew their acquaintance with some old friends, classmates and former comrades in arms who were serving in Lee's army. They now returned, bringing with them Wilcox, who



DEPOT OF SUPPLIES FOR THE UNION ARMY AT BELLE PLAINE ON THE JAMES RIVER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

had been General Grant's groomsman when he was married,— Longstreet, who had also been at his wedding, Heth, who had been a subaltern with him in Mexico, besides Gordon, Pickett, and a number of others. They all stepped up to pay their respects to General Grant, who received them very cordially and talked with them until it was time to leave. The hour of noon had now arrived, and General Grant, after shaking hands with all present who were not to accompany him, mounted his horse, and started with his staff for Washington without having entered the enemy's lines. Lee set out for Richmond, and it was felt by all that peace had at last dawned upon the land.

The charges were now withdrawn from the guns, the camp-fires were left to smolder in their ashes, the flags were tenderly furled,— those historic banners, battle-stained, bullet-riddled, many of them but remnants of their former selves, with scarcely enough left of them on which to imprint the names of the battles they had seen,— and the Army of the Union and the Army of Northern Virginia turned their backs upon each other for the first time in four long, bloody years.

Horace Porter.



SOLDIERS' GRAVES AT CITY POINT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

A LITTLE DINNER.



REGRET to have to use so unpleasant a description, — and nothing in the world would induce me to do it outside of this confidential circle,— but Juliet Scatterbury, who afterwards became Mrs. Bang, was one of the most surprising of liars. Oh, it was so admitted. You should hear the gentle irony of Sam Lambert's remarks about her! His wife checks him, it is true, as to the particular case here to be described, believing that to have been largely her own fault, but the fact remains that Juliet was an egregious follower of Ananias and Sapphira.

There was wide range and ingenuity in her inventions; no one ever appeared to take a more genuine comfort in mendacity than she. It often seemed as if she would rather employ it than truth, even when the latter would have answered the purpose better. She sometimes wore a rapt and imaginative air as if she thoroughly believed in her statements herself. She would romance, for instance, about her early life, tell you of journeys she had made, thrilling adventures she had met with, priceless jewels and wondrous ball-dresses she had worn, and unmeasured social attentions that had been showered upon her. She would make small scruple, if it suited her whim, of claiming that she owned the largest steam yacht in the world, had written, anonymously, the last popular novel, or had sometimes played the part of Ristori or Bernhardt, appearing under proper disguise. With all this, she was young, pretty, possessed of the art of dressing well, and accomplished in several ways.

Her career in the large Western city of — let us say — Minneapolis was but a brief one. Her family were not in affluent circumstances; they had moved about a good deal,— her father had something to do with contracts,— but they were respected, and, for Juliet's part, she was the associate of the leading people. While there she was not thoroughly found out. There were always some who believed in her, thought her a very sprightly and entertaining person, and confidently expected her to make a great match. The young men in particular did not credit all the ill they heard of her, but laid a good part of this to the natural jealousy of their sisters and cousins, her rivals. It was probably not till individuals from different quarters of the country began to meet casually and compare notes about her that the full measure of her iniquities came out.

Now, Juliet Scatterbury also confidently counted on making a brilliant match. When she removed to New York, and, in some unaccountable way, made one of quite the opposite sort instead, she was still anxious that an impression to that effect should go out among the denizens of the place she had left. The view, in fact, prevailed there, from some artful hints let fall in a few letters she had sent back, that, though the marriage had been a very quiet one, it was due to a recent death in Mr. Bang's family, that it covered in reality a good deal of solid magnificence, and that her position in the world was a highly enviable one.

She had, in truth, married a club man, and the son of a club man, a fellow of good intentions enough, but not at all enterprising and with no very definite means of support. They lived in a small flat, in a respectable neighborhood, where everything was, as it were, something else. Their bedstead, for instance, was a mantelpiece, when off duty; their piano a refrigerator, and the principal arm-chair a coal-box. About the only genuine piece of furniture was an easel, holding some photo-engravings. This gave an elegant air of space, and served no extraneous purpose save to suggest to Mr. Bang his very obvious standing pun as to the facility with which it also might have been something else.

This manner of living was Juliet's own doing; she was brimful of vanity and active social push still.

They had some prosperous acquaintances who befriended them; among these, Mrs. Lambert, a former schoolmate of Juliet's, and friend of her husband, and a person, it would seem, of quite phenomenal good-nature.

"Poor little thing," said Mrs. Lambert, "and her husband has the makings of such a good fellow about him, and they have so much to contend with."

Many the little dinner, therefore, they had at her house, and many the comfortable drive for Juliet in her carriage.

As to Mrs. Bang's peculiar trait of invention, she probably employed it outside of the house, at this time, as briskly as ever, but she did not employ it at home, having found out, in very emphatic form from Jim, soon after their marriage, that he did not approve of it.

One afternoon she rushed in, in a state of much excitement, and said to Jim:

"I have just met the Gradshaws of Minneapolis,—a mother and daughter, you know,—the most prominent people there. They were at Arnold's, and are staying in town a short time, at the Bolingbroke. I hardly knew how I should get away from them, but I made a great palaver about intending to go and see them immediately, and escaped under cover of the confusion."

"Oh," said Jim, with but a languid interest, looking for a fresh cigar in a Japanese jug on the mantelpiece.

"I wish we could think of some way of entertaining them without letting them come near us. Our fate is in their hands; whatever they report, when they go back to Minneapolis, will settle it. I told them we were all upset with house-cleaning. If they should once see how we live ——"

"Well, we have n't any patent on it, and can't expect to keep it to ourselves always. I don't know as there 's any invention of ours they 'd want to steal very much, unless it 's the way that piano plays sonatas on the butter and eggs, when you touch the keys."

"Jim, you don't quite understand. I guess you 'd want to produce a good impression too, in the place where you used to live, and were brought up. They seem to think I 've made a — a rich marriage; that we are great swells, you know, and rolling in luxury."

"They 've got left, have n't they? Well, then, I see nothing for it but to pretend to be such swells we could n't possibly associate with anybody so much beneath us. We must cut their acquaintance."

Mrs. Bang repeated this same source of anxiety to her friend Mrs. Lambert, when she happened to drop in upon the latter the next morning.

"They live a thousand miles away, and will not turn up here again in nobody knows how long," she recited complainingly. "Why can't I think of something to do for them? If I could only give them a little dinner in such a charming house as yours. Why cannot such things be done? Why could not one go to a friend and say, 'Here, just lend me your beautiful house for one evening'? It would n't be such a very great tax upon them, and might do such an enormous amount of good to somebody else."

"It can be done," said Mrs. Lambert, whose amiability sometimes ran to quixotic extremes. "You shall have my house for any evening you may select — provided it be within the week, for after that, unfortunately, I expect visitors."

"Beware, I may take you at your word."

"That is just how I mean to be taken," said her hostess, warming with the idea. "It will not incommode us in the least. Mr. Lambert is at the South, and his return is indefinite, and my parents, whom I had been expecting this week to begin their annual visit to us, have written to say that they have put it off a few days longer. I will go to the opera on that night, and take care not to return too early."

"It is too kind of you. Of course I shall only say that we are in the house of one of our friends for a short time," said Mrs. Bang. "If they happen to think that our own is just as good, and is closed for repairs or something of the sort, why, we can't help that, can we?" To this extent alone Mrs. Lambert became a sharer in the proposed deception.

"Oh, here, no nonsense," said Jim, when he heard of the plan.

"I will do it," responded Juliet.

She explained it to him, and began with feverish energy to carry out her preparations for it. It was necessary to manœuvre somewhat for the proper date. The best would be that just previous to her intended guests leaving town; otherwise they might turn up again, in some awkward way, at her supposed residence and, then, all would be lost. She discovered that they were to go on the 24th, and that their tickets and sleeping-car berths were already taken, and, accordingly, invited them for the 23d — addressing to them somewhat the following discourse:

"It has been the greatest grief to me ever since you have been here that we are so upset that we could not receive you at our house; but, thank heaven, in a day or two everything will be in order, and you positively must dine with us on the 23d. I cannot think of letting you go back without a glimpse of our interior, modest as it is. It will please my dear friends at Minneapolis to know that you have seen it and broken bread with us. And my husband as well as myself will be inconsolable if you will not promise to make us a long visit on your next coming to town."

By such hospitable insistence she managed to secure the Gradshaws on her own date. They had not intended to go out at all that evening, but rather to reserve themselves for the fatigues of their long journey, which was to begin at a seasonable hour on the following morning.

A cab deposited them before a handsome house in West Thirty-seventh street. All, both without and within, accorded with what they were prepared to expect of the good fortune of Juliet Scatterbury.

Mrs. Juliet met them in the hall and went upstairs with them herself. The door below being heard to shut again, she left them and

hurried down to say a word, by way of warning, to Jim. It was characteristic of that rather slow-moving person that he had only at this moment arrived, leaving himself no time to become more familiar with his surroundings.

"Of course you will take care to sustain me in all that I say, Jim," she said. "We may have to make a few harmless little — a — efforts, to carry out our position."

Jim began to grumble, but, at this moment, the guests were heard coming downstairs.

Mrs. Gradshaw had a bustling, assertive way with her, and was evidently a person used to much consideration. Her daughter was of the quieter sort, yet quite ready to echo all her opinions, the more especially in the present case as she wholly agreed with them. The two professed themselves delighted with everything.

"Such comfort, such good taste! We thought we had a good deal, but I begin to see now, we don't half know how to live," explained the elder. "Everything is perfect. You really must excuse me if I stare round a little." She put up her eyeglass, first at one wall of the parlor, then at the other. "You say there is a separate bath-room for each sleeping-apartment? And, then, all this patent ventilation, and hot-air supply, and electrical attachments, and the sliding shutters — it is perfect, perfect."

"There is one thing poor Jim insists upon; I don't know that he is such a particularly selfish individual, but he will have comfort."

Fortunately, at this time, Jim had led Miss Gradshaw to the front window, and they were gazing out of it at the dimly discerned architecture of the neighborhood.

"What does the vapor-bath attachment connect with? It seems so convenient. We must have one too," continued Mrs. Gradshaw.

Juliet was a little flustered. "The — the elevator, I believe," she said, and then launched out into a torrent of words, intended to mystify her visitor and carry her over this tight place. "And all the furnace-pipes, and electric bells, and range, and burglar alarms, and stationary tubs, and everything, are hydrostatic, pneumatic, interchangeable, and self-acting. We would n't be without them for anything."

The rugs, portières, astral lamps, an elaborate piece of statuary, and the pottery, even to a choice collection of old luster-ware, were a subject on which she was much more nearly at home. She drew attention to some of these things of her own accord, and deftly invented the occasions on which they had acquired them. The portraits were a more difficult field. Still, Juliet had thought it quite probable she might have to respond to some comments about them, and — though her answers were left chiefly to the inspiration of the moment — she did not shrink from the ordeal. She had hurried round just before the arrival of the guests, and put away most of the small family photographs, porcelain-types, and the like that bestrew the usual American household, and replaced them with an album full of similar mementos of her own; but the framed pieces were naturally too heavy to be treated in this summary fashion. She proceeded to account for the large heads of the Clamptons, Mrs. Lambert's father and mother, by saying they were a dear old great aunt and uncle of her own, who had always been extremely devoted to her. They had sent their portraits as a token of their warm regard, on their last birthday — the birthdays of both occurring, by a singular coincidence, on the same date.

Mrs. Gradshaw paused before a painting of Mr. Lambert, in Huntington's best bank-president manner, including a red curtain, a column, a table, and a globe.

"Who is this?" she asks.

"Jim's, that is, Mr. Bang's, father." To have made it any more remote connection she thought would have necessitated too elaborate an accounting for the principal place given it.

"Mr. Bang's father, so young?"

There was in reality but little difference in the ages of the two men.

"Oh, it was taken a long time ago, you know; and it really is remarkable how young he does look for his age. It is noticed by everybody."

"And who is this?" She stops now before the likeness of the Lamberts' boy, now absent at boarding-school, painted with an orange and a hoop in either hand.

"Oh, that is only a fancy piece," replies Juliet, nonchalantly.

"Oh, I thought it *must* be a portrait; it 's so very like one."

"It 's Louis XIV. at the battle of — how execrable my memory is! — Of course I mean before the battle. It 's from some old painting. I forget what — but I want you to look at *this*."

She escaped in this way similar inquiry as to the likeness of Lambert's daughter, diverting her guests' attention to a valuable picture of the Munich school that hung near by. She thought good to affect to scorn it.

"I have never had any patience with it," she said. "Did you ever see such sheep and peasants? Jim sat at Leavitt's sale like grim death till he got it. It cost him ten thousand dollars. Perhaps I 'm wrong, but I actually cried the night he brought it home."

Jim, coming up, had caught the last words of this, and his eyes opened widely, but a maid, of a veteran air, now appeared at the portière announcing dinner.

"We have had to let our butler go for to-day; one of his family is sick, and we shall have to try to put up with the girl," whispered Juliet, confidentially, as they went in. "We are so fortunate in our servants; we have had the same ones, either in Jim's family or mine, almost always. Entertaining as much as I do, even in my quiet way, you can appreciate what an incalculable blessing it is."

There were indications, upon this, in the figure of Jim, who was going in first with Mrs. Gradshaw on his arm, as if he were about to kick backwards in some alarming way, or even to burst.

Nevertheless — for the memory of the prevaricator must be a good one — Mrs. Juliet was soon mistaking repeatedly even her long-tried servant's name.

"Miss Gradshaw is not drinking her wine; won't you see if you can find some Apollinaris water, Susan?" she said. Again, "The terrapin is a little under-flavored: will you just mention it to the cook, Susan?"

"Jane, ma'am," corrected the woman, in a stolid way, not too respectfully, it must be admitted, but she was secretly resenting the invasion.

At table, in the cozy, rich dining-room, not too large, Juliet romanced about the plates, reconciled discrepancies in the monograms on the silver and linen, and fabricated striking origins for the handsome screen and carven, high-backed chairs. These were a few of the "harmless little efforts" they were to make, to carry out their position. Jim was a person of so little imagination that all this adapting of one's self in detail to the small intimacies of another's household had never once occurred to him as a necessity of the situation, but he could not now retreat, and he endeavored to distract himself from it for the time being, by opening a little flirtation with Miss Gradshaw, who was comely, and did not show herself wholly averse to something of that sort.

Whenever anything inconvenient was trenched upon, Mrs. Juliet began to ply Mrs. Gradshaw with more sweet-breads or mushrooms or red-head duck or the delicacies of dessert. That lady was fond of her dinner, and the policy was generally successful. As to Lucy, she plied her with questions upon the current state of society at Minneapolis, asking her who was married, who were the belles, who was giving parties, who leading the germans, and the like. In spite of all this management, however, there was presently an inquiry that fell like a thunderbolt.

"By the way, who is the portrait over the mantel, in your room?" broke out Mrs. Gradshaw, addressing herself to Jim.

"In my room?" murmured Jim, taken extremely aback.

"Yes, the door of the adjoining one where we were stood ajar, and we really could n't resist the temptation of peeping in, to see what the retreat of the lord and master was like. Of course it was wholly inexcusable."

"Do try some of the vegetables," hastily interposed Juliet. "Speaking of vegetables, Mrs. Hedges, who has lately returned from San Francisco, was telling me the other day what a wonderful market they have for vegetables there. Do you know, I want to see San Francisco so much." And so forth, and so forth, and so forth.

But without avail, for though diverted from the subject for the time being, Mrs. Gradshaw kept an air of having something on her mind, and returned to it again.

"Such an unusual face and such an excellent piece of crayon work," she said; "we were both intending to speak to you about it."

It was, in fact, that of Mrs. Lambert herself.

Now, Jim had never been in the chamber thus ascribed to him, and Juliet could not, for the life of her, remember the likeness, nor even whether it was that of a man or a woman. Jim, driven to the necessity of saying something, was about to open his mouth for a reply that would certainly have been their utter ruin, but Juliet snatched the words from him, and manœuvred for time. Could she have got at the key controlling its electric lighting, she would have suddenly extinguished all the gas. As it was, she meditated tipping over her bottle of claret, to escape the topic under cover of a calamitous crash. There was a long-drawn moment of suspense, when Miss Lucy let fall a further word or two giving, as Juliet thought, a clew to the sex of the person. Upon no more basis than this,— in which she was mistaken,— she launched out intrepidly:

"Oh, yes, that is Colonel Toplift — in citizen's dress. He is one of the most gentlemanly men and best fellows that ever was. He comes in on my mother's side,— my mother was a Toplift, you know. Jane, I think there is a draught; just draw the screen a little more. I am sure you must feel it, dear Mrs. Gradshaw; these New York dining-rooms are so draughty, do what you will."

"Not at all, I assure you. But the one I was speaking of was not a man's face; it was a woman's."

"Yes, such a really charming expression," echoed the daughter.

"To be sure! How stupid I am! Colonel Toplift was sent to the frame-makers', for repairs, only a few days ago. I could n't think for the moment just which one you meant. It is a Mrs. N — Neufchatel, a cousin of Jim's. There 's the most romantic history connected with her life. I wish I had time to tell it to

you with all the details. She was a great beauty. The family lived in Portugal. All the men at the foreign legations and consulships and everything were wildly in love with her. They say whenever she left St. Petersburg to visit this country, it was like a perfect funeral. She and Jim were wrecked, on the same steamer, once, and saved each other's lives. It was near Havana. That was before she married, of course. I suppose I ought to be jealous about leaving her up there for Jim to gaze upon all the time, but, you know, they were always like brother and sister together; and then, if there 's one thing I do abominate, it's having your own portraits all around the house, so one must fill up with something."

Furthermore, on the retirement to the drawing-room, the budget of small effects of the Lamberts, which Juliet had meant to put away, but, in reality, had only absently laid down instead, turned up again and fell into the hands of the visitors, necessitating new prodigies of invention. She met them, as she thought, to a marvel. The greatest absolute awkwardness, if not danger of detection, after so many miraculous escapes, arose with her unfamiliarity with so innocent-seeming a bit of furniture as a coal-scuttle. It was of a new ornamental pattern, which would not give out its contents, when she undertook to throw coal on the fire, without pressing on a certain spring. Again, Jim, in order to give himself an easy air of proprietorship, after remaining by himself to smoke as long as possible in the dining-room, undertook to kindle in the library grate a fire of ostensible logs, which turned out to be only a cunning imitation in cast iron, designed to be illuminated by gas — though this, with a sickly kind of smile, he managed to turn off as only his humor.

However, even these episodes passed safely over, and the evening came to an end without disaster. The Gradshaws made their farewells in the friendliest manner. They may have felt that Juliet, as of old, was a little absent in her replies and not always governed by the strictest accuracy of statement,— perhaps they did not thoroughly believe, for instance, the story of the romantic shipwrecked cousin of Jim's, with its numerous variations of scene between Portugal and St. Petersburg — but what seemed certain was that Juliet had a most comfortable home. She appeared a person of decidedly important and luxurious position in the world, and to that, as we all know, much may be forgiven. As to Jim, he was an honest soul, without an atom of pretense about him.

Hardly had they taken their departure when the Bangs — Juliet first gathering up her photographic mementos — followed them. Jim was exceedingly grouty, declaring he would rather spend an evening in the infernal regions than another such as this. Juliet comforted him, and defended the case on the plea that once in they had to keep it up. But it was all over now, it was a great success, the Gradshaws were immensely pleased, and there was no telling how much good it might do in the future.

A few minutes after they had gone, Mrs. Lambert returned from the opera. She found the house quiet and everything pretty much in its usual order. The first object on which she set eyes, after entering her room and tossing about a few light articles on the dressing-table, was a valuable ring.

At an early hour the next morning she ordered her carriage and drove away. While she was out, it so happened that the elderly Clamptons and Mr. Lambert himself unexpectedly arrived. The former had changed back to an original plan once countermanded, and now calmly proceeded to install themselves. Lambert, like a true business man, hurried out again on some affair, the very moment he was at home, leaving word he would return to lunch.

This being the new situation in the house, about 11 o'clock a hack loaded with traveling-trunks drew up before it in a hasty way, and Mrs. Gradshaw, followed by her daughter, alighted and ascended the steps.

"Is Mrs. Bang at home?"

"She don't live here, ma'am."

"You don't quite understand: I said *Mrs. Bang*," repeated Mrs. Gradshaw blandly. "We dined here last evening, you remember. Will you ask her to step here a moment; it is about something important."

"Those ones went away last night, and Mrs. Lambert is out," returned the maid.

"Went away last night? went away?" catching her breath in amazement at this unforeseen rebuff. "Well, where did they go?"

"They might 'a' went home, ma'am; I could n't say."

"In goodness' name! you mean to tell me they went home? Where *is* their home, if not here?"

"I disremember, ma'am. You might inquire next door," suggested the servant; "I ain't livin' very long in this block."

"Can it be that we have somehow mistaken the number, Lucy?" Mrs. Gradshaw said, gazing round in an unsettled way at her daughter. "I was so absolutely sure of the place."

"No, mamma, it *is* the right number," replied Lucy. "Here is the same carved oak chest — from the royal palace at Dresden, you know — and the chairs — from the Cologne cathedral." And they proceeded to identify many other objects immediately under their eyes, in the entrance hall.

"Let this stupidity cease instantly," now

exclaimed Mrs. Gradshaw, to the flurried maid. "Go at once and tell your mistress we would like to see her. We must catch a train at Forty-second street, and have but little time to spare."

With that, she pushed on into the drawing-room, as having a perfect right to do so. She heaved a sigh of relief at seeing there the alleged portrait of Mr. Bang's father, the little Louis XIV., and the rest of the well-known objects of the night before. But, as they entered, the maid who had waited at dinner, and who had heard something of the altercation at the door came up to corroborate the other, and said:

"Mrs. Lambert, the lady's name as lives here, is out, ma'am, and Mr. and Mrs. Bangs don't belong to us at all."

"Oh, this is a gross conspiracy, Lucy," cried the matron, flushing red with indignation. "This girl is probably the one who has stolen your ring, and the family being away from home, she has formed a plot with the other to evade us in this little way, at least until she has a chance to escape. I think I ought to have our driver bring a policeman at once. You stay here, Lucy, to see that she does not leave the house."

"Is it me steal a ring, me that was with the Lambert family for twenty years? Oh, my! Oh, my! but the poor girls do have their characters easy took away."

She gave a hysterical gasp and then a scream that hastened the advent of the elderly Clamptons, who were already coming down.

"Thank heaven! the 'dear old great aunt and uncle'!" Mrs. Gradshaw exclaimed, at sight of them; "now we shall see."

But Mrs. Clampton, far from being conciliatory, sailed in with the majesty of a seventy-four-gun ship.

"What is the meaning of this invasion of a peaceful home, this brow-beating of our servants," she demanded, full of trepidation, shared by the old gentleman who attended at her side.

"I asked only for Mrs. Bang. I presume you have but lately arrived and do not know the circumstances," said Mrs. Gradshaw, bristling in return. "My daughter unfortunately lost a valuable ring, when we dined here last night. If Mrs. Bang is not at home, will you kindly look on the dressing-table upstairs, where the ring was left? We discovered the loss only as we were starting for our train, and have driven here on our way."

"We know nothing about Mrs. Bang. You have certainly mistaken the address."

"Mistaken the address? and here is Mr. Bang's portrait before our eyes, and there your own, Juliet's great aunt and uncle!"

"Great aunt and uncle? ha, ha!" hysterically; "we are Mrs. Lambert's father and mother. Lester,"—to her husband,—"perhaps they are burglars and want to rob the house; you must certainly bring a policeman."

"It is a shameless conspiracy to defraud us of our property, Lucy. Who could have suspected it in such a place? Or else they are all mad. But I will not be done out of it so. I insist upon going upstairs. I know just where the ring was left. And do you see that none of them leave."

She made a bold push to go up the stairs, but, being a stout woman, and her way being barred by somebody, this was not effective. There was general hysteria among the women. The suspected servant, pale with fright, was almost fainting. Lucy Gradshaw leaned, weeping, against the wall. A policeman had, somehow, actually been brought, and instigated by the Lambert servants, even went so far as to confront Mrs. Gradshaw in a sort of official way. Mrs. Lambert, now returning, followed almost upon his heels. In the midst of all the confusion, the two visitors recognized her as the heroine of the multifarious adventures of which they had heard; they turned upon each other wild eyes of wonderment, and Mrs. Gradshaw gasped:

"The beautiful cousin from Portugal!"

Next Lambert rushed in, and sustained pleasing Lucy Gradshaw in his arms,—by some unconscious mental process selecting her as the most worthy object of sympathy. But he made a vigorous effort, at the same time, to dissipate the misunderstandings that had settled down upon all the group like an obfuscating fog.

"In heaven's name, what does all this mean?" he ejaculated. "Anita,"—to his wife,—"explain it."

"It means, it means," breathed Mrs. Lambert faintly, "that—that they dined here last night, and—and Juliet must have represented this as her own house. I did not think she would do that. And—and some one left a valuable ring. So I drove right down to their flat, after breakfast, to give it to Juliet. She was not at home,"—addressing the visitors,—"and I left it for her with a very particular note. I *thought* it might belong to her guests."

"Pray, where *is* this flat?" demanded Mrs. Gradshaw grimly.

The others were all so occupied in offering her profuse apologies, with which by degrees she allowed herself to be somewhat mollified, that she could not for a while procure the address. Why dwell upon the long conversation and comparison of notes about Juliet Scatterbury that followed. Mrs. Gradshaw persisted in her demand for the address, wrote it down, and departed to find it.

"I will go there myself: we have now lost

our train, and there is plenty of time," she said, with the same ominous grimness.

"The deceitful, deceitful, deceitful little minx!" ejaculated old Mrs. Clampton. "What punishment is bad enough for her?"

Mrs. Lambert made a feeble attempt to say something for her quondam friends, but was easily put down.

"A quarter of an hour with Mrs. Gradshaw will be a very good beginning," responded Lambert, his wonted cheerful flow of spirits quite restored at the prospect. So, indeed, it proved. Mrs. Bangs had sallied forth that morning, after an earlier breakfast than Mrs. Lambert. After performing various errands, she bethought her that it would be becoming and polite to go and thank the friend who had so kindly lent her her house the night before; the more so, as the visit was, more likely than not, to be accompanied by an invitation to stay to lunch. She was in the vicinity of Thirty-fourth street, going up Madison Avenue, when she saw the carriage containing the Gradshaws, coming down. Not that she would have noticed it, except that they had had their heads out of the window, their eyes glaringly fixed upon her. They waved her to stop, and drew up close beside the curbstone, where she met them. She suspected some unusual circumstance, of course, from an excited air worn by the inmates, but supposed it would be only some travelers' delay, and, seeing the baggage piled high behind, had no idea of any change of plan that could interfere with the successful consummation of events as they had been left. Mrs. Gradshaw in her eagerness thrust the door ajar. Both women opened their mouths at once, but Juliet, with traditional glibness, got in her effusion first.

"What a delightful surprise! Not off yet? It is such a pleasure to see you again. Now, why will you not postpone your going and come and make us a nice visit? I declare! I am going to tell your coachman to drive around to Thirty-seventh street at once." And she bobbed her pretty head aside as if about to do so.

Good Mrs. Gradshaw fell back, all but in an apoplectic fit, at this unheard-of attempt to renew the imposition.

"You wicked, disgraceful, brazen girl, get right into this carriage," she exclaimed, straightening herself again. "Oh, what a cheat and humbug you are! You always were, from a little child. We know all about you; you never lived there; all those people you described were utter fictions. We have been there. It was all owing to the blessed circumstance of Lucy's ring. She left it, and Mrs. Lambert took it round to your — abode, and we are going after it. Produce it instantly, or get into this carriage and drive with us to where it may be found."

She even laid her hand on Juliet's shoulder to enforce her commands.

"I have n't got it," murmured Juliet feebly, overwhelmed by a torrent so violent that it was useless to think of stemming it; she offered no resistance, but entered the carriage with them.

"*This* shall go to Minneapolis; *this* shall be related to your old acquaintances," resumed the Nemesis, with high and mighty sarcasm; "this is what is called keeping up appearances, I suppose — I don't know why I don't expose you to the people in the street."

Juliet essayed some other feeble fabrications — that she and Jim had had a wager; that some people had different ideas of hospitality from others; that it was a joke, and she had meant to tell them all about it,— but all was overborne in Mrs. Gradshaw's indignation.

"Mamma!" expostulated the daughter, from time to time. Her own way would have been a much better "form," to treat this person with dignified silence, and simply keep clear of all such hereafter.

Finally, "You had a good dinner, at any rate," declared Juliet, trying open bravado, but immediately after she broke down, put both hands before her face, begged her accusers not to relate the affair in Minneapolis, and threw herself back among the cushions sobbing.

"Mamma!" exclaimed Lucy Gradshaw, this time with energy — touched, as women will be, at tears. Mrs. Gradshaw was fond of describing the "tongue-lashing" she gave the reprobate, but they rode the rest of the way in silence.

They mounted the stairs to the flat, and found the very particular note, with the ring. Mrs. Gradshaw surveyed with a supercilious air all the economic make-shifts in the place, which, had it had a straightforward mistress, she would have considered a trim and attractive little domicile. Delivering a parting homily in the same severe strain, she withdrew, leaving the culprit in a cowed attitude, overcome with chagrin.

Juliet did not dare to tell her husband, but somehow he heard of it, and though this particular offense was condoned, the Little Dinner was popularly thought to be the starting-point of a rupture in virtue of which Juliet Scatterbury went abroad to reside in the Riviera, where Jim — having in the mean time done better in a pecuniary way — sends her money to maintain existence on her own account.

William Henry Bishop.

ONE BORN IN NOVEMBER.

HE leaps to touch again the pulse of Spring:
None quick as he that pleasure to forestall!
But while he smiles in light of everything,
The cherry-blossoms suddenly take wing.
Such silky flights can have no sound of fall,
But yet he hears November in them all.

Burning with rapture on June's perfect breast,—
As if he stirred the roses breathing there,
Lo! some loose petals by his foot are prest,
And with the sum of her warm beauty blest,
He feels a sudden chillness in the air,
And sees the hint of ashes everywhere.

When summer glory shines with August height,
And his high spirits match the splendid day,
Just one soft, purpling leaf's slow, silent flight
Rustles like autumn on the ear of sight!
The forest-curves in fancy sink away,
And leave November's bony forms and gray.

Yet dream not when his birth-month draweth near,
He is a man that maketh Gloom his guest.
Nay! from the tender droppings of the year;
From summer leaves that fall before they sear;
From autumn leaf-rain, life doth snatch a zest:
For — shadowed joys are always vividest!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

To the Readers of "The Century."

WITH this number of THE CENTURY the magazine begins its thirty-fifth volume and eighteenth year. Again it is our pleasure to record a very large annual growth in the number of readers which the magazine regularly addresses. It is with an increasing sense of responsibility that we contemplate the fact that THE CENTURY possesses to-day, and has for several years possessed, the largest audience that was ever gathered about any periodical of its class printed in the English language. The first edition of the present number is a quarter of a million copies. As each copy has from one reader to six hundred (the latter in a few of the large public reading-rooms), the readers of THE CENTURY throughout the world are estimated at nearly two millions.

In considering the causes which have given THE CENTURY its unprecedented circulation, there is one that should never be forgotten; and that is, the spirit in which it was founded, and in which it was conducted in its early years. Dr. Holland, in assuming the direction of a "people's magazine," determined that it should not shirk living subjects; that the great questions of the day should be treated seriously, earnestly, and continuously in its pages; that while carrying on its purely literary and artistic functions, it should tell as a constant force in the intellectual, moral, and political development of the country. That freedom of opinion, that fair play, and that hospitality to ideas which he insisted upon have been of the highest service to THE CENTURY in its history since he was called away. A notable instance of the possibilities under such a policy is the War Series of THE CENTURY (now concluded as a battle series, but to be continued, from time to time, with short papers on special and picturesque phases of the war),—a historical work of such importance as to be in itself a part of our national history — in its relation to the personal career of General Grant, in the wealth of its original testimony with regard to great events, and in its moral effect in helping to bring the once warring sections into a better understanding and a higher mutual regard.

The publication of the War Series made possible the publication, as its continuation and culmination, of the authorized Life of Lincoln and History of his times. This work is now entering upon its most interesting stage, having reached the point where the authors themselves became associated with the President, in official and confidential relations, and are therefore able to bring to the elucidation of the story a number of unpublished documents and reminiscences of the highest interest and value.

The generous manner in which the public has greeted such enterprises as these confirms the purpose of THE CENTURY to do all in its power to help make our multitudinous American communities feel and appreciate their national unity and destiny. We have no sympathy with that false and ill-informed patriotism which flatters its audience by affecting to despise Abroad. There is a long distance between the state of mind of an American who refuses to learn anything from the past or present of that great majority of mankind belonging to the Old World and the state of mind of the American who simply recognizes the development of human freedom and thought which has taken place in the New World — recognizes not only our national faults and dangers, but also every gain made here, and every golden opportunity which is here still open to the race.

A Phase of Political Independence.

"DEMOCRACY," explains your American philosopher, "signifies the rule of the people, the whole people. It is distinguished from monarchy, which means the rule of one; and from aristocracy, which denotes the rule of a few." The American philosopher seems to have the dictionary on his side; whether history, ancient or modern, supports his assertion, is matter of dispute. Most of the democracies of history have, as a matter of fact, been governments of the many by the few. Our own ought to be an exception, but is it so?

An aristocracy, our philosopher asserts, is the rule of the few. To be quite accurate (for we are now speaking etymologically), it is the rule of the best. That is what it purports to be. Practically it is not always so. Those who assume to be the best of the people are not always the best; the selections of heredity are not infallible. If we only knew how to choose the best — the wisest, the bravest, the most unselfish — could we do better than to commit the administration to their hands? Is not this, indeed, what we mean by democracy? Is it not the fundamental assumption of the philosophic democrat, that the investiture of the people with the political power will result in the selection of the ablest and wisest men to administer the affairs of the State; or if not in all cases the ablest and wisest, yet, in the long run and as a general rule, abler and wiser men than can be secured by any other method? Is it not believed that in the open discussion of public questions, and the free criticism of candidates, truth will prevail over error, and wisdom over folly, and probity over rascality, and that thus, by the free choice of the people, the men who are best fitted to govern will be called to govern? Mirabeau said truly, "In a certain sense republics are monarchical, and again in a certain sense monarchies are republics." Quite as truly we might say, "All strong aristocracies have a democratic element in them, and all vigorous democracies tend to a genuine aristocracy." This is the test of democracy. Does it indeed secure wise and capable administration? Does it bring to the front its natural rulers?

Ask this question respecting our municipal government. Are the mayors of our cities their ablest and soundest men? Sometimes they are; but is it the rule? How about the members of the municipal councils? Here the test fails utterly. The legislative bodies of our cities, with scarcely an exception, are composed of men who are not above the average in intelligence, and who are below the average in morality. Saloon-keepers, small politicians with axes to grind, and various unsocial and disreputable characters form the majority of most of these city councils. This does not look as though our democracy were succeeding in bringing to the front its natural leaders. Instead of selecting the best to rule, it seems to be selecting the worst.

In many ways this tendency finds expression. Recently, in one of our inland cities, the mayor sent a message to the Common Council pointing out that many of the saloons were open all night; that the worst injuries of these saloons upon public morals were perpetrated in the hours between midnight and morning, and that many of the crimes engendered in these saloons were brought forth in these small hours of the night. The mayor furnished figures from the police reports to prove these statements, and asked the Council to pass an ordinance requiring the closing of these saloons between twelve at night and six in the morning. The Council deliberated, hesitated, weighed and measured, postponed, reconsidered, and finally defeated the ordinance. The facts presented by the mayor were not disputed; and it was well known that a large number, probably a majority, of the liquor sellers themselves were in favor of the ordinance; but a minority of them, and these the lowest and worst, the keepers of the vilest dives in the city, were opposed to it; and the majority of the Council made common cause with the dregs of the population, and permitted them to control its administration. Beyond controversy, if the question of the closing of these saloons after midnight could have been submitted directly to the people of the city they would have voted ten to one in the affirmative; doubtless these councilors were perfectly well aware of this fact; they knew that they were not representing their constituents; yet they disregarded the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the people and made themselves the willing instruments of that small fraction of the population which lives to propagate poverty and crime.

Such debasing subjection to the vilest elements of the people is very common, not only on the part of office-holders, but also, and more especially, on the part of political managers. In making nominations, it is not the support of the intelligent and virtuous classes that is most carefully inquired after, but the support of the vicious and disorderly classes. Your average boss, in either party, is not solicitous about the vote of the churches; his problem is to secure the vote of the saloons. He seeks first the kingdom of Beelzebub and his iniquity, confident that all the other support that he needs will be added unto him. In a convention, met for the nomination of a candidate for mayor, in one of our most reputable capital cities, the friends of one candidate boldly announced in their conferences with the rest that three hundred gamblers stood ready to make handsome contributions to the election funds if their man was nominated. The argument seemed to be conclusive, for their man was nominated, and elected. That such a reason can be urged in a political convention is itself a startling fact.

Those who watch the debates of a State legislature wrestling with any phase of the liquor question at once perceive that the policy of both parties is dictated not by the better half of either party, but by the worse half — probably by the lowest and meanest eighth or tenth of the party. These legislatures are asking, not what measures will best satisfy the great mass of industrious, thrifty, law-abiding people, but what measures will alienate the smallest number of the enemies and parasites of society.

These statements may seem to be extravagant, but it would be easy to give abundant illustrations from our recent political history of every one of them. And without wishing to take a pessimistic view of our American type of democracy; without doubting, indeed, that the tendencies pointed out are a temporary disorder which the good sense of our people will find a way of curing, the philosophic observer cannot help asking what these things mean, and what remedies are readiest and most effectual.

The fact that party managers and public officials show themselves so responsive to the vilest elements of society indicates great activity on the part of these vilest elements. Their number is not large, but their zeal is hot and their purpose is strong; what they lack in weight they make up in velocity. Their demands are incessant and insistent; their pressure upon the political leaders is never lightened. The better classes make no such demonstration of their purpose. There is little political activity among them; their numbers and their weight give them little force, because there is so little movement. The vilest prevail over the best because they are so much more active in their

own interest, and so much more positive in their demands.

They gain advantage, also, in another way. They are much less intense in their partisanship. One who watches the municipal contests in a city where the two great parties are pretty evenly balanced will see that the disorderly and vicious classes are by no means wedded to either party. Their vote goes, almost solidly, first to one party and then to the other,— always to the candidates that are the most satisfactory to them. Their political principles are precisely those which one of our prominent capitalists has so humorously avowed, and for the same reason. They are no bigoted partisans, not they. Consequently they manage, in a good many of our cities, to have things largely their own way.

If the supremacy of the vilest in our municipal governments is explained by the facts just mentioned, the way of overthrowing that supremacy is clearly indicated. A great increase of political activity and a corresponding abatement of partisanship, on the part of the best citizens is urgently called for. The latter is the simpler, and perhaps the more effective, remedy. If the upper half of each of the great parties were as fearlessly independent as the lowest quarter of the party is, the rule of the vilest would speedily cease and determine. It is the confidence of the bosses that the better citizens will be steadfastly loyal to their party obligations, that encourages them to truck and dicker with the rabble. The knowledge that they were in danger of losing the support of the reputable people would lead them to withdraw from that alliance.

The effectiveness of this remedy has already been demonstrated in several of our great cities. In these cities there is a great gain in the *personnel* of the government, and in the vigor and purity of the administration. The same remedy is within reach of the voters of all our cities.

Sanitary Legislation in American Cities.

It is somewhat depressing to look back and see how large a part of what has passed for political principle in the United States has been really only a temporary exemption from the necessity of meeting problems which had long vexed older peoples. In 1790, when there were but four American cities with a population of more than 10,000, and when the population of the largest was but about 40,000, it was easy for our people to relegate all matters relating to the prevention of disease to individual care, and to look with complacency upon this solution, as only a phase of the great political principle of individual liberty. It is a different matter in 1887, when nearly one-fourth of our people live in cities, when a single city with its environs contains almost as many persons as the whole United States in 1790, and when the consequences of individual carelessness or incompetency may be frightful. Under the latter circumstances, we can no longer leave to the individual, or force upon him, duties to which he is incompetent; nor, above all, can we any longer put such a solution into the class of political principles.

The only comprehensible relation which human society bears to the individual is that of conferring benefits on him; if it fails in this function, it is only a nuisance and an impediment to him. But the real benefit which society can confer on him is not, as the socialist assumes, that of making life easier; it is rather that of enabling the individual to reach the point of the most strenuous endeavor, with the highest percentage of results. Society injures the individual when it repays to him the sum which a swindler has abstracted from his pocket; it confers a benefit on him when it locks up the swindler, and makes it more difficult for other swindlers to entrap the unwary. The dividing line is not difficult to follow, if one is honestly anxious to follow it. And it seems a natural, however unpleasant, consequence that the energy of the State should increase with the intensity of modern life; otherwise, the whole growth of the race in numbers and civilization would be a decided disadvantage to the individual, for every invention and development would merely bring in some new danger, against which he must guard himself, to the detriment of his ordinary work. When the numbers of a people have increased so that a small percentage is a large absolute number, when the individual workman finds himself menaced by an organization which is too strong for him, however weak it may be in comparison with the whole State, he has a right to expect from the State ample protection against anything which interferes with the full efficiency of his labor: it is no answer to say that the precedents do not meet the case; the State exists to make precedents in such cases. When new chemical processes in manufacture have brought into populous places odors and gases which are not only offensive, but distinctly detrimental to health, it is not fair to the individual to expect him to stop his ordinary work in order to abate nuisances of the sort: the State has found a new sphere of activity. When a city becomes packed like an ant-hill, and there is every temptation to individuals to disregard the usual laws of health in the construction and regulation of buildings, it is not fair to the individual to leave to his conscience or personal investigation the regulation or detection of defects which are so easily concealed; he is not to blame for the new conditions, and the State must do the work, in order that he may attend to his own work, and not be injured, instead of benefited, by the new developments. He who would reject at once a proposition that the State should build houses for workingmen, on the ground that such a step would tend only to injure the individual activity of the recipients of the bounty, is not at all illogical in believing that the State is bound to use every energy for the prevention of preventable diseases in cities, for the latter step is merely a removal of the burden of new conditions from the individual who has become exposed to them, and an effort to enable him to do his work with as much efficiency as ever. Such legislation seems to be altogether Individualistic, as opposed to Socialistic.

That legislation can do much in this direction has been abundantly proved by experiment. England's first half-century of sanitary legislation, beginning in 1838, has just ended, and its results are full of encouragement to those who have had faith in the possibilities of such work in American cities. During this period, the death-rate of England and Wales has been reduced from 22.07 to 19.62 per 1000; and that of London from 25.57 to 21.01 per 1000. Such percentages become much more intelligible when it is added that the death-roll of England and Wales, at the rate of 1838, would have

been 102,240 larger last year than it was under a system of sanitary legislation: that is, that this number of lives was actually saved and prolonged by the intelligent direction of the energy of the State. If there is any taint of socialism in "State interference" of this sort, which goes only to the relief of the individual from the necessity of guarding him from the unhealthy influences of modern city life, and thus enabling him to work longer, with less anxiety and more efficiency, it is not easy to detect it.

The conditions of American life have thus far been in favor of a low death-rate. The death-rate of the whole United States in 1880 was stated by the Census Bureau as 15.09 per 1000; but it is difficult to believe that some failures to report did not have an influence on this very favorable showing. London's death-rate of about 20 per 1000 is extremely low for an English city, and yet Philadelphia and Pittsburg about equal it, and Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Providence, St. Louis, and San Francisco surpass it, Cleveland having about the lowest death-rate of the world's great cities. In all these cases, active municipal work has done much to reënforce the naturally healthy conditions of American cities, even under the increasing density of population; but the time is rapidly approaching when legislators must realize their duty of giving an active and intelligent support to those who have in hand the municipal work of fighting off disease, under conditions which give every advantage to the encroachments of disease. With the increase of tenement districts, in which human beings are packed closer than an inexperienced person would think possible, while ignorance and heedlessness add to the difficulties of obtaining prompt information, a case of small-pox or cholera is really more frightful than tons of gunpowder; and yet the difficulty of the work of municipal boards increases out of proportion even to the increase of the peril.

It would be well, too, if our people could realize, before that time comes, the necessity for the entire freedom of the municipal health service from any control by the so-called politician class. As population grows denser, the debasement or elevation of this branch of the municipal civil service will be seen most plainly in the death-rate, for consistent and intelligent sanitary legislation may be passed, but can never be administered, except by a class of public servants who are not bound to any party, but to the public service. A high death-rate falls most severely on the poor; and it would seem that a wide field for watchfulness and usefulness is here offered for the proper energies of every labor organization, quite apart from all boycotts or sympathetic strikes. Good municipal civil service touches interests of the workingman which are quite as important, if he would but see it, as any for whose defense the walking delegate has yet given his signal for action.

OPEN LETTERS.

Education of the Blind.— II.

THE BLIND AS STUDENTS.

WE pride ourselves much in this country upon our special schools for this exceptional class, and with reason. Unquestionably they have done and are doing a vast amount of good; unquestionably they are, in comparison with those of Europe, the acme of perfection in system and management. Yet they are fearfully one-sided in their training, lamentably limited in their scope.

Many suppose that the only rational course, the moment an individual under thirty is pronounced hopelessly blind, is to send him at once to one of these establishments and keep him there till he is turned out a finished specimen of its educational excellence. For the child of indigent or wholly incompetent parents, this may be the only choice, to be taken for better or worse; but where a fair amount of means, intelligence, and attention can be devoted to him at home, he had much better remain there during most of his formative period, learning and doing what others do, as far as possible.

I am very far from denying the great value of these special schools to any and all pupils in the pursuit of certain peculiar branches of study, and in learning the application and use of certain inventions peculiar to the needs of the blind; and a short attendance at some institution of the kind is most advisable, say from one to three years. But this time should be amply sufficient in which to avail one's self of such particular advantages, and a longer sojourn, even at one of the best institutions, I hold to be decidedly detrimental.

It is in the actual active world, not within the sheltering walls and among the specially adapted arrangements and customs of an asylum for their class, that the blind must live and labor; and the almost unavoidable danger is that a prolonged stay at the latter will unfit them in a great measure for the former. Certain peculiar habits are too likely to be acquired, harmless enough in themselves and useful to sightless persons when together, but which attract attention and stamp one as odd in the outside world. Such, for instance, as snapping the fingers to indicate the position of the extended hand, when about to exchange a friendly greeting or pass any object; making some sound in passing one another to show exact whereabouts; groping noisily and conspicuously for any desired article; and many more of the like, all of which are roughly but forcibly classed in the school phraseology under the head of "blindisms," and, once adopted, are very difficult to lay aside.

Then the competition at such institutions is always and in every department only with those hampered by a like disadvantage; and the pupil is too apt to content himself with slow, clumsy methods and a low standard of results. He needs the constant spur to his pride of seeing those about him, many of whom he feels to be his inferiors in intellect, accomplishing more in less time, whether in study or competitive sports, to stimulate his ambition and arouse his faculties, so as to overcome the greater obstacles and equal his companions. He needs the broadening influence of being brought into forcible daily contact with subjects and with attainments which are not naturally within his

sphere, to prevent a narrow and one-sided mental development. In a word, he needs to be constantly with those not like himself, so as to eradicate, so far as possible, the differences between them, since it is among them, subject to their opinions, amenable to their laws, that he must make his way through life.

His best plan is to go through the regular public-school course, preparing his lessons at home, or between recitations with a fellow-pupil, by having them read over aloud, and be subject to the same discipline, and share in the same pastimes, as the other scholars. Of course there will be a few things he cannot do, like ciphering on the blackboard in school and playing base-ball at recess. But these he and his companions, as well as the teacher, will soon find out and cease to expect of him. He will sometimes miss in recitation and get bruised at play, but probably not oftener than his fellows; for necessity is upon him, demanding the exercise of his caution as well as his active powers. Even the few special points in which the institutions for the blind offer peculiar advantages may be successfully taken up at home, if conditions are favorable; and the earlier they are acquired, the more benefit he can derive from them.

First and chief among these is the use of the Braille-board, upon which the perforated or pricked writing is done, originally a French invention and now employed almost universally. It consists of a simple frame upon which the paper is placed, with a movable ruler to serve as guide in tracing the lines. The writing was formerly done with a stiletto, but the latest and best boards have a sliding cube attached to the ruler, supplied with six little keys, which control a similar number of points below and may be pressed singly or together. By this means ease and rapidity in writing are greatly increased. The character employed is a species of stenography, formed by the different grouping of six punctures, which cause in the reverse of the paper corresponding slight elevations. It is very easily learned, and seeing-people familiar with it prefer it to writing with the pen for an equal length of time. It is reasonably compact, occupying about twice the space of ordinary writing, may be read by sight or touch with equal facility, and is invaluable for private correspondence, taking notes, and making the first draft of all literary work.

The blind frequently learn to write legibly with pencil; but as they cannot re-read or correct such writing and must employ an amanuensis to read the replies to their letters, it is of comparatively little value. The typewriters recently invented are for such work infinitely more rapid and reliable.

Books printed in the Braille character are by far the most serviceable and legible for those who read by touch, but are so expensive and so limited in number as to be a resource attainable by few.

I regard as wholly wasted the time spent in learning to read the ordinary raised print, so long in use, and upon which so much wondering and admiring laudation has been expended. This is one of the inventions of the seeing for the blind. It is always a slow, laborious process at best, to feel one's way through one of those cumbersome volumes, though it may be interesting to the looker-on. The character employed cannot be written, so is useless save in books, and the works of any value so printed may almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand, besides being so costly that any person who could afford one of them might buy a half dozen of equal merit in the most elegant editions and hire them read in a much more enjoyable manner.

Another very useful contrivance is the type-board, which takes the place of the slate in mathematical studies: an oblong board, closely covered with small square holes, into which a number of metal or wooden types are set in any desired position, each bearing on its upper extremity a sign to represent some figure. The most complicated problems may be wrought out on one of these boards with the same convenience and accuracy as upon a slate, and with considerable rapidity.

The raised wooden maps and globes, used by all schools for the blind, deserve mention as of real assistance in study; but an excellent substitute may be furnished by any friend at home who will carefully trace the outlines of maps in a common atlas by a succession of pin-pricks, made from the opposite side of the page. The position of cities and course of rivers can be indicated in the same manner, thus forming a map, distinct to the touch.

Whatever these contrivances lack, the native ingenuity and aptitude of the pupil must supply; and, after all, the stimulating of these is of far more value than any number of facts or theories crammed into his brain by a patent process. It is what he is, not what he has been taught, that makes him a success or a failure; the more since it is the active rather than the retentive or digestive capabilities of the blind that are in greatest danger of neglect and are most distrusted by the world.

As partial compensation, in the midst of his many discouragements, the sightless pupil possesses one vital advantage over his companions. His memory, accustomed to seize and assimilate facts, definitions, and miscellaneous information at a single hearing, acquires both a marvelous alertness and a phenomenal retentive capacity which enable him to master certain branches of study with singular ease and rapidity. Deprived of books and without any very ready and reliable method of making notes, he obtains a habit, often envied by the seeing, of appropriating instantaneously anything addressed to his intellect through his hearing. Hence the proverbially good memory of the blind person. His mind is his memorandum-book, always at hand and always open.

To the present writer, who never remembers having a lesson in anything read over to him more than twice, nothing is more strange and more amusing than a room full of school children, with fingers crammed in their ears, buzzing over a lesson of three pages for the fifteenth time. Equally incomprehensible is it to see a man making a note of a single address, or a lady referring to a shopping-list. Such observations force one to the conclusion that the art of writing, invaluable as it is, has been disastrous to the human memory. People have grown so to rely on a piece of white paper covered with black scratches, that if this be lost or misplaced, they are reduced almost to the condition of creatures without intellect.

So marked is the advantage of the blind in this respect as almost to atone for their extra difficulties in others; that is, the sightless pupil will acquire scientific and philosophical studies with a rapidity which

will counterbalance the greater amount of time demanded by his less facile methods of writing out exercises in linguistic and ciphering in mathematical branches; so that in taking the regular course at academy or university, he will require, all in all, neither more time nor more labor than the average student.

Of not less value in after life is this extraordinarily trained and developed memory. It enables the blind to derive from lectures, conversation, and general reading ten times the benefit of others, on whose minds a single mention of facts and thoughts makes little or no impression.

Thus the law of compensation is seen working in all things, making good on one hand, approximately at least, what is wanting on the other; not by the special mysterious interference of Providence or other power with natural conditions and processes, for the benefit of the individual, as many claim, but through the inevitable sequence of cause and effect, by which senses and faculties become, through unusual training, abnormally developed and their value radically enhanced.

Edward B. Perry.

Sugar.*

PROBABLY most of those who are classed as free-traders or revenue reformers, if they could fix the policy of the country in accord with their own theories, would retain the duty on sugar, because it yields a very large revenue easily collected and widely distributed, the protective feature being relatively small; for although the duty is high, being more than 100 per cent. *ad valorem* at the present time, the amount of sugar produced in this country is so small that it may be accounted a *quantité négligeable*. Some of this class, among whom the writer is one, consider the fact that sugar is an article of universal consumption (being a common and almost necessary kind of food among the poor as well as the rich) the strongest argument for reducing the duty, the condition of the national treasury admitting of large remissions of taxes. Accordingly, when we are told by the sugar protectionists that we are paying $48,000,000 per annum in sugar taxes to the Government, in order that the Louisiana planters may get only $7,000,000 by the enhanced price,—a total burden on the consumers of $55,000,000,— we reply that the means are immensely disproportionate to the end, because if we could get our sugar free of tax, we could pay the $7,000,000 and still save $48,000,000. If we are really paying nearly seven dollars in order that the Louisiana planters may get one dollar, hardly anything could be more wasteful and extravagant. This is upon the supposition that the Government can now afford to dispense with the sugar tax altogether. It can easily afford to do so if it leaves the other sources of revenue untouched; but as it is almost certain that the internal taxes on tobacco will be repealed, it would not be prudent to wholly abolish the sugar duties until some time shall have elapsed sufficient to show the fiscal effect of that measure, together with a reduction of say one-half of the sugar tax. That the sugar duties will be entirely repealed within a very few years there can be little doubt. The outgivings of leading protectionist statesmen like Senators Sherman and Dawes should be taken as fair notice of what is coming. With the question of bounties to compensate the planters for the loss of the protection to which they are accustomed, I do not purpose to deal in this article, except to express the opinion that even if such bounties should be allowed they would not be of long duration, and that those who advocate them can hardly expect them to be so.

In reply to the argument that the taxpayers are committed to continue paying a bonus to the sugar planters,— or to any other class, for that matter,— because they have paid it so long that the recipients have become accustomed to it and think they cannot get on without it, it strikes me that equity rather requires the repayment of some part of the $7,000,000 per annum that has been so long contributed to the Sisyphean task of putting sugar on a self-sustaining basis in this country. The United States makes no contracts with industries, express or implied, to "carry" them beyond the next election. Taking the most favorable view of the claim made in behalf of the planters, the contract was never made to bolster them up or to bolster up any trade indefinitely. It would be safe to challenge anybody to find any speech in Congress, since the foundation of the Government, advocating a policy of perpetual protection to sugar or to anything. Nor can any such thing be found in any national platform of any political party. The doctrine of implied powers has been pretty well stretched at times, but the doctrine of an implied contract to pay $7,000,000 per year in perpetuity to the cultivators of less than 200,000 acres of land in Louisiana is rather too absurd for serious discussion.

There are many duties the repeal of which would be equally, perhaps more, advantageous to the taxpayers than the repeal of the sugar duties; as, for example, those on cheap blankets and low woolen goods, ranging from 100 to 116 per cent. *ad valorem*. This article does not profess to deal with the tariff question at large.

Horace White.

* For the planter's argument see "Sugar-making in Louisiana," in this number of THE CENTURY.— EDITOR.

The Incompetence of Legislative Bodies.

THE important question of to-day is that arising from the realization of the general incompetence of legislative bodies, the appreciation of the need of some change, and the query, What shall that change be? Legislatures are now meeting once a year, or in some States once in two years. A great bulk of statutes, most of them worthless, many of them dangerous and injurious, is passed at every session. The statute-books are becoming cumbered with numberless laws, whose only excuse for existence is a negative one, that they are harmless. It may be safely stated, that in most of the States hardly more than a statute a year is absolutely needed. The same may be said of Congress. It passes what is questionable, rejects what is good, discusses endlessly and fruitlessly what is indifferent — the contrary is the exception that proves the rule.

The great struggle must be, then, to change the character of our legislatures, State and National, or to prevent our present representatives from continuing this indiscriminate heaping up of laws. Thus far, the endeavor to purify the legislature has been unsuccessful. An effort to induce the men now in it to consent to a change that will decrease their own powers may prove

equally unsuccessful; but it certainly extends more hope of victory, and is worth making. This effort must be concentrated on a change that will be simple. Not only is the average legislator incapable of understanding a complicated scheme, but the simpler the bill the less opportunity there is of discussion of details, and change of incidentals, and the more hope it has of passage.

My suggestion is a change that will make a two-thirds majority necessary for the passage of a bill through either house of Congress, or a legislature. No measure absolutely demanded by the people will fail to secure such a majority. The presidential succession bill did not, for instance, at the late congressional session. And so with every such bill. If the people do not demand its passage, it ought not to pass. The bill that is simply the idea of the legislator is an unnecessary bill, — and these bills form the bulk of our new laws.

The Constitution provides for a two-thirds vote to *propose* amendments, deeming it necessary to make the vote more than a majority, to prevent ill-considered action. Yet, all will agree — with the possible exception of the prohibitionists — that we have as many amendments as are needed.

Ill-considered action is what we must guard against to-day in mere law-making, and the requirement that bills should receive this two-thirds vote is the simplest safeguard yet suggested. In a smaller country, perhaps, the bills might be voted on by the people after the final adjournment of the Congress or legislature. In a State, this certainly would be a safe and by no means inconvenient plan. But a movement in this direction would be more radical, and would have less of a chance of success. A measure that changes the vote necessary to the passage of a bill, from a bare majority to two-thirds, would meet with greater support, and would have a fair chance of success. If adopted, it would satisfactorily meet the evil it was intended to remedy — it would reduce the bulk of legislation; would prevent the passage of most unnecessary or dangerous bills; and would leave ample opportunity for the passage of good laws, demanded by the people; besides insuring their better execution when passed, since the larger the majority favoring a law, the stronger will be the effort to carry into effect its commands.

Charles Fiske.

Lynching.

THE number of reported murders in the United States in 1882 was 1266. There were only 93 persons executed and 118 lynched, — in all, 211. Consequently, very nearly 1055 criminals escaped. We say very nearly, because some criminals may have had more than one victim each. If any of those who were executed and lynched were innocent, then perhaps more than 1055 criminals escaped. Under any government where 1173 murderers out of every 1266 escape legal execution, it is a wonder that there are not 1000 lynched, instead of 118. A man planning a cold-blooded murder may safely calculate upon more than eleven chances for escape to less than one for his detection, conviction, and execution; and taking in the conjoint probabilities of legal and extra-legal capital punishment, he may safely calculate on five chances to one, for escape.

Lynching will hardly be defended by any man in sober mood. What is the remedy? *Increased care and zeal upon the part of all good citizens to secure the execution of the law.* If all men, good and bad, could rely upon *that* in every case of capital felony, there would perhaps be almost no case of lynching.

Taking the figures of 1882 as a basis, it would appear that if hereafter out of every 1266 murderers, 619 were sure to be executed, the cases of lynching would probably diminish to 58; if, out of every 1266, only 66 escaped, there would probably be not more than 7 cases of lynching. Of course this is only mathematical, subject to the fluxions introduced by free human nature and ever-changing circumstances, but these would probably be in favor of the abandonment of the lynching process. We see that even when it is known that only *one* in about every *fifteen* murderers is legally punished, the people lose patience only to the degree of taking into their own hands the punishment of less than one in nine escaped murderers. This must give us the assurance that such are the restraints of our Christian civilization as to warrant the belief that if the present rate of legal executions were doubled there would be less than half the number of cases of lynching. The conviction should be strong in us all that it is the duty of each citizen to see, so far as in him lies, that the laws applying to the taking of human life be promptly and thoroughly enforced. Laxity in this increases the danger to every man. Certainty and promptness of punishment would diminish both ordinary murder as well as lynching. It is not a comfortable fact to contemplate that in each State of the Union we have on an average *forty murderers* now going about freely among the population.

In treating this phenomenon one must take the statistics of the country generally. It is only fair, however, to say that lynching is rarer in the Eastern and Middle States than in the Western and Southern States. It would naturally more readily occur in frontier communities in which it was difficult to meet the case by any accepted legal process, while it would be destruction to the inchoate community to allow the special crime to go unpunished. On the other hand, it would seem that the cases of escaped criminals are more numerous in our Eastern than in our Western States. There must be something in our compact population and in the provisions of our civilization to make it more easy for a murderer to escape. Three times murders have occurred near the residence of the writer, in the city of New York, to which not the slightest clew seems to have been found. In addition to the moral sentiment which will not acquit the guilty, there seems to be the need of an intellectual alertness which will not allow a criminal to elude both the processes of law and the violence of popular resentment.

Charles F. Deems.

The Powel Portraits of Washington.

THE oil-painting from which the frontispiece of this number of THE CENTURY Magazine was engraved was painted from life in 1784 by Joseph Wright, a pupil of Benjamin West. The portrait was a commission from Mrs. Elizabeth Powel of Philadelphia, and through inheritance is now owned by Samuel Powel, Esq., of Newport, Rhode Island, through whose courtesy we are permitted to engrave it for the first time. Of this portrait it is stated that "Washington wrote

Mrs. Powel it was the best for which he had then sat." And later, in Tuckerman's work on "The Character and Portraits of Washington," it is said: "Perhaps no portrait of Washington bears such convincing marks of genuine individuality, without a particle of artistic flattery."

The silhouettes on page 12 were drawn and cut by Mr. Powel sometime previous to the year 1790. George Washington, John Washington, and Benjamin Franklin amused themselves after tea one evening, according to the fashion of the day, by cutting "shades." They are now in the possession of his grandnephew Samuel Powel, and have never before been copied.

BRIC-À BRAC.

A Little Comedy.

IS the world the same, do you think, my Dear,
As when we walked by the sea together,
And the white caps danced and the cliffs rose sheer,
And we were glad in the autumn weather?

You played at loving that day, my Dear —
How well you told me that tender story —
And I made answer, with smile and tear,
While the sky was flushed with the sunset's glory.

Now I shut my eyes, and I see, my Dear,
That far-off path by the surging ocean —
I shut my eyes, and I seem to hear
Your voice surmounting the tide's commotion.

It was but a comedy slight, my Dear —
Why should its memory come to vex me?
Can it be I am longing that you should appear
And play it again? My thoughts perplex me.

'Tis the sea and the shore that I miss, my Dear —
The sea and the shore, and the sunset's glory —
Or would these be nothing without you near,
To murmur again that fond, old story?

I know you now but too well, my Dear —
With your heart as light as a wind-blown feather —
Yet somehow the world seems cold and drear
Without your acting, this autumn weather.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

The November Lady, in "The Century."

FAIR lady, seated on THE CENTURY'S cover,
Stretching thy shapely arm with tragic grace,
Around thy head the dead leaves whirl and hover,
The light of other days illumes thy face.
What dost thou see, with that far, yearning vision,
Which follows summer's train, to fields Elysian?

Thou look'st as one who stands upon the shore,
Watching some shortening sail sink down the main;
And fain in thy sad heart would'st follow o'er
Those stormy waves, to clasp thy loved again.
The gracious memory of days now spent,
Its joy and pain in thy sad gaze is blent.

Why dost thou mourn departed flowers of summer?
The flowers of song bloom bright within thy pages.
There spreads, a royal feast, for each new-comer —
The wit and wisdom of the seers and sages.
"The fair lands beckon us; the great seas roar."
Empress of this domain, what would'st thou more?

Lonely, art thou? Dost not unto thee throng
The good and great of every age and clime?
The valiant souls who live to conquer wrong,
The keen-eyed seekers after truths sublime —
All gifted ones who have enriched the earth
Thou bringest, to sit with us beside the hearth.

Rise up, dear lady! and put down thy pan;
Let those who have delayed have none at all.
Stand up, and let thy fond admirers scan
Thy figure, "fair," and most "divinely tall."
Chill blows the wind upon thy regal back —
Mourn'st thou because thou hast no sealskin sack?

Perish the thought! I have it now! I see
The hidden meaning of thy perturbation:
Why thou dost sit beside the wind-swept tree,
And gaze afar, in silent lamentation.
I understand thy countenance dejected:
Thou sorrowest for manuscripts rejected!

Courage, fair damsel! 'Tis no easy matter
The lofty heights of *serial* fame to climb;
The flinty editorial heart to batter
With fragile missiles like a maiden's rhyme.
Strive on! and haply, ere thy life is over,
Thou shalt have place within — not on — the cover.

Maria Hurlbut Burditt.

Una.

LATE — as I sat before the fire,
Perusing some old tome
That took my thoughts to Italy
And left my heart in Rome,

Where, 'mid fair scenes, the writer's skill
Had wrought a maid so well,
My fancy went a-wooing her
Long past the midnight bell —

Just then, I say, up the long path
Came pretty Una home;
She touched the latch, it startled me,
And brought me back from Rome.

I closed my book. We two sat down,
She leaning on my knee,
With cloak unclasp't, and hat thrown back,
Her fair face turned on me.

I made her tell me of the Ball;
Her frankness won me quite.
To see the child so act it all —
It was a lovely sight.

Such graceful things the elders said:
But when I took her hand,
And questioned of the youths, she said
I "would not understand."

You see I had forgot myself
While reading that old tome;
My beard is turning gray, and I
Am only young — in Rome.

James Herbert Morse.

In "Face to Face," in the September "Bric-à-Brac," the second line of the sixth stanza should read:

"Two forces ever warring in the soul."

In part of the edition it did not so appear.

Tempora Mutantur.

When I first began, at twenty,
To indulge in idle rhyme,
Life was *dolce far niente*,
And a trifling thing was Time:
I could link the lines together,
Praising any girl I knew,
Not deliberating whether
They were true.

Twenty-one,— my heart was plastic
To the beauty of a face,
But my fancy, too elastic,
Frequently would jump its trace
After some new, dainty being,
Following where'er she went; —
There was no such thing as fleeing
Sentiment.

Twenty-two,— I had a passion
For a girl with golden hair,
Somewhat of a slave to fashion,
But for books she did n't care;
So when "love" I tried to stammer,
Cupid went upon a crutch; —
She abused the English grammar
Overmuch.

Twenty-three,— my mind was restive,
Now brunette, anon a blonde;
Each one seemed to me suggestive
Of a better one beyond:
So I waited on and dallied
With perhaps a half a score,
Till Time came around and tallied
Twenty-four.

Twenty-five,— no more a chicken!
I essayed to make a choice,
But the "plot began to thicken"—
Love in me had lost its voice.
Thus the girls all went the way of
Other girls, and — fiddle-sticks! —
I 'm a bachelor to-day of
Twenty-six!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Aspiration.

Ah, were I but a pair of dainty, best
Four-buttoned kids (a size or so too small),
That I might squeeze my lady's hand with zest
And own no impropriety at all!

About her wrist to count the pulsing flow,
Fresh from her throbbing heart; or from her lips
To catch the wafted kiss she fain would throw
To some one else, from taper finger-tips.

To feel the pressure of her soft, warm cheek
When wearily she poised her drooping head
Upon the hand enveloped — so to speak —
By my sleek self, caressed and comforted.

Perchance affrighted, with a sudden start
And little cry of terror she might press
The palpitating region of her heart; —
How sweet to soothe and quiet her distress!

And when together we grew old, I 'd seek
Within her boudoir still to find a place;
Devoted to the last, I 'd kiss her cheek,
And bring the rouge-red roses to her face.

Arthur J. Mundy.

A Song of Degrees.

10.

He. It is n't polite to call them fools,
But I do wish girls would n't meddle with tools!
I had to lend them, she begged me so,
And just see here what a state they 're in.
She reamed a hole with the scoop, you know,
And took the reamer to cut a pin.
And she 's went and knocked the head off the hammer —
(I don't care a cent if that is n't grammar!)

She. Of all the troublesome creatures, boys
Are the troublesomest, and fullest of noise!
I lent them my work-box to make a sail;
I had to, or else there 'd have been a fuss,
And I 'd sooner have lent it to a — whale!
Everything 's tangled, and all in a muss.
And now they say, if a girl was n't "dumb,"
She 'd wear her thimble upon her thumb!

20.

He. Ah, not with those dear little hands — so white,
So sweetly helpless; it is n't right!
Give me the hammer, and let me, please!
Oh, yes! you were doing it bravely, love,
But I can't sit here in selfish ease,
And see you driving a nail, my dove.
If you think that I could, you do me wrong;
Your hands are so weak, and mine so strong.

She. Give me your gauntlet, Sir Knight — your glove,
I 'd call it, if I were not in love!
You 're graceful, whatever you do, you know,
But what sort of *fiancée* should I be,
If I even let you try to sew?
I will mend it neatly — you shall see.
I do love sewing; and you too, dear.
Now, do not be foolish — give it here!

30.

He. It is more than a man can well endure!
If I 've mentioned this button once, I 'm sure
I 've mentioned it twenty times, and yet
I could n't induce you to sew it on.
It 's no excuse to say you forget!
It hung by a thread, and now it 's gone.
Just reach me the button-box off the shelf—
I 'll be hanged if I don't sew it on myself!

She. The lock of the pantry-door is broken,
And this is the fiftieth time I 've spoken!
There 's a handle off this bureau-drawer,
And here 's that chair that you said you 'd mend.
I will not speak of them any more;
It 's always so, I find, in the end.
I 'll do them myself — oh, you may scoff,
But I will, if I pound my fingers off!

Margaret Vandegrift.

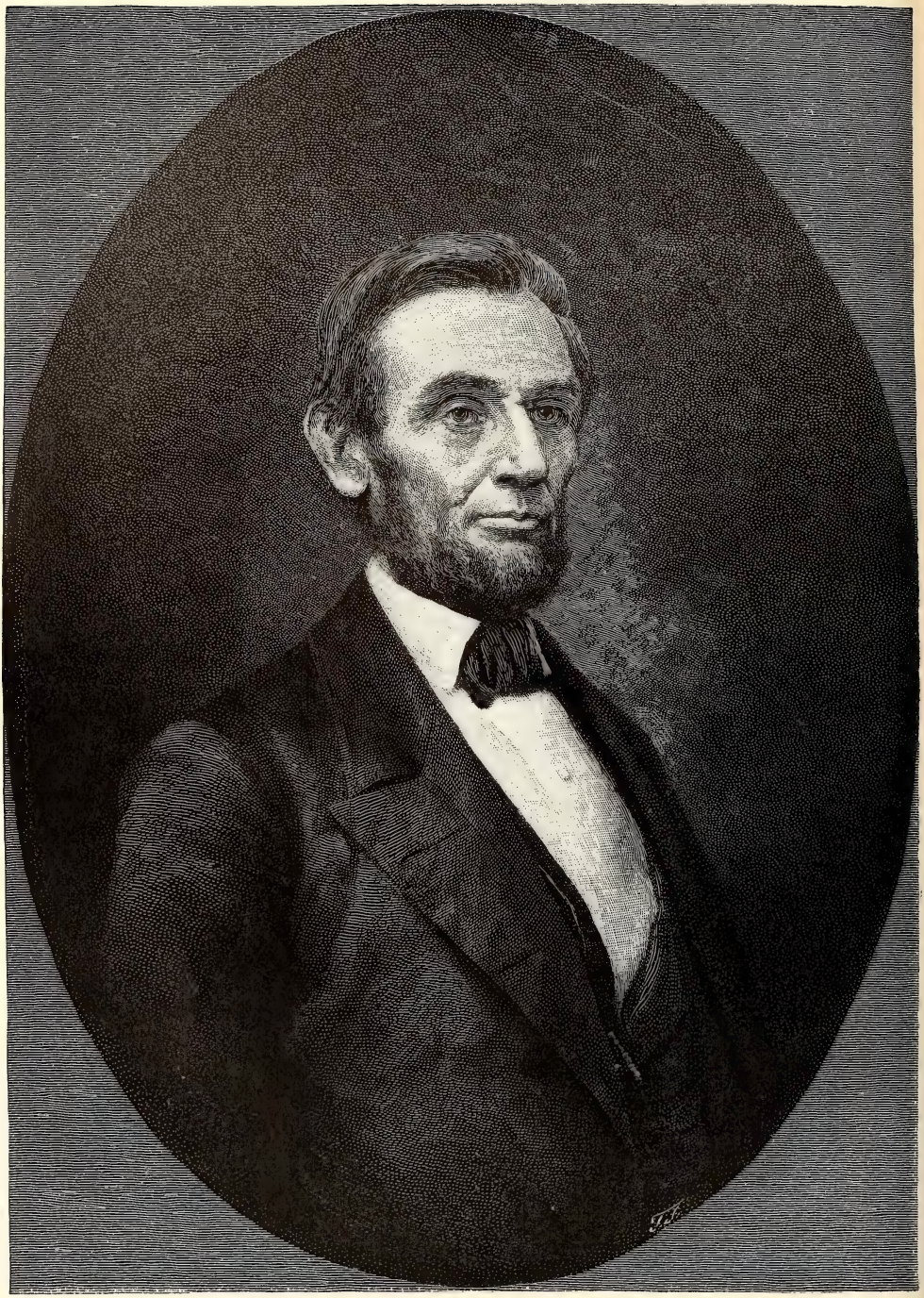
Misunderstood.

He thought I said yes; but I 'm sure I said no.
My heart was a-beating, my cheeks were aglow;
I looked on the ground and I thought he would go:
He thought I said yes, but I 'm sure I said no.

Now what could I do? For he thought I said yes;
He sat close beside me, and — you 'll never guess;
If you look at me so, I cannot confess,
He — I 'm sure I said no, but he thought I said yes.

A. L. R.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, PRINTERS, NEW YORK.

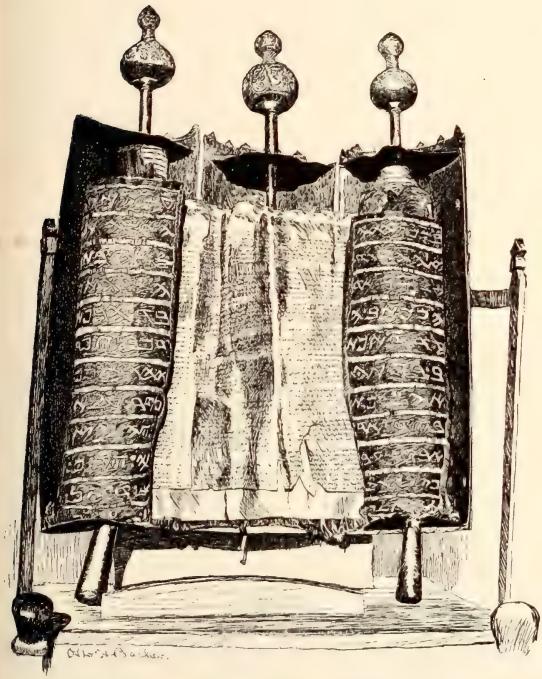


A. Lincoln. January 26. 1861
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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THE SEA OF GALILEE.



THE ROLL OF THE LAW.

THE first impressions of the Sea of Galilee should be gained from the town of Safed. The point of view there is 3000 feet high and affords a nature-drawn topographical map of the whole of the sea, from north to south, from east to west. Sunken amid the encircling hills to a depth of 1659 feet, the sea is like a deep-cut intaglio,— harp-shaped, smooth, and glittering. Every incision contributing to the changing outlines of the water marks the entrance of some plunging torrent or the termination of a winding wady or valley.

Every valley remaining upon the Galilean shores may be exactly located. The place where the Jordan enters the lake at the north, and where it makes its departure at the south, may also be plainly discerned. Far to the north lies the long Mount Hermon range, cloud-capped and snowy.

Between Safed and the sea there is a tract of country richer in romantic scenery and holding wider interest than any other part of the region of Galilee. On the score of natural beauty the Sea of Galilee is by no means remarkable. Its mountains are high enough to be attractive, but they are even-topped and monotonous when compared with the bold outlines, the isolated domes and peaks, among which the Swiss, Scotch, and American lakes nestle. The bare rocks, meadowless inclines, and treeless shores of Galilee again place it at a disadvantage. Yet all who view it are charmed with it.

In the little life which now pervades its shores, one may daily see repeated the references made to it by the simple records of the evangelist,— the casting of nets; the abundant supply of fish; the scattered flocks; the sheep which follow the good shepherd; the lilies of the field, in abundance; the sea, often tempestuous, and all the old-time natural surroundings. But the evidences that art once lent its generous and powerful aid to make the shores of Galilee one of the garden spots of the world are now but few, and hard to find. War, pestilence, earthquake, time, have all contributed to the surrounding scenes of ruin. The eastern side is now infested by

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Bedouins whose homes are among the ruins of Bozrah, and who are as remorseless invaders as any who lived in the time of Gideon.

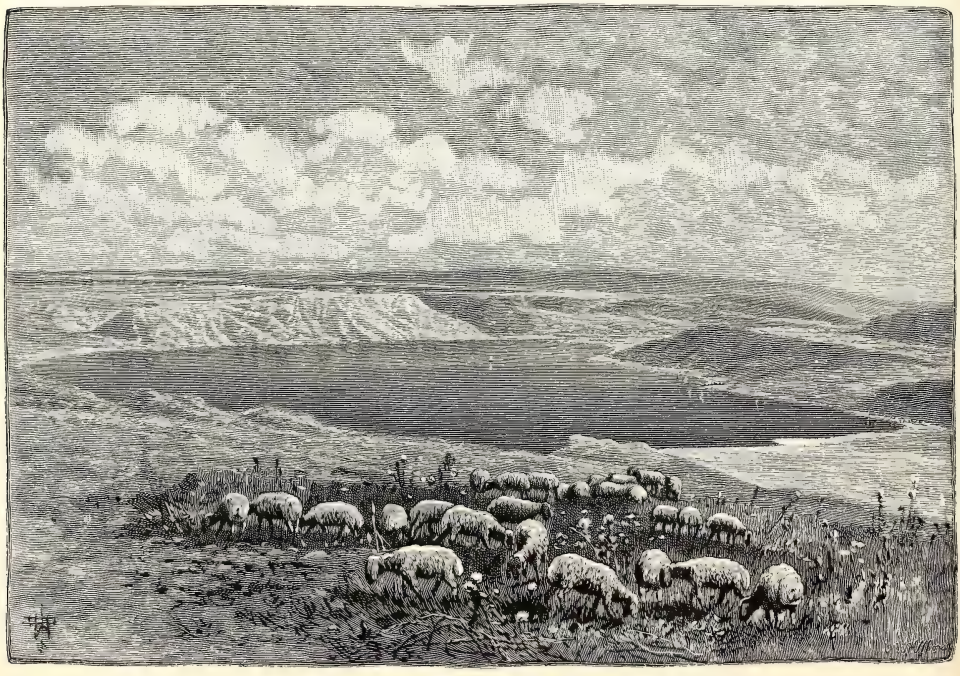
The western coast was once inhabited by a hardy race of mountaineers,— an energetic, remarkable people, despised by the Jews, but preferred by Christ,— industrious, skillful, and valorous, ready to muster at a time one hundred thousand men to defend Galilee against the Romans. Now there remains only a comparatively desolate waste, with but a few hamlets, in place of the once densely populated region. Since the interest held by this locality is due to the residence of Jesus in Capernaum, and since within view of the Sea of Galilee the sacred events took place which are now studied in every Christian country, a brief reference to national affairs as they then existed may perhaps be of interest.

The government was Roman. Herod Antipas was the civil ruler to whom Jesus was subject. During the years when the Great Teacher resided with his parents in Nazareth, the whole country was in a state of expectation, apprehension, and excitement. The Jews chafed under the Roman yoke, and caught at every sign which gave hope of the coming of the promised Messiah. The trumpet-like tones of the Pharisees were heard daily at every market-place appealing to Jehovah for the release of the people "left of God." The synagogues were razed to the ground, though many talents were offered to the treasury of the empire to ransom them. Scenes of tumult and confusion, involving Roman, Greek, and Jew, were of frequent occurrence.

"Sweep down the rebel! Crush him to earth!" was often the command given to the Roman horse, as amid the clang of trumpets they swept along after the terrified and retreating crowds; or, again, "Come on, men of Israel — for the Lord and Judea!" rang out with desperate bravery the Jewish cry, as the Romans and the Greeks approached, ready to sell their lives for Cæsar. Dreadful was the slaughter, and horrible were the acts of tyranny. But they only served to strengthen the hope and renew the expectation of the early coming of the Messiah to restore abridged liberty and to bring release from wanton and unbearable cruelty, as had been spoken by the prophets.

During the waiting of this oppressed people, so ready always to receive the promised Deliverer with acclamations of welcome, false prophets appeared. They caused hearts to beat with new hope, and sword and spear to be grasped ready for combat in their cause. But such impostors arose only to be rejected and driven away or crucified. At last John came.

From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."



THE SEA OF GALILEE, FROM SAFED.

At that time the palatial residence and capital of Herod Antipas was at Tiberias, named thus after his friend and patron the emperor Tiberius. Herod spared neither art nor treasure to make the place worthy of his throne and his palace. By generous grants of land and immunity from taxation, and by expending large sums of money in enhancing the attractions of Tiberias, Herod induced Gentiles of great wealth to gather around him. Amphitheaters, baths, and temples were constructed on a grand scale. Groves were cut down to make room for costly works of art, that Tiberias might gain the reputation of being "the center of Roman civilization,— the Athens of the East." It became also a noted health-resort, because the extensive hot-springs close by drew many a distinguished dweller to the political and courtly center. New towns and cities sprang up along the shores of the sea and upon the neighboring hills, until a large number, rich and populous, could be seen from the pinnacle of the temple. The rich architecture of the Jewish synagogues was eclipsed by the airy columns, vast courts, and long-reaching colonnades of the heathen temples.

As the Pharisee stood at the sixth hour upon the portico of the synagogue and prayed, he was disturbed by the sounds of the hammer and chisel of the Greek artisan, shaping the marble images of the gods for the stupendous Roman shrine opposite. Villas with tropical gardens, new streets and thoroughfares, seemed to grow up in a night. Merchants, travelers, and sojourners came from the east, the west, and the south to barter, to bathe, and to buy; and the native Galileans were put to shame before the strangers because compelled by Herod to be his builders.



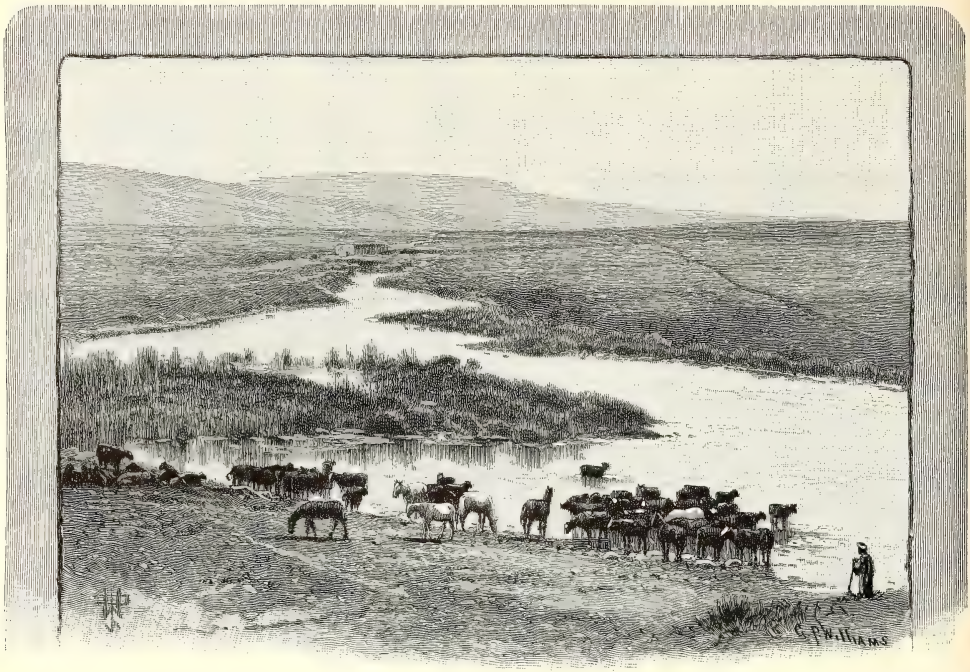
THE WARM BATHS OF TIBERIAS.

"The Sea of Galilee was a focus of life and activity." Numerous ships and boats sailed upon it. Its quays were dotted here and there with the booths of the humble fishermen from whom Jesus chose his disciples. There were but few idlers there. Creeds multiplied, and disputes followed — in the houses of worship, in the market-places, and in the homes. Profligacy, splendor, conceit, arrogance, bigotry, and skepticism grew apace.

The Roman ruler even conspired against his home government and aspired to be "The King of the Jews." Stores of arms were gathered, and soldiers were secretly enlisted to fight for his cause. The "Israelite indeed" was waiting and watching, and ready to welcome the true Messiah; so that Jesus was, in the main, well received by the people among whom he dwelt.

About this tiny inland Sea of Galilee, seventeen miles long, and from six to nine miles broad, and environed by the retiring hills, during three years the most sacred scenes of history were enacted — scenes which still make this the most sacred of all localities.

Sir John Mandeville, one of the earliest travelers who makes record (A. D. 1322), thus quaintly describes the region :



EXIT OF THE JORDAN FROM THE SEA OF GALILEE.

"Upon the Sea (of Galilee Tyberie or Jenazarethe) went oure Lord drye feet; and there he toke up Seynte Petir when he began to drenche within the see, and seyde to him, *Modice Fidei, quare dubitasti?* and after his Resurrexionn, oure Lord appered on that See to his Disciples, and bad hem fyssche and filled alle the nett full of gret Fisshes. In that See rowed oure Lord often tyme; and there he called to hym, Seynt Petir, Seynt Andrew, Seynt James, and Seynt John, the sons of Zebedee.

"In that city of Tyberie is the Table, upon the which oure Lord eete upon with his Disciples, after his Resurrexionn, and thei knewen him in brekynge of Bred as the Gospelle seythe: *et cognoverunt eum in fractione Panis.* And nyghe that Cytee of Tyberie is the Hille where our Lord fed 5 thousand persons, with 5 barley Loves and 2 Fisshes. In that Cytee cast an brennynge Dart in wratthe aftir our Lord, and the Hed smot in to the Erthe, and wax grene, and it growed to a gret Tree; and zit it growethe, and the Bark thereof is alle lyke Coles. . . . Fast beside is Capharnaum; that Contree is clept the Gallilee of Folke (Gentiles) that were taken to Tribute of Sabulon and Neptalym."

The horseback ride from Safed to the shore of the Sea of Galilee requires of an interested traveler five or six hours. It can be "done" in one-half that time. As the descent over the winding, rocky road is made, the water is soon partly hidden from view, and is frequently altogether out of sight. The crater-like depression seems to deepen; the mountains round about appear to grow higher and to fall back farther from the shores. The last thousand feet are through narrow, rocky pathways of steep descent, which lead one to the shore near the hot-springs below Tiberias. A large structure is located there, into which come pouring from the mountain-side four impulsive streams of hot, sulphurous water, the bulk of which is arrested by a canal and led into a huge basin. The overflow empties into the lake.

Pilgrims comé from all quarters of the globe to end their days at the holy city of Tiberias, and meanwhile endeavor to prolong life by bathing in the water of these springs. The greater number are Jews, and they may be seen straggling along the beach at all hours, on the way to the baths. The afflicted either plunge or are helped into the basin, and remain there many hours. The air is suffocating; the scene is pitiful and sickening.

The only point of interest south of the baths, on the western shore, is where the Jordan, having passed through the sea, makes its departure, and follows on southward, now through fertile meadows, now between the hills which border it. A ford is there. Formerly there was a bridge, with a long, extended causeway. A great sea-wall kept the turbulent waters under control. Even now the Jordan often plunges and swirls as though maddened by the interruption of the lake, and drives hastily onward, only to be intercepted again and forever brought to a stand-still by the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Mounds of rub-

bish abound at this southern extremity of the lake, telling where a Phenician fortress and the Roman city of Tarichea, numbering about forty thousand inhabitants, stood. Here, too, was the great fishing-port where the navy was organized. One crossing the river at this point would find an interesting excursion up the valley of the Yarmuk as far as where it breaks forth from the bosom of the mountains of Gilead and Jaulân. But our interest at present lies northward, and we turn back.



TIBERIAS, FROM THE SOUTH.



TIBERIAS, FROM THE NORTH.

A small, rude stone pier reaches a few feet out into the sea, near the hot-springs. There the masters of the one or two boats which comprise the present navy of Galilee land their freight of fish and arrange for excursions. A boat-ride affords ocular demonstration of the sudden and remarkable meteorological changes which take place. The water may be calm and placid when the departure is made, but before the boat is half a mile off shore the wind may rise, and the water become so perturbed that there is no safety except in turning back. Fortunate is the navigator who is not defeated, in the effort to land again, by the mountains of spray and foam that sport with the rude boat as if it were but a palm-branch.

Again, an excursion may be easily made early in the morning, when the water is as still as death, and all on the western shore is reflected — doubled and inverted in the calm surface of the sea. During the night of such a day the wind may tear the tent-pins from the sand and throw the tents down upon the head of the trustful traveler with a crash. Frequently a cold hail-storm accompanies the wind, sending home the lesson of man's weakness at such times of turbulence and terror.

The towns on the Sea of Galilee that are inhabited are still farther north. The first one reached is Tiberias, discovered by the tall minaret of its mosque and the round towers of its southern wall. The first Christian church is said to have been built on this spot by Con-



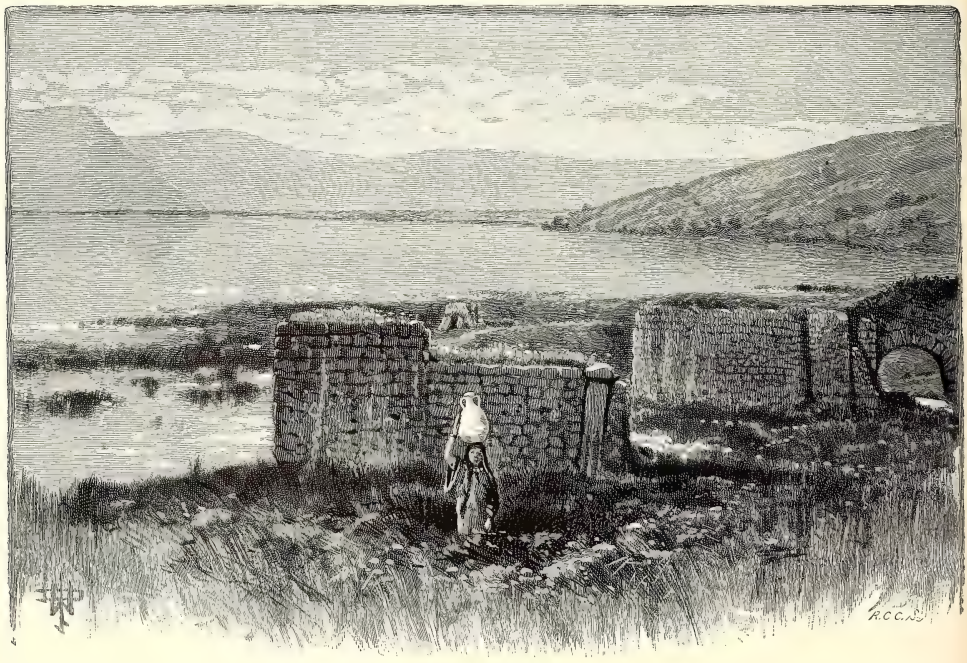
A FISHING-BOAT ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

stantine in the fourth century, and was called St. Peter's. Justinian rebuilt the walls of the city. It was sacked in the seventh century by Caliph Omar; in the twelfth, by Saladin. Then the real ruin began. The splendid palaces, churches, and synagogues began to crumble, and finally an earthquake completed the devastation. An atmosphere of desolation hangs about the place like a chilly fog.

Hebron, Jerusalem, Safed, and Tiberias became the "holy cities" of the Jews after the Roman persecution had ceased somewhat. The Sanhedrim was at Tiberias for a number of years. Thirteen synagogues were here at one time, each one having a school connected with it as certainly as the present churches have their Sunday-schools. A Jewish school of languages became the center of the Jewish faith. To learn Hebrew from a rabbi of Tiberias is even yet considered a great privilege.

The old synagogue carries one back a thousand years. Its roof is supported by stone arches and columns. In the center is a great cage-like inclosure, constructed of wood which is dried and twisted by centuries of exposure, but yet as sound as when hewed from the log. This is the reading-place. Ascending the steps which lead to the interior, the rabbi opens the scroll and begins to teach and intone. The assembled congregation walk around the cage, muttering and gesturing, some chiming in a high key, or imitating the blasts of a trombone through the hands. Some weep as they frantically throw up their arms; others kiss their phylacteries as they fold and unfold them about the left arm and the head; others march around and beat time with their hands and feet. Any reference to the coming of the Messiah excites them to frenzy.

Little else remains in Tiberias to interest the student. Relics of the past are found intermingled with the necessities of the present. Disks cut from the syenite columns of the old temple serve as millstones to grind barley for the sons of Mohammed; fine old porphyry columns are thrown upon the ground and hollowed out for public horse-troughs; threshing-floors are paved with bits of frieze chiseled after Grecian designs paid for by Herod Antipas.



BETHSAIDA WEST.

The cattle are slaughtered in the public thoroughfares; the streets are hopelessly filthy; the bazars are unattractive; the people are depressed; and, as the dragoman tells us, "the king of the fleas" resides here. Yet here come the pilgrim Jews to die, in order that their bones may rest close to the tombs of their wise men who have gone before; some declare that here the Messiah will appear.

From Tiberias the ride along the lake shore



MAGDALA.

to Magdala is a lovely one. The face of the lake may be viewed its whole length. Now, instead of being covered with sand and gravel or tiny shells, the beach is more rocky, and here and there a cliff reaches out to the shore — sometimes so tumbling its black, basaltic débris into the water that the horses must step into the lake to pass by the obstructions. Now the path again ascends. The shores are either marshy or so overgrown with thistles and reeds as to make travel impossible. On each side, the soft colors of the cliff — yellow and white and red — remind the traveler that he is in the Orient.

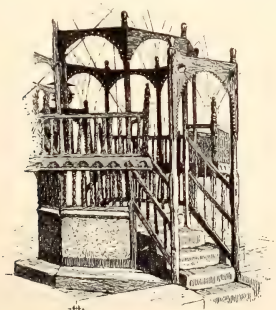
Again the path changes towards the lake and descends to El-Mejdel, or Magdala, the "Watch-tower." The poor, squalid little town, hugged in behind its low wall, seems to have crept down to the shore in self-defense to escape the suffocating heat of the cliff reflected upon it as from a fiery furnace. Magdala has but a single palm, but its view of the sea is sublime.



BOWERS ON THE HOUSE-TOPS, MAGDALA.

From its old-time "Watch-tower" nearly the whole expanse of the plain of Gennesaret may be viewed. The inhabitants are wont to erect bowers — or arbors of palm-leaves and oleander bushes upon their house-tops. In these they dwell during the hot season to escape the heat and to catch the breeze; in the wet season also they resort to them to get away from the scorpion and the centipede. The men and women of Magdala are the farmers of the plain of Gennesaret, and there enact over and over again "the parable of the sower." They look as though they never saw a whole happy day.

Magdala is at the southern border of the plain. It must have been an important place in its best days. It was and is one of the halting-places on the caravan road leading from Jerusalem to Damascus, Bagdad, and Nineveh. The walk from Magdala to Khan Minyeh is one of the most interesting and enjoyable in all Palestine. On the left is the wide plain of Gennesaret, dotted here and there with the picturesque people plowing and pushing their phlegmatic teams. Beyond is the deep wady El-Hamam, which leads towards the "Horns of Hattîn," the "Mount of Beatitudes." On



READING-PLACE IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT TIBERIAS.

the right is the sea, with all its attendant charms. Turn as you will, the view is sublime.

Soon, now, an entirely new feature breaks the landscape. The plain comes to a sudden termination, and a great black cliff rises in the way. A stream comes hurrying down the incline toward the sea, and the clatter of a mill-wheel disturbs the stillness. The voice of the turtle is heard here and there coming up from the stream. From the great marsh which spreads out towards the lake the wild fowl rise in flocks, and fly frightened back far into the El-Hamam Valley.



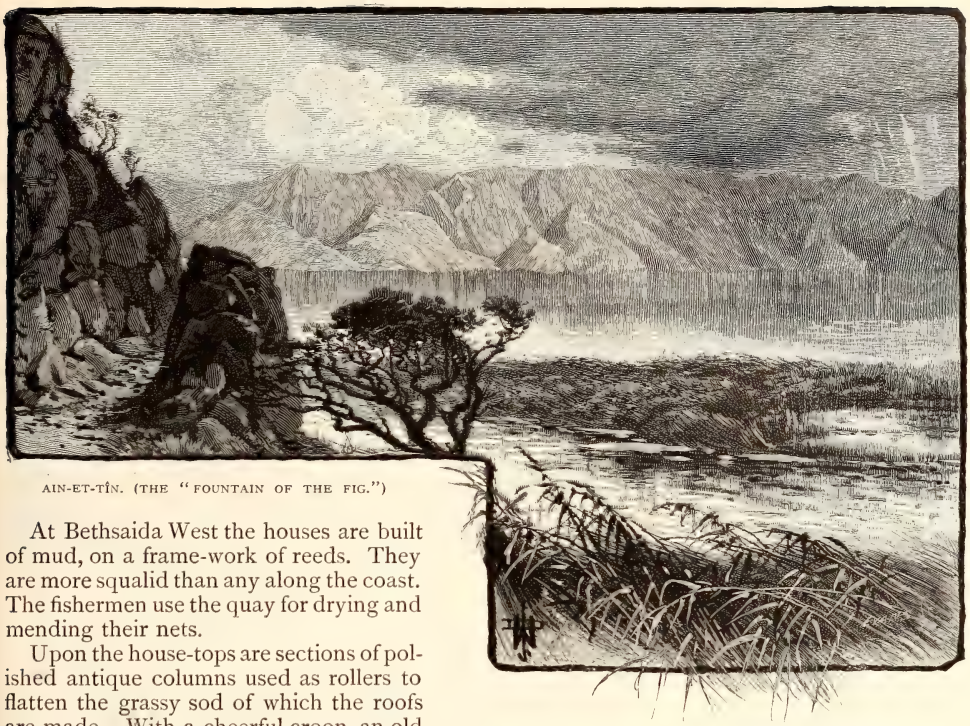
SYNAGOGUE RUINS AT TELL HÛM, A SUPPOSED SITE OF CAPERNAUM.

At the feet of the cliff is Ain-Et-Tîn, the "Fountain of the Fig." This spot is also called Khan Minyeh, and has been thought by some geographers to be the site of ancient Capernaum. Plenty of evidences of the civilization and artistic tastes of the past are here — ruins scattered about in profusion. A section of a deep aqueduct cuts through the cliff, and serves as part of the roadway. When Josephus came hither in pursuit of the Romans, his horse fell in the bog and threw him. "But for this unforeseen accident I should have been victorious," said the great general and historian.

Tell Hûm, an hour's journey north of Khan Minyeh, is, however, deemed by many modern scholars the site of Capernaum. Devout pilgrims believe that the ruins of a synagogue lying here are those of the one erected by the Roman centurion mentioned in Luke vii. 5. If so, then Christ's discourse on "that bread of life" was delivered there; there the demoniac was healed, and the stony columns still standing echoed the divine words as he taught "the multitude," for "they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the Sabbath-day he entered into the synagogue, and taught." (Mark i. 21.)

Seated in a boat at Capernaum, "a little way from the shore," Christ also taught; at Capernaum Zebedee lived and trained James and John to follow his vocation; there Andrew and Peter dwelt — mended their nets and landed their fish; there four of the disciples were summoned to become "fishers of men."

From Khan Minyeh to "Bethsaida of the West," the ride is less than two hours, and rather a rough one. There was also, some think, a Bethsaida east of the Jordan. Neither site holds much of interest to-day. Only the saddest of feelings are awakened when one sees how the "tooth of time" has left little but "dry bones."



AIN-ET-TÎN. (THE "FOUNTAIN OF THE FIG.")

At Bethsaida West the houses are built of mud, on a frame-work of reeds. They are more squalid than any along the coast. The fishermen use the quay for drying and mending their nets.

Upon the house-tops are sections of polished antique columns used as rollers to flatten the grassy sod of which the roofs are made. With a cheerful croon, an old mill greets the little stream which creeps into it, and seems to be about the only disturber of the prevailing quiet. It is a picturesque scene, with all its dreariness. On right and left are the mountains; in full view beyond is the whole expanse of the lake. Surely, nature has made up for the interest which the unambitious inhabitants fail to inspire in the expectant traveler.

Less life and a worse "woe" are found at Kerâzeh, supposed to be Chorazin. The ruins are about two miles north of Khan Minyeh. There is said to be "a path" up the hillside which leads to them, but "woe" be to the man who tries to follow that path with his horse. He will be glad enough to dismount, and would be still more delighted if he could carry his poor animal and prevent it from straining and spraining its limbs in the effort to clamber over the rocky ruins hidden among the wheat and tares and thistles. Chorazin must have been built partly on a hill and partly in a valley, for the heaps of quarried stone abound both on a long ridge and at the bottom of the hollow. Here and there they look as if they had been methodically piled in the effort to clear some of the land for agricultural purposes. Near by is a wild gorge called "Wady Kerâzeh." From the higher elevation a lovely view of the Sea of Galilee is obtained, reaching to the extreme southern limit, though it is not nearly so impressive as the view from Safed.

The ruins of a synagogue may be plainly made out, and some of the abiding-places — the houses of the fated city — may be traced by their strong walls and still unbroken doorways. The roofs were apparently supported by columns in the center. Sometimes one, sometimes two columns were so used. Some of the houses had small windows and as many as four apartments. A rank growth of thorns and thistles covers a large portion of the ruins of Chorazin. The industrious explorer, by beating such intruders aside, is almost sure to reveal the hiding-place of some quarried capital or column. A Bedouin farmer has piled some of the stones of Chorazin against a hillside so as to form a home. There is a fragment of frieze at his door which would be prized in any museum; and he has placed an ancient wooden arch over his doorway.

Thus much for the towns located on the Sea of Galilee. The natural points of interest connected with the sea are the plain of Gennesaret, the "Horns of Hattîn" (the supposed "Mountain of the Beatitudes"), and the historical valley of El-Hamam, which connects them.

The beautiful plain of Gennesaret reaches from Magdala to Khan Minyeh, and is bounded on the east by the sea. On the west it is partly



THE SEA OF GALILEE, SOUTH OF CHORAZIN.

bordered by the hills which start at Safed and continue southward as far as we can see. The afternoon view of the plain is the most brilliant, for then the sunshine is full upon it and the elevations beyond. That brings out all the glorious coloring to its full value,— the hundred varieties of wild flowers; the "lilies of the field"; the fields green and golden and tare-tangled; the squares of yellow mustard; the pink tracts of newly plowed soil; the rank growth of blossomed thistles; the shining streams and the glistening fountains, and the cliffs beyond, catching the glare and giving us the details of their dark shadows. One is reminded by the shape of things of a valley scene in northern New Hampshire, only New Hampshire shows no such luxuriant coloring. It seems impossible to push through the thickets; but there are pathways, and the horse finds them. Here and there groups of sycamores hide placid fountains, which bubble up at their feet, reflect their images upon the shining surface, and then overflow among tall grasses and proceed upon their benign errand of giving life to the lovely plain.

Josephus, in speaking generally of the region of Galilee, praises the soil and the temper of the air, which in his day fostered the growth and fruitfulness of many varieties of trees — the palm and the walnut, the fig and the olive, all growing well together. "One may call this place the ambition of nature where it forces those plants that are naturally enemies to one another to agree together. During ten months of the year the markets were laden with the fruit of the land." Then the inhabitants were industrious and prosperous. To-day Moslem rule blasts all growth. One bit of history seems to be repeated on and on. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." There are more idlers hereabouts who live on the charity of their creedsmen in Europe than there are industrious husbandmen. They still "pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets"; but they will not aid in making this "ambition of nature" productive.

We now leave the plain and enter Wady El-Hamam, an hour's journey southward from Mejdel. The visitor familiar with the Franconia Notch in New Hampshire would again see a resemblance here. On the left of the gorge is a cliff not unlike "Eagle Cliff." It is over one thousand feet high and almost perpendicular; on the right is a bluff, much higher, more terrific, and requiring but little imagination to trace outlines similar to those of the "Old Man of the Mountain." A backward look presents a stretch of the Sea of Galilee which brings "Echo Lake" to mind. Then the similarity ends; for instead of magnificent shrubbery such as clothes much of the rugged inclines of Franconia Notch, here but little foliage grows. But there have been growth and life enough here, of a far different nature, if we may trust the accounts of Josephus and

his fellow-historians for our data. In the face of the cliffs on each side, reached by lofty stone stairways, tier above tier, are vast caverns cut from the rock, with their open doorways towards the valley, and protected by walls. They were the homes of robbers in the time of Herod Antipas; the refuge of the persecuted Jew and the brave Crusader in more modern days. Now they harbor the "wild birds of the air," which fly out and then back again to "their nest" as we approach; and here too "the foxes have holes."

Caves, graves, and other signs of former habitation abound in this historical valley. Ruins of towns, often surrounded by fortresses, are here, all constructed by the Saracens or by those who came long before that time. The district is full of places which have long been held sacred by the Jews.

We now approach the spot which is looked upon by many as the place where Jesus sat when "teaching the multitudes" who followed him. "Kurûn Hattîn"—the "Horns of Hattîn"—are upon the mountain-ridge followed in journeying from Safed to the Sea of Galilee. Below them is a wide plateau where the assembled multitude could have been seated while listening to the Sermon on the Mount when the sweetness of the Beatitudes was revealed to them by the lips of Jesus. The cool stillness of the morning should be chosen for the visit to this spot. A few clouds may lie sleeping in the valley of El-Hamam then, and the thickets by the pathway may scatter their store of dew upon you if you touch them. As the breeze increases and the light penetrates, the dew-drops creep down the stalks to the ground; like the summer waves of the sea, rising and receding, always gently, the grain bends beneath the winds. As soothing as balm is the soft, warm breath of the pure air, laden with the perfume of blossoms and falling upon the brow like a benediction. Yet, upon this very plain, more than once, the roar of battle has been heard. In July, 1187, the plain of Hattîn was the gathering place of the Crusaders—the spot where they were hemmed in by the hosts that Saladin led against them. At early dawn the clash of sword and the storm of arrow and javelin began. Brave was the charge of the Saracens, and braver still the defense of the retreating Christians. Driven to and from their stronghold on Hattîn, they were vanquished, and the fate of their cause was sealed.



DRUSE PLOWMAN AND TEAM.

From the historical mountain-top is seen Safed, the city which some scholars believe to be the place alluded to by Jesus when he said "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

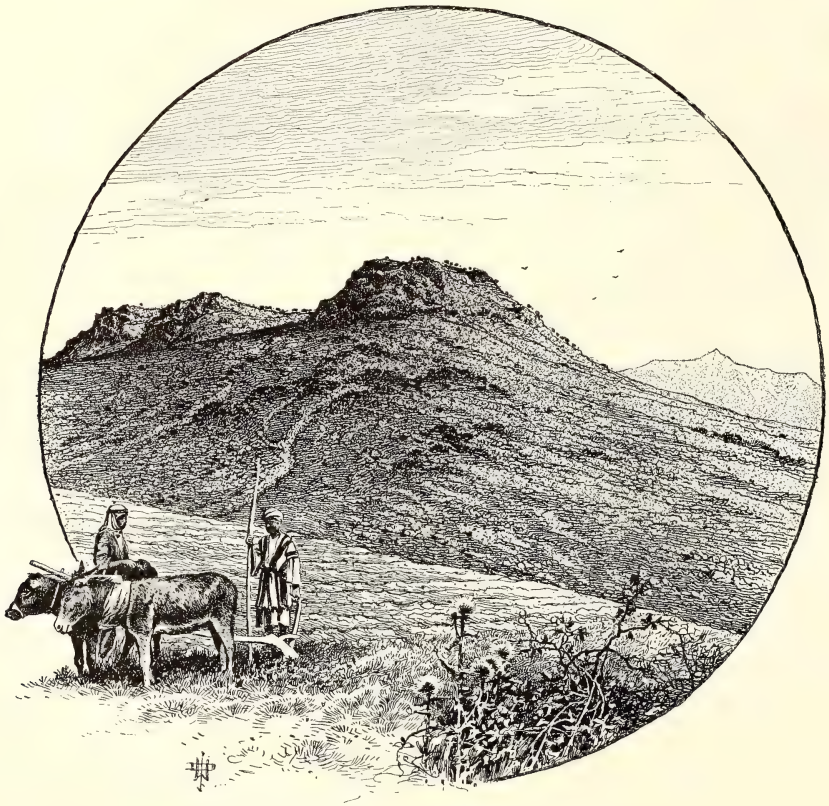
The two "Horns" of Hattîn seem to have been protected by massive structures. The approach to the higher one is easy from one side, while to the north-east there is a sheer ascent of over seven hundred feet. The white limestone hills, the basaltic cliffs, the modern village of Hattîn in the plain below, the orange groves and the fruit gardens, the waving grain, the varied families of flowers, and the groups of Druse farmers present pictures at every glance.

In many spots upon the plain the traveler will be impressed by the reënactment of the "parable of the sower." Within a small space he may see where "a sower went forth to sow . . . and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside. . . . Some fell upon stony places . . . some fell among thorns . . . but other fell into good ground."

Once more the eye is turned for a farewell glance at the distant views. Far down through the rocky vista of El-Hamam Valley, to the north-east, one sees the caravans moving north and south across the Gennesaret plain. Two thousand feet below, glistening like a mirror in the sun, is the sacred sea. Yet only the north-east corner of the water is discerned, for the mountains of Bashan and Gilead hide the view with their sun-scorching inclines and long shadows.

The mountains of the Hauran on the east and the Jaulân on the south are visible. When the air is clear, the silver serpentine line of the Jordan may be made out, gleaming through the foliage — creeping through the jungle down to the Dead Sea.

If there be one word which fell from the Divine Teacher that impresses the mind more than any other at this place, it is "Peace," for there is so much here to suggest it. Nature moves on in her luxuriant course, peacefully, calmly, with no discord. The freshness of the morning, the repose of noonday, the golden tints and purple shadows of evening, the reflections of the stars on the bright surface of the sea, all bring in continued succession the messages of peace. Much more is this so now than when Jesus dwelt at Capernaum. The city of his adoption is in ruins. On the sea to-day sails no boat with a deck upon



THE HORNS OF HATTÎN. (THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.)



A FIELD OF THE SOWER.

which he could sit and teach the multitudes on the shore. The multitudes are gone to rest. The synagogues are in ruins, and "the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done" are no more. The jealous Herod and his host of admirers are gone. But there are the same mountains that echoed his voice. Here, like a floor of adamant, still is spread the blue sea on whose troubled waters he walked in the "fourth watch of the night"— where twice he rose and "rebuked the winds," and said, "Peace, be still"; and it is here that he came to meet the disciples after his resurrection.

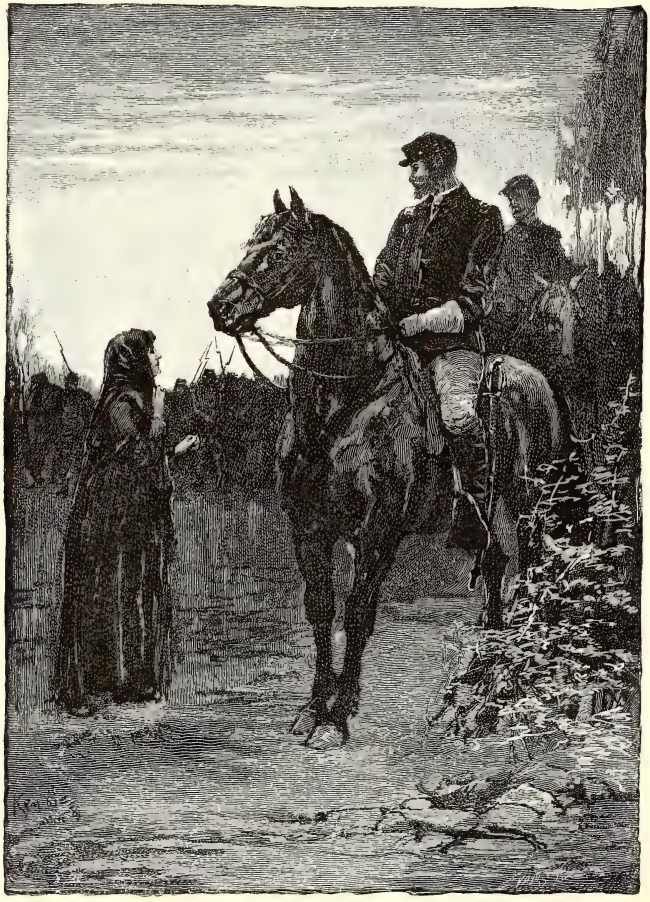
Edward L. Wilson.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

'TIS said there is a fount in Flower Land,—
De Leon found it,— where Old Age away
Throws weary mind and heart, and fresh as day
Springs from the dark, and joins Aurora's band:
This tale, transformed by some skilled trouvère's wand
From the old myth in a Greek poet's lay,
Rests on no truth. Change bodies as Time may,
Souls do not change, though heavy be his hand.

Who of us needs this fount? What soul is old?
Our mere masks age, and still we grow more young,
For in our winter we talk most of Spring;
And as we near, slow-tottering, God's safe fold,
Youth's loved ones gather nearer; — though among
The seeming dead, youth's songs more clear they sing.

Maurice Francis Egan.



VERNAFF AND CLAUDINE.

AS he reined in his horse, the provost said, "Colonel, I 've some prisoners down there who asked to see the old man."

By the kindly though disrespectful appellation of "old man," the provost indicated the general commanding the division; the colonel addressed was Edgar Vernaff, his chief of staff; the place of meeting, the woods of North Carolina; and the time, not long after the surrender of the Southern army.

At this moment an orderly bearing a note directed to the general reined up his horse. The chief of staff opened it and read:

"Hon. James Algier presents his compliments to the general commanding United States forces, and requests an immediate interview. Mr. Algier is at present under arrest of the provost guard."

"Who is this Algier?" asked the chief.

"He is a man who arrested himself this morning. Captain Bryant told me to say that he did not think it of any account, if the general was busy. Captain thinks the man is crazy."

"Very well. Say to Captain Bryant I will be along in a little while, and then we 'll see what the man wants."

The sun was sinking through the trees when Vernaff, accompanied by the provost, made his way through the woods to a spring, where

they found two country wagons drawn up, and protected by a detail from the guard.

An elderly man advanced from the fire, and in a stilted way began:

"Sir, have I the honor to address the general commanding this division of the Federal army?"

"I am chief of staff," answered Vernaff. "Any communication you have to make, I will receive in the general's name."

"Sir," replied the old man, "I am not habituated to dealing with subordinates; I demand an immediate interview with the officer in command."

Vernaff flushed at this rebuff, then smiled at the pompous manner of the man. Though hurt for an instant by the disdainful speech, he was too good-tempered to take deep offense, so he answered: "General Brown cannot see you to-night; maybe he will find time in the morning, but I will not promise even that. If you have anything important to say, I am the proper person to hear it."

"I have the honor to represent the twenty-fourth district of the State of Alabama in the Congress of the Confederate States, and I repeat my demand for an interview with your superior."

"Captain Bryant, you will withdraw your guard. This gentleman is free to go when he sees fit. We have prisoners enough to take care of without bagging the whole rebel Congress."

"But I refuse to be released, sir."

"I hardly see how you can help yourself," said Vernaff.

"Sir," returned the man angrily, "I have heard of the impudence of the Northern soldiery, and gave credit for all the evil of which the whole world accuses them, but this surpasses my wildest conception."

"Call in your guard. Whether he will or not, this gentleman is free." Then addressing the man, he touched his cap and wished him "Good-night." But this politeness seemed to inflame the rage of the self-made prisoner, who burst out: "I defy you to withdraw your guard, and leave me and my family unprotected from your brutal hirelings."

"If you ask for a safe-guard," said the colonel coolly, "that is another thing, and I will consider your request when you have time to speak with a little more politeness. You are not a prisoner, and we take no responsibility about you in any way; but I have no doubt that if you move up near Captain Bryant's camp he will see that you come to no harm."

"In my day and country," replied Algier, "we were taught respect for our elders, but it seems that this is not a part of Northern education. Sir, I am by the fortunes of war thrown into your power, and in the name of the Confederate States I demand the consideration which is my due."

"I do not recognize any Confederate States," said Vernaff; "and the consideration which is your due? — I don't think you would be willing I should pay you what I think that is. And for the rest, my time is of some value, so I will go on my way."

The guard had already left. The dusk had risen up under the trees, though the open places were still flooded with light. The sweet, cool smell of the swamp flowers, the murmurous silence, so strange after the turmoil of camp, flowed over the rider and softened his mood. True, the old man was a representative of the class most offensive to the Northern mind, and Vernaff was a New Englander of the new school, cool and without enthusiasm; yet at heart he was a strong partisan, and the loud vaporings of the Southerner grated upon his nerves.

Scarcely had he turned his face, when a new person entered into the conversation. Close beside him some one said: "Pardon my father. We are all alone here, far from home, and are starving. We have hardly eaten for three days."

The voice was very low and sweet, and the articulation of the words slow, and muffled by a slight lingering upon the vowel sounds. If it had been a male voice, the prolongation of the syllables would have suggested a drawl, and the distinct pauses between the words indicated indifference; but so liquid were the intonations, so sweetly constrained the pronunciation, that at first he did not comprehend that the appeal was a cry for help; and so rare and pure was the cadence, that when it ceased he continued to listen, and the echoes sank deep into his heart — it was like a cool hand upon a fevered brow.

He was disappointed when on looking down his eyes encountered the face of his petitioner. She who stood beside him was a young girl, clothed in garments draggled to the knees with yellow mud and torn in a hundred places. Her head and shoulders were covered with a dirty black and green shawl drawn tightly together under her chin. Her face was too long, her nose too large, and her mouth too full; through the grime and soot which lay in ridges under her eyes it was impossible to guess at her complexion, though the tear-courses had striped this envelope, and their channels showed white by contrast against the surrounding blackness. But the clear brown eyes which were turned on his face were piteously beautiful. There was nothing vulgar or bold about the face, and through all the misery there was a suspicion of mockery — shamed amusement at her uncouth appearance, as well as a wild desperation at

her terrible condition. She looked like a lady playing the part of stage beggar, but not quite able to forget herself in the dramatic impersonation.

Though she stated the fact that they were starving but as an excuse for her father's excitement, yet her manner was that of one asking for charity, and so he understood it, and would have granted aid without question, probably without verbal reply to her words, but that the circumstances were so novel.

The girl repeated, though less earnestly this time: "We are wofully hungry. Your men, or some one else, have stolen our mules; we can't get on, we can't go back, we can't stay here,— and what in the world are we to do? Father at last made up his mind to surrender, and now it seems you won't have him." Then, with a faint little attempt at a smile and a careless gesture, she added: "He thought at least you would feed and protect your prisoners."

Vernaff hesitated; and before he found words, the old man broke in: "Come away, Claudine. These people do not care for our misfortunes. To them it is but one more injury they find themselves permitted to inflict upon their hated enemies. Why allow them the satisfaction? I had supposed you to have too much pride to bandy words with persons of their class."

Bryant laughed aloud at the dignity assumed by the old Southerner, and even Vernaff threw down an amused glance. He did not reply directly, but gave orders to the provost to have the two cared for. Something in his contemptuous tone and manner made the girl flush at the indignity.

As the young officer rode off, Bryant said to the colonel: "I hardly know what to do with these people; I 've got five hundred now in the bull-pen, and I guess some of them are pretty rough. I can't very well spare a special detail, and besides, my own lambs ain't saints, and I don't want to take the responsibility of a female Sunday-school on my shoulders; so it is not a very nice place for a woman. Don't you think if I should send them some rations and let them look out for themselves here in the woods, it would be just as well? Then if there should be any trouble, it would be their own fault and not ours."

"But," responded Vernaff, "the woods are full of stragglers, broken men of both armies. No, we must take care of them in some way. If you think best, you may send them up to headquarters. I suppose they will be safe enough under our guard, and General Brown can shoulder the responsibility. But don't pick up any more women, if you please. Camp is no place for them."

Vernaff, who was just completing his studies when the war came, had left women out of his consideration, and now the idea of having a girl on his hands was disagreeable to contemplate. He tried to forget her, but somehow he could not bring himself to that state of feeling; the refugees were to be in some sort his guests — they must be fed and given shelter. This, at least, he could attend to, and to-morrow some arrangement might be made for forwarding them to their destination.

The chief of staff made a report to his commanding officer on his return, who was amused at the narration of the old man's peculiarities, laughing off the whole affair as a jest. "They are your friends, colonel," he said; "I wash my hands of all responsibility. Do with them as you please."

"But you will see the man?"

"Not to-night, I guess. Give him some supper to cool off his blood, and, if I feel like it, I 'll talk with him to-morrow. But where do you propose to stow them? If Bryant's guards are a little wild, what do you think of the joyous reprobates you have picked out for headquarters?"

"If you have no objections, I will give up my rooms to them," answered Vernaff.

"Very well," said the general.

The general and his staff were lodged in an old plantation house, the commander and his chief of staff taking the upper story for their own quarters, each occupying the suite on each side of the wide hall. The lower floor was devoted to the remainder of the staff, while tents and shelters ranged around the yard served for the guard and the band. Vernaff and the young aide-de-camp, who was his mess-mate, gave up their rooms, arranging the front one with what comforts they could find, and Vernaff ordered the best supper the place afforded for the entertainment of his guests.

In an hour the wagon came. The night had fallen, but the lanterns on the piazza gave light enough to show the passengers as they stepped from the rude vehicle. The old man walked across the veranda as solemnly as Jugurtha marching to the Mamertine. He cast a haughty look of recognition at Vernaff, but did not vouchsafe a word. "You will go upstairs with this gentleman," said the colonel, indicating the aide-de-camp. "The lady will take the front room. There is a door between the two."

The girl, her head still covered by the dark shawl, hesitated a moment, then said pleasantly:

"We thank you very much for your politeness: yes, you are very kind." She paused, drew a long sigh of relief, and continued: "I never thought I should be so glad to see

a Federal—but it is much better than the dark."

The young lieutenant showed the father and daughter to their rooms, while Vernaff directed the servants to carry their goods and chattels after them. In a few moments the aide returned, saying that the lady wished to speak with the chief, and in obedience the colonel presented himself at her door, which she opened at his knock. She had removed the dingy shawl, and her hair, long and thick, hung in careless coils about her neck and face. Her whole expression was changed by this flood of brown and golden red: thin and pale as she was, the outlines of her features were not so angular, nor her profile so sharp as it had appeared. It was a striking face—not very pretty, and maybe a little harsh, but one capable of infinite variety; a face that would become more attractive as one grew better acquainted with its charm. But now there was a deprecatory trembling of her lips, though an amused smile sparkled in her eyes. With a quick gesture she began:

"I want to be a model prisoner, and how can I obey you if you don't send me some soap and hot water?" She paused a moment; then, looking frankly into his eyes, continued: "I would n't trouble you so much,—but, oh! I am so uncomfortable, and I could n't make up my mind to speak to the other officer. You won't think me unreasonable, will you?"

"I shall be extremely happy to supply all your wants," answered Vernaff stiffly. He wanted to say something pleasant, and to relieve the girl from her evident embarrassment; but under his calm demeanor he was the more embarrassed of the two, and could only articulate this frigid sentence. But he avenged himself on his awkwardness by sending the whole of his dressing-service—and it was a very elegant one—to the young lady's chamber. For now it was slowly dawning upon him that she was a lady. They should be made to understand that the officers of the United States could be kind when occasion called for kindness.

It was the custom of the division that the band should play before the general headquarters every pleasant evening, and a couple of hours after the arrival of the refugees the music burst out with a sudden crash. Vernaff was smoking his pipe on the lower piazza when the concert began. He knew that his prisoners—if so they were to be considered—could hear perfectly well from their apartments, and that it would be a work of supererogation to inform them that the band was playing; yet, after some hesitation, he ascended the stairs and knocked at the old man's door. It was opened by Miss Algier, who, candle in hand, made way for him to pass. The change in her appearance was startling. Her rich hair was carefully brushed and coiled in a graceful knot; her face, too thin and careworn for beauty, was refined and full of intelligence. She had changed her dress, and though poor in material, it was clean and skillfully fitted to her person, and the hand that held the candle was the hand of a person with a grandmother.

Vernaff looked at her with astonishment. Except for her eyes he would not have known her,—they were sparkling with excitement from the coffee, and their redness had been washed away, but they were the same great brown eyes that had looked out from under the shawl when he encountered her in the wood.

"If you would like," began the colonel, "you may go on the upper piazza to hear the music."

The old man answered, from the cot where he was seated: "I had hoped that my cell would be free from intrusion. No, sir; if it is permitted, I will remain in my confinement."

"As you please," said Vernaff, changing color at this rebuff. But the words were hardly uttered when the lady interrupted: "Oh! I shall be very glad to go. Please wait a moment." And without consulting her father, she darted into her own room, and returned with a shawl hanging over her arm. "Good-night, papa," she said, throwing her arm around his neck and kissing him on the forehead. "Don't keep awake for me; I shall not be gone long. Leave the door between our rooms half open, so that we can hear each other in the night"; and she came into the dusky hall, closing the door behind her.

When she was alone with the chief, she said demurely: "Am I to be shot at sunrise?"

"No; why?" he asked.

"Oh, I did not know. From your tone I thought you might mean,"—and here she tried to imitate his voice,—"the condemned are now permitted to take the air for a few moments, before being led to execution. Now I feel relieved."

"You are in no sense a prisoner," he answered gravely.

By this time they had come to the piazza, where it was light enough to distinguish faces, the great fire in the yard throwing a red glare over the scene.

The girl looked up at her companion with amused astonishment; she could not understand why he should take her badinage so seriously. But seeming to reason that it must be the way with all "Yankees," her mouth hardened into a faint ironical smile, and following his example, she sedately said: "But I do

not know but that I would rather like to be a prisoner."

"And why is that?" he asked.

"Oh, I have read that in jail they allow, with other things, one chair for their convicts; and I think I should like to sit down." Vernaff brought a chair for the lady and a blanket for himself. When she was seated, he threw the latter at her feet, but at a respectful distance, and in camp fashion cast himself down upon it.

"How in the world did you get lost in these woods?" he asked, in a pause of the music.

She told how they had left Richmond on the Sunday afternoon of the evacuation; how, there being no railroad available, her father had procured the team, and how they had intended to find their way back to their home, across the mountains; and that when they arrived at this halting-place, their draught animals had been stolen, and they could go no farther. Their provisions were exhausted; their money, being in Confederate currency, was worthless; and altogether their condition was desperate. Then the advance of the Union army came in sight. "I knew," she said, "that you Yankees were cannibals, but I thought father was too old and I too thin to serve. So, being hungry and perfectly miserable, we surrendered; and on the whole," she concluded, "I don't know but I rather like being a prisoner; it relieves one of all responsibility,— though of course it would depend on who your jailer might be."

"So you consider all Yankees cannibals?" asked Vernaff.

"Certainly; there can be no doubt about that. We Southrons live entirely upon fire and blazes, and you all upon your fellow-creatures. But," checking herself, "I do not include you with the rest. You might almost pass for a rebel. That is the highest compliment I can pay any one."

"Thank you," he said, flattered by her evident desire to please, and too unaccustomed to women's ways to suspect that she was playing with his vanity for her own amusement.

When again the band was silent, the girl drew a long breath of quiet satisfaction. She looked at her companion, and speaking lazily, said: "Yes, I think I like being a prisoner. I feel very contented."

"I 'm sure," he responded, "I like being a jailer; at least, if I am to have you for my charge."

"That sounded very pretty," she said, without changing the tone of her voice. "But yes, it would make a difference who might be your keeper. Your friend Captain Bryant, for instance, would have been very attentive and flattering,— but I don't think I should have liked him. He would have disturbed me, whereas you rest me."

"Then you are satisfied with your stern jailer?" he asked.

"Oh, I suppose I must make the best of a bad bargain; and again, I am dependent on you for my breakfast, so must make friends of my enemies. Don't you think a little deception is justifiable?"

The conversation drifted on in this way until, the band long retired, the moon rose high above the pines. Then at length the girl arose to go in, and Vernaff sprang to his feet.

"Good-night," she said, holding out her hand. "Again let me thank you for all your kindness, and for a very pleasant evening."

Now, among the people with whom Vernaff had been educated, the old custom of shaking hands has fallen somewhat into disuse. Perhaps a light touch of the fingers might be allowed when meeting after a long separation, or a gentle pressure when taking farewell; but the clasping of hands on every possible occasion, as is the fashion in the South, was a surprise to him. Of course he took the hand which was extended to him; but then he found that he did not know what to do with it. It was an honest, firm hand, warm and pleasant to hold, and he did not care to drop it; so, not knowing what else to do, he raised it to his lips and kissed its smooth surface.

It was the young lady's turn to be astonished. With eyes full of half-covert indignation, she examined him from head to feet; then seeing that no ill meaning was attached to his motion, she withdrew her hand, and, repeating her farewell, entered her apartment. Once in her room, she carefully washed away the innocent kiss, rubbing the spot until it burned red.

In the morning Vernaff was grave and distant. He had sent a handful of flowers at breakfast-time, and when they met in Algier's room she thanked him for the politeness with pleasant effusion.

"You are very welcome," he replied solemnly; and then gravely made arrangements with her father concerning their journey home. He gave the old man a safe conduct through the lines of the army, furnished provisions, and even supplied a pair of condemned government mules for draught. They were to leave at once, and before dark travel beyond danger from stragglers.

The girl sat watching while he was talking to her father. The mastery which he seemed to have over everything at first irritated her nerves, but presently she succumbed to his strong personality. The old man, haughtily accepting the proffered assistance, asked: "Are

these things furnished by your Federal Government?"

"I am not authorized to supply you from the Government, so I have taken the liberty of doing what I thought best, on my own account," replied Vernaff.

"I prefer that it should be so," said Algier, with an assumption of great dignity. "I will endeavor to compensate you at the earliest time possible. May I ask the amount of your expenditures, and the address to which I may remit the sum of this indebtedness, with interest?"

"I have not the least idea what it will cost," answered the colonel. "It is nothing. I hoped that Miss Algier and you would use what I could supply, and say no more about it."

Vernaff looked at the daughter, and saw that she was pained at the manner her father had chosen to take, flushing up under his gaze, but not interrupting the conversation; so, to end the matter, he wrote the address of his New England home.

"Is there anything further?" asked Algier, when the writing was finished. "If not, I will bid you a very good morning"; and the old man rose, making a stiff bow of dismissal. Vernaff also rose, returning the bow, and saying under his breath, "D—— his impudence!" took his departure. But Miss Algier followed him to the door and into the hall. She was flushed and trembling, and there was an angry look in her eyes which showed how indignant she was at her father's ungracious conduct. She spoke rapidly and with forced enunciation.

"My father is worn out by fatigue and disappointment. He does not mean to be rude, and I know he will appreciate your kindness when he is himself again; please forgive him. And me! I thank you more than words can say." She held out her hand. "I will never forget your goodness to us poor unfortunates."

II.

Six months after this, Colonel Vernaff was ordered to Esperanza, Alabama, as agent of the Freedmen's Bureau. The position was not of his seeking, nor quite to his liking, but he was made to feel that his duty called him to take the place. Some one with authority must be present to prevent friction, or the new relation of races would cause a social conflagration.

So far as the limits of his district extended the agent was supreme. Law was under his feet and the whole army of the country stood ready to support him. His accountability was practically so slight that he was virtually irresponsible. Public opinion was so strongly antagonistic to these agents that any attempt at conciliation was folly.

When Vernaff was established at Esperanza, he found himself entirely alone in a hostile country; he endeavored to perform the duties of his office with impartial justice.

The feeling that he was on a battle-field, and must not desert, alone prevented him from throwing up his commission. His sympathy went out towards the poverty-stricken people around him, and in every way in his power — and there were many — he endeavored to alleviate their suffering. Knowing that all the whites hated his office, and feeling that this animosity extended to his person, he did not slacken his hand in helping, but rather increased his kindness, feeling a savage sort of satisfaction in heaping benefits on the most rancorous of his enemies. The negroes felt an awful reverence for their sad-visaged protector, and the whites grew to consider him as a passionless but sternly just fanatic. No tale of trouble came to his ears which he did not, so far as he might, relieve; but no one ever heard a sympathetic word from his lips.

Vernaff remembered that Miss Algier had mentioned Esperanza as the end of her journey, but he had been three months in the town without any recognition either from the young lady or her father. He had discovered that their residence was a few miles outside the town proper, and that, like most of their neighbors, they were reduced to abject poverty, with only the naked lands from which to derive subsistence. The girl's face and manner were still fresh in his memory; it seemed in character that she should have given him some recognition, some payment of thanks, for his kindness in her hour of need. But now there was no sign from her that she had ever heard his name.

One day he received, for his approval, a copy of a contract which differed from others. In this bargain the proprietor of the lands had bound himself even more strictly than in the common form, but had expressly left the negroes untied in every respect. Vernaff did not notice the signature attached to the paper, but turned with some interest to the note which accompanied it. In this the land-owner stated that he desired fully to try the effects of the new liberty on his late slaves; that he was willing to run the risk to himself of any failure in his project. "I wish," he wrote, "to put the hands under the protection of the United States Government; I purpose to protect myself solely by doing justice. I am not very sanguine of success, but wish to find some fair *modus vivendi* under the new régime." This note and the contract were signed by James Algier, who also appointed a time when he would call at the office and acknowledge the execution of the paper before the agent. The

note was addressed, "Agent Freedmen's Bureau," without naming the officer.

One day General Algier came to the Bureau. The room was filled with people awaiting their turns to transact business, but by tacit consent they made way for the old man,— for he, by inheritance and by force of character, was the first man in the county, and the feeling of subservience to representative men was still alive in this community. As he passed through the crowd, greeting every one with loud condescension, Vernaff recognized his voice, and his heart stirred with bitterness when he remembered the ungraciousness of his visitor. But this feeling was changed into astonishment at the effusive manner with which the old man accosted him. The instant their eyes met, a pleasant glow came to the face of the Southerner, and advancing with outstretched hand, he exclaimed: "Truly, this is an unexpected pleasure; I had no idea that in the Bureau officer I should find the gallant gentleman to whom I am so much indebted both for material and spiritual comfort. Sir, I welcome you among us. We are poor and disconsolate; but we still know how to appreciate kindness. I know that I was forgetful of the laws of politeness when last we met. But now, sir, if you will forgive the irritation of a starving man, bitter and sore from defeat, and who has since regretted his conduct sincerely, I will try and pardon you for not letting me know that you were in my vicinity."

General Algier concluded his business, and afterwards sat with Vernaff in the agent's private apartment. He said that he had made his way home safely and without adventures worth narration; that he was ruined in pocket, and at first bankrupt in hope. "I am an elderly man, sir, and it was hard to accept, or even to understand, the new conditions of social polity; but in a little while Claudine and I looked the matter over, and saw that it was necessary for some one occupying a prominent position to set an example. Sir, I went to work in the fields: yes, sir, with my own hands — and your mules. I deserve no credit, sir; I ask for none. The consciousness that I am putting a light in the path of my unfortunate countrymen is satisfaction enough for me. I said I was bankrupt in hope: no, sir; that divine feeling springs eternal in the human breast. The South must be restored by industry. I intend to do my part, and with God Almighty's blessing I will succeed."

"And Miss Algier, may I inquire after her?" said Vernaff.

"She, sir," responded the general, "is teaching music and French to the descendants of Jews and army contractors,— they are the only people here who can afford to pay for the education of their children. I did not wish that she should engage in a money-making occupation, but she insisted, and I am proud of it, sir. She will be pleased to see you, sir, and add her thanks to mine for your great consideration, both to our wants and, what is more, to our feelings. For though we are now very poor,— downtrodden, sir,— yet we remember all your kindness in our time of trouble. My daughter comes to town twice a week — Tuesdays and Fridays — to perform the duties she has taken upon herself, but we shall be at home at all other times; and you will be more than welcome to our best, poor as it is. Will you not come next Saturday and spend Sunday? There is preaching in the neighborhood which you can attend: for lack of a better minister, I sometimes ascend the sacred desk myself. Our whole social system is overthrown, and one must make himself a rallying-point for all the better elements of the community."

III.

Vernaff had no difficulty in finding his way when, on Saturday, he rode out of the dirty little town. Every one knew the road to General Algier's plantation; so as the dusk fell on the short winter afternoon, he dismounted at the door of his expectant host.

The house was of the ordinary plantation type,— large, white, with double piazzas, standing high from the ground; and in the yard was a collection of negro-cabins and stables. Algier met his guest at the foot of the long steps which led to the front door, and gave him a cordial welcome. Now, in his own house, though the host was somewhat overpowering in his attentions, his loud politeness accorded not unpleasantly with the spacious rooms and wide halls of his residence.

The interior of the mansion was very bare; it seemed that it had been sacked during the war, and there had been no refurnishing. Yet the room into which the visitor was shown was comfortable enough, though there was an incongruity about its appointments which gave to Vernaff the feeling that Miss Algier had plundered her own apartments to render his more attractive. Pleasantest of all, there was no attempt at shabby gentility. Indeed, throughout this visit the guest felt, that however poor the entertainment, it was honest and without pretense. No effort was made to conceal the actual poverty, nor, on the other hand, was there any parade of ruined fortunes — never once was the *ante-bellum* grandeur mentioned either by Algier or his daughter. They gave their best to their guest, but made no embarrassing apology. The one thing which struck the young officer as extravagant was the number of useless ne-

groes around the place. He knew that the wages paid must be very small, if any, but the blacks must at least be fed; and they swarmed about the yard and even into the house, with no work to do and no will to do any. He afterwards discovered that this retinue were but waifs from the old days, remaining on the property because they had no other shelter, and that to some extent the old condition of affairs was inverted,— now the white man was working to put bread into the mouths of the idlers, and though the negroes seemed good-natured enough, neither the master nor his daughter called upon their pensioners for assistance. The late slaves still lived in their cabins, and received such rations as the industry of their former owner could supply, but were not expected to make any returns for these favors. Any little service which they might perform was scrupulously paid for — at a very low rate, to be sure; but some payment marked the distinction between slavery and freedom.

Vernaff did not see Miss Algier until she came into the general's sitting-room to announce that supper was waiting. She entered easily, and without sign of embarrassment renewed the acquaintance begun, and ended, under such different circumstances. She was neatly though very plainly dressed; her hair was parted smoothly over her round forehead, and there was just a little color brightening her pure, pale face. There was a defiant sparkle in her eyes which contradicted the gravity of her speech and added piquancy to her gentle manners.

All through the supper she was the attentive hostess: there were cheerful smiles and sallies of wit, and to the guest the whole room was illuminated by her presence, though he felt that every moment she was growing further away from him. She talked more than at their former interview, but easily turned the point of any remark of a personal nature. After the first greeting, she made no allusion to their previous meeting, but in her conversation he found little suggestions of the thoughts they had interchanged on that night of moonlight and music in the spicy woodlands.

In the evening, she sat with the two men and joined in the talk, her sweet voice mingling with the rounded tones of the older man like a silver thread through a dark web, but Vernaff was refused an instant's *tête-à-tête*. Inwardly he raged against his luck — and the girl knew that he was raging; still, she gave him no opportunity to address her outside the general conversation. But when she rose to say good-night, after kissing her father with lingering emphasis, she extended her hand to the guest as he stood holding the door for her to pass, and said in an undertone, "I always knew you would come. Good-night."

This remark, which might mean anything, he turned over in his mind all night, until it sounded as if it had been, "I am glad you have come; I have waited for you."

In the morning Mr. Algier excused himself, and set out alone for the church, leaving his daughter to follow with the new friend. This arrangement did not seem perfectly satisfactory to the young lady, but her father was serenely unconscious of her objections, and strode away wrapt in the thought of the sermon which he was to preach.

At length the lady was ready, and, accompanied by the young officer, took the by-path leading through the woods to the place of meeting. There was a demure expression on the girl's face, a kind of Sunday look, which at first abashed her companion; but he gathered courage as they went on, and, dropping the commonplace tone in which they had been talking, said:

"I wish I had known of your whereabouts sooner; I feel that I have lost so much by not knowing I was so near your home."

"I knew who the agent was on the first day of your arrival at Esperanza," she answered.

"And why did you not let me know that you were living here?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment, then stopped, and faced him. The color came to her cheeks, a gleam of hard, determined light showed through the tender brown of her eyes, and there was a little tremble in the voice with which she answered him.

"I did not care to see you again; at least, just at present. I did not mention your coming to my father; I have told no one that I ever saw you before. My own circle of friends is large enough for me; we are all proud and poor together, and there is no room or place for a new-comer. I would not say anything to hurt you, or anything ungentle, but you ask me, and I must tell you the truth. You are my father's guest. Once you did me a kindness greater than you knew,— you saved my father's reason, and probably my life. For this I respect you and honor you, and would in my weak way repay you; but I know, and you know, that all social intimacy is impossible. I can't think it best to associate with the people of your country. The recollection of the suffering brought on by the war, the whole conflict, rankles perhaps more with us women than with the men, who have so much else to think about. But, oh, Colonel Vernaff, we cannot forget so readily! Then you, whom I know to be so different from my idea of a Yankee, came here, armed with such authority as no

man should have over another. You are an autocrat; I cannot hire a servant without your assent; why, I almost need your permission to buy a spool of thread. You trample upon everything I hold dear; your very presence is a perpetual reminder of our shame and despair; our necks are bowed before you, though our souls refuse the chains. So it is best that the two people dwell apart. But, there! I am getting as long in my speeches as father is sometimes. Come, let us go on to the church. If I have offended you, I ask your pardon; but I know that I am right, and please don't let us talk about such things. I suppose we can be good friends enough, if you do your part. And now that I have poured out all the perilous stuff there was on my mind, and maybe hurt myself more than I have you, I feel more like a Christian on the way to church."

Vernaff could not but admit that there was a certain amount of reason in this long argument; but he did not agree with any conclusion that would deprive him of Miss Algier's society. It would be difficult to say if he knew just what his feelings had been before he listened to her logic, but now there was no doubt but that he was driven towards her with irresistible impulse. He did not stop to think of his words.

"Miss Algier, if you should tell me that my presence was personally disagreeable to you, then I should feel obliged either to give up your acquaintance or change my conduct; but when you say that politics raises a bar between us that cannot be taken down, I deny your position." Then turning to her he added, slowly and distinctly: "You *shall* like me. Do you remember that you once said to me, 'You shall pay for it,' when you thought I offered you a slight? Well, now I am going to pay you."

"And how, pray?" she answered, defiantly.

"By making you like me better than you do any one else in the world," he answered.

"But would that not be rather punishment than payment?"

"I will try that it shall not be," he answered.

"Well," she said gayly, "at least you have given me fair warning, and I can look out. I doubt if the game is worth the candle. You could get nothing but a poor amusement, and I should get nothing but a great deal of annoyance. So let us settle it now. You paid me that same night by your kindness. I give you full quittance. Now, do let me off from the terrible fate you denounce against me."

"Would the fate be so terrible?" he asked.

"I can conceive of nothing so horrible," she answered, with a mocking smile, "unless it is to be late at church." And hurrying her steps, they soon came to the log meeting-house.

In the evening some people called upon General Algier on private business, so Vernaff and the young lady were left together; and this situation did not seem displeasing to either. They sat in the half-dusk of the great parlor, lighted only by the pitch-pine fire, which, flaming on the hearth, threw warm yellow illuminations about the room, softening the angles and concealing the barrenness.

A storm was rising in the woods outside, the murmur of the pines grew louder and deeper, and the shrunken casement shook and rattled in the wind. Inside, the colonel, under his daughter's laughing instructions, piled high the light wood-knots upon the fire. It was very sweet and homelike, these two shut in from the wild weather, warmed and cheered by the same fire, talking or silent as the moods changed, and perhaps saying most in the pauses. The girl's pure face was lit up yet softened by the rosy splendor of the fire. What wonder that love grew up in his heart so suddenly yet so easily that it was in flower and filling his soul with perfume before he was conscious of its existence. To the girl, surely it was pleasant to be with him. Why struggle? why think of consequences? why think at all? The last years had been passed in conflict and tempest; her daily life was hard and barren, and there was but little peace and joy in her world; even her hopes were dull and uninteresting. She voluntarily forgot that there must be a to-morrow, and floated down the river of the present. It would have been easy for him to have checked her then: had he made one rash step towards familiarity, she would have taken the alarm and closed the door of her heart. But a trembling delicacy came to him with this new precious love, a tender compassion, a will to shield her even from himself.

Monday was so stormy that it was impossible to leave the house, so the day was passed indoors, and was tedious to all. But the old general did everything in his power to amuse his guest, and Miss Algier finally allowed him to sit with her in the housekeeping-room, where she was engaged in her domestic duties. He had become an intimate of the family and taken position as house friend. There was something very fascinating in his new relation; and in watching the girl's industry, assisting with his uncalled-for advice, both of them laughing and talking like children playing at doll's housekeeping, the stiffness of the young man wore away. There was a graceful shiftlessness about Miss Algier's methods which amused him; she did not know how to produce the desired ends by the simpler means, but

she seemed so bright and happy, so full of charming petulances, that far from losing his illusions by the sight of her homely every-day life, he found her only more attractive. His practical Yankee sense told him that she was not proficient in her tasks, and he doubted if housekeeping was within the scope of her mind; but he admired her none the less for this want, and her efforts were so earnest, her spirits so buoyant, that the charm grew with every motion of her white hands. Once he ventured to offer his sympathy, complaining that she was doing work which was beneath her. She stopped her labors, and looking at him sidewise said, with just a little flutter in her voice:

"I don't care if you know it, although it is a matter of small interest to you, but I can change all this whenever I please. To-day it is poverty and hard work; to-morrow, if I choose to write the word, it is leisure and wealth."

"Then why don't you write?" he asked, with a sharp pang of bitterness.

"I don't know; perhaps I may some time."

"If you love the man who can so change your life, I should n't think you would wait an instant."

"That is the point," she said. "I don't know if I love him or not." Then turning full towards him, she continued, in an indifferent tone, "What do you think?"

Notwithstanding the jealous pain in his heart, he could not help laughing at this singular question. "You must answer for yourself," he replied.

"But," she said, doubtingly, "every one would be so much pleased."

"Perhaps not every one."

She refused to notice the innuendo, and continued: "Then you think I had better say 'yes,' and have done with it?"

"No, I did not say that; I don't think I am a fair judge."

"Why, I thought you were sent South to arrange all our affairs. I shall have to report you at Washington as neglecting your duties. I expected you to issue a decree, 'By authority of the United States, and the Bureau of Freedmen, Refugees, and Abandoned Lands, etc., etc.' You refuse? Then I shall be obliged to decide for myself."

"I hoped," he said, willing to change the subject, "that you had forgotten that I was one of the hated Yanks."

"No," she answered; "I have not forgotten, nor do I wish to." Then seeing that he was hurt at her remark, she added coquettishly, "But if you continue good-tempered, perhaps some time I may forgive you."

"That will be far better," he answered.

"Far better for *you*," she replied, with daring emphasis on the pronoun.

"Why not for you, too?" he asked seriously.

"For me? Oh, I shall get along well enough," she said, avoiding a direct answer.

When he was about to leave her she explained. "I thought I would tell you about my affairs, because you seemed to pity my forlorn condition. Now, my condition is not forlorn, at least to my eyes. And again, I don't think I like commiseration — certainly not from you." Then maliciously she added: "Remember, I had enough of that in North Carolina."

"Will you never forgive that fancied slight?" he asked.

"I think not. No, I never shall. And for this reason,—it hurts my vanity, that you should have seen me when I was so — so dilapidated. Do you think it was quite fair?"

"How in the world could I help it?"

"Well, you won't pity me any more?"

"No, now I shall only pity myself," he answered.

"That is of no consequence," she replied, gayly nodding a farewell.

The next day was fair, and the two rode to town together,— he to resume his Bureau duties, she to give lessons in music.

IV.

After this he contrived to meet her almost every time she came to Esperanza, and these meetings became the objects of his life. To her also, though she disapproved of the intimacy, they were very pleasant. She did not dare look at the future,— every day this stranger grew dearer to her, and every day the bitter railings of her acquaintances made the political idea which he represented more hateful in her eyes. He was an intruder, a carpet-bagger, a Northern satrap, or at least a deputy satrap. She ground her white teeth when she thought of the humiliation of her country, and her pride called upon her to break away from the friendship forced upon her by one of the oppressors. But her heart called out to her that it was too late,— the die was cast. She could not bear to acknowledge it even to herself, yet she knew that all that was tender and loving in her nature had gone out to him. And she felt by no means sure of his love.

And the man,— he, too, was in doubt. She fascinated him, and he felt that his life was wrapt up in this woman. Yet, in a little while his work in the South, always distasteful, would be finished, and the path which he must follow in after life was already chosen. This girl would enter as a new factor in his plans; and her education, the simple fact that she

came from the South, would, if she were his wife, force a change in his projects. But why think about consequences, when the present was so delightful? When he was with her he was ready to bow down and worship; it was only when they were apart that the doubts came to his mind. He knew that he loved her better than anything else in the world, but from his standpoint all the world was in one side of the balance, and just this girl in the other. His taste was offended daily by the tone of the society in which she lived — even the girl herself sometimes shocked him by some expression which he considered as provincial; but for all this he loved her and admired her every motion. These doubts and hesitations were but the dying struggles of his own narrow prejudices, but they made him unhappy and irritable — discontented with himself and out of patience with his surroundings.

While in this confused state of mind, he received a call from Major Royal Algier, a nephew of the general, and so cousin to the young lady. Vernaff knew of this Major Algier, though he had never seen him. The gentleman lived in another county, and was the leader of the irreconcilable party in the vicinity. Neither young nor old, reduced like his neighbors to poverty, his dominant will and reckless courage had made him a marked man. A bitter opponent of the reconstruction policy of the Government, he refused to be silent, and carried his animosity even to blows. Once or twice Vernaff had been on the point of ordering his arrest, but there was a good-humored jollity about his high-handed outrages which turned the current in his favor, and, if he killed a man, as it was rumored he sometimes did, at least he shot from the front, and his adversary was some one whom society could well spare. Perhaps Vernaff thought that the major was a necessary evil in this law-breaking community, or it is possible that he allowed his personal feelings to influence him, and the relationship between the rough rider and the family of General Algier may have covered a multitude of sins. However this may have been, the Bureau agent made no difficulty in admitting the redoubtable major to his private apartments.

When the visitor entered, Vernaff was pleasantly disappointed at his appearance. Except that he was greatly browned by the sun and wind, and, like most men who ride on horseback, walked with his feet far apart, which gave a truculent air to his stride, he was as well mannered a red-eyed gentleman as ever filled the atmosphere with the rank fumes of corn whisky.

"Colonel Vernaff, of the United States, I presume?" said the major.

"Major Algier, I am happy to see you. Will you be seated?"

"Thanks; no, sir. The business between us will take but an instant. I have called to say that your persistent attentions to my cousin, Miss Algier, are not approved by her family, and from this time on must cease. The honor of my family will not permit any relations except those of the most distant civility between one of its members and — avoiding personality — persons from your section. I trust that having received this warning, I shall hear no more about it. Sir, I wish you a very good-evening." He turned to go, raising his slouch hat with ceremonious politeness.

"Stop!" cried Vernaff. "Do I understand that this is a message from Miss Algier or the general?"

"Such a question is unnecessary," replied the major. "I think I am sufficient authority in this matter. If my fair cousin has forgotten her position for a moment, or if my respected uncle, General Algier, has allowed her to amuse herself at your expense, that is their affair. But now I forbid you, sir."

For a moment the young officer was too angry to speak. The blood surged to his brain. The sublime impudence of his visitor was the accentuation of all that was hateful to him in Southern manners, and, coming as it did on his already exasperated feelings, broke down the last barrier of his self-control.

"D—— you, sir! I'm not likely to hold myself accountable to any blood-and-thunder reprobate who tries to influence my conduct. But, be sure, if you venture to use that young lady's name in my presence, I 'll whip you within an inch of your life, cousin or no cousin."

He stood leaning one hand on the back of a chair, pale, and shaken with excitement, and his words were spoken slowly and distinctly. There was no bravado in his manner, but there was a look in his eyes and about the lines of his mouth that was even more menacing than his speech.

The major was apparently astonished at this outbreak. Whatever answer he may have expected, at any rate it was not this. He was no coward, and had often risked his life in brawl and in battle; but the white, rigid face of his opponent daunted him. It was not the fear of death or injury, but the spirit of the man before him, which overawed him. The situation became embarrassing; no further explanation was possible. He therefore, after saying, "You have heard my business, sir," departed in some haste.

The other did not follow, but stood rooted to the floor, his mind in a swirl of contending emotions. He stood long without changing a muscle, then lighted a cigar and paced the

apartment with long, even strides far into the night. The measured cadence of his step sounded through the room, and morning found him still deep in thought. At last, his mind made up, he threw himself upon his couch and slept. At noon he mounted his horse and galloped to the plantation of General Algier. He was happier than ever before in his life; whatever the issue of his errand, one thing was settled forever. He was willing to give up all his plans, all his prospects; give up, so far as he could, his very self. Brought to the dividing of the paths, he deliberately chose to turn from the broad and easy road and blindly trace his steps in a new direction. Once decided, no cloud remained in his mind; he knew that his doubts were dead, never to revive.

As he rode up the avenue leading to the great white house, and saw it standing cold and bare before him, he looked at it with new interest. Was this the last time he should ever look upon it? If this were so, then the picture would go with him to the grave. Would he sometime see it again? Then the house no longer would seem barren, but filled with a glory which would be his forever. He would have lingered before entering, but as he rode up to the steps, Miss Algier came upon the piazza and welcomed him.

"My father," she said," is somewhere in the fields. Will you go to find him, or come in and wait?"

He dismounted, and joined her on the steps. "If you are willing," he said, "we will go in; I can see him by and by."

So together they entered the house, the great door closed behind them, and they were alone in the dismantled drawing-room, where they had met so often. She instinctively knew that the hour had come; she would willingly have avoided an explanation. Her heart throbbed, her eyes moistened, and her voice failed; yet she was clear as to the course she would follow,—there was no shadow of wavering in her mind. She had regarded this day as something to be kept out of sight as long as possible, but had felt no doubt as to what she must do, at whatever cost.

For a while they fenced with embarrassed gayety, then he resolutely forced her attention.

"Miss Algier," he said, "does it seem so strange a thing to you that I dare to love you, that from the first moment I saw you my whole heart went out toward you? I can no longer hide from you, and from myself, that this love is all my life. I know no more than this. I love you."

She made no answer to this appeal, but sat white and seemingly unmoved, her face bowed down, and her hands closely clasped before her. He rose and came to her side, and, stooping down, took her hands and said very softly, "Claudine, you cannot bid me leave you."

A moment longer she was silent; it was very sweet to listen. For an instant she doubted her resolution; a wave of satisfied longing flowed into her heart, then ebbed again, but, summoning her strong will, she withdrew her hand and said:

"Please sit down again. I cannot speak just yet, nor with you so near."

Impressed by the strained composure in her tones, he obeyed her request; and, awed by her manner and evident distress, waited for her answer.

Presently she spoke again, hesitating at first, but as she went on, her voice grew firmer and her words clearer; a flush of color came into her face, and her eyes yearned towards him, full of love, and yet of inflexible determination.

"Perhaps I am to blame — I must be; but you will forgive me when you know all. Of course I wanted you to love me. How could I help that? Yet all the time I knew that the end could be nothing but sorrow to us both. Still, you know that this thing cannot be; our paths in this world are too far apart ever to come together. My lot, my duty, is here with my father, and with the people among whom I was born and with whom I have suffered. You belong to another world; your education, your choice, your duties are different. Shall I tell you truly? I could not bear to go among your people. I cannot forgive them all the wrong they have done us. I should feel like a traitor to my God and my country, if I went among them asking kindness. My father, too; he cannot live without me. I am all that is left to him, and he must stay among his old friends. No, don't speak. I have been thinking very hard. I know what is right, and this is wrong. You must not stay here; you cannot be one with us, and I would not have you change even if possible. Go back to the victorious North; I know that your place is waiting for you. You must not take up our burden. No, no; you must go, and I must stay. You will forget me, no doubt, or think of me as one who saved you from a great folly."

The man came again to her side. "Claudine," he said, "I, too, have thought of all this. If you can love me and give yourself to me, what do I care for the rest? If it is right that you should stay with your father, so be it, but that need not separate us; I will not let anything come between you and me." And he put his arm around her and raised her to his breast.

One moment she lingered, then gently released herself from his embrace. She was

frightened at her own passion. She felt herself yielding, and glad to yield. But she recovered, and, standing erect, her face full of determination, said, but not harshly:

"Please do not touch me, and do not argue with me. I know that I am right, and that what I do is for your best happiness. I don't think I am a heroine — I hope not. But listen, and then I must leave you. I refuse your suit. If you love me, if you respect me, then you will not press me, for this answer is the only one I can give. And, dear, you will leave here, won't you? Go back North. This is no place for you, and you cannot add to my happiness by staying." She moved to the door, as if to protect herself, not from her lover, but from herself; then returning, she held out her hand and said "Good-bye," and with a sob she added, "Would it make it any easier for you if I told you something? I do not know just how to say it. Perhaps it is unwomanly, but I do love you — yes, I think ever since that first meeting so long ago. How could I help it? And now again good-bye, and for the last time." She glided out of his hands, and was gone before he could answer her.

V.

SHORTLY after this, the colonel was visited by one of his acquaintances, bearing a note from Major Algier, which read:

"SIR: In our interview of the 11th inst. you made use of certain expressions which were offensive to my honor. I have waited, hoping that you would see fit, without motion on my part, to apologize for your language. The fact that you have acceded to the request I had the honor of making does not excuse your conduct to me on that occasion. Nothing remains for me to do but to say that my friend, the bearer of this note, will receive the apology which I demand, and your assurance of continued good conduct in connection with the matter of which we spoke; or, you refusing, he is authorized to make the arrangements for the meeting due to outraged honor. Hoping that one of these alternatives — it is indifferent to me which one — will meet your approbation, I remain your obedient servant."

"This is a challenge from Major Algier?" asked Vernaff.

"That," answered the other, "is as you choose to consider it. I understood from him that if you were willing to make a satisfactory apology, and to grant his request, nothing further would come of it."

"Sit down, Mr. Dupont," said the colonel. "First, as to any apology from me, or any attention to his impertinent demand, that is all nonsense, and I suppose he knows it. And as to being forced into fighting a duel, no man can do that to me. I do not put it on moral grounds. You and I probably look upon it from such different standpoints, that neither would understand the other. To tell the truth, I suppose the whole moral question to be a matter of education, and we have been brought up in different schools. I have nothing against Major Algier. If he would mind his own business, I should have no quarrel with him. Please tell him from me, that I consider him an officious ass, and am ready to fight him at any time or place." Vernaff began coolly enough, and had determined to refuse with dignity, but as he went on, his passion rose. The thought of his lost love, and the smirk on the face of his visitor, exasperated him. In desperation he turned to the old savage idea of fighting, and accepted the challenge. But he determined that Miss Algier's name should not appear, and so asked Dupont if he was acquainted with the original cause of the dispute. On being assured that Major Algier had made it a point that this should remain a secret between the principals, Vernaff felt easier, and angrily agreed to accept any arrangement that might be made. He insisted, however, that he should go to the ground without a second. "If I do choose to make a fool of myself, I 'm not willing to involve any one else in this medieval absurdity. I want as few witnesses as possible to my idiocy in paying any attention to the vaporings of this man. So tell him what I say, and fix things to suit himself. Let me know when you are ready."

In the afternoon Dupont came again, and proposed that the meeting should take place at dawn on the following morning, but Vernaff demurred to this, saying:

"I shall not get up to please you or go without my breakfast. I recognize the fact that I was a fool for entering into this thing. I am sorry that I consented, but now I 'll keep my agreement. At 11 o'clock, at the place you mention, I 'll be there. If it is any comfort to you, you can go at 'sun-up,' as you call it, and wait for me, but I shall not hurry to suit you. I am ashamed of myself for pandering to your ridiculous customs so far as I have. Perhaps it would be better not to try me further."

"I suppose," said Dupont, taken aback, and misunderstanding the fierce irritation of the colonel, — "I suppose my principal would still accept an apology."

"I will fight him now, if I have to follow him to Texas. I despise the whole race to which he belongs, and him as a particularly offensive specimen of his class"; and the excited agent showed his visitor to the door.

At the appointed hour the Northerner rode to the designated place. His opponent was already on the ground, and had brought with him a gentleman who was to act as witness for Vernaff, who carelessly accepting the prof-



THE GENERAL.

fered service, only asked that all possible haste be made in arranging the preliminaries.

The principals were posted and the question asked, "Are you ready? Fire! One!" At the word "One!" Major Algier fired. His intention was to wound his adversary but not to kill; but the ball went whizzing past, and Vernaff stood unharmed. He covered the major with his pistol while the second continued "two! three!" and it was too late to return the shot. Then he dropped his weapon and said: "Do you want to try it over?"

Algier was too much astonished to reply, but stood glaring, his red face redder than ever before. At length he gasped out, "I cannot understand your conduct, sir."

"It is not necessary that you should," returned the other. He halted an instant, then, with a sudden start, threw his pistol on the ground, and advanced towards his late antagonist.

"Major Algier," he began, "if I said anything improper to you, and I know that I did, I say freely that I am ashamed of myself. You acted up to your light, and I acted like a petulant ass."

"No more, sir; no more!" cried Algier, advancing with extended hand. "Even so much is more than I can ask of a brave man. Let us be friends now, and I, too, will ask pardon for my attempt at interference in affairs which probably I had better left alone. Come out to my place and see me; and, for God's sake, don't let my wife know about this scrape!"

At this moment General Algier dashed through the woods, and drove his horse directly between the speakers. "In the devil's name, gentlemen," he shouted, "what are you doing? Royal, I am ashamed of you! Can't you see that any injury to Colonel Vernaff would bring upon us the most terrible retaliation, and upset the little we have been able to do to get going again? You call yourself a patriot, and would do more harm in a moment than you could undo in a lifetime."

Then turning to Vernaff, he said, with less heat, "Colonel, I am old enough for you to listen to my advice without being offended. I had expected, from the good sense you have always exhibited, that you were above such escapades. Now, let me pray you, forget this matter, and remember that your life is not your own. It belongs to us all, if for no other reason, from the position you occupy among us."

The old man drew a long breath, cleared his throat, and smoothed his features. "I saw," he continued, "that you boys had made up before I came; but I was so full of it that I could not stop my remarks on that account. That is right; I don't intend to inquire into the merits of your quarrel. Of course, now, there can be none between you. Shake hands again, and both of you with me. Vernaff, I can't say that I respect you any more than I did, but I like you none the less. Only, don't do so any more. Royal, you fire-eating boy! I wonder when you will grow to years of discretion! But, now mount your horses; I promised Claudine to bring you both to lunch, safe and sound. So come along."

"If you will excuse me," said Vernaff, "I will deny myself the pleasure, and go back to town."

"I can't let you off; you must come," exclaimed the general. Then speaking in a more serious tone, he added, "I make it as a particular request, and as your oldest friend in the county. And how should I account to Claudine for your absence? She expects you."

So they mounted their horses and galloped across the country to the plantation.

"Here, Claudine!" cried the old man as the party arrived at the house and saw her standing on the step. "Here are two foolish boys

who have quarreled, and have made friends. They have come to eat salt together in token of a new peace. So hurry the lunch all you can, dear; and in the mean time I suppose they would like to wash their hands. I 'll take Royal to my room,— I have yet some scolding left for him,— and please have some one show Colonel Vernaff to his apartment."

"My pardon is nothing. I have no right to blame you. But when I heard of the affair, I did feel that you were not just kind to me. And when I knew that, even indirectly, I was the cause, I felt how wrong we had been these past six months, and I spoke to my father about it. Perhaps I ought not to have done this without your consent, but it was all so



THE DUEL.

As Vernaff left his room, after making his toilet, he met Miss Algier, who evidently was waiting for him in the hall. She did not hesitate, but began speaking as she stepped towards him.

"Colonel Vernaff," she said, "do you think it was right for you to fight a duel with my cousin?"

"No," he answered boldly, "I don't think it was right; and to you I can say how sorry I am. I think I must have been crazy with your Southern fever when I accepted his challenge. I am not ashamed to ask your pardon — and I do."

sudden and terrible that I was overcome — and told him all."

"And what did he say?" asked Vernaff eagerly.

"He mounted his horse and rode to stop the duel," she answered.

"Yes, I know. But what did he say when you told him all?"

She blushed, looked down, then, with some return to her old provoking manner, said, "I fear I have forgotten his exact words." Then she looked up, and, with a tearful smile lighting her eyes, continued, "I suppose you might ask him yourself. He may remember."



IN THE HALL.

At the smile and the words hope sprang up in Vernaff's heart. In an instant she was in his arms, trembling, frightened at his tender violence, but unresisting.

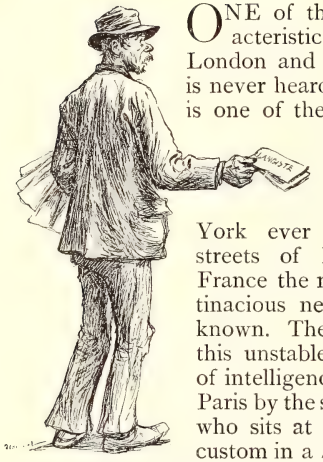
J. G. Perkins.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

TIME is no rushing torrent, dark and hoarse,
As thou hast heard from bards and sages old;
Sit here with me (wouldst thou the truth behold)
And watch the current hour run out its course.
See how without uproar or sullen force
Glides the slim, shadowy rill of atom gold,
Which, when the last slow, guileful grain is told,
Forever is returned unto its source!
This is Time's stream, by whose repeated fall
Unnumbered fond ones, since the world was new,
Loitered as we, unwarned of doom the while:
Wouldst think so slender stream could cover all?
But as we speak, some eddy draws us too.—
Meseems dim grow thine eyes and dim thy smile.

Edith M. Thomas.

NOTES ON PARISIAN NEWSPAPERS.



ONE of the most characteristic street-cries of London and of New York is never heard in Paris, nor is one of the most picturesque figures in the streets of London and of New York ever seen in the streets of Paris, for in France the noisy and pertinacious newsboy is unknown. The functions of this unstable disseminator of intelligence are filled in Paris by the staid old dame who sits at the receipt of custom in a *kiosque*. A Parisian kiosque has nothing oriental but the name. It is a little sentry-box of glass, just large enough to shelter the news-vender from the changeable weather of the French capital. On a little stand in front of the kiosque are tiny heaps of the countless newspapers of the city, and on strings on each side are pendent numbers of the chief illustrated journals, artistic and comic. These kiosques are scattered along the boulevards, and from them the Parisian buys his "Figaro" in the morning and his "Temps" at five in the afternoon.

This difference of attitude between the hurrying American, who has to have his newspaper brought to him in haste hot from the press, and the leisurely Frenchman, who is content to pick up his paper when he goes abroad — this difference is far more than external; it is essentially typical of the irreconcilable difference between the French journal and the English or American newspaper. For one thing, the French journal is not a *news*paper in the American sense of the word — and of a truth it does not pretend or desire to be. The "Figaro" now and again makes a ludicrous claim to the ubiquitous omniscience of the London "Times" or "The New York Herald," but this is not to be taken seriously. The fact is, that while the primary quality of a good English or American daily paper is news, the primary quality of a good French paper is not news, but criticism, — criticism of politics in the first place, of course, and in the second, criticism of commerce, of law, of finance, of science, of art, of literature, and of the drama. The aim and ideal of the best French editors is to present not so much the minor details of a fact, but the best possible opinion on the fact. Of mere brute news, minute particulars of scandals, crimes, and horrors, such as we here in America have dumped upon our breakfast table every morning, with all the accompanying repetition and accumulation of uninteresting fact, — of all this the reader of the Parisian journal sees little or nothing. The childish or unintelligent thirst to know what has happened, regardless of the importance of the event, has not yet been developed in France by the rivalry of scrambling editors; and it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that even if they could have it without cost and without trouble, French editors would refuse to print most of the trivial trash which cumbers the columns of even the foremost American papers.

It is not that some Parisian papers do not print trivial trash and trash worse than trivial; the difference is rather in aim, the French editor thinking first of criticism and the American editor only too often thinking of mere news — first, last, and all the time. Yet the leading principle which should govern even in news-gathering is better understood in Paris than in London or New York. This is the principle which has been aptly called the "perspective of news," and by virtue of which a trifling accident in the immediate neighborhood is of more importance than a great calamity a thousand miles away. As Villemessant concisely put it, "A dog run over on the Boulevard des Italiens is of more consequence to the 'Figaro' than an earthquake in Australia." If we substitute for the injured dog a picture exhibited or a new play produced, we have just the things about which the Parisian papers give the most news.

In the eyes of foreigners the "Figaro" is the typical French newspaper, just as the London "Times" is the typical English newspaper and "The New York Herald" the typical American newspaper. Perhaps the "Figaro" is indeed as fairly representative of the French character, or, at least, of certain predominant traits in it, as the "Times" or "The New York Herald" is representative of English or American character. In so far as it is representative, the "Figaro" represents Paris rather than France; and in Paris it represents the boulevards, and not the faubourgs. It is the organ of society and of the stage; it is fashionable and frivolous; and it affects to be royalist and re-

actionary; it delights in scandal; it is mercenary; it is always pert, lively, and amusing; and it has the largest circulation of all the papers in Paris — excepting, of course, the little journals sold for five centimes each. The "Figaro" pretends now to be royalist, just as it pretended under the Empire to be in the liberal opposition; and it let M. Saint Geneste fall foul of the Republic as it once let M. Rochefort rain epigrams on the Empire. At bottom the "Figaro" has no principles — except to sell as many copies as possible. It has skillfully allowed honest and enthusiastic writers to urge their causes in its columns with what heat and strength they might: as their articles were signed, the paper bore no odium for their opinions, while it reaped the benefit of the attention they might attract. Nowadays its political attacks are perfunctory, and but little notice is paid to them by any serious politician. It continues to defend the throne and the altar in the language of the tap-room and the stable; but the circulation of the paper in no wise depends on these empty assaults. It may be that this violent devotion to reactionary faith pleases the old ladies of the conservative party; and certainly the "Figaro" — so Mr. Hamerton tells us — is taken throughout France by the country *curés*.



A NEWSPAPER KIOSQUE ON THE BOULEVARD.

The real cause of the "Figaro's" success is the skill with which it reflects the shifting scenes and opinions of the boulevard. A glance at its make-up will show how carefully it has considered the taste of the modern Athenians who idle away their time under the shadow of the opera. It is a four-page paper. On the lower third or fourth of the first and second pages is the *feuilleton*, or daily installment of the serial story which is now to be found in every well-regulated French newspaper. The opening article on the first page is what we should call the chief "editorial" and what the English term a "leader." In Paris it is known as a *chronique*, and in the "Figaro" it is always signed by the writer's name or pseudonym. Here in this post of honor are placed the vehement protests of M. Saint Geneste, of the pompous person who signs himself "Ignotus," and of the other political polemists of his kind. Here, in default of a political essay, are placed the social essays of M. Albert Wolff, of M. Bergerat, and of the other lively writers who devote themselves to the manufacture of the glittering and flimsy *article de Paris*. Here the "Figaro" is wont to put the paper it has coaxed from the man of the moment — from M. Émile Zola, for example, whom it engaged, after his quarrel with the "Voltaire," to contribute a weekly essay on topics chosen by himself. (M. Zola's volume "Une Cam-

pagne" is a reprint of most of these "Figaro" articles.) Generally the second article is a series of paragraphs, personal and political, put under the title of "Echoes of Paris" and signed "The Iron-Mask." The final paragraphs are jokes, not long and often broad.



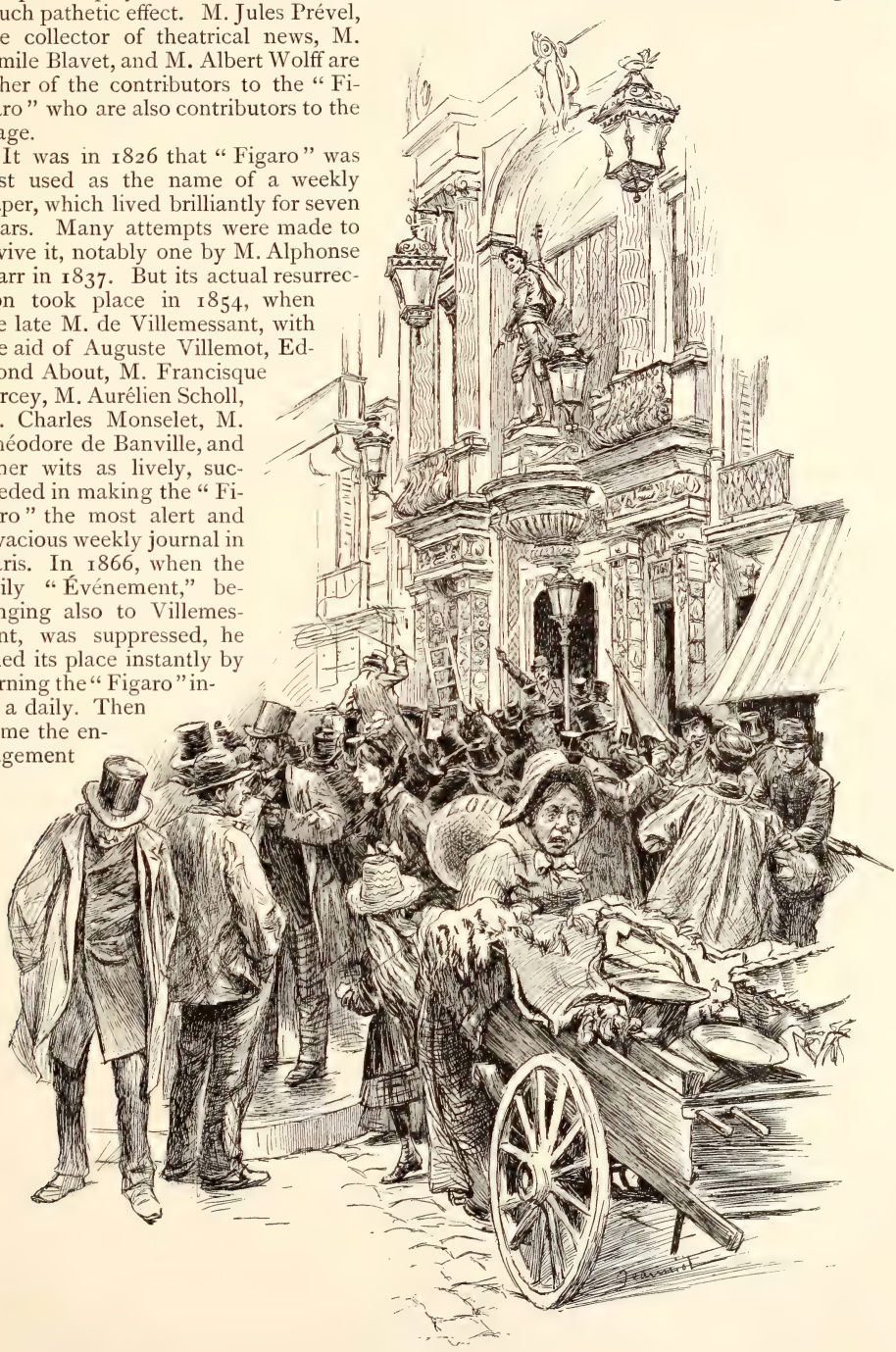
THE OFFICE OF THE "TEMPS."

After these may come a "society" article, a report of the proceedings of the two chambers, a review of the other papers, a summary of the chief cases in the law-courts, an occasional letter from a special or a foreign correspondent, and a column of local news — accidents, fires, murders, and the like. These fill the second page and lap over on the third. The advertisements generally begin on the third page and fill the fourth.

Most of the reading-matter on the third page is given up to the theaters, which are probably more amply considered in the "Figaro" than in any other daily paper in the world — and this is typical of the importance of the theater in France. New plays are criticised at length by the dramatic critic, M. Auguste Vitu, a writer with a wide knowledge of theatrical history. M. Vitu's criticisms are of special value to those who seek to know the probable success of a new play, since he is apt to yield his own judgment somewhat to popular opinion. The musical criticisms were signed "Benedict," which is a pseudonym of M. Jouvin, the son-in-law of Villemessant, the founder of the "Figaro." There is a column of theatrical notes and news, announcements of new plays, anecdotes, puffs, and so forth. There is a list of plays to be acted at the different theaters that night; and during the theatrical season there is an article called the "Soirée Théâtrale," in which a "Monsieur de l'Orchestre," formerly M. Arnold Mortier and now M. Émile Blavet, gossips about the theatrical sensation of the hour, describing the people present at an important "first night," commenting on the scenery and the costumes, and inventing humorous conversations between histrionic celebrities. The connection of the "Figaro" with the theater has always been very close. Nearly every one of its writers has written plays, and M. Millaud, the comic poet of the "Figaro," and M. Philippe Gille, the editor of the department of "Paris Echoes," and the

late M. Mortier have all collaborated with M. Henri Meilhac. M. Vitu was the French adapter of Signor Giacometti's "Morte Civile," the painful play in which Salvini acts with so much pathetic effect. M. Jules Prével, the collector of theatrical news, M. Émile Blavet, and M. Albert Wolff are other of the contributors to the "Figaro" who are also contributors to the stage.

It was in 1826 that "Figaro" was first used as the name of a weekly paper, which lived brilliantly for seven years. Many attempts were made to revive it, notably one by M. Alphonse Karr in 1837. But its actual resurrection took place in 1854, when the late M. de Villemessant, with the aid of Auguste Villemot, Edmond About, M. Francisque Sarcey, M. Aurélien Scholl, M. Charles Monselet, M. Théodore de Banville, and other wits as lively, succeeded in making the "Figaro" the most alert and vivacious weekly journal in Paris. In 1866, when the daily "Événement," belonging also to Villemessant, was suppressed, he filled its place instantly by turning the "Figaro" into a daily. Then came the engagement of M. Henri Rochefort and his rattling fire of small shot against the Empire and the Emperor. Villemessant, leaving the responsibilities of these attacks to the man whose signature



THE OFFICE OF THE "FIGARO."

they bore, artfully counterbalanced them by other signed articles defending the Empire or advocating the Legitimist cause. When M. Rochefort's violence became dangerous to the "Figaro," Villemessant advised him to found a paper of his own, and the result was the "Lanterne," which lighted up the last days of the last Empire.

This is typical of Villemessant's tact in using honest enthusiasm to turn the "Figaro's" grindstone; and the "Figaro" has always an ax to grind. Of the important newspapers of the world, the "Figaro" is the least reputable and the most frankly mercenary. Its columns are for sale to the highest bidder. Its financial review, and with this the right to control every paragraph in the paper bearing in any way on the money market, stocks, investments, etc., are sold openly to the Banque Parisienne for a sum exceeding a quarter of a million francs a year. Puffs of all kinds can be seen on every page: the mingling of advertisements with the more important articles of a newspaper, so that the praise of the advertiser seems to be the expression of editorial opinion, is a prevailing sin of most Parisian journals; but no other paper is quite so shameless as the "Figaro." Even its literary and dramatic departments are tainted. The "Figaro" publishes on Wednesdays and Saturdays a literary supplement, much as the American daily enlarges its Sunday issue; and this supplement, in addition to a letter from London, other odd bits of correspondence, and a few selected articles, contains a review of current literature with abundant quotations from books of the day. Many of these criticisms are the work of friendship; some are purchased. If a publisher wishes a few words of praise in the "Figaro" to precede the quotation of the most striking chapter of a new novel, he finds that there is a regular tariff for this as for any other advertisement. One of the oldest of French dramatists, speaking to me of the "Figaro," said that "it is nothing but a shop"—and such, in fact, it is.

It is, however, an example of successful shopkeeping. Its circulation varies from sixty to eighty thousand copies daily, and its profits from advertisements, both open and concealed, are large. Within a few years it has moved into a house of its own, in the Rue Drouot. In this hotel the "Figaro" now and again gives receptions to visiting notabilities, calling on the leading artists of the leading theaters of Paris to aid in entertaining the wandering monarch or prince after he or she has finished inspecting the power-presses, the business offices, and the editorial rooms. The building is a rather erratic specimen of Parisian architecture. The front is adorned by a bronze statue of *Figaro*, ordered only after a competition of designs. On the ground-floor of the building is another money-making invention of the "Figaro's"—the *Salle de dépêches*, a hall in which the public can gaze on the latest dispatches, maps of the seat of war wherever it



ALBERT WOLFF.

may now chance to be, sketches, autographs, and caricatures of the celebrities of the moment.

M. Albert Wolff is the typical writer for the "Figaro." His biography, by the friendly hand of M. Toudouze, was given to the world three or four years ago. M. Wolff is called a Parisian of the Parisians, and he thinks himself the absolute quintessence of the boulevards, but by birth he is a German. As a boy in Cologne he met that other typical Parisian, Offenbach, and became possessed of the idea that Paris was the center of the solar system. He made his first appearance in literature with a book of comic travels on the Rhine, illustrated by his own rough wood-cuts. Then he wrote sentimental tales for children. Suddenly he gave up Germany and German for Paris and French. In Paris he had to begin at the bottom; but he had wit and will, and in time he began to be noticed as a writer of flashing brilliancy. He toiled at his trade of acquired cleverness, and he learnt the art of being a Parisian. He collaborated with M. Rochefort in writing a farce or two, and with M. Blum in writing the "Memoirs of Thérésa, by Herself," a book which had a questionable notoriety. By dint of hard labor he made himself a Frenchman, as his fellow-German Grimm, as the Englishman Hamilton, as the Italians Galiani and Fiorentino had done before him. He

is as clever as Fiorentino, and as much feared. He is the art critic of the "Figaro," and he writes its annual report on the Salon. It may suffice to say that although his hostility is dreaded, his praise is not respected — yet of course it has its influence.

The success of the "Figaro" has led to many imitations. The chief of these are the "Gaulois," the "Événement," the "Voltaire," and the "Gil Blas." The "Gaulois" is the oldest and has had the most ups and downs; it has less originality and says ditto to the "Figaro" more persistently than the others. The "Événement" is perhaps the most prosperous of the "Figaro's" immediate rivals; its circulation is more than half as large; its theatrical gossip is as accurate as the "Figaro's" and more aggressive; and in M. Aurélien Scholl it had a writer of chroniques quite as Parisian as M. Wolff and far wittier. M. Scholl writes too much, and the quality of his writing suffers from the quantity, but at his best he is really a wit. He has written countless columns of copy, but lost in this mass are articles of the finest temper and the most perfect point.

I remember hearing M. Sarcey say that there could be collected from M. Scholl's essays a book of two hundred or three hundred pages equal to the best of Chamfort — and Chamfort is the French equivalent for Sheridan or Sydney Smith. Even M. Scholl's average articles are very clever — clever, indeed, as the acting of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the plays of M. Victorien Sardou, or the architecture of M. Charles Garnier, all very clever Parisians. The "Voltaire" is also prosperous; among its chief writers are M. Ranc, M. Naquet, and M. J. J. Weiss, one of the sharpest and most sarcastic of all French journalists. The "Voltaire" owes much of its circulation to the skill with which its serial stories are chosen. M. Émile Zola was once the dramatic critic of the "Voltaire."

Here occasion serves to note how many distinguished French authors have been engaged as dramatic critics on the daily papers. M. Zola now no longer writes dramatic criticism, as the success of his novels has made him independent. M. Alphonse Daudet was in 1882 the dramatic critic of the "Parlement," and M. Georges Ohnet held the same post on the "Constitutionnel." M. Adolphe Jullien, the erudite author of the "History of Theatrical Costume" and of several studies in the history of music, is the musical critic of the "Français." M. François Coppée, the poet, criticised the acted drama for the "Patrie," and his fellow-poets M. Armand Silvestre and M. Henri de Bornier did the same for the "Estafette" and the "Nouvelle Revue." Three other poets are or until recently have been dramatic critics — M. Théodore de Banville, M. Jean Richepin, and M. Paul Arène. And while these distinguished writers are dramatic critics just as Théophile Gautier was a dramatic critic, simply because the position is honorable and remunerative,— for a poet must live,— the chief of those who are dramatic critics by vocation because they love their work, M. Francisque Sarcey of the "Temps" and M. Auguste Vitu of the "Figaro," have also done noteworthy work in other branches of literature and journalism.

The "Gil Blas" as a rival of the "Figaro" demands a few words by itself. It was started seven or eight years ago, in the belief that a purely literary daily paper would succeed in Paris. Unfortunately the belief was not founded on fact, as the event proved, and the "Gil Blas" came near foundering. It was in the habit of printing short stories, sketches, and little tales in nearly every number. One day it published a funny story as broad as anything in Boccaccio or Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques." That day the "Gil Blas" sold its whole edition. A few days later another story of the same sort appeared, and was eagerly bought. In a little while the circulation of the "Gil Blas" quadrupled. Again a little while and the paper was seized by the police. It mended its manners and its morals for a time. When next it fell from grace the police seized it again. Having attracted attention, the "Gil Blas" has now moderated its grossness, and is trying to regain its position as a literary journal. M. Guy de Maupassant, M. Théodore de Banville, M. Jean Richepin, M. Armand Silvestre are all clever men, and their writing is often brilliant, but work like theirs in the "Gil Blas"— to use Cowper's words —

> "Shines in the dark, but ushered into day
> The stench remains, the luster dies away."

The success of lively and entertaining newspapers like the "Figaro" and the "Événement" has greatly cut into the circulation and diminished the influence of the staid and sober papers like the "Journal des Débats." The "Parlement," the organ of M. Dufaure, was recently consolidated with the equally judicial and temperate "Débats." In an article on the Forty Immortals of the French Academy, in the number of THE CENTURY for January, 1884, there was a portrait of M. John Lemoinne, the chief writer on the "Débats" and in many respects the foremost of French journalists. Among his fellow-contributors are M. Renan, M. Taine, and M. Cuvillier-Fleury, all of whom are also members of the Academy. It was for the "Débats" that Jules Janin wrote his famous dramatic criticisms, now well-nigh unreadable. The "Constitutionnel" and the "Siècle" are fast fading away. It is said that the

circulation of the "Constitutionnel" is now only two thousand. Edmond About, the novelist, was the founder and manager of the "XIX^e Siècle," and it was to his own paper that he contributed his manly "Romance of an Honest Man." The "XIX^e Siècle" was the organ of the anti-clerical middle class, the Voltairean bourgeois. Its success was assured when it took a bold and patriotic position during the revolutionary usurpations of the 16th of May; after About's death it lost its grip.

"La France" was founded by the late Émile de Girardin, the inventor (in France, at least)



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of the cheap newspaper. In his hands the paper was a militant republican organ. Like the "XIX^e Siècle," its opportunity came with the reactionary and insidious intrigues of the 16th of May. The double-leaded and double-shotted articles of M. de Girardin were awaited daily with the utmost interest; the crowds formed in line before the kiosques every afternoon to get early copies of the paper; and its circulation rose at one time to 120,000 copies. But Girardin is dead, "La France" has gone over to the monarchists and the anarchists, and its influence has departed. Under Émile de Girardin "La France" fought side by side with the "République Française," the paper started in 1871 by Gambetta with the aid of M. Challemel-Lacour, M. Paul Bert, M. Spuller, M. Ranc, and M. de Freycinet. It was his share in the "République Française" which made Gambetta financially independent. In the hands of his friends it is the outspoken advocate of the policy he professed, and its influence on contemporary politics is perhaps larger than that of any other paper in Paris — excepting only the "Temps." Part of this influence is due to the circulation of more than 150,000 achieved by a one-cent tender to the "République Française"— the "Petite République Française," a tiny little sheet, modeled on the "Petit Journal," and advocating with mingled vigor and moderation the same broad views of French politics which are set forth in the parent paper.

Among the more radical journals are the "Justice," the "Rappel," and the "Intransigeant." The "Justice" is the organ of M. Clémenceau. The "Rappel" was the organ of Victor Hugo: it was started just before the fall of the Empire by his two sons, now both dead, and by his chief disciples and personal adherents, M. Paul Meurice and M. Auguste Vacquerie. It beats time for the more advanced democrats. Its chief writer is M. Edouard Lockroy, who married the widow of one of Hugo's sons. The "Rappel" has a literary quality more pronounced than is usual in polemic and political newspapers. It was in the "Rappel" that M. Henri Rochefort, when he was an exile, published the most of his serial stories, at least one of which, "Mlle. Bismark," has been translated in America.

M. Rochefort is one of the most striking figures in contemporary Parisian journalism, and his career is curious in its contrasts. A radical republican of an advanced type, M. Rochefort is by birth the Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay. A free-thinker now of the most aggressive school, one of M. Rochefort's earliest efforts in literature was a poem in honor of the Virgin. Successful beyond expectation in his destructive attacks on the hollow pretensions of the Second Empire, M. Rochefort began as a hack writer of comic copy for the minor papers and as a maker of cheap farces for the minor theaters. It is to be said, however, that M. Rochefort's entrance into politics was almost accidental, and that his bitterest diatribes owe their effect chiefly to his mastery of the methods of comic journalism. In fact, M. Rochefort's transformation from a lively critic of ephemeral fashions into a stinging assailant of the Imperial Government was a slow and gradual evolution, and it took the best of three years (1865–1868) before the change was complete. It was in June, 1868, that he abandoned



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the "Figaro," and issued the first number of his own weekly, the "Lanterne," a little pamphlet of thirty-two pages, clad in a cover of fiery red. Of the first number eighty thousand copies were sold. In the "Lanterne," the flippant chatter of the "Figaro" no longer accompanying it, the girding wit of M. Rochefort had full play, and the Imperial court winced under the satire which made it ridiculous. When the "Lanterne" was forbidden in France, its offices were transferred to Brussels, and the weekly numbers were smuggled into France. A favorite device was to pack them inside plaster busts of the Emperor of the French. In 1869 M. Rochefort was elected to the Assembly, and returning to Paris, founded the "Marseillaise." It was in consequence of articles in the "Marseillaise" that one of its contributors, Victor Noir, called on Prince Pierre Bonaparte and was shot dead by the Prince. Arrested in February, 1870, M. Rochefort was set free in September by the fall of the Empire. In February, 1871, he founded the "Mot d'Ordre," and in September he was condemned to a long term of imprisonment for his part in the resistance of the Commune of Paris to the Republic of France. Sent in 1873 to New Caledonia, he escaped in 1874, crossed America, paused in London, and settled in Geneva, whence he returned to Paris in July, 1880, when the general amnesty of the communists was proclaimed. Two days after his return he brought out a new daily paper, "L'Intransigeant," which remains the mouthpiece of the extreme Left, impracticable and intractable. "L'Intransigeant" seems, however, to be to the taste of a certain section of Parisians, for its circulation is quite thirty thousand copies — nearly as large as that of the "Temps," which most competent critics would be inclined to call the best paper in Paris. "L'Intransigeant" is M. Rochefort's personal organ; it says what he thinks, and it is read simply to see what he says; its importance is due wholly to M. Rochefort. And so the "Justice" is the personal organ of M. Clémenceau: but M. Clémenceau is taken seriously and M. Rochefort is not. The "République Française" was Gam-

betta's organ, but Gambetta was the center of the strongest and sanest group in French politics, and the "République Française," although it has lost a little of its circulation since Gambetta's death, did not depend on any one man, however popular or able. It is a good general newspaper, while "L'Intransigeant" of M. Rochefort and the "Justice" of M. Clémenceau are organs, no more and no less.

The "Temps" and the "République Française" are the best representations of the temperate, moderate, and yet vigorous republicanism of France. The "République Française" is tainted by a certain aggressive agnosticism, the result of a violent reaction against ultramontane pretensions. The "Temps" is Protestant in its leanings. The "République Française" is a morning journal, and the "Temps" is an afternoon paper: they support the same views, and pay the same attention to foreign affairs. The "Temps" is now owned and managed by M. Adrien Hébrard and M. Jacques Hébrard, who are both senators. It has the strongest staff of any Parisian paper. In foreign correspondence, in political information and criticism, in literary and artistic reviewing, and even in the gathering of news, it is the foremost of French newspapers. In its sobriety of tone and dignity of manner it resembles the best English and American dailies. It is in the "Temps" that M. Edmond Schérer publishes his critical articles, and M. Schérer is the French critic whose articles on Wordsworth and Goethe served as texts for two of Mr. Matthew Arnold's most interesting essays. M. Schérer is, in a measure, the successor of Sainte-Beuve, but he has not yet Sainte-Beuve's authority. His mind and his manner are drier and have less charm; but none the less is he a chief representative of the higher criticism in France.

Among the other eminent literary contributors is M. Legouvé, the dramatist, who published in the "Temps" the most of his admirable notes on reading aloud, an art of which he is past-master. The art critic is M. Paul Mantz, and the musical critic is M. Weber; and, although they may have equals among their fellow-journalists, they have no superiors. The dramatic critic is M. Francisque Sarcey, to whom I shall recur shortly. There is a weekly scientific review by M. Vernier. There is an abundance of foreign correspondence of a very high quality. There is a weekly sketch of country life called "La Vie à la Campagne," by M. Georges de Cherville; and there was a weekly chronique called "La Vie à Paris," by M. Jules Claretie. Since the fall of 1885, when M. Claretie was appointed director of the Théâtre Français, this article has been contributed by that charming writer, M. Anatole France.

M. Jules Claretie is perhaps best known in America as a novelist. His "M. le Ministre" and "Le Million" have been translated — or rather mistranslated, for the books were shamefully mangled — for American readers. "M. le Ministre" is an admirable novel; it stands even a comparison with the "Numa Roumestan" of his friend M. Alphonse Daudet, which deals with a subject closely akin. As a novelist M. Claretie has had the tact and the insight to borrow from the naturalists just enough of their descriptive methods, without allowing the exhibition of things to overpower the revelation of persons. Besides his novels, M. Claretie has also written plays, at least one of which, the "Régiment de Champagne" has been acted in the United States. He is also a historian, and he has made the epoch of the French Revo-



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lution wholly his own. He has a wider knowledge of literature and life in England and in Germany than most Frenchmen, having frequently visited both countries. Next to the breadth of his knowledge of men and things, he has indefatigable industry, and the union of these two qualities makes him one of the foremost journalists of France. M. Claretie has a pleasant wit and a sharp eye; his tastes are clean and honorable; and so the best of his chroniques in the "Temps" was sometimes not unlike one of Mr. George William Curtis's always delightful "Easy-Chair" articles, and the worst of them was always an amusing medley of judicious observation and antiquarian research. As M. Claretie's chroniques in the "Temps" were more widely quoted from than any other non-political articles of the Parisian press, it is no wonder that they have found many readers when gathered together into annual volumes. The future historian of manners and customs and fashions and ephemeral fancies will have no more trustworthy source of information than the yearly tomes of M. Claretie's "Vie à Paris." (For the instruction of the inquiring, it may be noted that M. Claretie pronounces his name "Clar-ty.")

The honor of being the most quoted writer on the "Temps" M. Claretie shared with M. Sarcey, whose criticism of the drama of the day fills the ground-floor of the "Temps" every Sunday afternoon. M. Sarcey is a graduate of the Normal School; and M. Taine and About were his classmates there. When they left the school in 1848, M. Taine was first, About third, and M. Sarcey fifth. For ten years M. Sarcey taught; then he gave up teaching and took to journalism under the guidance of his friend About. M. Sarcey has recently written a lively and instructive account of his life at the Normal School and of the constant intellectual fencing in which the brilliant band of scholars indulged. He asserts that he can always tell a graduate of the Normal School by the sincerity of his disputation, and he informs us that the scholars had declared war on two formulas only too frequently heard in debate. One of these is the assertion that the adversary is an ass, and the other impugns his motives, declaring that he is too clever to believe what he says. Whenever, therefore, any of the young debaters lost his temper and sneered at the sincerity of his opponent, the entire body arose as one man and said: "Sir, you are an ass!" And when he protested in vain, the chorus rejoined: "Then you do not believe a word of what you say." The German students have in like manner made war on two other silly formulas, which they term the apple and the spinach argument. The apple argument is the twitting of an opponent with a change of opinion, and it is so called because an apple when accused of having changed color answered that "it is only bad fruit which remains green"; and the spinach argument is the self-congratulation on the fact that one does not think like the opponent, and it is so called because a lady once declared that she was very glad she did not like spinach, for if she did, she would eat it, and she could not bear it.

The robust sincerity thus learnt in the Normal School M. Sarcey has carried through life. M. Sarcey is honest, earnest, and devoted to his work, whether it be the exposure of an ultramontane trick or the analysis of a new play. He used to roast a priest for breakfast every morning in the "XIX^{e} Siècle," and he parboils himself every evening in one of the Parisian play-houses, all of which are as innocently free from ventilation as a Turkish bath. M. Sarcey is independent; he has never been willing to join any society or to accept any honors; more than once has he refused the cross of the Legion of Honor. His special characteristics are a robust and broad common sense and an equally broad good humor. As a dramatic critic he has attained to the highest repute; his authority, I venture to believe, is greater than was Jules Janin's — and it is assuredly founded on a firmer base. M. Sarcey has a great many qualifications for a dramatic critic, and he has in abundance the most important of all — he is very fond of the theater. He is fair, he is willing to hear both sides, the temper of his mind is judicial, and it is only when he is absolutely convinced of the guilt of the prisoner that the sword of justice falls; but when it does fall, it falls swiftly and to good purpose. M. Sarcey has sympathy with both the dramatic and the histrionic arts. He has insight into both, and he has logically coördinated a system of principles about them both. He is almost the only dramatic critic I know whose report of a performance gives a sound reason for its success or its failure. He has a habit of going at once to the heart of a play, and in telling the story of a drama he sets forth first of all the essential situation, the vital knot, the salient point where this play differs from all other plays. This is a very rare faculty. M. Vitu, for example, contents himself with a verbatim report of the plot of a play, followed by a criticism of its construction and its characters; but M. Sarcey so sets before you the situation that you are enabled to criticise for yourself and to seize at once on every point of his criticism. M. Sarcey has always refused to allow the collection of his dramatic criticisms, declaring that they are journalism and not literature. The only book about the stage he



A CORNER OF SARCEY'S LIBRARY.

has published is "Comédiens et Comédiennes," a series of biographic criticisms of the leading actors of Paris. A satire of M. Sarcey's on the French fondness for office has been translated in America as "The Miseries of Fo-Hi."

The "Temps," it is to be recorded to its credit, has kept itself free from the financial scandals which disgrace most of the Parisian papers. As a rule a new paper is either started by some stock speculator or its financial columns are sold outright. Even the most of the personal organs of prominent French politicians do not disdain to turn a dishonest penny by the open and unblushing advocacy of all sorts of wild-cat enterprises. Indeed, the more swindling the speculation, the more lucrative is the assistance of the journalist. A French friend told me that he had heard the publisher of a Parisian daily complaining that only sound companies were being launched just then, and that of course there was little or no profit to be made out of sound companies. No puffs of this kind disfigure the "Temps," which is in this, as in most respects, the cleanest and most wholesome of Parisian papers.

In another respect also is the "Temps" setting a good example — its political articles are anonymous. Under the Empire the law required every article to be signed, that the courts might lay hands at once on an offending writer. The effect of this was undoubtedly to lower the tone of discussion, which tended always to leave the secure ground of argument for the quaking morass of personality. Both the "Temps" and the "République Française" let their admirable political articles speak for themselves without the intrusion of the personality of the writer. The purely artistic criticisms — literary, dramatic, or musical — still bear the signatures of the writers.

The most widely circulated daily paper in Paris, and indeed in the world, is the "Petit Journal," which prints daily more than half a million copies. The "Petit Journal" is a tiny little four-page paper, sold for a cent. It contains a daily chronique, a few items of news, a little correspondence, a little theatrical gossip, nearly a page of advertisements, and installments of two serial stories. To these

serial stories the keeping up of its circulation is due. The announcement of the beginning in its columns of a new novel by one of the writers beloved of its readers suffices sometimes to send up its circulation fifty thousand copies. On the other hand, with an unsatisfactory story its circulation soon drops. To guard against this, probably, there are two serials, that one may hit if the other miss. The authors most popular with the readers of the "Petit Journal" have little popularity elsewhere, and their stories, when reprinted as books, have only an insignificant sale. Chief among them are M. Émile Richebourg, M. Xavier de Montépin, and M. Arthur Arnould.

One of the most characteristic of Parisian journals remains to be considered; this is the "Charivari." George Eliot opens her essay on Heine with a quotation from Goethe to the effect that "nothing is more significant of men's characters than what they find laughable"; and in one of her novels she declares that a difference of tastes in jests is a great strain on the affections. The Parisian of the boulevards is a laughing biped without feathers; his wit is easy and his humor free: he is not like the Scots editor who "jocked wi' difficulty"; and his taste in jests can be best discerned in "Charivari." The Frenchman born with a bitter wit created the vaudeville, so the saying goes; and he also created the comic paper.



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"Le Charivari"—which was the model of "Punch," as the sub-title of that journal attests to the present day — was founded more than half a century ago by Charles Philipon, the inventor of the historic likeness of Louis Philippe to a pear. The comic journalist is like unto the Irish-American immigrant who when questioned as to his politics asked anxiously, "Have ye a government? — Thin I'm ag'in' it!" "Le Charivari" was against the government of Louis Philippe, so was it against the Republic of 1848, and so would it have been against the Second Empire, if the Imperial censors had not held it bound and muzzled. Forced to turn from the manly satire of politics to the more effeminate satire of fashion and life, "Le Charivari" lost much of its influence and power. The boisterous fun of Cham and the delicate indelicacies of M. Grévin but ill made up for the loss of the rough-and-ready satires of Daumier, often of a vigorous and vitriolic brutality unmatched in the history of caricature. Only too frequently both the text and the illustrations of "Le Charivari" and of its fellow comic papers "Le Journal Amusant" and "Le Petit Journal Pour Rire" bear witness to the French worship of the strange goddess. Only too frequently are they absolutely unfit for publication. M. Taine, in his "Notes on England," was specially struck by the total unlikeness of the English comic paper to the French in the subjects it treated and in the decency and cleanliness of the treatment. The English comic paper, like the English novel, is written to be read by the English young lady, while the French comic paper, like the French novel, is more often than not intended only for men, or for women who are willing to look at life as a coarse-grained man views it. Of course it is easy to say that just as the French novel is more artistic than the English,— I do not include the American novel with the English here,— so the French comic paper is comic while the English not unfrequently is comic only in intent; but this is in reality only an aggravation of the offense. There is no sin more heinous than letting the devil have all the fun. It is to be said for "Le Charivari" that it has never speculated in pornography, and that its lapses from what we of the English stock are wont to consider as good morals, if not good taste, are accidental rather than premeditated. It remains to be noted that "Le Charivari" is a four-page daily,— and for many years it was the only illustrated daily paper in the world. Its illustration or illustrations fill the most of the third page: formerly they were lithographic, but they are now produced by one of the many mechanical processes.

Brander Matthews.

THE WINGING HOUR.

"It is better to do the most trifling thing in the world than to consider a half hour a trifle."
GOETHE'S *Sprüche in Prosa.*

STAY not! Pause not!
The noon is near;
The sun hath climbed the height.
Stay not nor fear!
Follow till thy work be done!
On, ever on!

No summer beam shall scorch thee,
Nor sudden wave o'erwhelm thee,
Till thy task be ended.
On, ever on!
Through the mist and through the night,
Through the blinding morning light,
By elements befriended,
Till thy work be done.

Thou wouldst sail the sea,
The mountain wouldst thou scale,
Upon the starry worlds
Exhaust thy vision frail,
Stay not for the storm
And stay not for the hour,
A greater master yet
Holds thee in his power.

The noon is here,
Thy work undone,
The end draws near
Ere thou hast won.

Conquer Death, for he is weak
And the gathering days are strong!
Time to struggle, time to seek
While the untired moments throng
Close about thee; seize the first!
Then to thee the second turns,
And the third is all thine own;
Thine the light and thine the strength,
Thine the throne!

Mrs. Fields.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

AU LARGE.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Grande Pointe," etc.

V.

FATHER AND SON.



UCH strange things storms do,—here purifying the air, yonder treading down rich harvests, now replenishing the streams, and now strewing shores with wrecks; here a blessing; there a calamity. See what this one had done for Marguerite! Well, what? She could not lament; she dared not rejoice. Oh! if she were Claude and Claude were she, how quickly—

She wondered how many miles a day she could learn to walk if she should start out into the world on foot to find somebody, as she had heard that Bonaventure had once done to find her mother's lover. There are no Bonaventures now, she thinks, in these decayed times.

"Mamma,"—her speech was French,—"why do we never see Bonaventure? How far is it to Grande Pointe?"

"Ah! my child, a hundred miles; even more."

"And to my uncle Rosamond's,—Rosamond Robichaux, on Bayou Terrebonne?"

"Fully as far, and almost the same journey."

There was but one thing to be done—crush Claude out of her heart.

The storm had left no wounds on Grande Pointe. Every roof was safe, even the old tobacco-shed where Bonaventure had kept school before the school-house was built. The sheltering curtains of deep forest had broken the onset of the wind, and the little cotton, corn, and tobacco fields, already harvested, were merely made a little more tattered and brown. The November air was pure, sunny, and mild, and trilled every now and then with the note of some lingering bird. A green and bosky confusion still hid house from house and masked from itself the all but motionless human life of the sleepy woods village. Only an adventitious china-tree here and there had been stripped of its golden foliage and kept only its ripened berries with the redbirds darting and fluttering around them like so many hiccoughing Comanches about a dram-seller's tent. And here, if one must tell a thing so painful, our old friend the mocking-bird, neglecting his faithful wife and letting his home go to decay, kept dropping in, all hours of the day, tasting the berries' rank pulp, stimulating, stimulating, drowning care, you know,—"Lost so many children, and the rest gone off in ungrateful forgetfulness of their old hard-working father; yes"; and ready to sing or fight, just as any other creature happened not to wish; and going home in the evening scolding and swaggering and getting to bed barely able to hang on to the roost. It would have been bad enough, even for a man; but for a bird—and a mocking-bird!

But the storm wrought a great change in one small house not in Grande Pointe, yet of it. Until the storm, ever since the day St. Pierre had returned from the little railway station where Claude had taken the cars, he had seemed as patiently resigned to the new loneliness of Bayou des Acadiens as his thatched hut, which day by day sat so silent between the edges of the dark forest and the darker stream, looking out beyond the farther bank, and far over the green waste of rushes with its swarm of blackbirds sweeping capriciously now this way and now that, and the phantom cloud-shadows passing slowly across from one far line of cypress wood to another. But since that night when the hut's solitary occupant could not sleep for the winds and for thought of Claude, there was a great difference inside. And this did not diminish; it grew. It is hard for a man to be both father and mother, and at the same time be childless. The bonds of this condition began slowly to tighten around St. Pierre's heart and then to cut into it. And so, the same day on which Claude in Vermillionville left the Beausoleils' tavern, the cabin on Bayou des Acadiens, ever in his mind's eye, was empty, and in Grande Pointe his father stood on the one low step at the closed door of Bonaventure's little frame school-house.

He had been there a full minute and had not knocked. Every movement, to-day, came only after an inward struggle. Many associations crowded his mind on this doorstep. Six years before, almost on this spot, a mere brier patch then, he and Maximian Roussel had

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risen from the grassy earth and given the first two welcoming hand-grasps to the schoolmaster. And now, as one result, Claude, who did not know his letters then, was rising — nay, had risen — to greatness! Claude, whom once he would have been glad to make a good fisherman and swamper, or at the utmost a sugar-boiler, was now a greater, in rank at least, than the very schoolmaster. Truly, "Knowledge is power" — alas! yes; for it had stolen away that same Claude. The College Point priest's warning had come true: it was "good-bye to Grande Pointe!" — Nay, nay, it must not be! Is that the kind of power education is? Power to tear children from their parents? Power to expose their young heads to midnight storms? Power to make them eager to go, and willing to stay away, from their paternal homes? Then indeed the priest had said only too truly, that these public schools teach everything except morals and religion! From the depth of St. Pierre's heart there quickly came a denial of the charge; and on the moment, like a chanted response, there fell upon his listening ear a monotonous intonation from within the door. A reading-class had begun its exercise. He knew the words by heart, so often had Claude and he read them together. He followed the last stanza silently with his own lips.

"Remember, child, remember
That you love, with all your might,
The God who watches o'er us
And gives us each delight,
Who guards us ever in the day
And saves us in the night."

Tears filled the swamper's eyes. He moved as if to leave the place, but paused with one foot half lowered to the ground. His jaws set, a frown came between his eyes; he drew back the foot, turned again to the door, and gave a loud, peremptory knock.

Bonaventure came to the door. Anxiety quickly overspread his face as he saw the gloom on St. Pierre's. He stood on the outer edge of the sill and drew the door after him.

"I got good news," said St. Pierre, with a softening of countenance.

"Good news?"

"Yass.— I goin' make Claude come home."

Bonaventure could only look at him in amazement. St. Pierre looked away and continued:

"'S no use. Can't stand it no longer." He turned suddenly upon the schoolmaster. "Why you di' n' tell me ed'cation goin' teck my boy 'way from me?" In Bonaventure a look of distressful self-justification quickly changed to one of anxious compassion.

"Wait!" he said. He went back into the school-room, leaving St. Pierre in the open door, and said:

"Dear chil'run, I perceive generally the aspects of fatigue. You have been good scholars. I pronounce a half-hollyday till tomorrow morning. Come, each and every one, with lessons complete."

The children dispersed peaceably, jostling one another to shake the schoolmaster's hand as they passed him. When they were gone he put on his coarse straw hat, and the two men walked slowly, conversing as they went, down the green road that years before had first brought the educator to Grande Pointe.

"Dear friend," said the schoolmaster, "shall education be to blame for this separation? Is not also non-education responsible? Is it not by the non-education of Grande Pointe that there is nothing fit here for Claude's staying?"

"You stay!"

"I? I stay? Ah! sir, I stay, yes! Because, like Claude, leaving my home and seeking by wandering to find the true place of my utility, a voice spake that I come at Grande Pointe. Behole me! as far from my childhood home as Claude from his. Friend,— ah! friend, what shall I,— shall Claude,— shall any man do with education? Keep it? Like a miser his gol'? What shall the ship do when she is load'? Dear friend," — they halted where another road started away through the underbrush at an abrupt angle on their right,— "where leads this narrow road? To Belle Alliance plantation only, or not also to the whole worl'? So is education! That road here once fetch me at Grande Pointe; the same road fetch Claude away. Education came whispering, 'Claude St. Pierre, come! I have constitute' you citizen of the worl'. Come, come, forgetting self!' Oh, dear friend, education is not for self alone! Nay, even self is not for self!"

"Well, den,"— the deep-voiced woodman stood with one boot on a low stump, fiercely trimming a branch that he had struck from the parent stem with one blow of his big, keen clasp-knife,— "self not for self,— for what he gone off and lef' me in the swamp?"

"Ah, sir!" replied Bonaventure, "what do I unceasingly tell those dear school-chil'run? 'May we not make the most of self, yet not for self?'" He laid his hand upon St. Pierre's shoulder. "And who sent Claude hence if not his unselfish father?"

"I was big fool," said St. Pierre, whittling on.

"Nay, wise! Discovering the great rule of civilize-ation. Every man not for self, but for every other!"

The swamper disclaimed the generous imputation with a shake of the head.

"Naw, I dunno nut'n' 'bout dat. I look out

for me and my boy, me.— And, beside,"— he abruptly threw away the staff he had trimmed, shut his knife with a snap, and thrust it into his pocket,—"I dawn't see ed'cation make no diff'ence. You say ed'cation — priest say religion — me, I dawn't see neider one make no diff'ence. I see every man look out for hisself and his li'l' crowd. Not you, but —" He waved his hand bitterly toward the world at large.

"Ah, sir!" cried Bonaventure, "'t is not something what you can see all the time, like the horns on a cow! And yet, sir,— and yet!"—he lifted himself upon tiptoe and ran his fingers through his thin hair — "the education that make' no difference is but a dead body! and the religion that make' no difference is a ghost! Behole! behole two thing' in the worl', where all is giving and getting, two thing', con*tra*ry, yet resem'ling! 'T is the left han'— alas, alas! — giving only to get; and the right, blessed of God, getting only to give! How much resem'ling, yet how con*tra*ry! The one — han' of all strife; the other — of all peace. And oh! dear friend, there are those who call the one civilize-ation, and the other religion. Civilize-ation? Religion? They are one! They are body and soul! I care not what religion the priest teach you; in God's religion is comprised the total *mécanique* of civilize-ation. We are all in it; you, me, Claude, Sidonie; all in it! Each and every at his task, however high, however low, working not to get, but to give, and not to give only to his own li'l' crowd, but to all, to all!" The speaker ceased, for his hearer was nodding his head with skeptical impatience.

"Yass," said the woodman, "yass; but look, Bonaventure. Di'n' you said one time, 'Knowledge is power'?"

"Yes, truly; and it is."

"But what use knowledge be power if goin' give ev't'in' away?"

Bonaventure drew back a step or two, suddenly jerked his hat from his head, and came forward again with arms stretched wide and the hat dangling from his hand. "Because — because God will not let it sta-a-ay given away! 'Give — it shall be give' to you.' Everything given out into God's worl' come back to us roun' God's worl'! Resem'ling the stirring of water in a bucket!"

But St. Pierre frowned. "Yass,— wat' in bucket,— yass. Den no man dawn't keep nut'n'. Dawn't own nut'n' he got."

"Ah! sir, there is a better owning than to *own*. 'T is giving, dear friend; 't is giving. To get? To have? That is not to own. The giver, not the getter; the giver! he is the true owner. Live thou not to get, but to give." Bonaventure's voice trembled; his eyes were full of tears.

The swamper stood up with his own eyes full, but his voice was firm. "Bonaventure, I don't got much. I got dat li'l' shanty on Bayou des Acadiens and li'l' plunder inside — few kittle' and pan',— cast-net, fish-line', two, t'ree gun', and — my wife' grave, yond' in graveyard. But I got Claude,— my boy, my son. You t'ink God want me give my son to whole worl'?"

The schoolmaster took the woodsman's brown wrist tenderly into both his hands and said, scarce above a whisper, "He gave His, first. He started it. Who can refuse, He starting it? And thou will not refuse." The voice rose —"I see, I see the victory! Well art thou nominated 'St Pierre'! for on that rock of giving —"

"Naw, sir! Stop!" The swamper dashed the moisture from his eyes and summoned a look of stubborn resolve. "Mo' better you call me St. Pierre because I 'm a fisherman what cuss when I git mad. Look! You dawn't want me git Claude back in Gran' Point'. You want me to give, give. Well, all right! I goin' *quit* Gran' Point' and give myself, me, to Claude. I kin read, I kin write, I t'ink kin do better 'long wid Claude dan livin' all 'lone wid snake' and alligator'. I t'ink dass mo' better for everybody; and anyhow, I dawn't care; I dawn't give my son to nobody; I give myself to Claude."

Bonaventure and his friend gazed into each other's wet eyes for a moment. Then the schoolmaster turned, lifted his eyes and one arm toward the west, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Claude! thou receivest the noblest gift in Gran' Point'!"

VI.

CONVERGING LINES.

On the prairies of Vermillion and Lafayette winter is virtually over by the first week in February. From sky to sky, each tree and field, each plain and plantation grove, are putting on the greenery of a northern May. Even on Côte Gelée the housewife has persuaded *le vieux* to lay aside his gun, and the early potatoes are already planted. If the moon be at the full much ground is ready for the sower; and those plowmen and pony teams and men working along behind them with big, clumsy hoes, over in yonder field, are planting corn. Those silent, tremulous strands of black that in the morning sky come gliding, high overhead, from the direction of the great sea marshes and fade into the northern blue, are flocks that have escaped the murderous gun of the pot-hunter. Spring and summer are driving these before

them as the younger and older sister, almost abreast, come laughing, and striving to outrun each other across the Mexican Gulf.

Those two travelers on horseback, so dwarfed by distance, whom you see approaching out of the north-west, you shall presently find have made, in their dress, no provision against cold. At Carancro, some miles away to the north-east, there is a thermometer; and somewhere in Vermillionville, a like distance to the south-east, there might possibly be found a barometer; but there is no need of either to tell that the air to-day is threescore and ten and will be more before it is less. Before the riders draw near you have noticed that only one is a man and the other a woman. And now you may see that he is sleek and alert, blonde and bland, and the savage within us wants to knock off his silk hat. All the more so for that she is singularly pretty to be met in his sole care. The years count, on her brows, it is true, but the way in which they tell of matronhood — and somehow of widowhood too — is a very fair and gentle way. Her dress is plain, but its lines have a grace that is also dignity; and the lines of her face — lines is too hard a word for them — are not those of time, but of will and of care, that have chastened, refined, one another. She speaks only now and then. Her companion's speech fills the wide intervals.

"Yesterday morning," he says, "as I came along here a little after sunrise, there was a thin fog lying only two or three feet deep, close to the level ground as far as you could see, hiding the whole prairie and making it look for all the world like a beautiful lake, with every here and there a green grove standing out of it like a real little island."

She replies that she used to see it so in her younger days. The Acadian accent is in her words. She lifts her black eyes, looks toward Carancro, and is silent.

"You 're thinking of the changes," says her escort.

"Yass; '*t is* so. Dey got twenty time' many field' like had befo'. Peop' don't raise cattl' no mo'; raise crop'. Dey say even dat land changin'."

"How changing?"

"I dunno. I dunno if '*t is* so. Dey say prairie risin' mo' higher every year. I dunno if '*t is* so. I t'ink dat land don't change much; but de peop', yass."

"Still, the changes are mostly good changes," responds the male rider. "'T is n't the prairie, but the people that are rising. They 've got the school-house, and the English language, and a free, paid labor system, and the railroads, and painted wagons, and Cincinnati furniture, and sewing-machines, and melodeons, and Horsford's Acid Phosphate; and they 've caught the spirit of progress!"

"Yass, '*tis* so. Dawn't see nobody seem satisfied — since de army — since de railroad."

"Well, that 's right enough; they ought n't to be satisfied. You 're not satisfied, are you? And yet you 've never done so well before as you have this season. I wish I could say the same for the 'Album of Universal Information'; but I can't. I tell you that, Madame Beausoleil; I would n't tell anybody else."

Zoséphine responds with a dignified bow. She has years ago noticed in herself that, though she has strength of will, she lacks clearness and promptness of decision. She is at a loss, now, to know what to do with Mr. Tarbox. Here he is for the seventh time. But there is always a plausible explanation of his presence, and a person of more tactful propriety, it seems to her, never put his name upon her tavern register or himself into her company. She sees nothing shallow or specious in his dazzling attainments; they rekindle the old ambitions in her that Bonaventure lighted; and although Mr. Tarbox's modest loveliness is not visible, yet a certain fundamental rectitude, discernible behind all his nebulous gaudiness, confirms her liking. Then, too, he has earned her gratitude. She has inherited not only her father's small fortune, but his thrift as well. She can see the sagacity of Mr. Tarbox's advice in pecuniary matters, and once and once again, when he has told her quietly of some little operation into which he and the ex-governor — who "thinks the world of me," he says — were going to dip, and she has accepted his invitation to venture in also, to the extent of a single thousand dollars, the money has come back handsomely increased. Even now, the sale of all her prairie lands to her former kinsmen-in-law, which brought her out here yesterday and lets her return this morning, is made upon his suggestion, and is so advantageous that somehow, she does n't know why, she almost fears it is n't fair to the other side. The fact is, the country is passing from the pastoral to the agricultural life, the prairies are being turned into countless farms, and the people are getting wealth. So explains Mr. Tarbox, whose happening to come along this morning bound in her direction is pure accident — pure accident.

"No, the 'A. of U. I.' has n't done its best," he says again. "For one thing, I 've had other fish to fry. You know that." He ventures a glance at her eyes, but they ignore it, and he adds, "I mean other financial matters."

"'*Tis* so," says Zoséphine; and Mr. Tarbox hopes the reason for this faint repulse is only the nearness of this farm-house peeping at

them through its pink veil of blossoming peach-trees, as they leisurely trot by.

"Yes," he says; "and, besides, 'Universal Information' is n't what this people want. The book 's too catholic for them."

"Too Cat'oleek!" Zoséphine raises her pretty eyebrows in grave astonishment — "'Cadian' is all Cat'oleek."

"Yes, yes, ecclesiastically speaking, I know. That was n't my meaning. Your smaller meaning puts my larger one out of sight; yes, just as this Cherokee hedge puts out of sight the miles of prairie fields, and even that house we just passed. No, the 'A. of U. I.,'— I love to call it that; can you guess why?" There is a venturesome twinkle in his smile, and even a playful permission in her own as she shakes her head.

"Well, I 'll tell you; it 's because it brings you and I so near together."

"Hah!" exclaims Madame Beausoleil, warningly, yet with sunshine and cloud on her brow at once. She likes her companion's wit, always so deep and yet always so delicately pointed! His hearty laugh just now disturbs her somewhat, but they are out on the wide plain again, without a spot in all the sweep of her glance where an eye or an ear may ambush them or their walking horses.

"No," insists her fellow-traveler; "I say again, as I said before, the 'A. of U. I.'—" he pauses at the initials, and Zoséphine's faint smile gives him ecstasy —"has n't done its best. And yet it has done beautifully! Why, when did you ever see such a list as this? He dexterously draws from an extensive inner breast-pocket, such as no coat but a book-agent's or a shoplifter's would be guilty of, a wide, limp, morocco-bound subscription book. "Here!" He throws it open upon the broad Texas pommel. "Now, just for curiosity, look at it — Oh! you can't see it from away off there, looking at it sideways!" He gives her a half-reproachful, half-beseeching smile and glance and gathers up his dropped bridle. They come closer. Their two near shoulders approach each other, the two elbows touch, and two dissimilar hands hold down the leaves. The two horses playfully bite at each other; it is their way of winking one eye.

"Now, first, here 's the governor's name; and then his son's, and his nephew's, and his other son's, and his cousin's. And here Pierre Cormeaux, and Baptiste Clement, you know, at Carancro; and here 's Bazilide Sexnailder, and Joseph Cantrelle, and Jacques Hebert; see? And Gaudin, and Laprade, Blouin, and Roussel,— old Christofle Roussel of Beau Bassin,— Duhon, Roman and Simonette Le Blanc, and Judge Landry, and Thériot,— Colonel Thériot,— Martin, Hebert again, Robichaux, Mouton, Mouton again, Robichaux again, Mouton — oh, I 've got 'em all! — Castille, Beausoleil — cousin of yours? Yes, he said so; good fellow, thinks you 're the greatest woman alive." The two dissimilar hands, in turning a leaf, touch, and the smaller one leaves the book. "And here 's Guilbeau, and Latiolais, and Thibodeaux, and Soudrie, and Arcenaux — flowers of the community — 'I gather them in' — and here 's a page of Côte Gelée people, and — Joe Jefferson had n't got back to the Island yet, but I 've got his son; see? And here 's — can you make out this signature? It 's written so small —"

Both heads,— with only the heavens and the dear old earth-mother to see them,— both heads bend over the book; the hand that had retreated returns, but bethinks itself and withdraws again; the eyes of Mr. Tarbox look across their corners at the sedate brow so much nearer his than ever it has been before, until that brow feels the look and slowly draws away. Look to your mother, Marguerite; look to her! But Marguerite is not there, not even in Vermillionville; nor yet in Lafayette parish; nor anywhere throughout the wide prairies of Opelousas or Attakapas. Triumph fills Mr. Tarbox's breast.

"Well," he says, restoring the book to its hiding-place, "seems like I ought to be satisfied with that; does n't it to you?"

It does; Zoséphine says so. She sees the double meaning, and Mr. Tarbox sees that she sees it, but must still move cautiously. So he says:

"Well, I 'm not satisfied. It 's perfect as far as it goes, but don't expect me to be satisfied with it. If I 've seemed satisfied, shall I tell you why it was, my dear — friend?"

Zoséphine makes no reply; but her dark eyes meeting his for a moment, and then falling to her horse's feet, seem to beg for mercy.

"It 's because," says Mr. Tarbox, while her heart stands still, "it 's because I 've made "— there is an awful pause — "more money without the 'A. of U. I.' this season than I 've made with it."

Madame Beausoleil catches her breath, shows relief in every feature, lifts her eyes with sudden brightness, and exclaims:

"Dass good! Dass mighty good, yass! '*T'is* so."

"Yes, it is; and I tell you, and you only, because I 'm proud to believe you 're my sincere friend. Am I right?"

Zoséphine busies herself with her riding-skirt, shifts her seat a little, and with studied carelessness assents.

"Yes," her companion repeats; "and so I tell you. The true business man is candid to

all, communicative to none. And yet I open my heart to you. I can't help it; it won't stay shut. And you must see, I 'm sure you must, that there 's something more in there besides money; don't you?" His tone grows tender.

Madame Beausoleil steals a glance toward him,— a grave, timid glance. She knows there is safety in the present moment. Three horsemen, strangers, far across the field in their front, are coming toward them, and she feels an almost proprietary complacence in a suitor whom she can safely trust to be saying just the right nothings when those shall meet them and ride by. She does not speak; but he says:

"You know there is, dear Jos—— friend!" He smiles with modest sweetness. "G. W. Tarbox does n't run after money, and consequently he never runs past much without picking it up." They both laugh in decorous moderation. The horsemen are drawing near; they are Acadians. "I admit I love to make money. But that 's not my chief pleasure. My chief pleasure is the study of human nature.

> "'The proper study of mankind is man.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
> The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.'

"This season I 've been studying these Acadian people. And I like them! They don't like to be reminded that they 're Acadians. Well, that 's natural; the Creoles used to lord it over them so when the Creoles were slave-holding planters and they were small farmers. That 's about past now. The Acadians are descended from peasants, that 's true, while some Creoles are from the French nobility. But, hooh! would n't any fair-minded person"— the horsemen are within earshot; they are staring at the silk hat— "Adjieu."

"Adjieu." They pass.

"— Would n't any fair-minded person that knows what France was two or three hundred years ago— show you some day in the 'Album' — about as lief be descended from a good deal of that peasantry as from a good deal of that nobility? I should smile! Why, my dear— friend, the day 's coming when the Acadians will be counted as good French blood as there is in Louisiana! They 're the only white people that ever trod this continent— island or mainland — who never on their own account oppressed anybody. Some little depredation on their British neighbors, out of dogged faithfulness to their king and church,— that 's the worst charge you can make. Look at their history! all poetry and pathos! Look at their character! brave, peaceable, loyal, industrious, home-loving—"

But Zoséphine is looking at the speaker. Her face is kindled with the inspiration of his praise. His own eyes grow ardent.

"Look at their women! Ah, Josephine, I 'm looking at one! Don't turn away.

> "'One made up
> Of loveliness alone;
> A woman, of her gentle sex
> The seeming paragon.'
>
> "'The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command.'

"You can't stop me, Josephine; it 's got to come, and come right now. I 'm a homeless man, Josephine, tired of wandering, with a heart bigger and weaker than I ever thought I had. I want you! I love you! I 've never loved anybody before in my life except myself, and I don't find myself as lovely as I used. Oh, take me, Josephine! I don't ask you to love as if you 'd never loved another. I 'll take what 's left, and be perfectly satisfied! I know you 're ambitious, and I love you for that! But I do think I can give you a larger life. With you for a wife, I believe I could be a man you need n't be ashamed of. I 'm already at the head of my line. Best record in the United States, Josephine, whether by the day, week, month, year, or locality. But if you don't like the line, I 'll throw up the 'A. of U. I.' and go into anything you say; for I want to lift you higher, Josephine. You 're above me already, by nature and by rights, but I can lift you, I know I can. You 've got no business keeping tavern; you 're one of Nature's aristocrats. Yes, you are! and you 're too young and lovely to stay a widow— in a State where there 's more men than there 's women. There 's a good deal of the hill yet to climb before you start down. Oh, let 's climb it together, Josephine! I 'll make you happier than you are, Josephine; I have n't got a bad habit left; such as I had, I 've quit; it don't pay. I don't drink, chew, smoke, tell lies, swear, quarrel, play cards, make debts, nor belong to a club— be my wife! Your daughter 'll soon be leaving you. You can't be happy alone. Take me! take me!" He urges his horse close— her face is averted— and lays his hand softly but firmly on her two, resting folded on the saddle-horn. They struggle faintly and are still; but she slowly shakes her hanging head.

"O Josephine! you don't mean no, do you? Look this way! you don't mean no?" He presses his hand passionately down upon hers. Her eyes do not turn to his; but they are lifted tearfully to the vast, unanswering sky, and as she mournfully shakes her head again, she cries,

"I dunno! I dunno! I can't tell! I got to see Marguerite."

"Well, you 'll see her in an hour, and if she — "

"Naw, naw! 't is not so; Marguerite is in New Orleans since Christmas."

Very late in the evening of that day Mr. Tarbox entered the principal inn of St. Martinville, on the Teche. He wore an air of blitheness which, though silent, was overdone. As he pushed his silk hat back on his head and registered his name with a more than usual largeness of hand, he remarked:

> "'Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long.'

"Give me a short piece of candle and a stumpy candlestick — and

> "'Take me up, and bear me hence
> Into some other chamber —'"

"Glad to see you back, Mr. Tarbox," responded the host; and as his guest received the candle and heard the number of his room,— "Books must 'a' went well this fine day."

Mr. Tarbox fixed him with his eye, drew a soft step closer, said in a low tone:

> "'My only books
> Were woman's looks,
> And folly 's all they 've taught me.'"

The landlord raised his eyebrows, rounded his mouth, and darted out his tongue. The guest shifted the candle to his left hand, laid his right softly upon the host's arm, and murmured:

"List! Are we alone? If I tell thee something, wilt thou tell it never?"

The landlord smiled eagerly, shook his head, and bent toward his speaker.

"Friend Perkins," said Mr. Tarbox, in muffled voice —

> "'So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams —'

"Don't let the newspapers get hold of it — good-night."

But it was only at daybreak that Mr. Tarbox disordered the drapery of his couch to make believe he had slept there, and at sunrise he was gone to find Claude.

VII.

'THANASE'S VIOLIN.

HAD Marguerite gone to New Orleans the better to crush Claude out of her heart? No, no! Her mother gave an explanation interesting and reasonable enough, and at the same time less uncomfortably romantic. Marguerite had gone to the city to pursue studies taught better there than in Opelousas; especially music.

Back of this was a reason which she had her mother's promise not to mention: the physician's recommendation — a change of scene. He spoke of slight malarial influences and how many odd forms they took; of dyspepsia and its queer freaks; of the confining nature of house cares, and of how often they "ran down the whole system." His phrases were French, but they had all the weary triteness of these; while Marguerite rejoiced that he did not suspect the real ailment, and Zoséphine saw that he divined it perfectly.

A change of scene. Marguerite had treated the suggestion lightly, as something amusingly out of proportion to her trivial disorder, but took pains not to reject it. Zoséphine had received it with troubled assent, and mentioned the small sugar farm and orangery of the kinsman Robichaux, down on Bayou Terrebonne. But the physician said, "If that would not be too dull"; mentioned, casually, the city, and saw Marguerite lighten up eagerly. The city was chosen; the physician's sister, living there, would see Marguerite comfortably established. All was presently arranged.

"And you can take your violin with you and study music," he said. Marguerite had one, and played it with a taste and skill that knew no competitor in all the surrounding region.

It had belonged to her father. Before she was born, all Lafayette parish had known it tenderly. Before she could talk she had danced — courtesied and turned, tiptoed and fallen and risen again, latter end first, to the gay strains he had loved to ring from it. Before it seemed safe, for the instrument, to trust it in her hands, she had learned to draw its bow; and for years, now, there had been no resident within the parish who could not have been her scholar better than to be her teacher.

When Claude came she had shut the violin in its case, and left the poor thing hidden away, despising its powers to charm, lost in self-contempt, and helpless under the spell of a chaste passion's first enchantment. When he went she still forgot the instrument for many days. She returned with more than dutiful energy to her full part in the household cares, and gave every waking hour not so filled to fierce study. If she could not follow him,— if a true maiden must wait upon faith,— at least she would be ready if fate should ever bring him back.

But one night, when she had conned her simple books until the words ran all together on the page, some good angel whispered,

"The violin!" She took it and played. The music was but a song, but from some master of song. She played it, it may be, not after the best rules, yet as one may play who, after life's first great billow has gone over him, smites again his forgotten instrument. With tears, of all emotions mingled, starting from her eyes, and the bow trembling on the strings, she told the violin her love. And it answered her:

"Be strong! be strong! you shall not love for naught. He shall — he shall come back — he shall come back and lead us into joy." From that time the violin had more employment than ever before in all its days.

So it and Marguerite were gone away to the great strange city together. The loneliness they left behind was a sad burden to Zosé-phine. No other one thing had had so much influence to make so nearly vulnerable the defenses of her heart when Mr. Tarbox essayed to storm them. On the night following that event, the same that he had spent so sleeplessly in St. Martinville, she wrote a letter to Marguerite, which, though intended to have just the opposite effect, made the daughter feel that this being in New Orleans, and all the matter connected with it, were one unmixed mass of utter selfishness. The very written words that charged her to stay on seemed to say, "Come home!"— Her strong little mother! always quiet and grave, it is true, and sometimes sad; yet so well poised, so concentrated, so equal to every passing day and hour!— she to seem — in this letter — far out of her course, adrift, and mutely and dimly signaling for aid! The daughter read the pages again and again. What could they mean? Here, for instance, this line about the mother's coming herself to the city, if, and if, and if!

The letter found Marguerite in the bosom of a family that dwelt in the old rue Bourbon, only a short way below Canal street, the city's center. The house stands on the street, its drawing-room windows opening upon the sidewalk, and a narrow balcony on the story above shading them scantily at noon. A garden on the side is visible from the street through a lofty, black, wrought-iron fence. Of the details within the inclosure, I remember best the vines climbing the walls of the tall buildings that shut it in, and the urns and vases, and the evergreen foliage of the Japan plum-trees. A little way off, and across the street, was the pleasant restaurant and salesroom of the Christian Women's Exchange.

The family spoke English. Indeed, they spoke it a great deal; and French — also a great deal. The younger generation, two daughters and a son, went much into society. Their name was that of an ancient French noble house, with which, in fact, they had no connection. They took great pains to call themselves Creoles, though they knew well enough they were Acadians. The Acadian caterpillar often turns into a Creole butterfly. Their great-grandfather, one of the children of the Nova Scotian deportation, had been a tobacco farmer on the old Côte Acadian in St. John the Baptist parish. Lake des Allemands lay, there, just behind him. In 1815, his son, their grandfather, in an excursion through the lake and bayou beyond, discovered, far south-eastward in the midst of the Grande Prairie des Allemands, a "pointe" of several hundred acres extent. Here, with one or two others, he founded the Acadian settlement of "La Vacherie," and began to build a modest fortune. The blood was good, even though it was not the blood of ancient robbers; and the son in the next generation found his way, by natural and easy stages, through Barataria and into the city, and became the "merchant" of his many sugar and rice planting kinsmen and neighbors.

It was a great favor to Marguerite to be taken into such a household as this. She felt it so. The household felt it so. Yet almost from the start they began to play her, in their social world, as their best card — when they could. She had her hours of school and of home study; also her music, both lessons and practice; was in earnest both as to books and violin, and had teachers who also were in earnest; and so she found little time for social revels. Almost all sociability is revel in New Orleans society, and especially in the society she met.

But when she did appear, somehow she shone. A native instinct in dress — even more of it than her mother had at the same age — and in manners and speech left only so little rusticity as became itself a charm rather than a blemish, suggested the sugar-cane fields; the orange grove; the plantation house with pillared porch, half-hidden in tall magnolias and laurestines and bushes of red and white camellias, higher and wider than arms can reach, and covered with their regal flowers from the ground to their tops; and the bayou front lined with moss-draped live-oaks, their noon-day shadows a hundred feet across. About her there was not the faintest hint of the country tavern. She was but in her seventeenth year; but on her native prairies, where girls are women at fourteen, seventeen was almost an advanced stage of decay. She seemed full nineteen, and a very well-equipped nineteen as social equipments went in the circle she had entered. Being a school-girl was no drawback; there are few New Orleans circles where it is; and especially not in her case, for

she needed neither to titter nor chatter,— she could talk. And then, her violin made victory always easy and certain.

Sometimes the company was largely of down-town Creoles; sometimes of uptown people,— "Americans"; and often equally of the two sorts, talking French and English in most amusing and pleasing confusion. For the father of the family had lately been made president of a small bank, and was fairly boxing the social compass in search of depositors. Marguerite had not yet discovered that — if we may drag the metaphor ashore — to enter society is not to emerge upon an unbroken table-land, or that she was not on its highest plateau. She noticed the frequency with which she encountered unaccomplished fathers, stupid mothers, rude sons and daughters, and ill-distributed personal regard; but she had the common sense not to expect more of society than its nature warrants, guessed rightly that she would find the same thing anywhere else, and could not know that these elements were less mixed with better here than in any other of the city's circles, of whose existence she had not even heard. However:

Society, at its very best, always needs, and at its best or worst always contains, a few superior members who make themselves a blessing by working a constant, tactful redistribution of individuals by their true values, across the unworthy lines upon which society ever tends to stratify. Such a person, a matron, sat with Marguerite one April evening under a Chinese lantern in the wide, curtained veranda of an Esplanade street house whose drawing-room and Spanish garden were filled with company.

Marguerite was secretly cast down. This lady had brought her here, having met her but a fortnight before and chosen her at once, in her own private counsels, for social promotion. And Marguerite had played the violin. In her four months' advanced training she had accomplished wonders. Her German professor made the statement, while he warned her against enthusiastic drawing-room flattery. This evening she had gotten much praise and thanks. Yet these had a certain discriminative moderation that was new to her ear, and confirmed to her, not in the pleasantest way, the realization that this company was of higher average intelligence and refinement than any she had met before. She little guessed that the best impression she had ever made she made here to-night.

Of course it was not merely on account of the violin. She had beauty, not only of face and head, but of form and carriage. So that, when she stood with her instrument, turning, as it were, every breath of air into music, and the growing volume of the strains called forth all her good Acadian strength of arms and hand, she charmed not merely the listening ear, but the eye, the reason, and the imagination in its freest range.

But, indeed, it was not the limitations of her social triumphs themselves that troubled her. Every experience of the evening had helped to show her how much wider the world was than she had dreamed, and had opened new distances on the right, on the left, and far ahead; and nowhere in them all could eye see, or ear hear, aught of that one without whom to go back to old things was misery, and to go on to new was mere weariness. And the dear little mother at home! — worth nine out of any ten of all this crowd — still at home in that old tavern-keeping life, now intolerable to think of, and still writing those yearning letters that bade the daughter not return! No wonder Marguerite's friend had divined her feelings, and drawn her out to the cool retreat under the shadow of the veranda lanterns.

A gentleman joined them, who had "just come," he said. Marguerite's companion and he were old friends. Neither he nor Marguerite heard each other's name, nor could see each other's face more than dimly. He was old enough to be twitted for bachelorhood, and to lay the blame upon an outdoor and out-of-town profession. Such words drew Marguerite's silent but close attention.

The talk turned easily from this to the ease with which the fair sex, as compared with the other, takes on the graces of the drawing-room. "Especially," the two older ones agreed, "if the previous lack is due merely to outward circumstances." But Marguerite was still. Here was a new thought. One who attained all those graces and love's prize also might at last, for love's sake, have to count them but dross, or carry them into retirement, the only trophies of abandoned triumphs. While she thought, the conversation went on.

"Yes," said her friend, replying to the bachelor, "we acquire them more easily; but why? Because most of us think we must. A man may find success in one direction or another, but a woman has got to be a social success or she 's a complete failure. She can't snap her fingers at the drawing-room."

"Ah!" exclaimed Marguerite, "she can if she want!" She felt the strength to rise that moment and go back to Opelousas, if only — and did not see, until her companions laughed straight at her, that the lady had spoken in jest.

"Still," said the bachelor, "the drawing-room is woman's element — realm — rather than man's, whatever the reasons may be. I had a young man with me last winter —"

"I knew it!" thought Marguerite.

"— until lately, in fact; he 's here in town now,— whom I have tried once or twice to decoy into company in a small experimental way. It 's harder than putting a horse into a ship. He seems not to know what social interchange is for."

"Thinks it 's for intellectual profit and pleasure!" interrupted the ironical lady.

"No, he just does n't see the use or fun of it. And yet, really, that 's his only deficiency. True, he listens better than he talks — overdoes it; but when a chap has youth, intelligence, native refinement, integrity, and good looks, as far above the mean level as many of our society fellows are below it, it seems to me he ought to be —"

"Utilized," suggested the lady, casting her eyes toward Marguerite and withdrawing them as quickly, amused at the earnestness of her attention.

"Yes," said the bachelor, and mused a moment. "He 's a talented fellow. It 's only a few months ago that he really began life. Now he 's outgrown my service."

"Left the nest," said the lady.

"Yes, indeed. He has invented —"

"Oh! dear!"

The bachelor was teased. "Ah! come, now; show your usual kindness; he has, really, made a simple, modest agricultural machine that — meets a want long felt. Oh! you may laugh; but he laughs last. He has not only a patent for it, but a good sale also, and is looking around for other worlds to conquer."

"And yet spurns society? Ours!"

"No, simply develops no affinity for it; would like to, if only to please me; but can't. Does n't even make intimate companions among men; simply clings to his fond, lone father, and the lone father to him, closer than any pair of twin orphan girls that ever you saw. I don't believe anything in life could divide them."

"Ah, don't you trust him! Man proposes, Cupid disposes. A girl will stick to her mother; but a man? Why, the least thing — a pair of blue eyes, a yellow curl —"

The bachelor gayly shook his head, and, leaning over with an air of secrecy, said: "A pair of blue eyes have shot him through and through, and a yellow curl is wound all round him from head to heel, and yet he sticks to his father."

"He can't live," said the lady. Marguerite's hand pressed her arm, and they rose. As the bachelor drew the light curtain of a long window aside, that they might pass in, the light fell upon Marguerite's face. It was entirely new to him. It seemed calm. Yet instantly the question smote him, "What have I done? — what have I said?" She passed, and turned to give a parting bow. The light fell upon him. She was right; it was Claude's friend, the engineer. When he came looking for them a few minutes later, he only caught, by chance, a glimpse of them, clouded in light wraps and passing to their carriage. It was not yet twelve.

Between Marguerite's chamber and that of one of the daughters of the family there was a door that neither one ever fastened. Somewhere downstairs a clock was striking three in the morning, when this door softly opened and the daughter stole into Marguerite's room in her night-robe. With her hair falling about her, her hands unconsciously clasped, her eyes starting, and an outcry of amazement checked just within her open, rounded mouth, she stopped and stood an instant in the brightly lighted chamber.

Marguerite sat on the bedside exactly as she had come from the carriage, save that a white gossamer web had dropped from her head and shoulders and lay coiled about her waist. Her tearless eyes were wide and filled with painful meditation, even when she turned to the alarmed and astonished girl before her. With suppressed exclamations of wonder and pity the girl glided forward, cast her arms about the sitting figure, and pleaded for explanation.

"It is a headache," said Marguerite, kindly but firmly lifting away the entwining arms.— "No, no, you can do nothing.— It is a headache.— Yes, I will go to bed presently; you go to yours.— No, no —"

The night-robed girl looked for a moment more into Marguerite's eyes, then sank to her knees, buried her face in her hands, and wept. Marguerite laid her hands upon the bowed head and looked down with dry eyes. "No," she presently said again, "'t is a headache. Go back to your bed.— No, there is nothing to tell; only I have been very, very foolish and very, very selfish, and I am going home tomorrow. Good-night."

The door closed softly between the two. Then Marguerite sank slowly back upon the bed, closed her eyes, and, rocking her head from side to side, said again and again, in moans that scarcely left the lips:

"My mother! my mother! Take me back! Oh! take me back, my mother! my mother!"

At length she arose, put off her attire, lay down to rest, and, even while she was charging sleep with being a thousand leagues away,— slept.

When she awoke, the wide, bright morning filled all the room. Had some sound wakened her? Yes, a soft tapping came again upon her door. She lay still. It sounded once more. For all its softness it seemed nervous and eager. A low voice came with it:

"Marguerite!"
She sprang from her pillow.—"Yes!"
While she answered, it came again:
"Marguerite!"

With a low cry she cast away the bed-coverings, threw back the white mosquito-curtain and the dark masses of her hair and started up, lifted and opened her arms, cried again, but with joy, "My mother! my mother!" and clasped Zoséphine to her bosom.

VIII.

THE SHAKING PRAIRIE.

MANIFESTLY it was a generous overstatement for Claude's professional friend to say that Claude had outgrown his service. It was true only that by and by there had come a juncture in his affairs where he could not, without injustice to others, make a place for Claude which he could advise Claude to accept, and they had parted, with the mutual hope that the separation would be transient. But the surveyor could not but say to himself that such incidents, happening while we are still young, are apt to be turning-points in our lives, if our lives are going to have direction and movement of their own at all.

St. Pierre had belted his earnings about him under the woolen sack that always bound his waist, shouldered his rifle, taken one last, silent look at the cabin on Bayou des Acadiens, stood for a few moments with his hand in Bonaventure's above one green mound in the church-yard at Grande Pointe, given it into the schoolmaster's care, and had gone to join his son. Of course, not as an idler; such a perfect woodsman easily made himself necessary to the engineer's party. The company were sorry enough to lose him when Claude went away; but no temptation that they could invent could stay him from following Claude. Father and son went one way, and the camp another.

I must confess to being somewhat vague as to just where they were. I should have to speak from memory, and I must not make another slip in topography. The changes men have made in southern Louisiana these last few years are great. I say nothing again of the vast widths of prairie stripped of their herds and turned into corn and cane fields: when I came, a few months ago, to that station on Morgan's Louisiana and Texas railroad where Claude first went aboard a railway train, somebody had actually moved the bayou, the swamp, and the prairie apart!

However, the exact whereabouts of the St. Pierres is not important to us. Mr. Tarbox, when, in search of the camp, he crossed the Teche at St. Martinville, expected to find it somewhere north-eastward, between the stream and Atchafalaya. But at the Atchafalaya he found that the work in that region had been finished three days before and that the party had been that long gone to take part in a new work down in the *prairies tremblantes* of Terrebonne parish. The Louisiana Land Reclamation Company — I think that was the name of the concern projecting the scheme. This was back in early February, you note.

Thither Mr. Tarbox followed. The "Album of Universal Information" went along and "did well." It made his progress rather slow, of course; but one of Mr. Tarbox's many maxims was, never to make one day pay for another when it could be made to pay for itself, and during this season — this Louisiana Campaign, as he called it — he had developed a new art,— making each day pay for itself several times over.

"Many of these people," he said,— but said it solely and silently to himself,—"are ignorant, shiftless, and set in their ways; and even when they 're not, they 're out of the current, as it were; they have n't headway; and so they never — or seldom ever — see any way to make money except somehow in connection with the plantations. There 's no end of chances here to a man that 's got money, sense, and nerve to use it." He wrote that to Zoséphine; but she wrote no answer. A day rarely passed that he did not find some man making needless loss through ignorance or inactivity; whereupon he would simply put in the sickle of his sharper wit and garner the neglected harvest. Or seeing some unesteemed commodity that had got out of, or had never been brought into, its best form, time, or place, he knew at sight just how, and at what expense, to bring it there, and brought it.

"Give me the gains other men pass by," he said, "and I 'll be satisfied. The saying is, 'Buy wisdom'; but I sell mine. I like to sell. I enjoy making money. It suits my spirit of adventure. I like an adventure. And if there's anything I love, it 's an adventure with money in it! But even that is n't my chief pleasure; my chief pleasure 's the study of human nature.

> "'The proper study of mankind is man.
> . . . . .
> Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
> The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.'"

This spoiling of Assyrian camps, so to speak, often detained Mr. Tarbox within limited precincts for days at a time; but "is n't that what time is for?" he would say to those he had been dealing with, as he finally snapped the band around his pocket-book; and they would respond, "Yes, that 's so."

And then he would wish them a hearty farewell, while they were thinking that at least he might know it was his treat.

Thus it was the middle of February when at Houma, the parish seat of Terrebonne, he passed the last rootlet of railway, and, standing finally under the blossoming orange-trees of Terrebonne bayou far down toward the Gulf, heard from the chief of the engineering party that Claude was not with him.

"He did n't leave us; we left him; and up to the time when we left he had n't decided where he would go or what he would do. His father and he are together, you know, and of course that makes it harder for them to know just how to move."

The speaker was puzzled. What could this silk-hatted, cut-away-coated, empearled free lance of a fellow want with Claude? He would like to find out. So he added, "I may get a letter from him to-morrow; suppose you stay with me until then." And, to his astonishment, Mr. Tarbox quickly jumped at the proposition.

No letter came. But when the twenty-four hours had passed, the surveyor had taken that same generous — not to say credulous — liking for Mr. Tarbox that we have seen him show for St. Pierre and for Claude. He was about to start on a tour of observation eastward through a series of short canals that span the shaking prairies from bayou to bayou, from Terrebonne to Lafourche, Lafourche to Des Allemands, so through Lake Ouacha into and up Barataria, again across prairie and at length, leaving Lake Cataouaché on the left, through cypress swamp to the Mississippi River, opposite New Orleans. He would have pressed Mr. Tarbox to bear him company; but before he could ask twice Mr. Tarbox had consented. They went in a cat-rigged skiff, with a stalwart negro rowing or towing whenever the sail was not the best.

"It 's all of sixty miles," said the engineer; "but if the wind does n't change or drop we can sleep to-night in Achille's hut, send this man and skiff back, and make Achille, with his skiff, put us on board the Louisiana avenue ferry-launch to-morrow afternoon."

"Who is Achille?"

"Achille? Oh! he 's merely 'Cajun pot-hunter living on a shell bank at the edge of Lake Cataouaché — with an Indian wife. Used to live somewhere on Bayou des Allemands, but last year something or other scared him away from there. He 's odd — seems to be a sort of self-made outcast. I don't suppose he 's ever done anybody any harm; but he just seems to be one of that kind that can't bear to even try to keep up with the rest of humanity; the sort of man swamps and shaking prairies were specially made for, you know. He 's living on a bank of fossil shells now,— thousands of barrels of them,— that he knows would bring him a little fortune if only he could command the intelligence and the courage to market them in New Orleans. There 's a chance for some bright man who is n't already too busy. Why did n't I think to mention it to Claude? But then neither he nor his father have got the commercial knowledge they would need. Now—" The speaker suddenly paused and, as the two men sat close beside each other under an umbrella in the stern of the skiff, looked into Mr. Tarbox's pale blue eyes, and smiled, and smiled.

"I 'm here," said Mr. Tarbox.

"Yes," responded the other, "and I 've just made out why! And you 're right, Tarbox; you and Claude, with or without his father, will make a strong team. You 've got no business to be canvassing books, you —"

"It 's my line," said the canvasser, smiling fondly and pushing his hat back,— it was wonderful how he kept that hat smooth,—"and I 'm the head of the line —

"'A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!'

"I was acquainted with Mr. Longfellow."

"Tarbox," persisted the engineer, driving away his own smile, "you know what you are; you are a born contractor! You 've found it out, and"— smiling again —"that 's why you 're looking for Claude."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Tarbox.

"Well, I told you the truth when I said I did n't know; but I have n't a doubt he 's in Vermillionville."

"Neither have I," said the book-agent; "and if I had, I would n't give it room. If I knew he was in New Jersey, still I 'd think he was in Vermillionville, and go there looking for him. And wherefore? For occult reasons."

The two men looked at each other smilingly in the eye, and the boat glided on.

The wind favored them. With only now and then the cordelle, and still more rarely the oars, they moved all day across the lands and waters that were once the fastnesses of the Baratarian pirates. The engineer made his desired observations without appreciable delays, and at night they slept under Achille's thatch of rushes.

As the two travelers stood alone for a moment next morning, the engineer said:

"You seem to be making a study of my pot-hunter."

"It 's my natural instinct," replied Mr. Tarbox. "The study of human nature comes just as natural to me as it does to a new-born duck to scratch the back of its head with its hind foot; just as natural — and easier. The pot-hunter is a study; you 're right."

"But he reciprocates," said the engineer; "he studies you."



ST. PIERRE AND BONAVENTURE IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

The student of man held his smiling companion's gaze with his own, thrust one hand into his bosom, and lifted the digit of the other: "The eyes are called the windows of the soul.—

"'And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes—'

"Have you tried to look into his eyes? You can't do it. He won't let you. He 's got something in there that he does n't want you to see."

In the middle of the afternoon, when Achille's skiff was already reëntering the shades of the swamp on his way homeward, and his two landed passengers stood on the levee at the head of Harvey's Canal with the Mississippi rolling by their feet and on its farther side the masts and spires of the city, lighted by the western sun, swinging round the long bend of her yellow harbor, Mr. Tarbox offered his hand to say good-bye. The surveyor playfully held it.

"I mean no disparagement to your present calling," he said, "but the next time we meet I hope you 'll be a contractor."

"Ah!" responded Tarbox, "it 's not my nature. I cannot contract; I must always expand. And yet — I thank you.

"'Pure thoughts are angel visitors. Be such
The frequent inmates of thy guileless breast.'

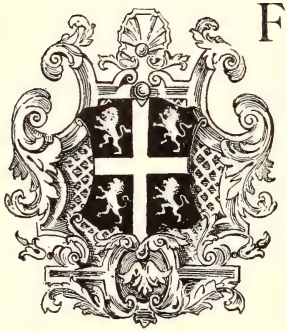
"Good luck! Good-bye!"

One took the ferry; the other, the westbound train at Gretna.

(To be continued.)

George W. Cable.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.



SEAL OF THE SEE OF DURHAM.

FROM the east we turn now to the north-east of England. Here again we find a great Norman church, but one which differs widely from the three Norman sister-churches at Ely, Peterborough, and Norwich.

Among all the cathedrals of England, Durham is perhaps the most imposing, and its situation is magnificent past rivalry. We have seen that Ely stands well; but Durham stands well in an opposite sense. At Ely nature seems to have suppressed herself that there might be no scale by which the immeasurable dignity of man's work could be computed. At Durham she seems to have built a great work of her own just that man's work might complete and crown it; not a pinnacled hill, but a broad promontory with a level summit — a lordly pedestal where sits the lordly group of structures as kings sit upon thrones the single end of whose splendor is to enhance and show their own. Lincoln's site is as grand as Durham's, but Lincoln's only; and at Lincoln beauty does not aid and soften grandeur as it does at Durham.

I.

THE history of the choosing of this site takes us very far back in time.

I have spoken of that early church which had christianized a great part of the British Islands under Roman rule. I have said that with the gradual progress of the English conquest in the fifth and sixth centuries it was swept out of sight and almost out of memory in the south and center of England; but that in the far west it lingered on, and that when the good seed from Rome had begun to bear fruit among the heathen English, it too awoke to missionary effort and played its part in the re-christianizing of the realm. Ireland was the chief nurse of this ancient faith during its long languor. But Irish monks were constantly at work in Scotland, and no early monastery was more famous than that which St. Columba established in the sixth century upon the island of Iona off the western Scottish coast.

The Northumbrian land seems not to have been christianized in British-Roman days. So far as we know, the gospel won its first conspicuous body of adherents when it was preached by Paulinus, one of the missionaries of Rome who came from Kent early in the seventh century with the daughter of Ethelbert when she married King Edwin of Northumbria. Nor was this evangelization final. In 633 Edwin was slain by Penda and Cadwalla, heathens of vigorous arm; Paulinus was obliged to flee, and the district was left again



DURHAM CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

to paganism. But when Oswald conquered it in his turn he brought back the Christian faith, which he had imbibed in Scotland, and sent to Iona for priests to help him teach his people. Among those who answered his call was Aidan, whom he made the first bishop of the new diocese he established — the diocese which is now of Durham, but was then called of Bernicia and had its first seat at Lindisfarne.

From Scotland too a little later came the great patron saint of Durham — Cuthbert. An evangelist who preached far and wide in a savage and desolate country, a hermit who lived for nine years in a rude cell on the island of Farne, and then in his turn became bishop of Bernicia, Cuthbert shares with Oswald and Aidan the honor of the final christianizing of the great north-eastern land. Thus we see it owes its faith of to-day not to St. Augustine's mission, but to the old pre-English establishment.

Cuthbert, Oswald, and Aidan were all canonized by Rome; and in their case at least the halo was worthily given, for Oswald was a kingly and a truly Christian king, and Aidan and Cuthbert were saints of the true saintly pattern. Aidan's name is less well remembered now; but St. Oswald the king and St. Cuthbert the monk are still alive in men's minds, not only at Durham, which is their monument, but wherever the outlines of Christian history are read. Oswald was slain by Penda, and his head and arms were exposed on stakes on the battle-field. But they afterwards came into ecclesiastical keeping, and the head was buried in Cuthbert's coffin.*

To Northumbria, as well as to the fen-lands, the Danes in the ninth century brought their swords and torches. The monks of Lindisfarne fled before them carrying the holy coffin. For eight years they wandered until, in 883, they settled at an old Roman station — Chester-le-Street — which was given them by a christianized Danish king. Thence they removed again, and again for fear of the rovers, about a century later. First they sat at Ripon for a few months, and then they turned back northward, doubtless encouraged to think once more of Chester-le-Street. But when they reached a spot a little to the eastward of Durham, St. Cuthbert caused his coffin to remain immovable for three days and then made known his

* One of the "incorruptible arms" we have already heard of at Peterborough.

wish to be sepultured where the cathedral now stands. The first church constructed here was of wood. But at the end of four years it had already been replaced by one of stone, which stood until after the Conquest and the stones of which, perhaps, now form a part of the Normans' reconstruction.

II.

THERE were times and places when the first thought of a monastic colony was for comfort and retirement, for fertile surroundings and facilities of access. But in the north of England in Danish days inaccessibility, impregnability, was the thing to be desired; and St. Cuthbert showed wonderful posthumous sagacity in selecting the final home of his perplexed, itinerant "congregation."

There is a large town now where there was then a wilderness; a wide-spreading, busy town overhung, though faintly, by that gray smoke-cloud which is the invariable sign in England of commercial life; a town so modern in mood that it is hard to think of it as but an alien growth from an old monastic root. It lies chiefly to the eastward of the church, stretching out far to north and south, and divided again and again by the quick S-like curves of the River Wear — a stream which is not a sluggish canal like the Ouse at Ely, but even to American eyes a fine little river bordered by woods that have a true forest look. All along the western bank these woods extend, and up the face of that great steep rock on the eastern bank which supports the church, jutting out like a bold promontory and clasped on three sides by a horse-shoe curve of the stream. Where the cliff is steepest towards the west rises the front of the cathedral, close above the thick clambering trees. To the south its long side overlooks the monastic buildings and the shady gardens which touch the Wear. To the northward, at some distance but still on the same plateau, springs sheer with the face of the rock a great castle founded by the Conqueror.

Castle and church together form a group and hold a station which we sometimes find paralleled on the Continent but nowhere in England. And I think there can be nothing else in England, or in all the world, quite like the walk which we may take along the river's opposite bank, following its many bends, passing its high-arched bridges, having the forest on the one hand and on the other the matchless panorama man has worked from nature's bold and fine suggestions.

The usual approach to the promontory is, of course, from the town behind it. Through a steep, narrow street we come up near the castle, and thence, beyond the broad flat Castle Green, we see the north side of the church filling the whole view from left to right — from the crowding houses about its eastern to the crowding trees about its western end.

III.

THE old monastic "congregation of St. Cuthbert" had lapsed into "secular" ways before the Normans came. But the second Norman bishop, William of Carilef, made radical changes, bringing in monks from Wearmouth and Jarrow, and establishing a great Benedictine house at Durham. On his return from a three-years exile — the price he paid for his share in the rebellion against William Rufus — he set about building himself a new cathedral too. Its foundation stones were laid beneath the eastern end of the choir in 1093, and in the four short years which remained to him Carilef seems to have completed the choir, the eastward wall of the transepts, the crossing with its tower, the adjacent first bay of the nave-arcade, and the two long outer (aisle) walls of the nave.

Three years after his death Ralph Flambard, William Rufus's famous chancellor, was appointed bishop. During these years the monks had nearly completed the transepts, and Flambard completed the whole of the nave and its aisles (excepting the roofs) and the western towers up to the same height as the walls. During another interregnum, which followed his death in 1128, the monks roofed-in his nave and aisles; and the western towers were finished in the Transitional period.

The windows throughout the church have been enlarged from time to time. The east end of the choir was conspicuously changed in the thirteenth century, and the vaulting of its central alley was renewed. In the fifteenth century the central tower was injured by lightning, and its upper portions had to be rebuilt. But with these exceptions the whole vast Norman body remains as first constructed. The Puritans dealt gently with it too — almost all the damage wrought by the passage of eight centuries stands accredited to the "restorations" of the last hundred years.

IV.

APPROACHING the church across the Castle Green, we enter by what has been the chief doorway since the thirteenth century — a doorway towards the western end of the north aisle. Thence we see at once how greatly the interior design of Durham differs from that of the typical Norman church.

The vertical proportioning is quite unlike what we have seen in the eastern districts — the main arcade is much higher and the triforium arcade relatively lower. Instead of a



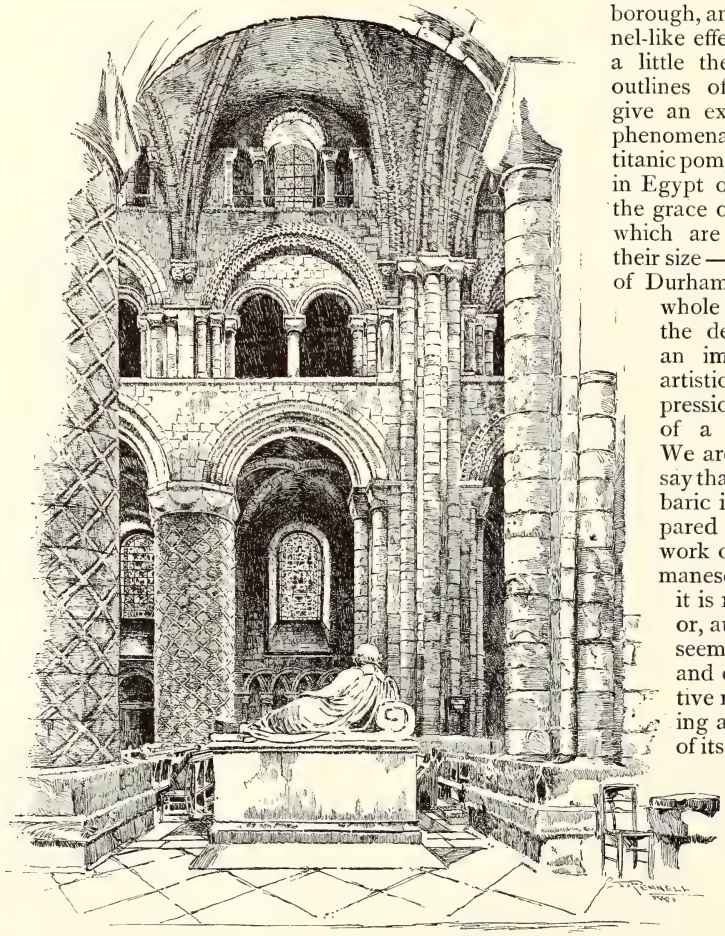
THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL, WITH THE CASTLE TO THE LEFT.

succession of rectangular piers with attached semi-shafts, such piers alternate with immense cylindrical ones, not shafted or molded, but merely decorated with deep incised lines forming various patterns — spirals, flutings, and reticulations. From end to end the design is the same: Flambard did but carry on the scheme of St. Carilef with minor constructive improvements and a richer amount of detail.

Circular piers occur not seldom in the Romanesque work of every land; but they were nowhere so grandly used as in England, and nowhere in England so grandly and so beautifully as in this north-eastern district. Nowhere else was the rest of the scheme so well designed with regard to them; nowhere else were their own proportions so fine, or were they decorated by these strong incised patterns. Dur-

ham itself is the supreme example of their possibilities of power and splendor.

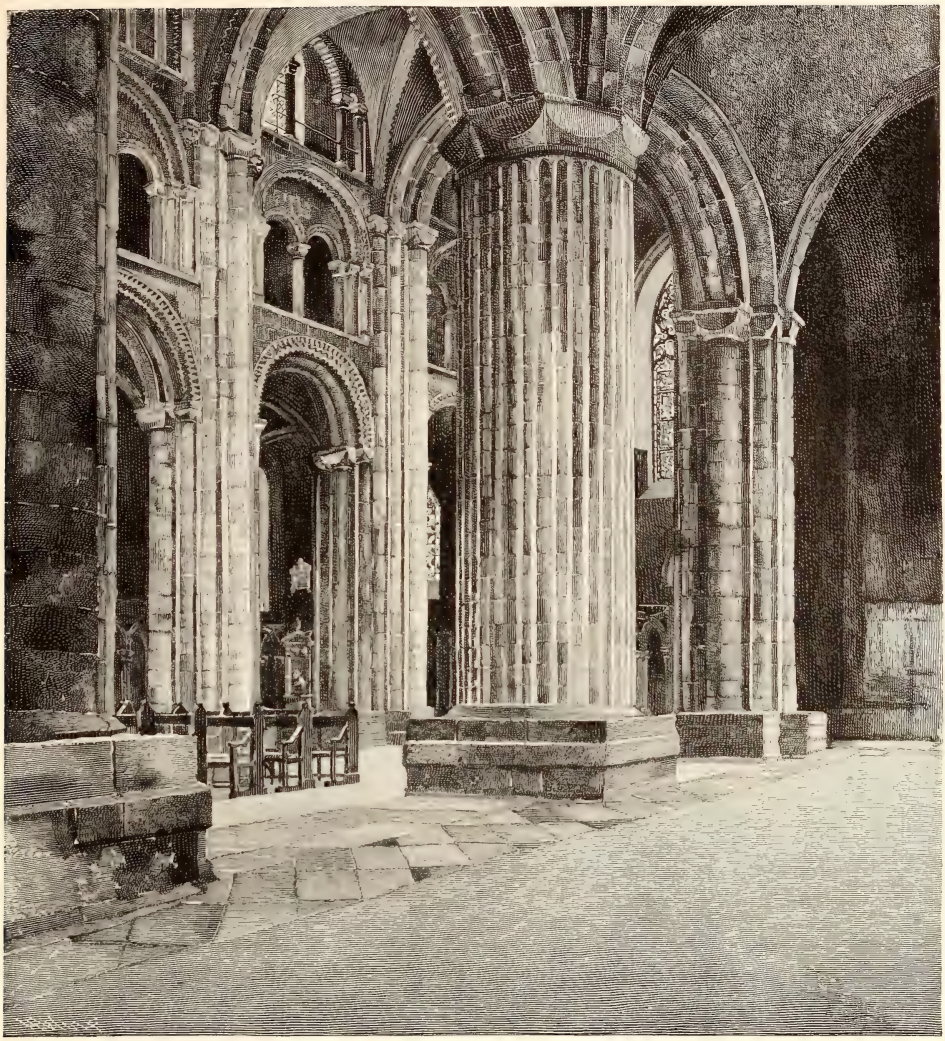
A circular pier like one of these is not a column. Its body is far too sturdy to be called a shaft, and is built up, moreover, of a multitude of small stones; and its capital is of such relative insignificance as hardly to deserve the name. A round pier, in fact, is but a circular mass of walling, and its capital is little more than a cornice or impost curved around it. Such a pier, if perfectly plain, is more satisfactory to the eye than a perfectly plain rectangular pier; and it is much easier to design and build than a shafted rectangular pier. Some have thought, therefore, that it may have been the primitive English device here in the barbarous north — that Carilef may have got his idea for it from those old-English churches which he and his fellow-countrymen so utterly swept away. It is much more certain, however, that the peculiar decoration he applied to it was a survival of old-English fashions.



FLAMBARD'S WORK IN THE NAVE.

The thing that is very sure indeed is that by its aid Carilef and Flambard succeeded in making their interior the most imposing, the most magnificent, of its time. The greater height of the main arcade, which involves, of course, a greater height in the aisles beyond, gives a much nobler air of space and size and vigor than is seen at Ely or at Peterborough, and takes away that tunnel-like effect which distresses one a little there. The contrasting outlines of the alternated piers give an extraordinary majesty, a phenomenal force and dignity, a titanic pomp which can be matched in Egypt only. There is none of the grace of Egyptian columns — which are true columns, despite their size — in the cylindrical piers of Durham; and the design as a whole gives perhaps less than the design of Peterborough an impression of complete artistic development, an impression as of the final word of a long-developing style. We are somewhat tempted to say that Durham is almost barbaric in its grandeur as compared either with Egyptian work or with much other Romanesque work. But in reality it is not barbaric. If its vigor, audacity, and immensity seem to speak of the likings and darings of some primitive race, its fine proportioning and the reticent dignity of its decorations speak very clearly of cultivated, practiced builders, clever of hand and sensitive of eye. It is so splendid, so triumphantly impressive, solemn, awful, and yet beautiful, that when possessed by the spell of its presence we feel as though it had no peer in all the world.

In one way it is not only grander but more perfect, more complete, than any other Anglo-Norman church. All its parts are vaulted. The choir-vault was renewed in the thirteenth century. But the nave-vault is still the same that was built in late-Norman days; and though its main ribs are pointed, it has a thoroughly Norman look, owing to the massive simplicity of its design and the bold zigzags

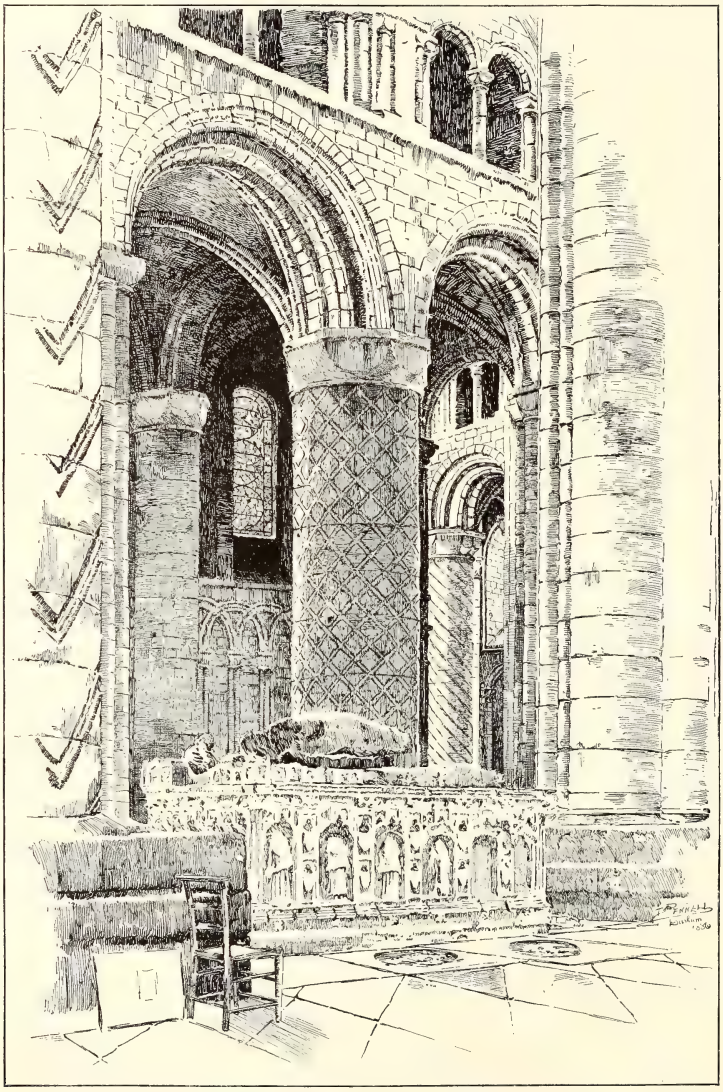


THE WEST END OF THE NAVE FROM THE SOUTH AISLE.

which enrich its ribs. Of course such a vault is not only finer in itself than a flat ceiling but makes the whole effect far finer, giving added height and greater unity as well as an infinitely nobler look of strength. An impression of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration" is what Dr. Johnson said he received at Durham when starting on his Scottish tour; but all his most sesquipedalian adjectives could not have translated the impression it really produces.

It is worth noting, too, that its effect must always have been pretty much what it is today. So few remains of paint have been found upon Durham's walls that it seems improbable that any general scheme of chromatic decoration was ever applied to them. Nor is the eye impelled, as in so many other cases, to clothe them with imagined hues. Color could hardly add to the beauty of this interior where the stone is so softly warm in tone and where the design is so complete, in spite of its boldness and simplicity, that nakedness is the last word which could come to mind. It is wonderful to see what extraordinary decorative emphasis is given by so simple a device as the incising of the circular piers — what an accent of richness and vivacity it brings to the seriousness of the immense design. It has been thought that the lines may once have been filled with metal or with colored pastes; but no traces of a filling have been found. The incisions are far deeper than a preparation for

it would have dictated; and, again, the eye does not imagine it desirable. No colored lines, however brilliant, could be so effective as the absolute black lines of shadow which are now contrasted with the gradually shading,



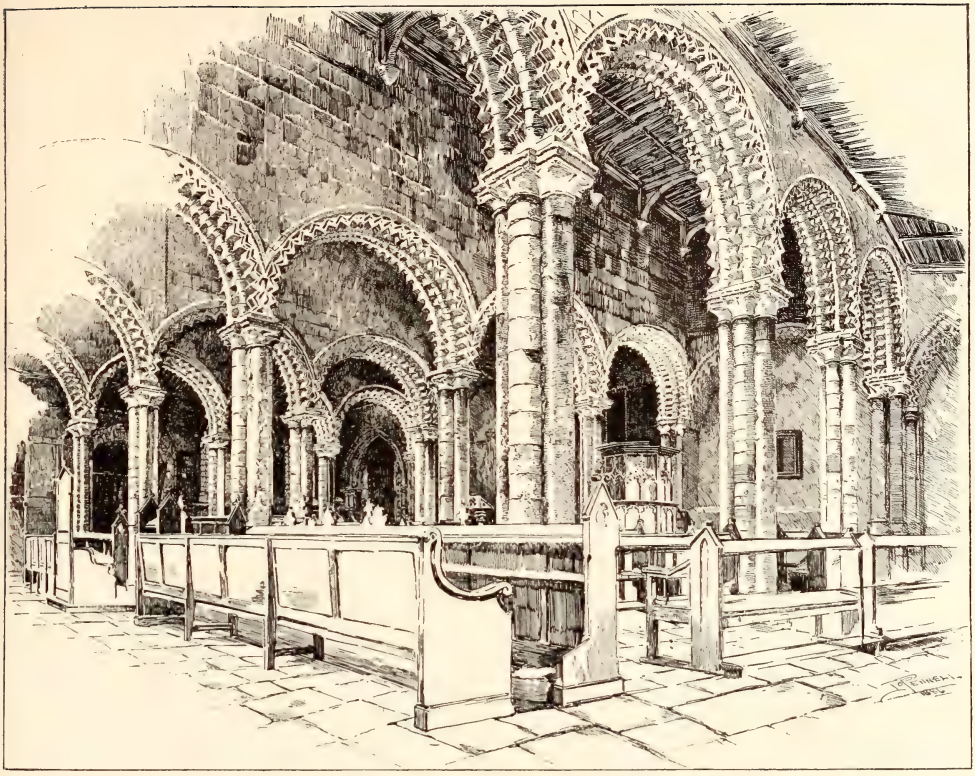
ACROSS THE NAVE AND THE TRANSEPT.

pale-yellow tones of the rounded surfaces. *The minimum of means with the maximum of effect* is always a sentence of praise, and I have rarely seen it quite so well deserved as by these decorations at Durham.

V.

THE western doors were originally the main entrances to the church, opening from the flat margin of the cliff; but soon after 1150 Bishop Hugh de Puiset (who was a nephew of King Stephen and is commonly called Bishop Pudsey) covered this part of the rock, quite out to the embowering trees which thence descend the steep slope to the Wear, by a large and lovely Galilee-chapel of a single story in height.

Galilees — narthexes, "Galilees of the Gentiles," sacred spots only less sacred than the church itself — are of frequent occurrence; but usually they are mere porches or vestibules, like the one before the west door of Ely. Durham's Galilee, however, is not a porch, for it has no entrance save from the church



THE GALILEE-CHAPEL.

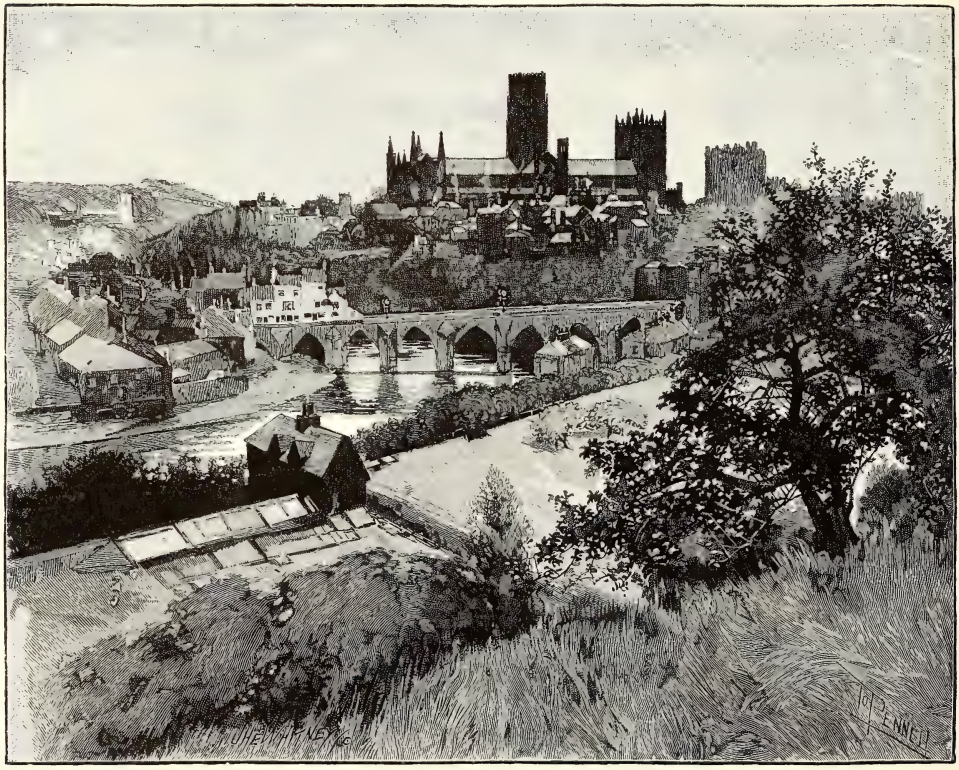
itself; and it is a Lady-Chapel as well as a narthex. The reason for its peculiar composite character is to be found in the single fault which tradition fastens upon Cuthbert. He had a very pronounced hatred or contempt for women,— or may we not give gentler explanation to the foible of so gentle a saint and think that he had a very godly fear of them for which he felt some good human excuse deep down within his holy bosom? Centuries after his death his susceptibilities were guarded by the builders of Durham. Far away from his shrine, near the west end of the nave, they worked a white line across the pavement and with almost Mohammedan scorn forbade a feminine foot to cross it. When at last men threatened to forget his jealousy, the saint himself remonstrated. Bishop Pudsey tried first to build the Blessed Virgin's chapel in the usual place (eastward of the choir); but the foundations refused to bear their load, and this was, of course, "a manifest sign" that the work "was not acceptable to God and to his servant Cuthbert." So he piously began again westward of the nave where, as the foundations rested upon the rock itself, no supernatural mandate checked him; and, seeming to have thought the ewes of his flock harshly treated, he made his chapel a Galilee as well, "into which women might lawfully enter." Why, indeed, should he not have been more sympathetically minded than St. Cuthbert?— since the first body which claimed interment within his walls was that of his own illegitimate son, another Hugh de Puiset who had been Chancellor to Louis VII. of France.

But the most famous tomb in this chapel is that of the Venerable Bede. Few saints or sinners so far away in time as Bede are of so vital an interest and value to modern men; and with regard to few have we such good reason to believe that their bones really rest in their reputed sepulcher. Bede was a monk at Jarrow, and his bones reposed there from the eighth to the early eleventh century, when they were most piously stolen by the sacrist of Durham and placed in Cuthbert's hospitable coffin. Pudsey built for them a separate and splendid shrine which, two hundred years later, was removed into his chapel. The Reformers destroyed it, but reburied the bones beneath a square plain tomb; and here they were found, upon examination, in the year 1830. Not until this time was cut the epitaph we now may read:

"HAC SUNT IN FOSSÆ BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA."

But its words are of high traditional antiquity, and, of course, not of a mere man's inditing. When the early sculptor paused to search for a fitting adjective, an angel supplied the one which is now invariably coupled with the historian's name.

It is a singular and very beautiful chapel beneath which he sleeps. Built in the Transitional period, it has round-arched arcades which divide it into five aisles of almost equal height. The arches are elaborately molded and carved with many rows of zigzags, and they rested at first upon coupled columns of dark marble, the bases and capitals of which were joined, but not the shafts. So tall and slender are the forms, so fragile and airy-looking, so graceful and charming, that despite the round arches and the zigzags, their effect is not truly Romanesque. Nor is it truly Gothic. It is an effect nowhere exactly matched in English or any Northern work — an effect which by a scarcely strained comparison more than one writer has called "almost Saracenic." To-day it is not so light and delicate as when the eye could pass between the coupled shafts, for in later years two other shafts, not of dark marble, like the old ones, but of stone, were added to each group, forming a solid, molded pier. Originally, too, the chapel had lower side walls and much smaller windows than we see to-day. No west window gives an unobstructed outward view; but by effort we may get a partial glimpse of the splendid panorama that stretched out before the doorways of the church ere this chapel was constructed.



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH.

For the sake of this panorama the chapel came very nigh to perishing a hundred years ago. The thrice-notorious "restorer," Wyatt, proposed to pull it down and run a driveway round the cliff, and the Dean had no thought of objecting until the Society of Antiquaries interfered.

VI.

THE next addition to the church was that great construction which is called the Eastern Transept, or the Chapel of the Nine Altars. Begun in the Early-English period, and fin-

ished in the Decorated, its design is among the most beautiful results of the earlier style, and its details are among the loveliest both of the earlier and the later. It was to connect this chapel with the church that the eastern end of the choir was pulled down. In place of the original apse and the aisle-ends, three huge arches now open out, giving a full view of the newer building.

Its floor lies lower than the floor of the aisles, which itself is lower than that of the choir proper. Its width is greater than the whole width of the church, and its height as great as that of the choir-ceiling. No rows of columns break this vast and soaring space, and the simply designed but delicately enriched vault sweeps overhead in magnificent wide curves. The long eastern and the shorter southern wall are divided into bays of different widths by great clusters of shafts which bear the vaulting-ribs; and in all the bays are tall lancet windows. Three stand together in the wide bay which forms the center of the east wall. Above these is a great rose-window, ninety feet in circumference, and above all the others are large clere-story lights. The north side is filled instead with a single great Decorated window with admirable geometric tracery.

To the west, towards the church, the central archway rises to the ceiling, and is blocked below by the choir-floor, which projects as a high square platform. Upon this platform, within the choir but visible from the chapel, stood St. Cuthbert's shrine. Beneath the aisle-arches are the steps by which we enter from the church. Above them are triforium-arcades and clere-story windows looking out over the aisle-roofs, and beyond them again are tall lancet windows in double ranges.

All around the chapel beneath the windows and across the face of the platform runs a graceful arcade with trefoiled arches and dark marble shafts, its rich details having grown from lovely Early-English to lovelier Decorated as the work grew from east to west. Beneath the arcade against the eastern wall stood the nine altars from which the chapel took its name, some dedicated to a single saint and some to two together.

It would be hopeless to try to paint the beauty of this chapel where the simplicity of the design was so exquisitely enriched, yet so well preserved, by the decorations. The ancient figured glass has perished and the ancient painted color. Many of the lancets still keep the traceries with which they were filled in the Perpendicular period, and the rose-window — clearly seen through the great choir-arch from the very west end of the church — was rebuilt by Wyatt. But the traceries do not really hurt the effect save to a purist's eye. The modern glass is unusually good, except in one window where it is phenomenally bad. Most of the sculptor's work remains, and all the striking color which the architect produced by setting against his pale-yellow stone great shafts and capitals of black polished marble beautifully flecked with fossil shells. To the modern architect the most remarkable points about the chapel are the way in which the vaulting-ribs were made to unite and harmonize the alien western and eastern walls, and the way in which the end of the church was altered so that the transition between plain massive Norman and light elaborate Pointed work might not be too abrupt. Among all the examples of constructive ingenuity and of artistic feeling that I saw in England there was none which impressed me quite so forcibly as the management of this transition.

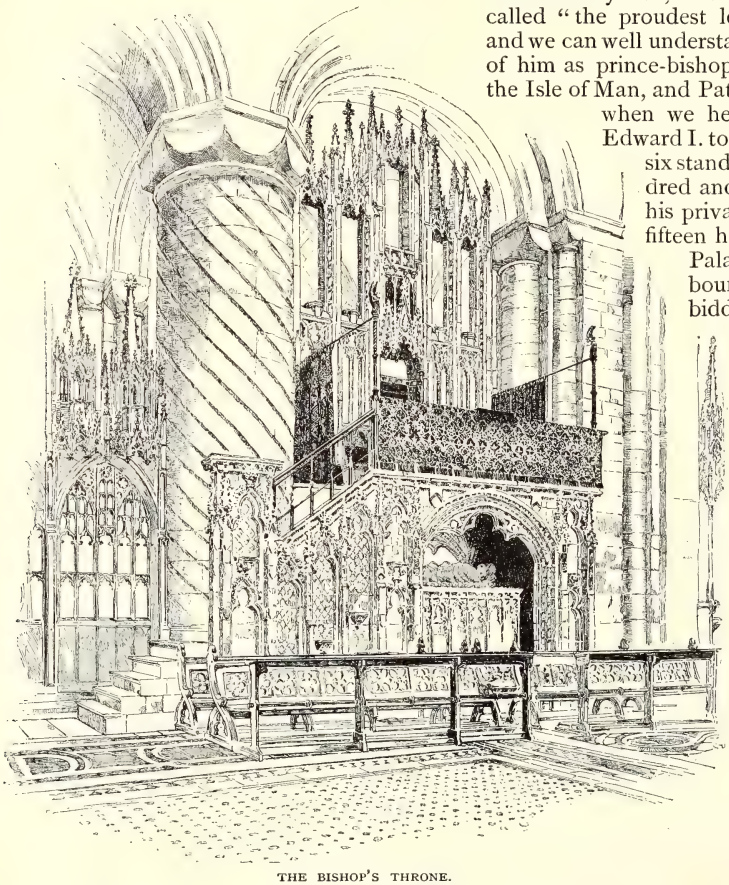
"The Nine Altars" was proposed and prepared for by Bishop Le Poore, begun in 1248 by Melsanby, the prior of the convent under Bishop Farnham, and finished probably under Bishop Robert of Holy Island — about forty years having gone to its perfecting. Who was its actual designer it were hard to say, but the name of one architect concerned with it has been accidentally preserved. Local documents always call it the *nova fabrica;* and in one such document, a real-estate conveyance now in the chapter-library, a witness is written down as *Magister Ricardus de Farinham tunc architector novæ fabricæ Dunelm.* It is more than possible that this Richard Farnham may have been a relative of Bishop Farnham. But whoever he was, and however great or small his share in the chapel, we are glad for him that he has thus fortuitously emerged from that medieval limbo which is filled by so many great artists' nameless shades.

VII.

DURHAM'S site is something more than the grandest and most beautiful in England. The picture made by rocky pedestal and rock-like church and castle is uniquely interesting not only as a painter's subject but as an historical illustration too; for it clearly expresses a combination of temporal with spiritual might and dignity which was unique in the kingdom of England.

In Norman days the bishops of Durham were made palatine-princes as well — were allowed to rule over a wide surrounding district with almost autocratic powers and privileges. Thenceforward for four hundred years they were the judicial and military as well as the spiritual lords of their people. They owed the king feudal service, but they owed him little else. Those who did wrong within their borders were said to have broken not the peace

of the king but the peace of the bishop; and with the bishop rested the power of life and death even when murder or when treason itself was in question. The bishops of Ely were the only other prelates in England to whom palatine powers were given; and at Ely these powers meant very much less in practice than they did among the successors of Cuthbert. No English lords save the palatine-counts of Chester equaled in degree of independent authority and local influence the palatine-bishops of Durham. Far from the center of royal rule, the king was content to let them do as they liked with their own, asking in return that they should keep a keen eye and a strong hand upon the ever threatening, often flaming Scottish Border.



THE BISHOP'S THRONE.

As a consequence, the bishops of Durham figure on history's page more like great military than like great ecclesiastical rulers. Sometimes they were high-placed functionaries at the court of the king, as were so many of the bishops of Ely; but more often they remained in their own diocese, lording it in that great castle which served them instead of a palace, or fighting the Scotch, now single-handed and now beneath the banner of the king.

The most powerful and splendid of them all was Anthony Bek, who died in 1310. He was called "the proudest lord in Chrestientie"; and we can well understand why when we read of him as prince-bishop of Durham, king of the Isle of Man, and Patriarch of Jerusalem — when we hear how he went with Edward I. to Scotland with twenty-six standard-bearers and a hundred and sixty-four knights as his private following and with fifteen hundred soldiers of the Palatinate who were also bound to do his personal bidding, and when we learn how the "court of Durham" exhibited in his day all the pomp and etiquette of a royal household. "Nobles addressed the palatine sovereign kneeling, and instead of menial servants knights waited in his presence-chamber and at his table bareheaded and standing. . . . . His liberality knew no bounds, and he regarded no expenses, however enormous, when placed in competition with any object of pleasure or magnificence." Even the great king Edward was moved to fear or envy by his wealth and power and, perhaps, ambition. But Edward II. took him back into favor, and he remained bishop and prince till his death. He spent much on buildings as well as in every other way; yet he left greater riches behind him than any of his forerunners. Despite his extravagance and pomp he is described as an active, industrious, and singularly temperate man.

It is impossible here to hint at even the most remarkable bishops who filled this potent chair, or at even the most important wars in which they played conspicuous parts — wars which sometimes eddied about the very foot of the pedestal where their church and castle stood. Even the private history of the monastery might furnish forth a long and lively chapter,

for the monks of Durham seem to have been almost as turbulent as the people of the Border; or else the bishops ruled them with a hand made heavy by long wielding of temporal weapons. Feuds within the convent were constantly occurring, and long and bitter disputes about the episcopal succession; and more than once there was riot, if not bloodshed, within the very walls of the church.

History and poetry have done even more than constructive art to make the name of this cathedral famous. "Half house of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," it is constantly pictured by bards and chroniclers from those of the earliest time down to that modern singer who interweaves its grandeur with the tale of Marmion. Whenever, wherever we find it referred to, it is not as the mere resting-place of some saint beloved of pilgrims, or as the mere sponsor of some prelate whose life was not in close actual connection with its own, but as the veritable as well as the spiritual home of mighty rulers, as itself a mighty stronghold and the center of local military life. Truly the records of these English sees are as diverse among themselves as each is in itself picturesquely varied. Far more than was the case with any other English see, the power of Durham *made* the power of the men who sat on its throne. For a parallel to the rôle it played in history we must look abroad — to the great episcopal fortress-towns of France or to the great electoral bishoprics of Germany. Thus, I repeat, its marvelously beautiful position — set on its truculent rock and supported by its frowning castle — has an even greater historic than pictorial value.



THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM DUN COCO LANE.

VIII.

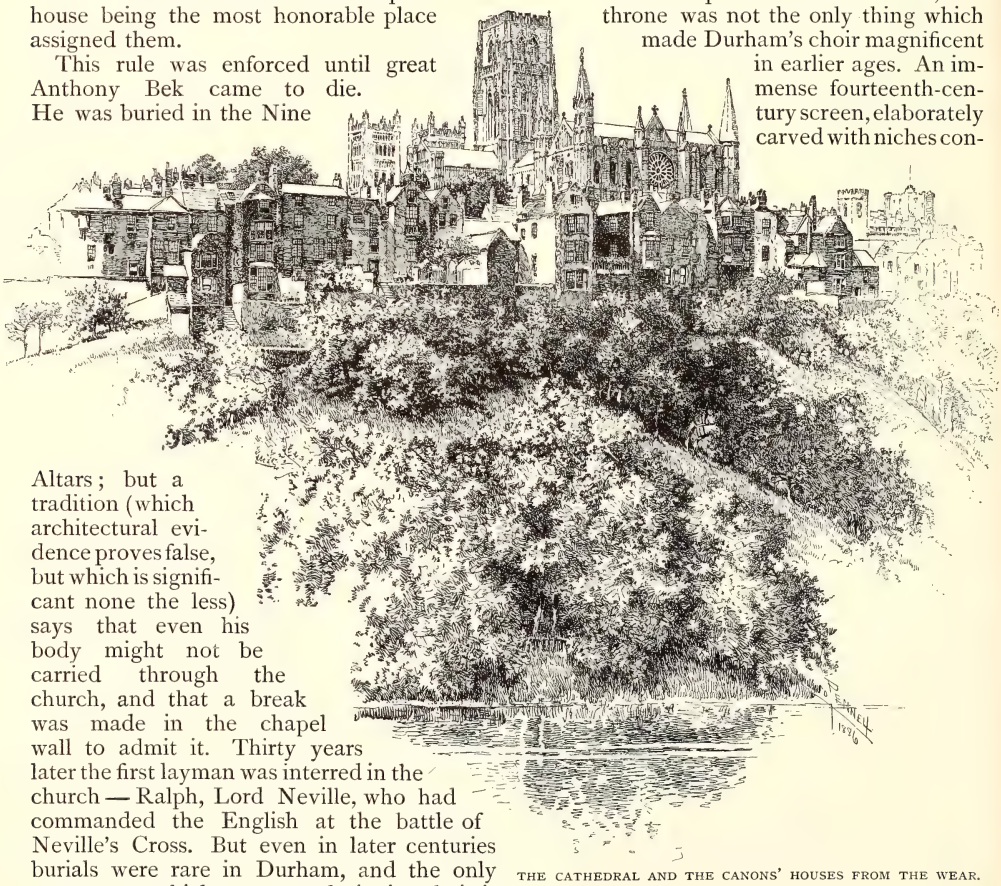
At Canterbury primate, abbot, and warrior, prince and king, were sepultured close about St. Thomas, the posthumous association being thought to honor and to profit them and in no way to dishonor or displease the martyr. It was thus at Westminster around the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and in almost all medieval churches in all countries. But it was

very different at Durham. Never was a dead saint so "exclusive" as St. Cuthbert. Not only all feet of living women but all bones of departed men were strictly forbidden to approach his thrice-holy shrine or even to rest beneath the wide-stretching roof which covered it. Naturally no king or prince sought burial at Durham; and local dignitaries, even though as potent as Flambard himself, were interred outside the church — the chapter-house being the most honorable place assigned them.

This rule was enforced until great Anthony Bek came to die. He was buried in the Nine Altars; but a tradition (which architectural evidence proves false, but which is significant none the less) says that even his body might not be carried through the church, and that a break was made in the chapel wall to admit it. Thirty years later the first layman was interred in the church — Ralph, Lord Neville, who had commanded the English at the battle of Neville's Cross. But even in later centuries burials were rare in Durham, and the only monument which now stands in its choir is that of Bishop Hatfield, who died in 1381. It was built by himself, and is surely one of the most self-asserting of all such anticipatory memorials.

The tomb proper is low and modest enough — a mere sarcophagus, upon which lies an alabaster figure of the prelate. But above this, forming a vast structure which seems to exist simply to protect and honor it, rises the episcopal throne. Here every subsequent bishop has sat, and with each must have seemed to sit the spirit of Hatfield. No such splendid *cathedra* was ever built elsewhere in England; but its splendor is wholly appropriate as expressing the paramount temporal power of Durham's incumbents. This is the throne not of a bishop merely but of a prince-palatine as well. Now that the old palatine powers and privileges have gone to the Crown, one may think perhaps that Queen Victoria has a better right to sit in it than the ecclesiastic who preserves so scant a shred of temporal authority.

But despite the lack of tombs, this throne was not the only thing which made Durham's choir magnificent in earlier ages. An immense fourteenth-century screen, elaborately carved with niches containing more than a hundred figures, rose behind the high altar. Lines of carved stalls encircled the "singers' choir." At the end of the north aisle, near the Nine Altars, "was the goodliest fair porch, which was called the Anchorage, having a marvelous fair rood with the most exquisite pictures of Mary and John, with an altar for a monk to say daily mass, being in ancient times inhabited with an anchorite. . . ." Opposite, at the end of the south aisle, was a screen "all adorned with fine wainscot work and curious painting," in front of which stood the "Black Rood of Scotland," taken from King David



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE CANONS' HOUSES FROM THE WEAR.

at the battle of Neville's Cross, made of silver and "being, as it were, smoked all over." At the western end of the north aisle stood another "porch" and rood; and, of course, the greatest screen of all shut off the choir proper from the rest of the church, standing just west of the crossing, flanked by the great Neville chantry.

English Puritans seem to have spared the furnishings as well as the body of Durham. But much damage was done by Scottish prisoners who were confined within it in 1650; more was done by renovations in the last century; and still more by "restorations" in our own. Everything has gradually been swept out of the choir except the throne, which has lost its color and gilding; the altar-screen, which now lacks its hundred figures; and the stalls, which were sadly cut and altered some forty years ago. At this time too a splendid Renaissance choir-screen (built by Bishop Cosin, in 1660, to replace the ruined ancient one of stone) was ruthlessly destroyed. Its superb carvings of black oak seemed to modern purists out of keeping with a medieval interior, though in reality they must have harmonized well with the heavy Norman forms about them; and modern eyes thought it a pity that there should not be a "clear view" from end to end of the great church, though no such view would have been tolerated by its builders — the choir being the monks' and the nave the laity's place of worship. The present screen is a fragile, undignified tracery of silvered metal — "pure" pseudo-Gothic, very likely, but very certainly a more inappropriate feature than was the massive wooden structure of which a few fragments may be studied in the castle.

IX.

But the supreme ornament of Durham's choir was St. Cuthbert's shrine.

This stood, as has been said, back of the high altar on a floor raised above the pavement of the aisles and projecting like a platform into the Nine Altars. Steps for the use of pilgrims led up from the aisles, and doors in the altar-screen admitted the ecclesiastics. The shrine, as we read of it, was rebuilt in 1380. A base of green marble was worked into four seats where cripples or invalids might get rest and healing; and upon this base stood a great work of enamel and gold sprinkled with princely jewels, containing "the treasure more precious than gold or topaz" and shadowed by that banner of St. Cuthbert which went so often over the Border, and by many another flag dedicated by an English or captured from a Scottish hand.

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry's "visitors" broke open the shrine and within it found St. Cuthbert "lying whole, uncorrupt, with his face bare, and his beard as of a fortnight's growth, and all his vestments about him. . . ." They destroyed the shrine, but respected the body and reburied it beneath the floor — and this by express order of the king, the saint of Durham having incited to superstition merely and not, like the saint of Canterbury, to treason too.

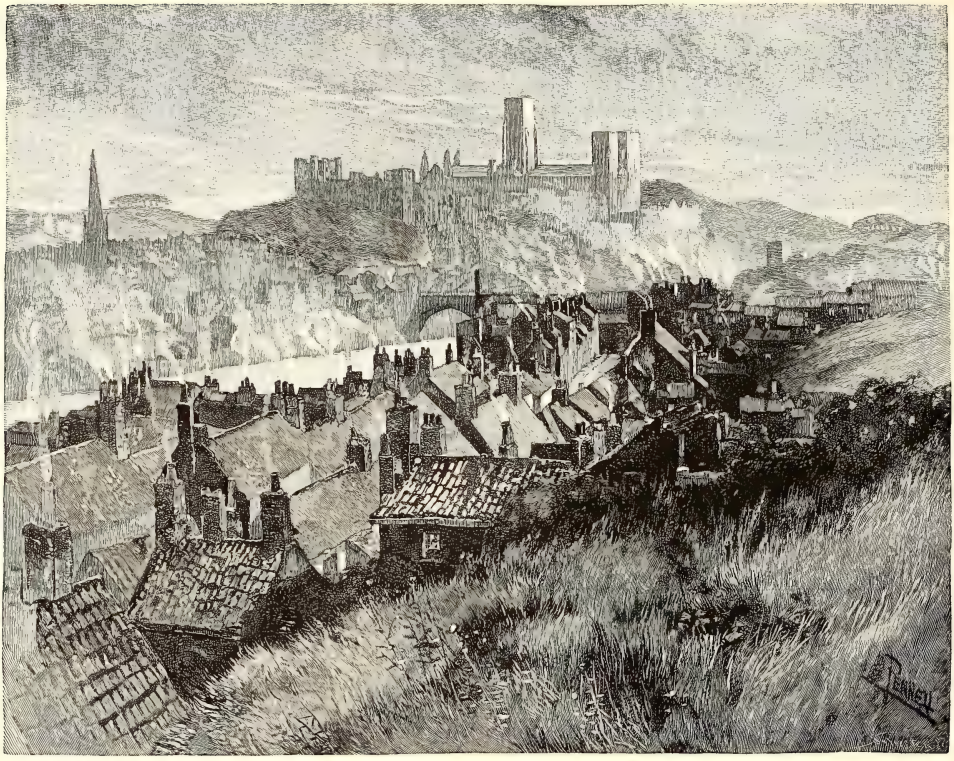
In 1827 the tomb was again opened, and in the presence of more scientific observers. In it was found the coffin which had been made by Henry's officers in 1542; within this, the successive fragments of two other coffins, evidently by their decorations those of the second interment at Durham in Flambard's time (1104), and of the original interment at Lindisfarne in 698; and then a skeleton wrapped in the rags of once-rich robes, and a second skull. The bones were reverentially replaced, but the various other objects found in the tomb may now be seen in the chapter-library — an ivory comb; a tiny oaken portable altar plated with silver; an exquisitely embroidered stole and maniple of old English workmanship; another, later, maniple; part of a girdle and two bracelets woven of gold and scarlet threads; a gold cross set with garnets, at least as ancient as St. Cuthbert's own time; and pieces of rich figured robes of Byzantine or Sicilian origin. The altar and the comb agree with a description given of the contents of the coffin when it was examined in 1104; and the more ancient embroideries have been identified by the lettering they bear as those which Athelstan is recorded to have given to the shrine when he visited it at Chester-le-Street, in the year 934. Can the most skeptical doubt that here again, as by the tomb of Bede, such sentiment as he may have to spend will not be wasted on mendacious bones? Surely here beneath the pavement of Durham's choir must veritably sleep the body of St. Cuthbert the monk and the head of St. Oswald the king.



A DOOR-KNOCKER.

X.

The west front of Durham is one of the very finest in England. Its rich yet simple Norman and Transitional features are enliv-



DURHAM FROM THE RAILROAD STATION.

ened but not disturbed by the great middle window that was inserted in the Decorated period; and the projecting Galilee seems not at all out of place, as the nearness and the steepness of the cliff hardly lead one to expect that here the main entrance will be found.

The huge imperial majesty, though not the beauty, of the building is best realized from the Castle Green, where the whole north side lies unshrouded before us. But here too we most clearly see, on near approach, how fortunate it would have been had Wyatt and others like him never been born. In ignorant distrust of the effects which the "weathering" of seven centuries had wrought, they flayed and cut and pared the mighty surface with a pitiless hand, removing in many places several inches' depth of stone and actually casing the central tower with cement! As much as possible has been done in recent years to repair their ravage. But the beautiful color and texture which time alone can give have perished, and the planed-off inches have left the moldings and window-jambs so shallow that the old accent of massiveness and force is hopelessly impaired.

No one but an Englishman, and no Englishman born earlier than the Perpendicular period, would have built a great church-tower like this central one at Durham — so tall and massive yet so simple in outline, and finished by a parapet with no thought of a spire or of any visible sort of roof. The earlier western towers had been given wooden spires covered with lead; but in the seventeenth century these were removed, and in the eighteenth their turreted battlements were added. Continental critics would tell us that such a group as we now behold has far too military an air to be ecclesiastically appropriate. The question is one for taste, not argument, to decide. But I may say that if spireless battlemented towers can ever be appropriate upon a church it is surely upon Durham's. If ever a house of God could lawfully assume a semi-military, half-forbidding, wholly stern and uncompromising air, this was surely the one.

Yet it was the shrine of the peaceful Cuthbert as well as the seat of the warlike Bek, and it played a rôle of gentle ecclesiastical ministrance as well as of stern ecclesiastical control in its far-off greatest years. Many a blood-stained foot has fled wildly towards it over this broad Castle Green, and many an inno-

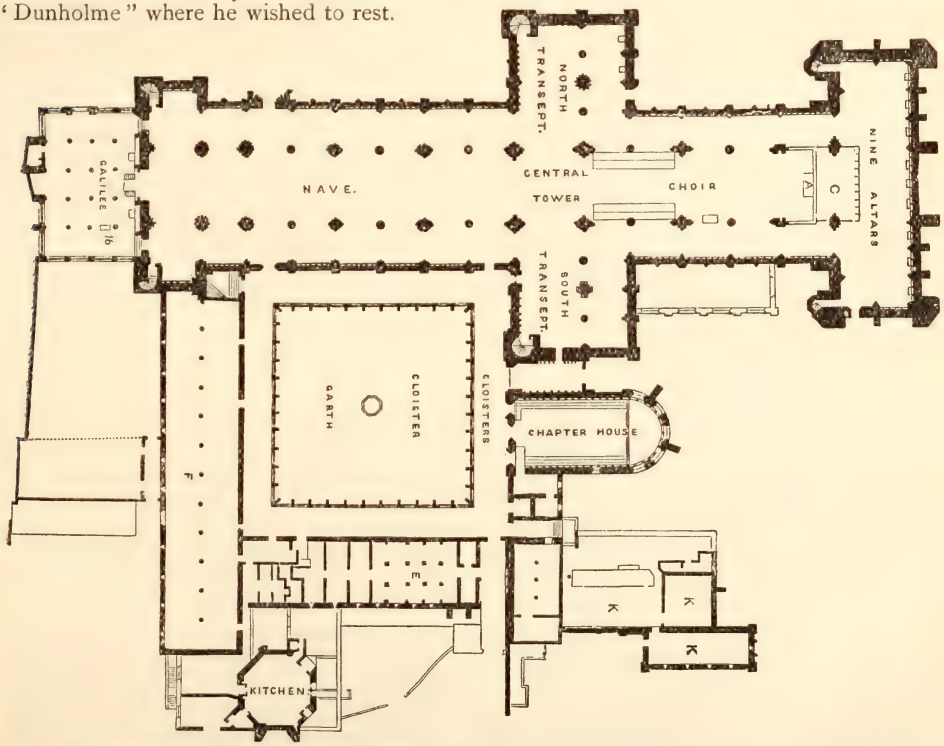
cent foot hounded by accusing cries. It was a famous "sanctuary" where any culprit charged with any crime could find inviolable shelter, kindly entertainment for thirty-seven days, and then, if still unjustified or unpardoned, safe transportation to the coast and passage overseas — giving in return but his full confession and his solemn oath never to seek English soil again. From a chamber over the north porch a monk watched ceaselessly to give immediate entrance; and even before entrance was given, as soon as the knocker on the door was grasped, "St. Cuthbert's peace" was won. The chamber was destroyed, alas! by Wyatt, but the knocker hangs where it has hung since late-Norman days. The empty eye-sockets of the grotesque yet splendid mask of bronze were once filled perhaps with crystal eye-balls; or perhaps — and this is what we prefer to fancy — a flame was set behind them that even he might not lack for guidance whose flight should be in the darkness.

High up on the northern end of the Nine Altars stand the sculptured figures of a milk-maid and a cow. The group is comparatively modern, but the legend it perpetuates is most ancient. It was a woman seeking her strayed beast who guided the bearers of St. Cuthbert's coffin when they could not find the "Dunholme" where he wished to rest.

XI.

On the south side of the cathedral we find the great aggregate of once-monastic buildings in a singularly complete condition. When the monastery was "resigned" to King Henry VIII. its last prior peaceably became the first dean of the newly constituted chapter, and his successors peaceably kept their homes with all their precious contents in the time of Cromwell. In consequence, there is no place in England where we can so well understand what a great monastery looked like in pre-Reformation days, or how its populous colony lived. We should find the picture still more complete but for the demon of last-century renovation.

The chapter-house, for instance, kept its Norman form uninjured until the year 1791 — a great room finished towards the east with a semicircular apse, vaulted throughout, encircled by a tall arcade with intersecting arches, below which was a stone bench for the monks in council and at the east end a stone chair where the long line of prelate-princes had sat for consecration, and paved with many sepulchral slabs bearing famous ecclesiastical names. No such fine Norman chapter-house remained in England, and no other building whatsoever



PLAN OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL AND MONASTIC BUILDINGS. (FROM MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")
A. High altar. C. Site of St. Cuthbert's tomb. E. Refectory. F. Dormitory. K. Prior's (now dean's) house. 16. Bede's tomb.

to show how the Normans had vaulted their apses. Yet, to make things "more comfortable" for modern dean and canon, the apse and the adjacent walls for about half the length of the room were pulled down, and the mutilated remainder was inclosed and floored and plastered so that not a sign of its splendid stones remained. A few years ago, however, these stones were again exposed to view, and the ground outside, once covered by the apse, was carefully examined. Several very ancient tombs were then identified, and in the library may now be seen three episcopal rings which were found within them — one, set with a great sapphire, having been Ralph Flambard's.

Our plan will show how the chapter-house opens upon one side of the cloisters and how its other sides are built against the church itself, the dormitory, and the refectory. From the earliest ages the arrangement was the same; but almost all parts of the buildings were more than once renewed. The cloister walks, now greatly modernized, date from the Perpendicular period, and so also do the dormitory and the refectory, though each of them is raised upon a much older vaulted basement. The dormitory formed for many years part of a canon's house, but has now been brought back as nearly as possible to its old estate. The wooden partitions which divided it into separate sleeping-cells have disappeared, of course; but one hardly regrets their absence, since it leaves free to the eye the whole vast interior — 194 feet in length — lighted by ranges of noble traceried windows and covered by an oaken ceiling, rude yet massive and grand in effect, the great tree-trunks which form its beams having scarcely been squared by the axe. The room is now used to hold a portion of the large and valuable chapter-library and sundry other interesting collections, — of brilliant episcopal vestments, of coins and seals, and of Roman, Celtic, old-English, and Norman antiquities of Northumbrian origin.

The main portion of the library, including a collection of illuminated MSS. which has scarcely a superior in England outside of the British Museum, is housed in the old refectory. Here too are kept the relics which were found in St. Cuthbert's grave and the fragments of his earlier coffins. He who would understand the far-off roots and the first crude growths of medieval art in the north of England finds his best place of study in these richly filled and wisely administered libraries at Durham.*

Many minor rooms and buildings lie around or near these cloisters, chief among them in interest the old priors' kitchen. I think there is but one other kitchen of the sort still intact in England, and that one — at Glastonbury — now stands isolated in a field and never knows the warmth of useful fires, while this one still serves the household of the dean. It is a great octagonal structure with a steep roof which covers a remarkable vaulted ceiling — so stately a structure that a passer-by used to modern ways of living and modern architectural devices would (but for its chimneys) surely say, A baptistery or a chapel — never, A kitchen. The old priors' house also remains as the dwelling of the modern deans — altered, of course, and in the usual practical, irreverent way, the private chapel forming now three chambers.

Beyond all these lies the dean's lovely garden, the quiet circle of the canons' houses and the quiet sweep of their own outer gardens looking down upon the Wear. So much remains at Durham, in short, that it is hard to remember that certain things have perished even here — for example, the great hall of the monastery and its church-like hospital.

The picture is not quite so exquisite as that which greater ruin has wrought at Canterbury. But it is as beautiful in a soberer fashion, and it has the added charm of a lifted outlook over a splendid landscape. Surely there can be nothing like it in all the world — nothing at once so homogeneous and so infinitely varied, so old in body yet so alive and fresh in mood. There is no class or kind of building which is not represented between the castle on the northern and the garden walls upon the southern verge of this rich promontory. There is scarcely a year of the last eight hundred which has not somewhere left some traces on it. And there is no sort of life which it has not seen, and the sort which rules to-day is as wholly different from the ancient sorts as fancy could conceive. Yet nowhere can we choose a date and say, Here the old life ceased and the new began. Nowhere can we put finger on stone and say, This was to serve religion only, or material existence only, or only war or ostentation; or, This was for use alone, and this alone for beauty. All times are here and all things are here, and all aims and motives have here found expression; but all things are intertwined in one great entity, and all times join in one vast historic panorama.

* I should be very ungrateful did I forget to note that in one important respect Durham stands at the head of the English cathedrals. Here of all places the tourist feels himself a welcome guest and one for whose pleasure and instruction infinite pains are willingly taken by all dignitaries and officials, from the highest to the humblest. The local hand-book, written by Canon Greenwell, is a pearl of its kind. And I find I am but one of many who remember the head-verger, Mr. Wetherell, as a pearl of his kind. More than one widely traveled architect has cited him in my hearing as the best guide he had met in Europe — fully and correctly informed, patient and clear in exposition, interesting to the ignorant, yet instructive even to the professional sight-seer, and filled with an enthusiasm as wise and discriminating as it is warm and contagious.

This means that *this* is England. Not in some new Birmingham hot with money-making fires, black with art-destroying cinders, and deaf to the voice of long-dead years; not in some old deserted Kenilworth or Fountains, beautiful only, useful no longer, a monument of death and destruction, a milestone to show how wide a space may lie between the currents of medieval and of modern life — not there do we find the real England really pictured; but here in this Durham which was once military and monastic and feudal, and is now commercial, collegiate, domestic, and in politics boldly liberal, yet where there has been neither sudden change nor any forgetting and very little abandonment or loss — only slow, natural growth and development and the wear and tear and partial retrogressions which all growth, all development must involve. Modern life standing upon ancient life as on a worn but puissant and respected pedestal; learning alive despite the hurry of trade; religion alive despite the widening of the moral horizon; Protestantism grown from Catholicism yet not harshly dissevered from its rituals or traditions, nor scornful of its artistic legacy; things monastic supplanted by things domestic within the Church yet the Church still served with reverence and dignity and grace; the aristocrat, the soldier, and the prelate still keeping some shreds of civil power notwithstanding the upgrowth of the plebeian layman's power — this is what England means to those who see her land and her living as a whole. This and all of this is what Durham means to those who study its stones and its records together. All this is typified in that splendid throne of its bishop-princes in which a bishop still sits but a prince no longer. As this throne still stands in use and honor, so the old order of things is still revered in the land, while the loss of the color and gold which once adorned it may seem to tell of the gradual perishing away of England's old artistic gift, and the mutilation of the effigy it covers, of the shorn authority of that class which once had no rivals in its ruling.

XII.

It is needless to try to tell which are the best points for seeing Durham from a distance — they are so many and each in turn seems so supremely good. Some of the very best, moreover, we are very sure to get — from the railroad station which lies a little out of the town to the north-west and from the road which thence brings us into it over a great bridge near the castle.

It would be hopeless to try to describe the outward view which may be had from the cathedral's central tower. It is not a very pleasant task to climb to the top of any such old construction. Medieval builders had little care for the life or limbs of sight-seers; or perhaps medieval sight-seers did not seek for "views" as do we to-day. It is like a bad dream to clamber up this tower — up a narrow winding staircase to the church's roof and then up a still narrower and steeper and darker staircase to the roof of the tower, turning about on exiguous steps uneven from the tread of centuries, and feeling our way by the rough convex stones. But it is like another sort of dream to come out at last, after more than three hundred painful mountings, upon the broad parapeted platform and see the magnificent wide panorama undulating away into the hilly distance and enlivened beneath the church's feet by the silver twistings of the rock-bound Wear. Hence, only a mile away, we can see where the battle of Neville's Cross was fought; and here the monks crowded to see it, in terror, doubtless, lest defeat might mean an instant siege within their home.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

ENDLESS RESOURCE.

NEW days are dear, and cannot be unloved,
Though in deep grief we cower and cling to death:
Who has not known, in living on, a breath
Full of some gladness that life's rapture proved?

If I have felt that in this rainbow world
The very best was but a preface given
To tell of infinite greater tints in heaven,
And, life or no, heaven yet would be unfurled:—

I did belie the soul-wide joys of earth,
And feelings deep as lights that dwell in seas.
Can heaven itself outlove such depths as these?
Live on! Life holds more than we dream of worth.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE DUSANTES.

A SEQUEL TO "THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

PART I.

WHEN the little party, consisting of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, Mr. Enderton, my newly made wife, and myself, with the red-bearded coxswain and the two sailor men, bade farewell to that little island in the Pacific where so many happy hours had been passed, where such pleasant friendships had been formed, and where I had met my Ruth and had made her my wife, we rowed away with a bright sky over our heads, a pleasant wind behind us, and a smooth sea beneath us. The long-boat was comfortable and well-appointed, and there was even room enough in it for Mr. Enderton to stretch himself out and take a noonday nap. We gave him every advantage of this kind, for we had found by experience that our party was happiest when my father-in-law was best contented.

Early in the forenoon the coxswain rigged a small sail in the bow of the boat, and with this aid to our steady and systematic work at the oars we reached, just before nightfall, the large island whither we were bound, and to which, by means of the coxswain's pocket compass, we had steered a direct course. Our arrival on this island, which was inhabited by some white traders and a moderate population of natives, occasioned great surprise, for when the boats containing the crew and passengers of our unfortunate steamer had reached the island, it was found that Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and myself were missing. There were many suppositions as to our fate. Some persons thought we had been afraid to leave the steamer, and, having secreted ourselves on board, had gone down with her. Others conjectured that in the darkness we had fallen overboard, either from the steamer or from one of the boats; and there was even a surmise that we might have embarked in the leaky small boat — in which we really did leave the steamer — and so had been lost. At any rate, we had disappeared, and our loss was a good deal talked about, and, in a manner, mourned.

In less than a week after their arrival the people from the steamer had been taken on board a sailing vessel and carried westward to their destination.

We, however, were not so fortunate, for we remained on this island for more than a month. During this time but one ship touched there, and she was western bound and of no use to us, for we had determined to return to America. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine had given up their journey to Japan, and were anxious to reach once more their country homes, while my dear Ruth and I were filled with a desire to found a home on some pleasant portion of the Atlantic seaboard. What Mr. Enderton intended to do we did not know. He was on his way to the United States when he left the leaking ship on which he and his daughter were passengers, and his intentions regarding his journey did not appear to have been altered by his mishaps.

By the western bound vessel, however, Mrs. Aleshine sent a letter to her son.

Our life on this island was monotonous, and to the majority of the party uninteresting; but as it was the scene of our honeymoon, Mrs. Craig and I will always look back to it with the most pleasurable recollections. We were comfortably lodged in a house belonging to one of the traders, and although Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine had no household duties to occupy their time, they managed to supply themselves with knitting materials from the stores on the island, and filled up their hours of waiting with chatty industry. The pipes of our sailor friends were always well filled, while the sands of the island were warm and pleasant for their backs, and it was only Mr. Enderton who showed any signs of impatient repining at our enforced stay. He growled, he grumbled, and he inveighed against the criminal neglect of steamship companies and the owners of sailing craft in not making it compulsory in every one of their vessels to stop on every voyage at this island, where, at any time, intelligent and important personages might be stranded.

At last, however, we were taken off by a three-masted schooner bound for San Fran-

cisco, at which city we arrived in due time and in good health and condition.

We did not remain long in this city, but soon started on our way across the continent, leaving behind us our three sailor companions, who intended to ship from this port as soon as an advantageous opportunity offered itself. These men heard no news of their vessel, although they felt quite sure that she had reached Honolulu, where she had probably been condemned and the crew scattered. As some baggage belonging to my wife and my father-in-law had been left on board this vessel, I had hopes that Mr. Enderton would remain in San Francisco and order it forwarded to him there; or that he would even take a trip to Honolulu to attend to the matter personally. But in this I was disappointed. He seemed to take very little interest in his missing trunks, and wished only to press on to the East. I wrote to Honolulu, desiring the necessary steps to be taken to forward the baggage in case it had arrived there; and soon afterwards our party of five started eastward.

It was now autumn, but, although we desired to reach the end of our journey before winter set in, we felt that we had time enough to visit some of the natural wonders of the California country before taking up our direct course to the East. Therefore, in spite of some petulant remonstrances on the part of Mr. Enderton, we made several trips to points of interest.

From the last of these excursions we set out in a stage-coach, of which we were the only occupants, towards a point on the railroad where we expected to take a train. On the way we stopped to change horses at a small stage station at the foot of a range of mountains; and when I descended from the coach I found the driver and some of the men at the station discussing the subject of our route. It appeared that there were two roads, one of which gradually ascended the mountain for several miles, and then descended to the level of the railroad, by the side of which it ran until it reached the station where we wished to take the train. The other road pursued its way along a valley or notch in the mountain for a considerable distance, and then, by a short but somewhat steep ascending grade, joined the upper road.

It was growing quite cold, and the sky and the wind indicated that bad weather might be expected; and as the upper road was considered the better one at such a time, our driver concluded to take it. Six horses, instead of four, were now attached to our stage, and as two of these animals were young and unruly and promised to be unusually difficult to drive in the ordinary way, our driver concluded to ride one of the wheel horses, postilion fashion, and to put a boy on one of the leaders. Mr. Enderton was very much afraid of horses, and objected strongly to the young animals in our new team. But there were no others to take their places, and his protests were disregarded.

My wife and I occupied a back seat, having been ordered to take this comfortable position by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, who had constituted themselves a board of instruction and admonition to Mrs. Craig, and, incidentally, to myself. They fancied that my wife's health was not vigorous and that she needed coddling; and if she had had two mothers she could not have been more tenderly cared for than by these good women. They sat upon the middle seat with their faces towards the horses, while Mr. Enderton had the front seat all to himself. He was, however, so nervous and fidgety, continually twisting himself about, endeavoring to get a view of the horses or of the bad places on the road, that Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine found that a position facing him and in close juxtaposition was entirely too uncomfortable; and consequently, the back of their seat being adjustable, they turned themselves about and faced us.

The ascent of the mountain was slow and tedious, and it was late in the afternoon when we reached the highest point in our route, from which the road descended for some eight miles to the level of the railroad. Now our pace became rapid, and Mr. Enderton grew wildly excited. He threw open the window and shouted to the driver to go more slowly, but Mrs. Lecks seized him by the coat and jerked him back on his seat before he could get any answer to his appeals.

"If you want your daughter to ketch her death o' cold you 'll keep that window open!" As she said this, she leaned forward and pulled the window down with her own strong right arm. "I guess the driver knows what he is about," she continued, "this not bein' the first time he 's gone over the road."

"Am I to understand, madam," said Mr. Enderton, "that I am not to speak to my driver when I wish him to know my will?"

To this question Mrs. Lecks made no answer, but sat up very straight and stiff, with her back square upon the speaker. For some time she and Mr. Enderton had been "out," and she made no effort to conceal the fact.

Mr. Enderton's condition now became pitiable, for our rapid speed and the bumping over rough places in the road seemed almost to deprive him of his wits, notwithstanding my assurance that stage-coaches were generally driven at a rapid rate down long inclines. In a short time, however, we reached a level spot in the road, and the team was drawn up and

stopped. Mr. Enderton popped out in a moment, and I also got down to have a talk with the driver.

"These hosses won't do much at holdin' back," he said, "and it worries 'em less to let 'em go ahead with the wheels locked. You need n't be afraid. If nothin' breaks, we 're all right."

Mr. Enderton seemed endeavoring to satisfy himself that everything about the running-gear of the coach was in a safe condition. He examined the wheels, the axles, and the whiffle-trees, much to the amusement of the driver, who remarked to me that the old chap probably knew as much now as he did before. I was rather surprised that my father-in-law subjected the driver to no further condemnation. On the contrary, he said nothing except that for the rest of this down-hill drive he should take his place on the driver's unoccupied seat. Nobody offered any objection to this, and up he climbed.

When we started again Ruth seemed disturbed that her father should be in such an exposed position, but I assured her that he would be perfectly safe, and would be much better satisfied at being able to see for himself what was going on.

We now began to go down hill again at a rate as rapid as before. Our speed, however, was not equal. Sometimes it would slacken a little where the road was heavy or more upon a level, and then we would go jolting and rattling over some long downward stretch. After a particularly unpleasant descent of this kind the coach seemed suddenly to change its direction, and with a twist and an uplifting of one side it bumped heavily against something and stopped. I heard a great shout outside, and from a window which now commanded a view of the road I saw our team of six horses, with the drivers pulling and tugging at the two they rode, madly running away at the top of their speed.

Ruth, who had been thrown by the shock into the arms of Mrs. Aleshine, was dreadfully frightened, and screamed for her father. I had been pitched forward upon Mrs. Lecks, but I quickly recovered myself, and as soon as I found that none of the occupants of the coach had been hurt, I opened the door and sprang out.

In the middle of the road stood Mr. Enderton, entirely uninjured, with a jubilant expression on his face, and in one hand a large closed umbrella.

"What has happened?" I exclaimed, hurrying around to the front of the coach, where I saw that the pole had been broken off about the middle of its length.

"Nothing has happened, sir," replied Mr. Enderton. "You cannot speak of a wise and discreet act, determinately performed, as a thing which has happened. We have been saved, sir, from being dashed to pieces behind that wild and unmanageable team of horses; and I will add that we have been saved by my forethought and prompt action."

I turned and looked at him in astonishment. "What do you mean?" I said. "What could you have had to do with this accident?"

"Allow me to repeat," said Mr. Enderton, "that it was not an accident. The moment that we began to go down hill I perceived that we were in a position of the greatest danger. The driver was reckless, the boy incompetent, and the horses unmanageable. As my remonstrances and counsels had no effect upon the man, and as you seemed to have no desire to join me in efforts to restrain him to a more prudent rate of speed, I determined to take the affair into my own hands. I knew that the first thing to be done was to rid ourselves of those horses. So long as we were connected with them disaster was imminent. I knew exactly what ought to be done. The horses must be detached from the coach. I had read, sir, of inventions especially intended to detach runaway horses from a vehicle. To all intents and purposes our horses were runaways, or would become so in a very short time. I now made it my object to free ourselves from those horses. I got out at our first stop and thoroughly examined the carriage attachments. I found that the movable bar to which the whiffle-trees were attached was connected to the vehicle by two straps and a bolt, the latter having a ring at the top and an iron nut at the bottom. While you and that reckless driver were talking together and paying no attention to me, the only person in the party who thoroughly comprehended our danger, I unbuckled those straps, and with my strong nervous fingers, without the aid of implements, I unscrewed the nut from the bolt. Then, sir, I took my seat on the outside of the coach and felt that I held our safety in my own hands. For a time I allowed our vehicle to proceed, but when we approached this long slope which stretches before us, and our horses showed signs of increasing impetuosity, I leaned forward, hooked the handle of my umbrella in the ring of the bolt, and with a mighty effort jerked it out. I admit to you, sir, that I had overlooked the fact that the other horses were attached to the end of the pole, but I have often noticed that when we are discreet in judgment and prompt in action we are also fortunate. Thus was I fortunate. The hindermost horses, suddenly released, rushed upon those in front of them, and, in a manner, jumbled up the whole team,

which seemed to throw the animals into such terror that they dashed to one side and snapped off the pole, after which they went madly tearing down the road, entirely beyond the control of the two riders. Our coach turned and ran into the side of the road with but a moderate concussion, and as I looked at those flying steeds, with their riders vainly endeavoring to restrain them, I could not, sir, keep down an emotion of pride that I had been instrumental in freeing myself, my daughter, and my traveling companions from their dangerous proximity."

The speaker ceased, a smile of conscious merit upon his face. For the moment I could not say a word to him, I was so angry. But had I been able to say or do anything to indicate the wild indignation that filled my brain, I should have had no opportunity, for Mrs. Lecks stepped up to me and took me by the arm. Her face was very stern, and her expression gave one the idea of the rigidity of Bessemer steel.

"I 've heard what has been said," she remarked, "and I wish to talk to this man. Your wife is over there with Mrs. Aleshine. Will you please take a walk with her along the road? You may stay away for a quarter of an hour."

"Madam," said Mr. Enderton, "I do not wish to talk to you."

"I did n't ask you whether you did or not," said Mrs. Lecks. "Mr. Craig, will you please get your wife away as quick and as far as you can?"

I took the hint, and, with Ruth on my arm, walked rapidly down the road. She was very glad to go, for she had been much frightened, and wanted to be alone with me to have me explain to her what had occurred. Mrs. Lecks, imagining from the expression of his countenance that Mr. Enderton had, in some way, been at the bottom of the trouble, and fearing that she should not be able to restrain her indignation when she found how he had done it, had ordered Mrs. Aleshine to keep Ruth away from her father. This action had increased the poor girl's anxiety, and she was glad enough to have me take her away and tell her all about our accident.

I did tell her all that had happened, speaking as mildly as I could of Mr. Enderton's conduct. Poor Ruth burst into tears.

"I do wish," she exclaimed, "that father would travel by himself! He is so nervous, and so easily frightened, that I am sure he would be happier when he could attend to his safety in his own way; and I know, too, that we should be happier without him."

I agreed most heartily with these sentiments, although I did not deem it necessary to say so, and Ruth now asked me what I supposed would become of us.

"If nothing happens to the driver and the boy," I replied, "I suppose they will go on until they get to the station to which we were bound, and there they will procure a pole, if such a thing can be found, or, perhaps, get another coach, and come back for us. It would be useless for them to return to our coach in its present condition."

"And how soon do you think they will come back?" she said.

"Not for some hours," I replied. "The driver told me there were no houses between the place where we last stopped and the railroad station, and I am sure he will not turn back until he reaches a place where he can get either a new pole or another vehicle."

Ruth and I walked to a turn at the bottom of the long hill down which our runaway steeds had sped. At this point we had an extended view of the road as it wound along the mountain side, but we could see no signs of our horses nor of any living thing. I did not, in fact, expect to see our team, for it would be foolish in the driver to come back until he was prepared to do something for us, and even if he had succeeded in controlling the runaway beasts, the quicker he got down the mountain, the better.

By the time we had returned we had taken quite a long walk, but we were glad of it, for the exercise tranquillized us both. On our way back we noticed that a road which seemed to come up from below us joined the one we were on a short distance from the place where our accident occurred. This, probably, was the lower road which had been spoken of when we changed horses.

We found Mr. Enderton standing by himself. His face was of the hue of wood ashes, his expression haggard. He reminded me of a man who had fallen from a considerable height, and who had been frightened and stupefied by the shock. I comprehended the situation without difficulty, and felt quite sure that had he had the choice he would have much preferred a thrashing to the plain talk he had heard from Mrs. Lecks.

"What is the matter, father?" exclaimed Ruth. "Were you hurt?"

Mr. Enderton looked in a dazed way at his daughter, and it was some moments before he appeared to have heard what she said. Then he answered abruptly: "Hurt? Oh, no! I am not hurt in the least. I was just thinking of something. I shall walk on to the village or town, whichever it is, to which that man was taking us. It cannot be more than seven or eight miles away, if that. The road is down hill, and I can easily reach the place before

nightfall. I will then personally attend to your rescue, and will see that a vehicle is immediately sent to you. There is no trusting these ignorant drivers. No," he continued, deprecatingly raising his hand, "do not attempt to dissuade me. Your safety and that of others is always my first care. Exertion is nothing."

Without further words, and paying no attention to the remonstrances of his daughter, he strode off down the road.

I was very glad to see him go. At any time his presence was undesirable to me, and under the present circumstances it would be more objectionable than ever. He was a good walker, and there was no doubt he would easily reach the station, where he might possibly be of some use to us.

Mrs. Lecks was sitting on a stone by the roadside. Her face was still stern and rigid, but there was an expression of satisfaction upon it which had not been there when I left her. Ruth went to the coach to get a shawl, and I said to Mrs. Lecks:

"I suppose you had your talk with Mr. Enderton?"

"Talk!" she replied. "I should say so! If ever a man understands what people think of him, and knows what he is, from his crown to his feet, inside and outside, soul, body, bones, and skin, and what he may expect in this world and the next, he knows it. I did n't keep to what he has done for us this day. I went back to the first moment when he began to growl at payin' his honest board on the island, and I did n't let him off for a single sin that he has committed since. And now I feel that I 've done my duty as far as he is concerned; and havin' got through with that, it 's time we were lookin' about to see what we can do for ourselves."

It was indeed time, for the day was drawing towards its close. For a moment I had thought that we would give Mr. Enderton a good start, and then follow him down the mountain to the station. But a little reflection showed me that this plan would not answer. Ruth was not strong enough to walk so far; and although Mrs. Aleshine had plenty of vigor, she was too plump to attempt such a tramp. Besides, the sky was so heavily overcast that it was not safe to leave the shelter of the coach.

As might have been expected, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine took immediate charge of the personal comfort of the party, and the first thing they did was to make preparations for a meal. Fortunately, we had plenty of provisions. Mrs. Aleshine had had charge of what she called our lunch-baskets, which were, indeed, much more like market-baskets than anything else; and having small faith in the resources of roadside taverns, and great faith in the unlimited capabilities of Mr. Enderton in the matter of consuming food on a journey, she had provided bounteously and even extravagantly.

One side of the road was bordered by a forest, and on the ground was an abundance of dead wood. I gathered a quantity of this, and made a fire, which was very grateful to us, for the air was growing colder and colder. When we had eaten a substantial cold supper and had thoroughly warmed ourselves at the fire, we got into the coach to sit there and wait until relief should come. We sat for a long time; all night, in fact. We were not uncomfortable, for we each had a corner of the coach, and we were plentifully provided with wraps and rugs.

Contrary to their usual habit, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine did not talk much. When subjected to the annoyances of an ordinary accident, even if it should have been the result of carelessness, their disposition would have prompted them to take events as they came, and to make the best of whatever might happen to them. But this case was entirely different. We were stranded and abandoned on the road, on the side of a lonely, desolate mountain, on a cold bleak night; and all this was the result of what they considered the deliberate and fiendish act of a man who was afraid of horses and who cared for no one in the world but himself. Their minds were in such a condition that if they said anything they must vituperate, and they were so kindly disposed towards my wife, and had such a tender regard for her feelings, that they would not, in her presence, vituperate her father. So they said very little, and, nestling into their corners, were soon asleep.

After a time Ruth followed their example, and, though I was very anxiously watching out of the window for an approaching light, and listening for the sound of wheels, I, too, fell into a doze. It must have been ten or eleven o'clock when I was awakened by some delicate but cold touches on my face, the nature of which, when I first opened my eyes, I could not comprehend. But I soon understood what these cold touches meant. The window in the door of the coach on my side had been slightly lowered from the top to give us air, and through the narrow aperture the cold particles had come floating in. I looked through the window. The night was not very dark, for, although the sky was overcast, the moon was in its second quarter, and I could plainly see that it was snowing, and that the ground was already white.

This discovery sent a chill into my soul, for

I was not unfamiliar with snows in mountain regions, and knew well what this might mean to us. But there was nothing that we could now do, and it would be useless and foolish to awaken my companions and distress them with this new disaster. Besides, I thought our situation might not be so very bad after all. It was not yet winter, and the snow-fall might prove to be but a light one. I gently closed the window, and made my body comfortable in its corner, but my mind continued very uncomfortable for I do not know how long.

When I awoke, I found that there had been a heavy fall of snow in the night, and that the flakes were still coming down, thick and fast. When Ruth first looked out upon the scene she was startled and dismayed. She was not accustomed to storms of this kind, and the snow frightened her. Upon Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine the sight of the storm produced an entirely different effect. Here was a difficulty, a discomfort, a hardship, but it came in a natural way, and not by the hand of a dastardly coward of a man. With naturally happening difficulties they were accustomed to combat without fear or repining. They knew all about snow, and were not frightened by this storm. The difficulties which it presented to their minds actually raised their spirits, and from the grim and quiet beings of the last evening they became the same cheerful, dauntless, ready women that I had known before.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, as she clapped her face to a window of the coach, "if this is n't a reg'lar old-fashioned snow-storm! I 've shoveled my own way through many a one like it to git to the barn to do my milkin' afore the men folks had begun makin' paths, an' I feel jus' like as though I could do it agin."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "if you 're thinkin' of shovelin' your way from this place to where your cows is, you 'd better step right out and get at it, and I really do think that if you felt they was sufferin' for want of milkin' you 'd make a start."

"I don't say," answered Mrs. Aleshine, with an illuminating grin, "that if the case was that way I might n't have the hankerin' though not the capableness, but I don't know that there 's any place to shovel our way to jus' now."

Mrs. Lecks and I thought differently. Across the road, under the great trees, the ground was comparatively free from snow, and in some places, owing to the heavy evergreen foliage, it was entirely bare. It was very desirable that we should get to one of these spots and build a fire, for, though we had been well wrapped up, we all felt numbed and cold. In the boot at the back of the coach I knew that there was an ax, and I thought I might possibly find there a shovel. I opened the coach door and saw that the snow was already above the lower step. By standing on the spokes of the back wheel I could easily get at the boot, and I soon pulled out the ax, but found no shovel. But this did not deter me. I made my way to the front wheel and climbed up to the driver's box, where I knocked off one of the thin planks of the foot-board, and this, with the ax, I shaped into a rude shovel with a handle rather too wide but serviceable. With this I went vigorously to work, and soon had made a pathway across the road. Here I chopped off some low dead branches, picked up others, and soon had a crackling fire, around which my three companions gathered with delight.

A strong wind was now blowing, and the snow began to form into heavy drifts. The fire was very cheery and pleasant, but the wind was cutting, and we soon returned to the shelter of the coach, where we had our breakfast. This was not altogether a cold meal, for Mrs. Aleshine had provided a little tea-kettle, and, with some snow-water which I brought in boiling from the fire in the woods, we had all the hot and comforting tea we wanted.

We passed the morning waiting and looking out and wondering what sort of conveyance would be sent for us. It was generally agreed that nothing on wheels could now be got over the road, and that we must be taken away in a sleigh.

"I like sleigh-ridin'," said Mrs. Aleshine, "if you 're well wropped up, with good horses, an' a hot brick for your feet, but I must say I don't know but what I 'm goin' to be a little skeery goin' down these long hills. If we git fairly slidin', horses, sleigh, an' all together, there 's no knowin' where we 'll fetch up."

"There 's one comfort, Barb'ry," remarked Mrs. Lecks, "and that is that when we do fetch up it 'll be at the bottom of the hills and not at the top, and as the bottom is what we want to get to, we ought n't to complain."

"That depends a good deal whether we come down hindpart foremost, or forepart front. But nobody 's complainin' so fur, specially as the sleigh is n't here."

I joined in the outlooking and the conjectures, but I could not keep up the cheerful courage which animated my companions; for not only were the two elder women bright and cheery, but Ruth seemed to be animated and encouraged by their example, and showed herself as brave and contented as either of them. She was convinced that her father must have reached the railroad station before it began to snow, and therefore she was troubled by no

fears for his safety. But my mind was filled with many fears.

The snow was still coming down, thick and fast, and the wind was piling it into great drifts, one of which was forming between the coach and a low embankment on that side of the road near which it stood.

About every half-hour I took my shovel and cleared out the path across the road from the other side of the coach to the woods. Several times after doing this I made my way among the trees, where the snow did not impede my progress, to points from which I had a view some distance down the mountain, and I could plainly see that there were several places where the road was blocked up by huge snow-drifts. It would be a slow, laborious, and difficult undertaking for any relief party to come to us from the station, and who was there, at that place, to come? This was the question which most troubled me. The settlement at the station was, probably, a very small one, and that there should be found at that place a sleigh or a sledge with enough men to form a party sufficiently strong to open a road up the mountain-side was scarcely to be expected. Men and vehicles might be obtained at some point farther along the railroad, but action of this kind would require time, and it was not unlikely that the railroad itself was blocked up with snow. I could form no idea, satisfactory to myself, of any plan by which relief could come to us that day. Even the advent of a messenger on horseback was not to be expected. Such an adventurer would be lost in the storm and among the drifts. On the morrow relief might come, but I did not like to think too much about the morrow; and of any of my thoughts and fears I said nothing to my companions.

At intervals, after I had freshly cleared out the pathway, the three women, well bundled up, ran across the road to the fire under the trees. This was the only way in which they could keep themselves warm, for the coach, although it protected us from the storm, was a very cold place to sit in. But the wind and the snow which frequently drove in under the trees made it impossible to stay very long by the fire, and the frequent passages to and from the coach were attended with much exposure and wetting of feet. I therefore determined that some better way must be devised for keeping ourselves warm; and, shortly after our noonday meal, I thought of a plan, and immediately set to work to carry it out.

The drift between the coach and the embankment had now risen higher than the top of the vehicle, against one side of which it was tightly packed. I dug a path around the back of the coach, and then began to tunnel into the huge bank of snow. In about an hour I had made an excavation nearly high enough for me to stand in, and close to the stage door on that side; and I cleared away the snow so that this door could open into the little cavern I had formed. At the end opposite the entrance of my cave, I worked a hole upwards until I reached the outer air. This hole was about a foot in diameter, and for some time the light unpacked snow from above kept falling in and filling it up; but I managed, by packing and beating the sides with my shovel, to get the whole into a condition in which it would retain the form of a rude chimney.

Now I hurried to bring wood and twigs, and having made a hearth of green sticks, which I cut with my ax, I built a fire in this snowy fireplace. Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and Ruth had been watching my proceedings with great interest; and when the fire began to burn, and the smoke to go out of my chimney, the coach door was opened, and the genial heat gradually pervaded the vehicle.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "if that is n't one of the brightest ideas I ever heard of! A fire in the middle of a snow-bank, with a man there a'tendin' to it, an' a chimney! 'Tis n't every day that you kin see a thing like that!"

"I should hope not," remarked Mrs. Lecks, "for if the snow drifted this way every day I 'd be ready to give up the seein' business out-an'-out! But I think, Mr. Craig, you ought to pass that shovel in to us so that we can dig you out when the fire begins to melt your little house and it all caves in on you."

"You can have the shovel," said I, "but I don't believe this snow-bank will cave in on me. Of course the heat will melt the snow, but I think it will dissolve gradually, so that the caving-in, if there is any, won't be of much account, and then we shall have a big open space here in which we can keep up our fire."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Ruth, "you talk as if you expected to stay here ever so long, and we certainly can't do that. We should starve to death for one thing."

"Don't you be afraid of that," said Mrs. Aleshine. "There 's plenty of victuals to last till the people come for us. When I pack baskets for travelin' or picnicin', I don't do no scrimpin'. An' we 've got to keep up a fire, you know, for it would n't be pleasant for those men, when they 've cut a way up the mountain to git at us, to find us all froze stiff."

Mrs. Lecks smiled. "You 're awful tender of the feelin's of other people, Barb'ry," she said, "and a heart as warm as yourn ought to keep you from freezin'."

"Which it has done, so far," said Mrs. Aleshine complacently.

As I had expected, the water soon began to drip from the top and the sides of my cavern, and the chimney rapidly enlarged its dimensions. I made a passage for the melted snow to run off into a hollow, back of the coach; and as I kept up a good strong fire, the drops of water and occasional pieces of snow which fell into it were not able to extinguish it. The cavern enlarged rapidly, and in a little more than an hour the roof became so thin that while I was outside collecting wood it fell in and extinguished the fire. This accident, however, interrupted my operations but for a short time. I cleared away the snow at the bottom of the excavation, and rebuilt my fire on the bare ground. The high snow walls on three sides of it protected it from the wind, so that there was no danger of the flames being blown against the stage-coach, while the large open space above allowed a free vent for the smoke.

About the middle of the afternoon, to the great delight of us all, it stopped snowing, and when I had freshly shoveled out the path across the road, my companions gladly embraced the opportunity of walking over to the comparatively protected ground under the trees and giving themselves a little exercise. During their absence I was busily engaged in arranging the fire, when I heard a low crunching sound on one side of me, and, turning my head, I saw, in the side of my excavation opposite to the stage-coach and at a distance of four or five feet from the ground, an irregular hole in the snow, about a foot in diameter, from which protruded the head of a man. This head was wrapped, with the exception of the face, in a brown woolen comforter. The features were those of a man of about fifty, a little sallow and thin, without beard, whiskers, or mustache, although the cheeks and chin were darkened with a recent growth.

The astounding apparition of this head projecting itself from the snow wall of my cabin utterly paralyzed me, so that I neither moved nor spoke, but remained crouching by the fire, my eyes fixed upon the head. It smiled a little, and then spoke.

"Could you lend me a small iron pot?" it said.

I rose to my feet, almost ready to run away. Was this a dream? Or was it possible that there was a race of beings who inhabited snow-banks?

The face smiled again very pleasantly. "Do not be frightened," it said. "I saw you were startled, and spoke first of a familiar pot in order to reassure you."

"Who, in the name of Heaven, are you?" I gasped.

"I am only a traveler, sir," said the head, "who has met with an accident similar, I imagine, to that which has befallen you. But I cannot further converse with you in this position. Lying thus on my breast in a tunnel of snow will injuriously chill me. Could you conveniently lend me an iron pot?"

I was now convinced that this was an ordinary human being, and my courage and senses returned to me, but my astonishment remained boundless. "Before we talk of pots," I said, "I must know who you are and how you got into that snow-bank."

"I do not believe," said my visitor, "that I can get down, head foremost, to your level. I will therefore retire to my place of refuge, and perhaps we can communicate with each other through this aperture."

"Can I get through to your place of refuge?" I asked.

"Certainly," was the answer. "You are young and active, and the descent will not be so deep on my side. But I will first retire, and will then project towards you this sheep-skin rug, which, if kept under you as you move forward, will protect your breast and arms from direct contact with the snow."

It was difficult to scramble up into the hole, but I succeeded in doing it, and found awaiting me the sheep-skin rug, which, by the aid of an umbrella, the man had pushed towards me for my use. I was in a horizontal tunnel barely large enough for the passage of my body, and about six feet in length. When I had worked my way through this and had put my head out of the other end, I looked into a small wooden shed, into which light entered only through a pane of glass set in a rude door opposite to me. I immediately perceived that the whole place was filled with the odor of spirituous liquors. The man stood awaiting me, and by his assistance I descended to the floor. As I did so I heard something which sounded like a titter, and looking around I saw in a corner a bundle of clothes and traveling-rugs, near the top of which appeared a pair of eyes. Turning again, I could discern in another corner a second bundle, similar to, but somewhat larger than, the other.

"These ladies are traveling with me," said the man, who was now wrapping about him a large cloak, and who appeared to be of a tall though rather slender figure. His manner and voice were those of a gentleman extremely courteous and considerate. "As I am sure you are curious — and this I regard as quite natural, sir — to know why we are here, I will at once proceed to inform you. We started yesterday in a carriage for the railway station, which is, I believe, some miles beyond this point. There were two roads from the last place at which we stopped, and we chose the one which ran along a valley and which we

supposed would be the pleasanter of the two. We there engaged a pair of horses which did not prove very serviceable animals, and at a point about a hundred yards from where we now are, one of them gave out entirely. The driver declared that the only thing to be done was to turn loose the disabled horse, which would be certain, in time, to find his way back to his stable, and for him to proceed on the other animal to the station to which we were going, where he would procure some fresh horses and return as speedily as possible. To this plan we were obliged to consent, as there was no alternative. He told us that if we did not care to remain in the carriage, there was a shed by the side of the road, a little farther on, which was erected for the accommodation of men who are sometimes here in charge of relays of horses. After assuring us that he would not be absent more than three hours, he rode away, and we have not seen him since. Soon after he left us I came up to this shed, and finding it tight and comparatively comfortable, I concluded it would give us relief from our somewhat cramped position in the carriage, and so conducted the ladies here. As night drew on it became very cold, and I determined to make a fire, a proceeding which of course would have been impossible in a carriage. Fortunately I had with me, at the back of the carriage, a case of California brandy. By the aid of a stone I knocked the top off this case, and brought hither several of the bottles. I found in the shed an old tin pan which I filled with the straw coverings of the bottles, and on this I poured brandy, which, being ignited, produced a fire without smoke, but which, as we gathered around it, gave out considerable heat."

As the speaker thus referred to his fuel, I understood the reason of the strong odor of spirits which filled the shed, and I experienced a certain relief in my mind.

The gentleman continued: "At first I attributed the delay of the driver's return to those ordinary hindrances which so frequently occur in rural and out-of-the-way places; but, after a time, I could not imagine any reasonable cause for his delay. As it began to grow dark I brought here our provision-baskets, and we partook of a slight repast. I then made the ladies as comfortable as possible and awaited with much anxiety the return of the driver.

"After a time it began to snow, and feeling that the storm might interrupt communication with the carriage I brought hither, making many trips for the purpose, the rest of the brandy, our wraps and rugs, and the cushions of the carriage. I did not believe that we should be left here all night, but thought it prudent to take all precautions and to prepare for remaining in a place where we could have a fire. The morning showed me that I had acted wisely. As you know, sir, I found the road in either direction completely blocked up by snow, and I have since been unable to visit the carriage."

"Have you not all suffered from cold?" I inquired. "Have you food enough?"

"I will not say," replied the gentleman, "that in addition to our anxiety we have not suffered somewhat from cold, but for the greater part of this day I have adopted a plan which has resulted in considerable comfort to my companions. I have wrapped them up very closely and warmly, and they hold in each hand a hard-boiled egg. I thought it better to keep these for purposes of warmth than to eat them. About every half-hour I reboil the eggs in a little traveling-teapot which we have. They retain their warmth for a considerable period, and this warmth in a moderate degree is communicated through the hands to the entire person."

As he said this a low laugh again burst forth from the bundle in one corner of the room, and I could not help smiling at this odd way of keeping warm. I looked toward the jocose bundle and remarked that the eggs must be pretty hard by this time.

"These ladies," said the gentleman, "are not accustomed to the cold atmosphere of these regions, and I have, therefore, forbidden them to talk, hoping thus to prevent injury from the inhalation of frosty air. So far we have not really suffered, and we still have some food left. About noon I noticed smoke floating over this shed, and I forced open the door and made my way for some little distance outside, hoping to discover whence it came. I then heard voices on the other side of the enormous snow-drift behind us, but I could see no possible way of getting over the drift. Feeling that I must, without fail, open communication with any human beings who might be near us, I attempted to shout, but the cold had so affected my voice that I could not do so. I thereupon set my wits to work. At the back of this shed is a square window closed by a wooden shutter. I opened this shutter and found outside a wall of snow packed closely against it. The snow was not very hard, and I believed that it would not be difficult to tunnel a way through it to the place where the voices seemed to be. I immediately set to work, for I feared that if we were obliged to remain here another night without assistance we should be compelled to-morrow morning to eat those four hard-boiled eggs which the ladies are holding, and which, very shortly, I must boil again."

"How did you manage to cut through the snow?" I asked. "Had you a shovel?"

"Oh, no," replied the other. "I used the tin pan. I found it answered very well as a scoop. Each time that I filled it I threw the contents out of our door."

"It must have been slow and difficult work," I said.

"Indeed it was," he replied. "The labor was arduous and occupied me several hours. But when I saw a respectable man at a fire, and a stage-coach near by, I felt rewarded for all my trouble. May I ask you, sir, how you came to be thus snow-bound?"

I then briefly related the circumstances of our mishap, and had scarcely finished when a shrill sound came through the tunnel into the shed. It was the voice of Mrs. Aleshine.

"Hello!" she screamed, "are you in there? An' you don't mean to tell me there are other people in that hole?"

Feeling quite certain that my wife and her companions were in a state of mental agitation on the other side of the drift, I called back that I would be with them in a moment, and then explained to the gentleman why I could not remain with him longer. "But before I go," I said, "is there anything I can do for you? Do you really want an iron pot?"

"The food that remains to us," he answered, "is fragmentary and rather distasteful to the ladies, and I thought if I could make a little stew of it, it might prove more acceptable to them. But do not let me detain you another instant from your friends, and I advise you to go through that tunnel feet foremost, for you might otherwise experience difficulties in getting out at the other end."

I accepted his suggestion, and by his assistance and the help of the rough window-frame, I got into the hole feet first, and soon ejected myself into the midst of my alarmed companions. When they heard where I had been, and what I had seen, they were naturally astounded.

"Another party deserted at this very point!" exclaimed Ruth, who was both excitable and imaginative. "This looks like a conspiracy! Are we to be robbed and murdered?"

At these words Mrs. Aleshine sprang towards me. "Mr. Craig," she exclaimed, "if it 's robbers, don't lose a minute! Never let 'em git ahead of you! Pull out your pistol and fire through the hole!"

"Gracious me, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "you don't suppose the robbers is them poor unfortunates on the other side of the drift! And I must say, Mrs. Craig, that if there was any such thing as a conspiracy, your father must have been in it, for it was him who landed us just here. But of course none of us supposes nothin' of that kind, and the first thing we 've got to think of is what we can do for them poor people."

"They seem to have some food left, but not much," I said, "and I fear they must be suffering from cold."

"Could n't we poke some wood to them through this hole?" said Mrs. Aleshine, whose combative feelings had changed to the deepest compassion. "I should think they must be nearly froze with nothin' to warm 'em but hard-biled eggs."

I explained that there was no place in their shed where they could build a fire, and proposed that we should give them some hot tea and some of our provisions.

"That 's so!" said Mrs. Aleshine. "An' jus' shout in to them that if they 'll shove them eggs through the hole, I 'll bile 'em fur 'em as often as they want 'em."

"I 've just got to say this," ejaculated Mrs. Lecks, as she and Mrs. Aleshine were busily placing a portion of our now very much reduced stock of provisions in the smallest of our baskets: "This is the first time in my life that I ever heard of people warmin' themselves up with hens' eggs and spirits, excep' when mixed up into egg-nog, and that they resisted that temptation and contented themselves with plain honest heat, though very little of it, shows what kind of people they must be. And now do you suppose we could slide this basket in without upsettin' the little kittle?"

I called to the gentleman that we were about to send him a basket, and then, by the aid of an umbrella, I gently pushed it through the snow-tunnel to a point where he could reach it. Hearty thanks came back to us through the hole, and when the basket and kettle were returned we prepared our own evening meal.

"For the life of me," said Mrs. Lecks, as she sipped a cup of tea, "I can't imagine, if there was a shed so near us, why we did n't know it."

"That has been puzzling me," I replied; "but the other road, on which the shed is built, is probably lower than this one, so that the upper part of the shed could not have projected far above the embankment between the two roads, and if there were weeds and dead grasses on the bank, as there probably were, they would have prevented us from noticing the top of a weather-worn shed."

"Especially," said Mrs. Lecks, "as we was n't lookin' for sheds, and, as far as I know, we was n't lookin' for anythin' on that side of the coach, for all my eyes was busy starin' about on the side we got in and out of, and down the road."

"Which mine was too," added Mrs. Ale-

shine. "An' after it begun to snow we could n't see nothin' anyhow, partic'larly when everything was all covered up."

"Well," added Mrs. Lecks in conclusion, "as we did n't see the shed, it 's a comfort to think there was reasons for it, and that we are not born fools."

It was now growing dark, and but few further communications took place through the little tunnel.

"Before we get ready to go to sleep," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for, havin' no candles, I guess we won't sit up late, had n't we better rig up some kind of a little sled to put in that hole, with strings at both ends, so that we kin send in mustard-plasters and peppermint to them poor people if they happen to be sick in the night?"

This little project was not considered necessary, and after receiving assurances from the gentleman on the other side that he would be able to keep his party warm until morning, we bade each other good-night, and after having replenished the fire, I got into the stage, where my companions had already established themselves in their corners. I slept very little, while I frequently went out to attend to the fire, and my mind was racked by the most serious apprehensions. Our food was nearly gone, and if relief did not come to us very soon I could see nothing but a slow death before us, and, so far as I could imagine, there was no more reason to expect succor on the following day than there had been on the one just passed. Where were the men to be found who could cut a road to us through those miles of snow-drifts?

Very little was said during the night by my companions, but I am sure that they felt the seriousness of our situation, and that their slumbers were broken and unrefreshing. If there had been anything to do Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine would have been cheered up by the prospect of doing it: but we all felt that there was nothing we could do.

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

THE UNITED CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES. NO. II.

A REVIEW OF THE CENTURY LETTERS ON CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THE readers of THE CENTURY will remember that the article published in THE CENTURY for Nov., 1885, entitled "The United Churches of the United States" was in no sense representative of denominational views, as held in any church or party, but was simply an independent survey of all Christian denominations with their existing grounds of organic unity in doctrine, polity, and worship. The essay was written with no thought whatever of the criticism which has been converged upon it in these pages by champions of the different churches. It has been under discussion for some months past, until nearly all the interested parties have been fully heard. In now offering a brief reply, I might regret the seeming odds of a battle with so many giants at once, did I not hope to stay out of the battle as much as possible, and keep to the main question, in which alone the public can be interested. A mere controversy on Christian unity would indeed be but a sorry absurdity.

As it has been strangely assumed that the essay put forth some new-made scheme of denominational union, in particular a formal coalition on the basis of the Anglican prayer-book, I beg to recall with emphasis my introductory statement:

> "*We are not yet ready for such schemes, and it would only be a waste of time to discuss them.* The first lesson to be learned is that the unification of the American churches, if it is ever to come at all, cannot be precipitated by platforms, coalitions, compromises, in short by any mere external association of the different denominations, which leaves them still without internal modification and vital connection, as true and living branches of the Vine of Christ."

In pursuance of this statement, the former paper was a mere historical sketch of the unconscious growth of leading American churches towards organic likeness and oneness, as seen especially in their liturgical communion. The plain facts presented in that sketch have not been denied by any of the distinguished respondents, and all the objections to some supposed liturgical scheme of union have, therefore, been but so many formidable javelins hurled into the air. The position taken was briefly this: Our chief historical churches have long been reacting towards the Protestant catholicism expressed in the English prayer-book. That position has not even been assailed or questioned. Here the case might rest, if the aim had been to succeed in an argument rather than to arrive at the truth.

But while the critics of the essay have seemed

somewhat to differ from it, they have much more largely agreed with it, and with one another, and have thus revealed a remarkable consensus of opinions, upon which we may now build up a constructive argument for the continued growth of church unity in the future. To this task the present paper is mainly devoted. If it shall be performed even imperfectly, the protracted discussion will not have been in vain.

We have seen that the various ecclesiastical and quasi-ecclesiastical or pseudo-ecclesiastical bodies of which our American Christianity is composed may be studied in three general groups or classes, according to the principles prevailing in their structure: The *Episcopal*, including the Roman Catholic, Methodist, and Protestant Episcopal churches; the *Presbyterial*, including the Lutheran, Reformed, and Presbyterian churches; the *Congregational*, including the Baptist, Orthodox, and Unitarian churches. Representative divines in each group have spoken through these columns on the question of Christian union or church unity, and thus furnished the materials for a full comparison of views. Let us take them in the order which we have adopted.

EPISCOPALIAN OPINIONS.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Dudley and the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hopkins, of the *Protestant Episcopal Church*, have treated the essay with great kindness, justice, and clearness. They both admit substantially its general conclusions — that full dogmatic agreement is still a long way off, and that the liturgical fusion, which has begun, is but a desirable first step towards true church unity. But, as to the matter of polity, they consistently hold that Episcopacy affords the only basis or form of organic oneness. Against this opinion will be urged several considerations:

First. That forms of doctrine and worship, as well as polity, are ecclesiastical elements affording grounds or germs of organic unity, and are much more important than any mere polity, though it were imagined to be of the most perfect Episcopal form.

Second. That as a matter of fact the Episcopal polity, though common to the Greek, Roman, and Anglican churches, is but little known in the Protestant churches of Europe and America.

Third. That Presbytery, rather than Episcopacy, is the one polity which by common consent has continued historically, from the apostles' time until the present day, in all the chief churches of Christendom, both Catholic and Protestant.

Fourth. That the claim to an Apostolate, as maintained in these letters, is not allowed by other Protestant churches, nor by the Roman Catholic Church, and is practically viewed by both as involving organized schism rather than organic unity.

Fifth. That instead of seeking a remote alliance with the Greek and Latin churches, it were better to begin with some organic connection of the kindred English-speaking Protestant churches, Congregational, Presbyterial, and Episcopal, and on the basis of their common Anglo-Saxon Christianity to aim at the more general unity of Christendom.

Whether these views be right or wrong, they are existing matters of opinion which must enter into the present discussion, as may appear hereafter. It is a very pleasing feature of both of these letters that they breathe an earnest Christian desire and hope of ultimate church unity.

The Rev. Dr. George R. Crooks, of the *Methodist Episcopal Church*, also writes in a union spirit and is in accord with the essay on some essential points, with differences which seem mainly verbal. Mistaking the word organic, as hitherto defined and used, he applies it to that figurative organism or mystical body of Christ in which all true Christians are joined as members, rather than to those ecclesiastical organizations or organized churches which are not one, but many, and more or less hostile to each other. Organic oneness, in the former sense of one Christian body, is indeed an established fact, and happily a fact that goes without the saying in these papers, since they would scarcely be possible but for its tacit assumption; but organic oneness, in the common sense of one church organization, is unhappily not a fact; and though such unity be not deemed vital or fundamental, yet it may be important, if not indispensable, as will hereafter be shown. Doctor Crooks also mistakes the term Catholic for "Roman Catholic," and is thereby led into a view of the relations of Protestantism and Catholicism which may be modified by one or two suggestions.

First. True Catholicism, if defined to be historic Christianity as freed from Roman errors, is not inconsistent with "New Testament Christianity," but is the choicest fruit of its own divine development in history. The Protestants themselves, as their name implies, did not wholly renounce it; nor can we renounce it, unless we are ready for the frightful theory that during fifteen centuries from the apostles' time until the Reformation there was no church or Providence, but only one long reign of sin and Satan.

Second. Such Catholic Christianity is in fact more or less fully retained by Protestant churches in their forms of doctrine, polity, and

worship, which are not to be found clearly set forth in the New Testament, but are very largely an outgrowth from it in church history under divine Providence. The Methodist Church, for example, has a modified episcopate, liturgy, and articles, which it inherited directly from the Church of England, remotely from the Church of Rome, though without other accompanying dogmas held in those churches.

Third. The Protestant body in its recoil from Romanism may have gone too far away from Catholicism into such extremes as sectarianism, rationalism, and revivalism; but a healthy reaction has already begun, as we have shown, in regard to the historic liturgy, and it may yet extend to the other diseases or abuses of Protestantism, until a true church unity shall have taken the place of our sectarianism, and our latest rationalism at length give way to the vindicated Catholic faith.

Fourth. The Roman Church and the chief Protestant churches, notwithstanding their wide differences, rest primarily upon the same Holy Scriptures and share largely the same Catholic Christianity; and it is at least conceivable that in the lapse of time, by the transmuting force of American institutions, and under the pressure of common dangers, they may be brought slowly together from their present extremes, having shed their respective errors until at last they join in the one essential faith of Protestant Catholicism as the full flower of New Testament Christianity. Professor Crooks himself argues very forcibly that the chief Roman dogma of sacerdotal supremacy is doomed to die out, both in Church and State, in the wake of political causes; and he may thus refute his own imaginary picture of an immediate crude coalition of "Romanists and Protestants in one ecclesiastical government."

Fifth. The English liturgy, as we have seen, affords the grounds and germs of such a gradual coalescence of Protestant with Catholic Christianity in the American churches; and when the Methodist Episcopal Church completes its reaction with the rest, the Wesleyan prayer-book, instead of lying a nullity, will serve to bring it into more visible communion and organic connection with the other great historic churches of Christendom.

Dr. Crooks, as a representative of episcopacy without apostolical succession, finds no organic bond between the Greek, Latin, and Anglican churches, but hopes for some closer union of the Protestant churches, to be reached by recognizing their essential spiritual unity as a divine fact, by acknowledging one another's churchly standing in their intercourse, and by coming into more organic coöperation for the great ends of their common Christianity.

PRESBYTERIAN OPINIONS.

THE two representatives of the *Presbyterian Church* have reviewed the essay from different standpoints. The late Dr. Archibald Alexander Hodge, as if with a prophetic utterance, and in an elevated Christian tone befitting the theme, discussed the doctrine of the invisible Catholic Church, and set forth in glowing terms its unbroken unity, as including not merely all true believers on earth, but the whole company of the redeemed in heaven. The surviving disputants may well recognize such doctrine as common ground, while still taking to themselves the reproach that the visible church as yet so little reflects the glorious oneness of the church invisible. Unhappily, our existing denominations cannot be viewed merely as so many harmonious groups of organized churches, or legitimate varieties of church organization, dwelling together in manifest unity. Having been largely produced by warring sects and factions, excommunicating and unchurching one another, they exhibit an apparent dismemberment of the very body of Christ, which has become the great flagrant scandal of our age and country, and has made it the plain duty as well as impulse of all Christian people to seek for more outward organic unity, as well as to hail the providential signs of its inward growth and expression. In any other view, we could only adjourn our questions of doctrine to the millennium, and wait until we may all join in the perfect liturgy of heaven. Practically, indeed, this is the course taken by some extremists who would consecrate mere denominationalism, extenuate sectarianism, and make schism itself chronic, in the face of their own false dormant ideal of an invisible Catholic Church.

In contrast with such errors, Dr. Hodge has impressively shown that the various church organizations, through the indwelling Spirit, will yet grow together toward a true organic unity, consistent with due variety, as but so many members in the one mystical body of Christ. And the latter part of his letter refers to such unity in the three organic spheres of doctrine, polity, and worship. As to the first, his hopeful view of the dogmatic consensus of Protestant Trinitarian churches is a most valuable and timely contribution to the general argument for church unity, and would be only more complete could it include, on the basis of a common American Christianity, those Unitarian churches which express the flower of Puritan culture, as well as that great Roman Catholic Church which is already in the lead on such social questions as marriage, temperance, education, and property. As to the second opinion, that unity in polity would be

more difficult than unity in dogma, I have nothing to add to the former paper, except what may be found in the sequel. As to the third, it may be said that the argument from numbers against the growth of liturgical communion, like most statistical arguments, can be used on both sides of the question, and will probably be met from the other side by such answers as the following:

First. That the liturgical churches of Christendom outnumber in membership the non-liturgical churches as three or four to one.

Second. That in this country it is the least ecclesiastical denominations, the evanescent sects, that are without liturgical tendencies, as they are also crude in their doctrine and polity; while only the historical churches, of European origin, can yield the proper data of the church problem, and these are vitally connected with the contents of the English liturgy in a ratio of forty or fifty to one. Moreover, as we have seen, they are already, knowingly or unknowingly, resuming elements and portions of that liturgy in their worship, and logically tend to it as the best devotional formulary of Catholic and Protestant Christianity.

This starts the only question in the other letter demanding attention. In meeting it, I must reluctantly forsake, for the moment, an independent position, and come down to the denominational ground which the critic has taken. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, declaring himself an out-and-out Presbyterian, offers seven objections to the prayer-book as received opinions in the Presbyterian Church. With due respect, I am obliged to say that not one of them has any foundation in the recognized standards of that body. My replies must be brief.

First. The Directory for Public Worship (ch. v.) does not "object to the stereotyped prayer, however excellent," but does object to "mean, irregular, or extravagant effusions, as a disgrace of Divine service." Such effusions, becoming themselves stereotyped, are worse than any "open-eyed reading of prayer," and in fact sometimes open the eyes of the unhappy listeners.

Second. The Larger Catechism (Q. 186–188) does not object to the invocation, peroration, and well-ordered brief petitions which it finds in the Lord's Prayer as being "too artificial and tending to a mechanical mode of worship"; but it does prescribe the right use of that liturgical form and didactic model of common prayer. To repeat it at least once in each public office is not treating it "as a mere magical formula," but is keeping strictly within the scriptural rubric, When ye pray, say Our Father.

Third. The Shorter Catechism (Q. 99) also enjoins the whole word of God as a rule of prayer; and if therefore any "Presbyterians object to the Litany *in toto* as putting the believer far off from God and calling on Him to spare him as a miserable sinner," they simply object with the Pharisee to the very words of the contrite Publican, as well as to the penitential prayers of priest and people weeping between the porch and the altar. If they object to its devout repetitions as "unmeaning," they must object to the like repetitions in Holy Scripture. If they could object to its solemn pleadings and tender entreaties and manifold intercessions as "having no feature suited to the child of God or joint heir with Christ," they would object to the supplications of the prophets and apostles themselves. But before they object to its scriptural petition against sudden death as "a relic of Romanism," they should consult the Roman original (*a subitanea et improvisa morte*) or the Anglo-Saxon version (*a subita et eterna morte*). They might also profitably consider the beams in their own extempore litanies, the "irreverent," the "sarcastic," the "tedious prayers," etc., of which that accomplished Presbyterian divine, Dr. Samuel Miller, speaks in his useful treatise.

Fourth. The Form of Government (ch. iii. v.) does not "hold that all believers are priests" in the sense of being ministers, or that "a minister is only an ordained ruler and leader of the people, with no more authority to pronounce absolution upon the penitent than any one who is not a minister"; but it does most plainly distinguish him from the mere representatives of the people as a minister of Christ and ambassador from God, declaring pardon in Christ's stead. The Confession also (ch. xxx.) names among his high functions, "power to open the kingdom of heaven unto penitent sinners by the ministry of the Gospel, and by absolution from censures, as occasion shall require." Consistently with such teaching, the declarative Absolution, prefixed to the English daily service, is simply an authoritative proclamation of the Gospel, made solemn and direct by a special act of worship on the part both of minister and people. If any Presbyterians are thoughtless enough to object to that formula as "a remnant of the Roman Absolution," they should be informed that its very motive was as Protestant as its meaning; that it was first suggested by Calvin himself; that it was taken very largely from a Calvinistic liturgy; and that it was alternatively called the Absolution or Remission of sins, in deference to Puritan scruples against a word of Popish sound.

Fifth. The Confession of Faith (ch. xxviii.) does not "abhor the doctrine of baptismal regeneration" as rightly stated, but does de-

clare it a "great sin to contemn this ordinance," guards carefully against the abuse of it, and defines it as a "sign and seal of regeneration even unto infants" (Q. 177). And the Baptismal Offices merely express the substantial sense of this definition in strong liturgical terms. Any Presbyterians who abhor such doctrine may find it discreetly maintained by that saintly man, the late Dr. Archibald Alexander, in the second chapter of his work on religious experience. As to the Holy Supper, the Confession takes some higher views of the Real Presence than can anywhere be found in the English communion office. In fact, the only "remnant of transubstantiation" that appears in that office is a solemn ordinance against it as "idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians." Presbyterians who are horrified at such a rag of popery will have their horror increased on learning that the stringent rubric was first procured by that uncompromising reformer, John Knox, in 1552, and fully confirmed at the last revision in 1661, according to Mr. Procter's history of the prayer-book, "in compliance with the wishes of the Presbyterians."

Sixth. The chief framers of the above-named standards, though certainly "not in love with the Episcopal liturgy" as it was imposed upon them by the Act of Uniformity two centuries ago, protested that they had "not the least thought of depraving or reproaching the Book of Common Prayer," but wished only to "avoid both the extreme that would have no forms and the contrary extreme that would have nothing but forms";* and their exceptions to the prayer-book, in matters of mere usage and taste as well as principle, like some of the objections before us, have long since been fully met by the changed conditions of American Presbyterianism, which now neither enjoins nor forbids the use of a liturgy.

Seventh. The Presbyterian Book of Common Prayer affords a summary refutation to Dr. Crosby's objections, all and each of them. Among the legal revisers of the English liturgy in 1661 were the very authors of the Presbyterian formularies, such as Anthony Tuckney, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, who had written nearly the whole of the Larger Catechism; John Wallis, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, who had been secretary to the Westminster divines, and had himself prepared the Shorter Catechism; Edward Reynolds, afterwards Bishop of Norwich and author of the General Thanksgiving, who had composed the most important parts of the Confession of Faith; Edmund Calamy, the very leader of the Presbyterian clergy, who with Spurstow, Newcomen, and Arrowsmith had been in the Assembly's committees that framed the Directory of Worship and Church Government; to say nothing of the learned Lightfoot, the silver-tongued Bates, the saintly Baxter, and other great Presbyterian scholars and martyrs whose praise is in all the churches. The emendations and exceptions of such men, duly modified by American authorities, precedents, and usages, yield an edition† of the prayer-book to which no Presbyterian can bring any objections whatever without taking the ground from under his feet. Dr. Crosby, as an out-and-out Presbyterian, will henceforth become a valiant champion, not merely of the prayer-book, but of that church unity which is an essential principle of Presbyterian polity as well as the flower of Christian charity.

Resuming now our task, we may sum up Presbyterian opinion, according to the teaching of Dr. Hodge, as based upon the inward spiritual oneness of the churches, yet looking forward to their outward organic oneness, still to be attained through the slow ripening of their knowledge, love, and zeal, and other graces of the Holy Spirit.

CONGREGATIONALIST OPINIONS.

THE letters of the two learned divines representing the *Orthodox Congregational* churches, though making no allusion to the essay, admit of a logical connection with it as affording valuable opinions needed to complete this survey. President Seelye, of Amherst College, gives a profoundly spiritual view of the fellowship of saints and of churches, and likens the universal church to the universal state, as being one in its essence, though manifold in its forms, Congregational, Presbyterial, Episcopal, and as tending finally to a Christian theocracy, in which the autonomy of the particular church shall be consistent with the autocracy of the universal church.

Professor Fisher, of Yale College, in his more practical and very suggestive letter, maintains that, since the decree of Papal infallibility, Christian union is practicable only among Protestant denominations; and he finds three obstacles to such union — in the reigning dogmatic intolerance, in the prevalent ritual diversity, especially as to the rite of baptism, and in the divine-right theory of church government as held by Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists. At the same time, he admits that a mere governmental, as

* Documents of Revision, 1661.

† The Book of Common Prayer, as amended by the Presbyterian Divines in the Royal Commission of 1661, and in agreement with the Directory for Public Worship of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. With a supplementary treatise.

distinguished from a sacerdotal Episcopacy, would not be repugnant to other Protestants, and that an optional liturgy, used alternatively with spontaneous worship, might in some cases prove an advantage.

Although both of these writers say but little of any organization beyond the limits of the local church or parish, yet it is well known that such organization exists, more or less ecclesiastical in its tendencies and without destroying the self-government of congregations, as is seen in their voluntary association for some church purposes, as well as in that practical congregationalism which prevails under presbyterial and episcopal systems.

Two eloquent divines have spoken for the *Unitarian Congregational* churches. We can all agree with the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, when he asserts that Christian unity exists in America now, in the sense in which he understands it. But church unity, the fusion of Christian sects into the one church, does not exist; nor can "people who want it find it by going out-of-doors," by simply mingling together in humane recreations, however good and healthful. The civilized Christian of this epoch does not always live out-of-doors. Church organizations, with creed and ritual rooted far back in history, have earned their right to be; and just now they are reasserting that right. Dr. Hale very aptly likens them to the independent colonies before they had become compacted in the national union; and denies that "the work of the church is better done by its several sections when they keep up a strict organization among themselves, and each lets the other sections severely alone." That was once the war cry, we remember, of a large section of the United States; and now and then we hear something like it among the united churches. But if ever we get a good working constitution for them, it will harmonize the local with the general church in all forms of Christian well-doing, and, unlike that lost formula which our accomplished critic describes, it can neither be mislaid nor burned in a Boston fire.

With a generous largeness of view, Professor A. P. Peabody, of Harvard University, reveals the ground common to Unitarianism and Orthodoxy in the divine humanity of Christ; though he maintains, like other correspondents, that full agreement in the realm of metaphysical divinity is not attainable, nor desirable. His practical conclusion is that Christians should unite in recognizing heartily their common Christ-likeness, in promoting Christian righteousness, and in maintaining Christian worship so far as the common faith will allow. These are not only important grounds of Christian union, but may also be ranked among the conditions precedent to church unity.

As an able representative of the *Baptist Congregational* churches, the Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of New York City, dwells upon the growth of union in worship by means of liturgies as well as revivals, and upon the large amount of essential unity in doctrine which already exists in default of anything like organic union. But when Dr. MacArthur so intrepidly maintains that "organic union can only be reached at the baptistery," because many scholars have admitted that immersion is a scriptural mode of baptism, he forgets what an insignificant minority have held that it is the only scriptural mode, and how prevalent infant baptism has been in the universal church. The spread of open communion in his own denomination is one of the most cheering signs of the times, and affords practical ground for the hope that pedobaptist and anabaptist congregations might yet be embraced within the same denominational or ecclesiastical system. The need of the hour is not concession, but toleration.

Of all the Congregationalist letters, Orthodox, Unitarian, Baptist, it may now be summarily remarked that not one of them has exhibited congregationalism as hostile to church unity or as wholly inconsistent with some ecclesiastical organization of congregations, which did not trench upon their local rights and privileges.

Such are the three chief sets of opinions now before us for comparison. At first sight the differences might seem to be very great; but it will be found that some of them are greater within the same denomination than between different denominations, or greater within the same group than between different groups of churches. And it will also be found that all the differences are much less vital and important than the agreements.

In the first place, there is a consensus of Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian opinions in regard to the spiritual oneness of all true Christians, however variously they may be organized in their different churches and denominations. This unity has been described with more or less clearness as a communion of saints, a universal fellowship of believers, a spiritual unity of churches, an invisible Catholic Church; but, however expressed, it is a note of essential harmony amid the apparent discord. It enables the strictest churchman, whether he be an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, or a Congregationalist, to recognize heartily the Christian character of multitudes, now attached to organized forms of Christianity, which he believes to be false and pernicious, and cannot by any official act recognize as

regular or valid; and it affords a broad platform on which our churches may combine, more or less consciously and formally, in the confession of the same catholic creed, and largely in the use of the same historic liturgy. Underneath all existing structures of church polity ever remains this common Christianity, this united faith in Christ, as their one divine foundation.

In the second place, even as to the remaining differences in polity, the writers are agreed that such barriers are not fixed and final, but shall yet, somehow, disappear in the church of the future. The Episcopalian may hope to see the episcopate supersede all other systems, or become their unifying bond and center. The Presbyterian may look forward to some further extension of the presbyterial principle through existing church organizations. The Congregationalist may anticipate self-governing congregations even under presbytery or episcopacy, as stripped of hierarchical claims. Each may project his ideal church into a millennium, more or less distant; may behold in that church a unity consistent with more or less diversity; and may see that church unity at length attained through causes more or less divine or human. But all will consent to view the present sectarian condition of Christianity, especially of Protestant Christianity, as abnormal and transient, and stand ready to welcome any hopeful means of promoting greater oneness and harmony.

In the third place, the remaining differences in mere church polity admit, even now, of a theoretical adjustment. Without wandering off into a vague future, we can fancy an ecclesiastical system in which Congregationalism, Presbyterianism, and Episcopalianism, as we know them in this country, might so limit and modify each other as to co-exist without conflict, each in its own beneficent sphere of action. In such a complete polity presbytery would keep the equipoise between the centrifugal tendencies of congregationalism and the centripetal tendencies of episcopacy, ever preserving particular congregations in their due autonomy, and at the same time combining them in a true cathedral system of schools, missions, and charities. It may be the destiny of the American church thus to bring into normal connection and organic life three ecclesiastical elements, which in the Anglican establishment were forced together in false relations or driven out of it into hurtful extremes, but which in this new world have had full scope and development until now they are ready for a just coalescence. In this manner might be reached what was described in the former essay as "some comprehensive polity, which shall be at once Congregational, Presbyterial, and Episcopal, and wherein Protestant freedom and intelligence shall appear reconciled with Catholic authority and order." By this means the very terms Presbyterial, Congregational, Episcopal would lose their polemic sense, and all sectarian titles vanish in an organization which would be in fact, even if not in name, the American Catholic Church.

In the fourth place, such an ideal adjustment of differences in church polity has long been becoming actual in the history of the American churches. As we have seen, the old issues between them are all but dead, if not ready for honorable burial. The Cavalier, the Covenanter, and the Puritan now live only in history and romance. Their hot blood has become peacefully blended in their American descendants, and we now dwell upon their virtues rather than upon their faults. He must simply fight against himself who would fight against any one of them. In other words, the unconscious assimilation of churches, after a hundred years of intermarriage and social fusion, has reached a point where they differ more in names than in things. Congregationalists have now and then an extemporized presbytery called an association, and here and there a truly episcopal divine without the title of bishop. Presbyterians in emergencies practice the most independent congregationalism, and love to speak of their pastors as parochial bishops, lacking only the excellent rite of confirmation. Episcopalians, after having been also without that rite during the two hundred years of their colonial history, may now boast of presbyterian elements in their polity and a congregationalist freedom in their ritual. And all three are not only professing the same essential doctrines, but singing the same hymns and beginning to say the same prayers. Let such changes go on, and after awhile we may wake out of our useless strifes to find that we have only been viewing the same shield from different standpoints, the same church under different phases; becoming Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, by turns, without knowing it.

In the fifth place, this gradual fusion of such ecclesiastical differences has at length come into public consciousness as an avowed aim for concerted action. Christian people all over the land are trying to find how much they agree, rather than how much they differ. Leading minds in the various churches from their several points of view are approaching the great problem of compacting our American Christianity against the gathering foes which menace it. Union in Church as well as in State is looming high and large as the question of questions before which all others must sink into insignificance. Not union for the mere

sake of union — that is but a sectarian sneer; but union as the very heart in the body of Christ and crown of all the graces; union as a duty no less than as a sentiment; union for the maintenance of truth and religion and virtue; union to prevent so immense a waste and friction in our charities and missions; union for the preservation of Christianity itself amid dangers hitherto unknown; union against the materialism that is corrupting the life of the nation; against the socialism that is assailing property, marriage, government, law, and order; against the agnosticism that is undermining all creeds, codes, and manners; against the sectarianism that is parleying and wrangling in full view of such enemies; union, if need be, against the very disunion that would keep the churches, as it would have kept the States, discordant and dismembered, in the supreme hour of peril.

Never were the signs, as well as the needs, of such union more apparent. Never was the feeling so deep and growing that the divisions in the Christian Church must somehow come to an end. It will not be stopped by such adjectives as "sentimental," "romantic," "utopian." Sectarian interests may throw obstacles in the way, a false conservatism may raise alarms, and veteran divines draw the sword to fight their battles over again,— but in vain. In this movement the people are more determined than their rulers, and the church universal will prove stronger than any sect or party. Look at the progress made since the question was opened in these columns a few months ago. The chief denominations of the country have been taking practical steps towards church unity in distinction from mere Christian union. The Congregational churches of New England have been removing the walls which separate Baptists from Pedobaptist communions. The Presbyterian churches of the Middle States have been settling the vexed question of their psalmody, while those of the South and the North are adjusting their political differences, and those of the East are in conference with the Reformed churches, Dutch and German. The Cumberland Presbyterian and Methodist churches of the West are blending Calvinism with Arminianism. The great Lutheran churches give signs of becoming more homogeneous and American. The Baptist churches have declared for union of denominations. The Episcopal Church has been inwardly moved as never before towards other Protestant churches. The Evangelical Alliance is taking the form of a national league. And as a visible presage of the new era, we have already had what might be called a provisional congress of the "United Churches of the United States."

In the midst of these remarkable movements, the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church has sent forth a noble and far-reaching declaration seeking to embrace all branches of Christendom in the bonds of a true church unity. The four terms proposed are so large and fair that they will almost carry consent in their statement.

The *Holy Scriptures* are already the accepted basis of all Christian churches, besides affording the consensus of Christianity with Judaism, and with heathenism in the work of missions.

The *Nicene Creed* was simply the faith of the undivided early Church and still expresses the most essential consensus of nearly all modern churches, with room for their later creeds, such as the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster, Augsburg, and Heidelberg confessions.

The *Divine Sacraments*, whenever and wherever rightly administered, cannot but exhibit the communion of that Catholic visible Church which includes all baptized Christians and their children.

The *Historic Episcopate* might become an added bond among existing church systems, if viewed according to the meaning of the phrase, as a fact rather than as a doctrine, without raising the question whether it has been a development of the apostolate or of the presbyterate of the early Church.

It is this last proposal which is likely to stir the keenest debate, and all eyes are now turned towards one point as the focus of the discussion. If the unifying movement is to go forward, it is plain that it should be led and guided by those churches or systems which are historically and logically most nearly allied in doctrine, polity, and worship, as well as providentially fitted to represent the Protestant and Catholic wings of Christendom. Now these conditions are met by *Presbytery* and *Episcopacy:* by Presbytery as included in the Lutheran, Reformed, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches; and by Episcopacy as found in the Greek, Latin, Anglican and Protestant Episcopal churches — not Presbytery and Episcopacy, viewed merely as complemental institutions in an ideal polity, but also as kindred ecclesiastical elements, with the same roots in Scripture and in history, and having a true and vital affinity for each other.

Here we touch the embers of smoldering controversies, which a breath might kindle into a flame. It would be easy enough to recall old grievances and revive dying prejudices which arose in another age and country, when Presbyterians and Episcopalians made martyrs of each other by turns, in a

fierce and sectarian warfare, until, like two combatants chained apart, they were forced by the civil arm to settle down into the established churches of England and Scotland. There are those who would be in haste to import the waning castes of churchman and dissenter into a free republic, to apply the effete policy of the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, and to measure the wants of a hemisphere by those of an island. But the large hearts and noble minds on both sides will resolutely keep dead issues out of sight, will rise above sects and parties to the view of general and lasting interests, and will seek to minimize their trivial differences in order to gain the maximum amount of sincere and honorable agreement.

Approaching the question in this spirit, we shall be at no loss for favorable signs and arguments. Not only do the mother-churches of England and Scotland bear an original likeness as twin daughters of the Reformation, descended from the same Catholic Church, with the same historical continuity from the apostles' time, and only different lines of succession since they parted; not only may their existing standards be correlated and blended, the Book of Common Prayer as but a liturgical expression of the Directory for Public Worship, the Confession of Faith as but a logical expansion of the Articles of Religion, and the diocesan Episcopate as but a fit complement of the synodical Presbytery,—but, besides all this, the two forms of polity, as transplanted to our shores, have developed new types of church life and culture, which would be especially valuable in combination, and have already become leading factors in our Anglo-American civilization, the one as expressive of the best Protestant, and the other of the most Catholic Christianity. Add still further: that for a hundred years past they have been unconsciously coming together, and growing like each other. At the very outset, when they became independent of the mother-churches, the American Directory was enriched with liturgical rules and suggestions, and the American Ordinal was enlarged by an alternative form of authorization. Ever since then American Presbyterianism has been steadily reacting from the narrow views of the Puritans and Covenanters towards a larger Christian culture and more liturgical mode of worship, as well as producing a pure theology and a learned ministry unsurpassed in the country; while American Episcopacy, having escaped from the Anglican establishment with its Catholic faith and noble liturgy, has been admitting presbyterial government, lay and clerical, into its dioceses and combining extempore prayers with its liturgy, until it has surrendered the very points on which the Presbyterian party in the Church of England was defeated two centuries ago. We have lived to see Episcopalian prayer-meetings as well as Presbyterian prayer-books. The two hereditary foes have not merely met halfway, but actually crossed the lines as in friendly rivalry on the battle-fields of former generations.

Now it seems worth while to ask if the ancient family feud might not somehow be effaced and forgotten. Both churches, after long estrangement, have come back to ground where they may well recognize and respect their common lineage, their organic likeness, and their reciprocal interests. Each of them, in fact, has long since conceded enough, and more than enough, for a full and frank understanding. Had such concessions been made in the beginning, no separation could have occurred. Were such concessions now more generally known, a reunion might soon follow. Even that last barrier to reunion, the vexed question of orders, when fairly met and sifted, may but disclose a ground or link of organic connection in the one simple fact that Episcopal ordination could take nothing from, but only add something to, Presbyterian ordination, howsoever either may be viewed by either party. Presbyterians do not differ from Episcopalians more than Episcopalians differ from one another in estimating that rite. In such a state of opinion the differences are no longer worth weighing against the agreements and accruing advantages. As it might prove a great gain to American Episcopacy to be reënforced with Presbyterian orthodoxy and churchliness, so it might prove a great gain to American Presbytery to recover the Episcopal order and liturgy. The reunion would be as organic to each as the original rupture was disorganizing to both. Indeed, it could easily be shown that the chief authors of the Presbyterian standards, if now living, would find their ideal in our Protestant Episcopacy; or, in other words, that the American Episcopacy of to-day has recovered English Presbytery of a classic type, and so fully recovered it that the two systems, at fit times and places, especially in our large cities and great missions, might wisely and well be conjoined or confederated, if not at length merged in one organization.

How far such union or fusion is now feasible need not here be discussed. Whatever changes of church law or practice might be needed, the way to them could be found as soon as there is the will to find them. Presbyterian usage already concedes the validity of episcopal ordination, and the Episcopal Ordinal enjoins no polemic theory of presby-

terial ordination, but is even held to involve presbyterial coördination. Why not begin at once to act upon these facts and principles? Why should there be a so-called hypothetical ordination on the one side or a covert conditional acceptance of it on the other. Let both parties openly and generously recognize each other in concurrent ordinations or reordinations, as occasion requires. By such means all question of valid ministrations would at length die out, as in a marriage of rival houses. The most extreme Episcopalian, from his own point of view, would only be sanctioning orthodox learning, churchly aims, and evangelical labors; and the most extreme Presbyterian, from his own point of view, would only be gaining more authority or grace for a larger service; and the two together would simply be honoring both episcopacy and presbytery in the one catholic and apostolic Church of Christ.

Without claiming to speak for others, but looking at the question from a strictly undenominational point of view, I venture to hope that in any union to be devised the historic episcopate can be retained, if only as one remaining bulwark against the well-meant but lawless evangelism which is running wild in our churches and bringing all the divine institutions of the Christian religion into contempt. The great revivalists, Whitefield and Wesley, were trained clergymen and ever appeared as such, even when driven from the pulpit into the field. But our lay evangelists are pressed from the field into the pulpit, and a divine success is claimed for them on the very ground that they are not clergymen but mere laymen. When earnest and gifted preachers of the Gospel, like Mr. Moody, decline to become ordained ministers of any church, while everywhere exercising ministerial functions, with learned divines and faithful pastors sitting at their feet, and the whole order of God's house set aside, can we wonder if the popular inference should be that the ministry itself is but a human convenience, if not already a failure. Is any transient good done by them to be weighed for one moment against the lasting evil of overthrowing the most sacred ordinances and institutions, to say nothing of feverish excitements, whose track is often that of the simoon through the fairest pastures of Christ? Our chief danger in this land and age of freedom is not hierarchy. Instead of too much ecclesiasticism, there is too little. The clergy are fast losing their normal rank and influence. The time may yet come when pure presbytery and true episcopacy shall appear not only congruous but inseparable, and together essential in maintaining that "catholic visible church unto which Christ hath given the ministry, oracles, and ordinances of God."

There is also a large and growing class of minds in all churches for whom the historic episcopate, as now associated with the prayer-book, seems practically the only guarantee of a pure scriptural worship. Time was indeed when that liturgy had been so rigorously enforced as to extinguish all other forms of devotion. No wonder Milton could then cry out against it: "To imprison and confine by force, within a pin-fold of set words, those two most unimprisonable things, our prayers and that divine spirit of utterance which moves them, is a tyranny that would want longer hands than those giants who threatened bondage to heaven." But out of that tyranny we have long since fought our way to a ruinous victory. The time has now come to distinguish liberty from license in the worship of God and to assert order and decency against confusion in the assemblies of saints. Keep for fit times and places the free, extempore service which has been so dearly won; but keep also that historic liturgy which has come down to us from all the Christian ages. Let the people have pure English and sound doctrine at least in their devotions; let them learn the whole word of God in appointed lessons; let them offer up prayers which they can call their own; let them follow their Lord, from his cradle to his cross, through each year of his grace; let them receive holy sacraments and rites, in the meet words of apostles, saints, and martyrs; let them thus worship with angels and archangels and the whole company of the redeemed on earth and in heaven. Already, indeed, some of these things have been reclaimed for them as their just heritage, and we are beginning to find that the prayer-book can co-exist with the prayer-meeting as easily as episcopacy can concur with presbytery.

Besides these advantages, the historic episcopate might also bring a valuable conservative force into our presbyterial systems of church government. Aside from the claim of apostolical succession, it is appreciated as a scriptural and ancient institution of the Christian religion, as fitted to secure the choicest wisdom, learning, and piety of the Church in the direction of its affairs, and as demanded by new exigencies which have arisen in our time and country. Since it became detached from the English peerage and monarchy, it has grown into harmony with our republican institutions, while supplying needed checks upon their radical tendencies. Moreover, it is certain that episcopacy as well as presbytery would have a voice in any Provisional Congress or General Council of the Lutheran, Reformed, Congregational, Presbyte-

rian, Methodist and Protestant Episcopal churches which could be duly called; and should the time ever come for the federation or consolidation of these bodies, it might be found that a House of Bishops and House of Presbyters, like the Senators and Representatives in our national legislature, would support and balance each other, reconciling rival claims and interests and ever securing the new popular institutions of the American church as well as keeping it in the line of historic Christianity. He would be a bold prophet who would strike out either presbytery or episcopacy from the future Christian civilization of this continent.

The chief obstacles to a reunion of our episcopal and presbyterial systems are not so much any doctrinal differences inhering in those systems as the mere accidental influences of denominational pride, inherited prejudice, and general ignorance — an ignorance largely enveloping the clergy as well as the people. Nothing would seem plainer than that both parties left their grievances behind them three thousand miles away, two hundred years ago; and yet the memory of them so rankles in our blood that we still shudder at them as if we might encounter another Laud in some good bishop of an American diocese, or provoke some Janet Geddes to hurl her tripod in response to a Presbyterian liturgy. The political, social, and religious conditions which once kindled so fierce a strife between Presbytery and Episcopacy, and drove them asunder to so rash extremes, could not be transferred to this free land and can never arise among its free churches; but we seem often to fancy that the same battle is still raging, and fill the air with the old familiar slogans and cheer on our champions to new encounters, though all the while no lordly prelates are sitting in our legislatures, and no bloody Claverhouse is abroad pursuing our peaceful worshipers — though no psalm-singing Puritans are despoiling our new cathedrals and no outlawed Covenanters are waylaying our excellent bishops. On the one side, we are ever boasting of a church lineage which we espoused but yesterday; and, on the other side, of a line of martyrs whom we no longer follow. We forget that those honored Anglican prelates would have dispersed our Episcopal conventions as so many rebels, schismatics, and dissenters, and those revered Scottish worthies would have made swift bonfires of our Presbyterian hymnals, organs, and service-books. And should some candid investigator expose to us, in the clear light of history, how groundless are our prejudices and how foolish our divisions, we can do nothing perhaps but accept his statements, as highly interesting but very useless, and scarcely know whether to frown or smile upon him as, by turns, he provokes admiration or indignation on both sides of the question.

The writer cannot hope to escape such influences. By some of his most respected readers this paper may be viewed as a pure speculation. It will be easy to call it the dream of a recluse or say that the time is not ripe for it. Nevertheless, the present generation might see it becoming real, if only events move forward as fast as they have moved since the former paper was written. And no prophet is needed to tell us what would be the issue. Let the day ever come for a general reunion of Presbytery and Episcopacy, either by formal agreement or by practical fusion, and it would mark the turning-point in the problem of an American Catholic Church. It would be but the forming nucleus of a wide confederation and consolidation of churches and denominations, which are already in ministerial communion and more or less organic connection. Presbytery would include the German, Dutch, French, Scotch, and English types of Protestantism; Episcopacy would involve the Greek, Latin, Anglican, and American germs of Catholicity; and all these varied elements would come into new and vital relations, correcting and molding each other. Our best American Christianity would react upon our whole American civilization against the crying evils of sectarianism, infidelity, and vice. The great vanguard churches of the land, no longer idly saying one to another in the very front of battle, "I have no need of thee," would stand compact together, and grow up in Christ the Head as his living members, and at length, it may be, lead on to one United Church of the United States.

Charles W. Shields.

TWILIGHT.

THE soft voluptuous opiate-shades,
The sun just gone, the eager light dispelled — (I too
will soon be gone, dispelled),
A haze — nirvana — rest and night — oblivion.

Walt Whitman.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

SPRINGFIELD TO WASHINGTON.

AS the date of inauguration approached, formal invitations, without party distinction, came from the legislatures of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, tendering Mr. Lincoln the hospitalities of those States and their people, and inviting him to visit their capitals on his journey to Washington. Similar invitations also came to him from the municipal authorities of many cities and towns on the route, and railroads tendered him special trains for the use of himself and family. Mr. Lincoln had no fondness for public display, but in his long political career he had learned the importance of personal confidence and live sympathy between representatives and constituents, leaders and people. About to assume unusual duties in extraordinary times, he doubtless felt that it would not only be a gracious act to accept, so far as he could, these invitations, in which all parties had freely joined, but that both people and executive would be strengthened in their faith and patriotism by a closer acquaintance, even of so brief and ceremonial a character. Accordingly he answered the governors and committees that he would visit the cities of Indianapolis, Columbus, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Albany, New York, Trenton, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg, while to the governor of Massachusetts he replied that the want of time alone constrained him to omit that State from his route of travel.

Monday, the 11th day of February, was fixed as the time of departure, and a programme and schedule of special trains from point to point were arranged, extending to Saturday, the 23d, the time of arrival in Washington. Early Monday morning (the 11th) found Mr. Lincoln, his family, and suite at the rather dingy little railroad station in Springfield, with a throng of at least a thousand of his Springfield neighbors who had come to bid him goodbye. It was a cloudy, stormy morning, which served to add gloom and depression to the spirits. The leave-taking became a scene of subdued anxiety, almost of solemnity. Mr. Lincoln took a position in the waiting-room, where his friends filed past him, often merely pressing his hand in silent emotion.

The half-finished ceremony was broken in upon by the ringing bells and the rushing train. The crowd closed about the railroad car into which the President-elect and his party * made their way. Then came the central incident of the morning. Once more the bell gave notice of starting; but as the conductor paused with his hand lifted to the bell-rope, Mr. Lincoln appeared on the platform of the car, and raised his hand to command attention. The bystanders bared their heads to the falling snow-flakes, and standing thus, his neighbors heard his voice for the last time, in the city of his home, in a farewell address † so chaste and pathetic, that it reads as if he already felt the tragic shadow of forecasting fate:

"My friends: no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

* The presidential party which made the whole journey consisted of the following persons: Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, their three sons, Robert T., William, and Thomas, Lockwood Todd, Doctor W. S. Wallace, John G. Nicolay, John Hay, Hon. N. B. Judd, Hon. David Davis, Colonel E. V. Sumner, Major David Hunter, Captain George W. Hazard, Captain John Pope, Colonel Ward H. Lamon, Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, J. M. Burgess, George C. Latham, W. S. Wood, and B. Forbes. Besides these a considerable number of other personal friends and dignitaries accompanied the President from Springfield to Indianapolis, and some of them to places farther on the route.

† This address is here correctly printed for the first time, from the original manuscript, having been written down immediately after the train started, partly by Mr. Lincoln's own hand and partly by that of his private secretary from his dictation.

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A proper description of the presidential tour which followed would fill a volume. It embraced two weeks of official receptions by committees, mayors, governors, and legislatures; of crowded evening receptions and interminable hand-shakings; of impromptu or formal addresses at every ceremony; of cheers, salutes, bonfires, military parades, and imposing processions, amid miles of spectators.

Political dissension was for the moment hushed in the general curiosity to see and hear the man who by the free and lawful choice of the nation had been called to exercise the duties of the presidential office. The universal eagerness was perhaps heightened by the fact that during the same two weeks the delegates from the States in insurrection were in session at Montgomery, Alabama, occupied with the temporary organization of a government openly pledged to rebellion, and whose doings were daily reported by the telegraph and printed in every newspaper. Personal curiosity was thus supplemented by growing political anxiety, and every word of the President-elect was scanned for some light by which to read the troubled and uncertain future. Mr. Lincoln was therefore obliged to measure his public utterances with unusual caution; and while he managed to avoid any announcement of policy, the country was nevertheless able to read between the lines that it had made no mistake in the man to whom it had confided the preservation of the Government. It would, of course, be impossible in a single chapter to cite his many speeches on this journey, in which there occurred, of necessity, a great deal of repetition. It will, perhaps, give a better idea of their general tenor to reproduce passages from a few of the most noteworthy. In reading these the critic must constantly bear in mind that they were reported and printed under such circumstances of haste and confusion that verbal accuracy could not be expected, and that they are but abstracts, in which the full structure of his sentences is often abridged or transposed to permit the whole to be brought within the limits of an ordinary press dispatch.

The train which left Springfield in the morning arrived in Indianapolis before nightfall, where, in response to an address from Governor Morton, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Most heartily do I thank you for this magnificent reception, and while I cannot take to myself any share of the compliment thus paid, more than that which pertains to a mere instrument, an accidental instrument, perhaps, I should say, of a great cause, I yet must look upon it as a most magnificent reception, and as such most heartily do I thank you for it. You have been pleased to address yourself to me chiefly in behalf of this glorious Union in which we live, in all of which you have my hearty sympathy, and, as far as may be within my power, will have, one and inseparably, my hearty coöperation. While I do not expect, upon this occasion, or until I get to Washington, to attempt any lengthy speech, I will only say that to the salvation of the Union, there needs but one single thing, the hearts of a people like yours. The people, when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of this country, truly may it be said, 'The gates of hell cannot prevail against them.' In all trying positions in which I shall be placed, and doubtless I shall be placed in many such, my reliance will be upon you and the people of the United States; and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business, and not mine; that if the union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me. . . . I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office-seekers, but with you, is the question, Shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations?"

The ceremonies during his stay here called out another address from him in which he asked the following pertinent questions:

"I am here to thank you much for this magnificent welcome, and still more for the generous support given by your State to that political cause which I think is the true and just cause of the whole country and the whole world. Solomon says there is 'a time to keep silence,' and when men wrangle by the month with no certainty that they *mean* the same *thing*, while using the same *word*, it perhaps were as well if they would keep silence. The words 'coercion' and 'invasion' are much used in these days, and often with some temper and hot blood. Let us make sure, if we can, that we do not misunderstand the meaning of those who use them. Let us get exact definitions of these words, not from dictionaries, but from the men themselves, who certainly appreciate the *things* they would represent by the use of words. What, then, is 'Coercion'? What is 'Invasion'? Would the marching of an army into South Carolina, without the consent of her people, and with hostile intent towards them, be 'invasion'? I certainly think it would; and it would be 'coercion' also if the South Carolinians were forced to submit. But if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and other property, and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all of these things be 'invasion' or 'coercion'? Do our professed lovers of the Union, but who spitefully resolve that they will resist coercion and invasion, understand that such things as these on the part of the United States would be coercion or invasion of a State? If so, their idea of means to preserve the object of their affection would seem exceedingly thin and airy. If sick, the little pills of the homeopathist would be much too large for them to swallow. In their view, the Union, as a family relation, would seem to be no regular marriage, but a sort of 'free-love' arrangement, to be maintained only on 'passional attraction.' By the way, in what consists the special sacredness of a State? I speak not of the position assigned to a State in the Union, by the Constitution; for that, by the bond, we all recognize. That position, however, a State cannot carry out of the Union with it. I speak of that assumed primary right of a State to rule all which is *less* than itself, and ruin all which is larger than itself. If a State and a county, in a given case, should be equal in extent of territory, and equal in number of inhabitants, in what, as a matter of principle, is the State better than the

county? Would an exchange of names be an exchange of *rights* upon principle? On what rightful principle may a State, being not more than one-fiftieth part of the nation, in soil and population, break up the nation and then coerce a proportionally larger subdivision of itself, in the most arbitrary way? What mysterious right to play tyrant is conferred on a district of country, with its people, by merely calling it a State? Fellow-citizens, I am not asserting anything; I am merely asking questions for you to consider."

At Columbus, Ohio, he said to the legislature of that State, convened in joint session in the hall of the Assembly:

"It is true, as has been said by the President of the Senate, that very great responsibility rests upon me in the position to which the votes of the American people have called me. I am deeply sensible of that weighty responsibility. I cannot but know what you all know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country; and so feeling, I cannot but turn and look for that support without which it will be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them. Allusion has been made to the interest felt in relation to the policy of the new Administration. In this I have received from some a degree of credit for having kept silence, and from others some deprecation. I still think that I was right. . . . I have not maintained silence from any want of real anxiety. It is a good thing that there is no more than anxiety, for there is nothing going wrong. It is a consoling circumstance that when we look out, there is nothing that really hurts anybody. We entertain different views upon political questions, but nobody is suffering anything. This is a most consoling circumstance, and from it we may conclude that all we want is time, patience, and a reliance on that God who has never forsaken this people."

During a brief halt of the train at Steubenville, where a large crowd was assembled, he made the following short statement of the fundamental question at issue:

"I fear that the great confidence placed in my ability is unfounded. Indeed, I am sure it is. Encompassed by vast difficulties as I am, nothing shall be wanting on my part, if sustained by the American people and God. I believe the devotion to the Constitution is equally great on both sides of the river. It is only the different understanding of that instrument that causes difficulty. The only dispute on both sides is, 'What are their rights?' If the majority should not rule, who would be the judge? Where is such a judge to be found? We should all be bound by the majority of the American people — if not, then the minority must control. Would that be right? Would it be just or generous? Assuredly not. I reiterate, that the majority should rule. If I adopt a wrong policy, the opportunity for condemnation will occur in four years' time. Then I can be turned out, and a better man with better views put in my place."

Necessarily omitting any description of the magnificent demonstrations, and the multiplied speeches in the great State and city of New York, his addresses in the capital of New Jersey must be quoted, because they show a culminating earnestness of thought and purpose. To the Senate he said:

"I am very grateful to you for the honorable reception of which I have been the object. I cannot but remember the place that New Jersey holds in our early history. In the revolutionary struggle few of the States among the Old Thirteen had more of the battle-fields of the country within their limits than New Jersey. May I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have ever seen, 'Weems' Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river; the contest with the Hessians; the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing — that something even more than National Independence; that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come — I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made, and I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this, his almost chosen people for perpetuating the object of that great struggle. You give me this reception, as I understand, without distinction of party. I learn that this body is composed of a majority of gentlemen who, in the exercise of their best judgment in the choice of a chief magistrate, did not think I was the man. I understand, nevertheless, that they came forward here to greet me as the constitutionally elected President of the United States — as citizens of the United States — to meet the man who, for the time being, is the representative of the majesty of the nation — united by the single purpose to perpetuate the Constitution, the Union, and the liberties of the people. As such, I accept this reception more gratefully than I could do did I believe it were tendered to me as an individual."

Passing then to the Assembly Chamber, he addressed the members of the lower house in conclusion:

. . . "You, Mr. Speaker, have well said that this is a time when the bravest and wisest look back with doubt and awe upon the aspect presented by our national affairs. Under these circumstances, you will readily see why I should not speak in detail of the course I shall deem it best to pursue. It is proper that I should avail myself of all the information and all the time at my command, in order that when the time arrives in which I must speak officially, I shall be able to take the ground which I deem the best and safest, and from which I may have no occasion to swerve. I shall endeavor to take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, the South, and the whole country. I take it, I hope, in good temper, certainly with no malice toward any section. I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, none who would do more to preserve it, but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly. [Here the audience broke out into cheers so loud and long, that for some moments it was impossible to hear Mr. Lincoln's voice.] And if I do my duty and do right, you will sustain me, will you not? [Loud cheers, and cries of 'Yes, yes, we will.'] Received as I am by the

members of a legislature, the majority of whom do not agree with me in political sentiments, I trust that I may have their assistance in piloting the ship of State through this voyage, surrounded by perils as it is; for if it should suffer wreck now, there will be no pilot ever needed for another voyage."

Perhaps in no one of the many addresses delivered during his tour was he so visibly moved and affected by his surroundings as when he spoke in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, which he visited on the 22d of February, the anniversary of Washington's birthday. He said:

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sirs, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it be forced upon the Government. The Government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

"My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed it was merely to do something towards raising a flag — I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [Cries of 'No, No.'] But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, die by."

In his last speech of the series, delivered in Harrisburg, before the assembled legislature of Pennsylvania, he happily described another interesting ceremony which had taken place that same morning before leaving Philadelphia:

"I appear before you only for a very few, brief remarks, in response to what has been said to me. I thank you most sincerely for this reception, and the generous words in which support has been promised me upon this occasion. I thank your great commonwealth for the overwhelming support it recently gave, not me personally, but the cause which I think a just one, in the late election. Allusion has been made to the fact — the interesting fact, perhaps, we should say — that I for the first time appear at the capital of the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania upon the birthday of the Father of his Country. In connection with that beloved anniversary connected with the history of this country, I have already gone through one exceedingly interesting scene this morning in the ceremonies at Philadelphia. Under the conduct of gentlemen there, I was for the first time allowed the privilege of standing in the old Independence Hall, to have a few words addressed to me there, and opening up to me an opportunity of expressing, with much regret that I had not more time to express something of my own feelings, excited by the occasion, somewhat to harmonize and give shape to the feelings that had really been the feelings of my whole life. Besides this, our friends there had provided a magnificent flag of the country. They had arranged it so that I was given the honor of raising it. And when it went up, I was pleased that it went to its place by the strength of my own feeble arm. When, according to the arrangement, the cord was pulled, and it floated gloriously to the wind, without an accident, in the bright, glowing sunshine of the morning, I could not help hoping that there was, in the entire success of that beautiful ceremony, at least something of an omen of what is to come. Nor could I help feeling then, as I often have felt, in the whole of that proceeding I was a very humble instrument. I had not provided the flag; I had not made the arrangements for elevating it to its place; I had applied but a very small portion of my feeble strength in raising it. In the whole transaction I was in the hands of the people who had arranged it, and if I can have the same generous coöperation of the people of the nation, I think the flag of our country may yet be kept flaunting gloriously. I recur for a moment but to repeat some words uttered at the hotel, in regard to what has been said about the military support which the general government may expect from the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in a proper emergency. To guard against any possible mistake do I recur to this. It is not with any pleasure that I contemplate the possibility that a necessity may arise in this country for the use of the military arm. While I am exceedingly gratified to see the manifestation upon your streets of your military force here, and exceedingly gratified at your promise to use that force upon a proper emergency — while I make these acknowledgments I desire to repeat, in order to preclude any possible misconstruction, that I do most sincerely hope that we shall have no use for them; that it will never become their duty to shed blood, and most especially never to shed fraternal blood. I promise that so far as I may have wisdom to direct, if so painful a result shall in anywise be brought about, it shall be through no fault of mine."

LINCOLN'S SECRET NIGHT JOURNEY.

On the morning of February 23d the whole country was surprised at the telegraphic announcement, coupled with diverse and generally very foggy explanations, that the President-elect, after his long and almost triumphal journey in the utmost publicity and with well-nigh universal greetings of good-will, had suddenly abandoned his announced programme and made a quick and secret night journey through Baltimore to the Federal capital. Public opinion at the time, and for years afterward, was puzzled by the event, and the utmost contra-

riety of comment, ranging from the highest praise to the severest detraction which caricature, ridicule, and denunciation could express, was long current. In the course of time, the narratives of the principal actors in the affair have been written down and published,* and a sufficient statement of the facts and motives involved may at length be made. The newspapers stated (without any prompting or suggestion from Mr. Lincoln) that an extensive plot to assassinate him on his expected trip through Baltimore about midday of Saturday had been discovered, which plot the earlier and unknown passage on Friday night disconcerted and prevented. This theory has neither been proved nor disproved by the lapse of time; Mr. Lincoln did not entertain it in this form† nor base his course upon it. But subsequent events did clearly demonstrate the possibility and probability of attempted personal violence from the fanatical impulse of individuals, or the sudden anger of a mob, and justified the propriety of his decision.

The threats of secession, revolution, plots to seize Washington, to burn the public buildings, to prevent the count of electoral votes and the inauguration of the new President, which had for six weeks filled the newspapers of the country, caused much uneasiness about the personal safety of Mr. Lincoln, particularly among the railroad officials over whose lines he was making his journey; and to no one of them so much as to Mr. S. M. Felton, the President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railway, whose line formed the connecting link from the North to the South, from a free to a slave State, from the region of absolute loyalty to the territory of quasi-rebellion. Independently of politics, the city of Baltimore at that time bore a somewhat unenviable reputation as containing a dangerous and disorderly element; her "roughs" had a degree of newspaper notoriety by no means agreeable to quiet and non-combative strangers. But Baltimore and Maryland were also profoundly moved by the incipient rebellion. Governor Hicks had been plied with persuasion, protest, and even threats of personal violence, to induce him to convene the Maryland legislature, so that secession might begin under a legal pretext. The investigation of the Howard Congressional Committee, though it found no organized plot to seize the capital, gave abundant traces of secession conspiracy of various degrees — especially of half-formed military companies, organizing to prevent Northern troops from passing through Baltimore to Washington or the South. As part and parcel of this scheme, the railroads were to be destroyed and the bridges burned. The events of April, as they actually occurred, had already been planned, informally at least, in January.

Aside from patriotism, the duty of protecting the tracks and bridges of the railroad of which he was president induced Mr. Felton to call to his aid Mr. Allan Pinkerton, chief of a Chicago detective agency, whom he had before employed on an important matter.

"He was a man of great skill and resources," writes Mr. Felton. "I furnished him with a few hints and at once set him on the track with eight assistants. There were then drilling upon the line of the railroad some three military organizations, professedly for home defense, pretending to be Union men, and in one or two instances tendering their services to the railroad in case of trouble. Their propositions were duly considered; but the defense of the road was never intrusted to their tender mercies. The first thing done was to enlist a volunteer in each of these military companies. They pretended to come from New Orleans and Mobile, and did not appear to be wanting in sympathy for the South. They were furnished with uniforms at the expense of the road, and drilled as often as their associates in arms; became initiated into all the secrets of the organizations, and reported every day or two to their chief, who immediately reported to me the designs and plans of these military companies. One of these organizations was loyal; but the other two were disloyal, and fully in the plot to destroy the bridges, and march to Washington, to wrest it from the hands of the legally constituted authorities. Every nook and corner of the road and its vicinity was explored by the chief and his detectives, and the secret working of secession and treason laid bare and brought to light. Societies were joined in Baltimore, and various modes known to and practiced only by detectives were resorted to, to win the confidence of the conspirators and get into their secrets. The plan worked well; and the midnight plottings and daily consultations of the conspirators were treasured up as a guide to our future plans for thwarting them. . . . It was made as certain as strong circumstantial and positive evidence could make it, that there was a plot to burn the bridges and destroy the road, and murder Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washington, if it turned out that he went there before troops were called. If troops were first called, then the bridges were to be destroyed, and Washington cut off and taken possession of by the South. I at once organized and armed a force of about two hundred men, whom I distributed along the line between the Susquehanna and Baltimore, principally at the bridges. These men were drilled secretly and regularly by drill-masters, and were apparently employed in whitewashing the bridges, putting on some six or seven coats of whitewash, saturated with salt and alum,

* See narrative of S. M. Felton, in Schouler, "Massachusetts in the Civil War," Vol. I., pp. 59–65; Judd to Pinkerton, Nov. 3d, 1867, Edwards, "Life of N. B. Judd," pamphlet, pp. 11–17; Pinkerton, "The Spy of the Rebellion," pp. 45–103; Kennedy to Lossing, embracing narrative of Colonel Stone, Lossing, "Civil War," Vol. II., pp. 147–149; Lincoln's statement to Lossing, Ib., Vol. I., pp. 279, 280; Lincoln's statement to Arnold, Arnold, "Lincoln and Slavery," p. 171; and MS. letters printed in this chapter. Also Lamon, "Life of Lincoln," pp. 511–526.

† Mr. Lincoln, long afterward, declared: "I did not then, nor do I now, believe I should have been assassinated, had I gone through Baltimore as first contemplated; but I thought it wise to run no risk, where no risk was necessary." Hon. I. N. Arnold, in his work, "Lincoln and Slavery," adds in a note, p. 171, that the above was "stated to the author by Mr. Lincoln."

to make the outside of the bridges as nearly fire-proof as possible. This whitewashing, so extensive in its application, became the nine-days' wonder of the neighborhood. Thus the bridges were strongly guarded, and a train was arranged so as to concentrate all the forces at one point in case of trouble. The programme of Mr. Lincoln was changed; and it was decided by him that he would go to Harrisburg from Philadelphia, and thence over the Northern Central road by day to Baltimore, and thence to Washington. We were then informed by our detective that the attention of the conspirators was turned from our road to the Northern Central, and that they would there await the coming of Mr. Lincoln." *

It appeared from the reports of Pinkerton's detectives that among the more suspicious indications were the very free and threatening expressions of a man named Ferrandini, an Italian, sometime a barber at Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore, but who had become captain of one of the military companies organized in that city to promote secession. Ferrandini's talk may not have been conclusive proof of a conspiracy, but it showed his own intent to commit assassination, and conveyed the inference of a plot.† Coupled with the fact that the Baltimore air was full of similar threats, it established the probability of a mob and a riot. Add to this Ferrandini's testimony before the Howard Committee (February 5th, 1861), that he was then drilling a company (fifteen members) of "Constitutional Guards" in Baltimore, formed for the express purpose "to prevent Northern volunteer companies from passing through the State of Maryland . . . to come here [Washington] to help the United States troops, or anybody else, to invade the South in any shape whatever"; also that another corps, called the National Volunteers, had formed, "to protect their State," and began drilling the previous Saturday; also that he had "heard that the Minute Men have fifteen companies in Baltimore"—and we have the direct evidence of extensive organization, and strong presumption of the uses to which it could be turned.‡ Then, if we remember that riot, murder, and bridge-burning actually took place in Baltimore two months later, in exact accordance with the plans and ideas formulated, both in the loose talk and the solemn testimony by Ferrandini and others, we are unavoidably driven to the conclusion that Mr. Felton, General Scott, Governor Hicks, and others had abundant cause for the very serious apprehensions under which they acted.

Hon. N. B. Judd, a resident of Chicago, of peculiar prominence in Illinois politics and the intimate personal friend of Lincoln, was perhaps the most active and influential member of the suite of the President-elect. Pinkerton the detective knew Judd personally, and, as the presidential party approached, notified him by letter at Buffalo, and by special messenger at New York, of the investigations he was making in Baltimore. Judd as yet said nothing of the matter to any one. When the party arrived in Philadelphia, however, he was instantly called to a conference with Mr. Felton and the detective. Pinkerton laid his reports before the two, and, after an hour's examination, both were convinced that the allegation of a plot to assassinate the President-elect was as serious and important as in the nature of things such evidence can ever be found. He immediately took Pinkerton with him to Mr. Lincoln's room at the Continental Hotel, to whom the whole story was repeated, and where Judd advised that, in the opinion both of Mr. Felton and himself, Mr. Lincoln's safety required him to proceed that same evening on the 11 o'clock train. "If you follow the course suggested," continued Judd, "you will necessarily be subjected to the scoffs and sneers of your enemies, and the disapproval of your friends, who cannot be made to believe in the existence of so desperate a plot." Mr. Lincoln replied that he appreciated these suggestions, but that he could stand anything that was necessary. Then rising from his seat he said: "I cannot go to-night; I have promised to raise the flag over Independence Hall to-morrow morning, and to visit the legislature at Harrisburg. Beyond that I have no engagements."§

Hitherto, all Lincoln's movements had been made under the invitation, arrangements, direction, and responsibility of committees of legislatures, governors of States, and municipal authorities of towns and cities. No such call or greeting, however, had come from Maryland; no resolutions of welcome from her legislature, no invitation from her governor, no municipal committee from Baltimore. The sole proffers of friendship and hospitality out of the commonwealth came from two citizens in their private capacity — Mr. Gittings, President of the Northern Central Railroad, who tendered a dinner to Mr. Lincoln and his family; and Mr. Coleman, of the Eutaw House, who extended a similar invitation to the President-elect and his suite. Appreciating fully these acts of personal courtesy, Mr. Lincoln yet felt that there was no evidence before him that the official and public authority of the city would be exercised to restrain the unruly elements which would on such an occasion densely pack the streets of Baltimore. During their ten-days' experience on the journey thus

* Schouler, "Massachusetts in the Civil War," Vol. I., pp. 61, 62.

† Lamon, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 516.

‡ Report Select Committee of Five (Howard Committee), pp. 133–137.

§ Judd to Pinkerton, November 3d, 1867.

far, both he and his suite had had abundant evidence as to how completely exposed and perfectly helpless every individual of the party, and especially Mr. Lincoln, was at times, even amid the friendliest feeling and the kindest attention. He had been almost crushed in the corridor of the State-house at Columbus; arriving after dark in the Pittsburg depot, a stampede of the horses of a small cavalry escort had seriously endangered his carriage and its occupants; at Buffalo, Major Hunter, of his suite, had his arm broken by a sudden rush of the crowd. If with all the good-will and precautions of police and military such perils were unavoidable in friendly cities, what might happen where authorities were indifferent, where municipal control and public order were lax, and where prejudice, hostility, and smoldering insurrection animated the masses of people surging about the carriages of an unprotected street procession? Yet with all these considerations Mr. Lincoln could not entirely convince himself that a deliberate plot to murder him was in existence.

"I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night, if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore. I told him that if I should meet at Harrisburg, as I had at other places, a delegation to go with me to Baltimore, I should feel safe, and go on." *

Mr. Judd devoted the remainder of the afternoon and nearly the whole of the night of February 21st to the discussion and perfection of arrangements for a night journey through Baltimore, as suggested by himself and Mr. Felton, and as conditionally accepted by the President-elect. Only four persons joined in this discussion, — Mr. Judd, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. Franciscus, General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. Henry Sanford, representing Colonel E. S. Sanford, President of the American Telegraph Company. At 4 o'clock A. M. the party separated, having agreed on the following plan: † that after the reception at Harrisburg, a special train consisting of a baggage car and one passenger car, starting at 6 P. M., should convey Mr. Lincoln and one companion back to Philadelphia, the track between the two cities to be kept clear of everything; that Mr. Felton at Philadelphia should detain the 11 o'clock P. M. Baltimore train until the arrival of the special train from Harrisburg; that Pinkerton should have a carriage ready in which to proceed through Philadelphia from one depot to the other; that a Mrs. Warne, an employee of his, should engage berths in the sleeping-car of the Baltimore train; that Mr. Sanford should so disconnect the wires as to make any telegraphing between the several points within certain hours impossible; and that Mr. Lincoln should have for his single escort and companion Colonel Ward H. Lamon, of his suite, a devoted personal friend from Illinois — young, active, and of almost herculean frame and strength.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of February 22d, the appointed flag-raising by the President-elect, over Independence Hall in Philadelphia, was duly celebrated, and on the trip to Harrisburg, which followed as soon as possible, Mr. Judd communicated the details of his plan to Mr. Lincoln. Before this, however, Lincoln had received at the Continental Hotel the visit of Mr. Frederick W. Seward, who came as a special messenger from his father, in Washington, to place the following correspondence in his hands:

[Seward to Lincoln.]

"WASHINGTON, February 21st, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: My son goes express to you. He will show you a report made by our detective to General Scott, and by him communicated to me this morning. I deem it so important as to dispatch my son to meet you wherever he may find you.

"I concur with General Scott in thinking it best for you to reconsider your arrangement. No one here but General Scott, myself, and the bearer is aware of this communication.

"I should have gone with it myself, but for the peculiar sensitiveness about my attendance at the Senate at this crisis. Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD." ‡

[General Scott to Seward.]

"February 21st, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Please receive my friend, Colonel Stone, chief of General Wightman's staff, and a distinguished young officer with me in Mexico. He has an important communication to make.

"Yours truly, WINFIELD SCOTT." ‡

[Colonel Stone's Report.]

"February 21st, 1861.

"A New York detective officer who has been on duty in Baltimore for three weeks past reports this morning that there is serious danger of violence to, and the assassination of, Mr. Lincoln in his passage through that city, should the time of that passage be known. He states that there are banded rowdies holding secret meetings, and that he has heard threats of mobbing and violence, and has himself heard men declare that if Mr. Lincoln was to be assassinated they would like to be the men. He states further that it is only within the past few days that he has considered there was any danger, but now he deems it imminent. He deems the danger one which the authorities and people in Baltimore cannot guard against. All risk might be easily avoided by a change in the traveling arrangements which would bring Mr. Lincoln and a portion of his party through Baltimore by a night train without previous notice." ‡

* Lincoln's statement to Lossing. Lossing, "Civil War," Vol. I., p. 280.

† Judd to Pinkerton, November 3d, 1867.

‡ Unpublished MS.

Here was a new and most serious additional warning. The investigation on which it was based was altogether independent of that made by Pinkerton, and entirely unknown to him. Colonel Stone, it will be remembered, was the officer to whom General Scott intrusted the organization and command of the District Militia for the defense of Washington and the general supervision and control of the city. The detectives, three in number, were from New York, and at the request of Colonel Stone had been selected and placed on duty by Mr. Kennedy, superintendent of police of New York city.* In both cases similar observations had been made, and similar conclusions arrived at.

Warned thus of danger by concurrent evidence too grave to be disregarded, and advised to avoid it, not only by Judd and Felton in Philadelphia, but now also by Mr. Seward, the chief of his new Cabinet, and by General Scott, the chief of the army, Mr. Lincoln could no longer hesitate to adopt their suggestion. Whether the evidence would prove ultimately true, or whether violence upon him would be attempted, was not the question. The existence of the danger was pointed out and certified by an authority he had no right to disregard; the trust he bore was not merely the personal safety of an individual, but the fortune and perhaps the fate of the Government of the nation. It was his imperative duty to shun all possible and unnecessary peril. A man of less courage would have shrunk from what must inevitably appear to the public like a sign of timidity; but Lincoln on this and other occasions concerned himself only with the larger issues at stake, leaving minor and especially personal consequences to take care of themselves. Mr. Frederick W. Seward was therefore informed by Judd "that he could say to his father that all had been arranged, and that, so far as human foresight could predict, Mr. Lincoln would be in Washington at 6 o'clock the next morning."† With this message Mr. Seward returned to Washington, while Mr. Lincoln and his suite proceeded to Harrisburg, where on that same Friday, the 22d of February, he was officially received by the governor and the legislature of Pennsylvania.

No other member of Mr. Lincoln's suite had as yet been notified of anything connected with the matter; but Mr. Judd had suggested to him that he felt exceedingly the responsibility of the advice he had given and the steps he had taken, and that he thought it due to the age and standing of the leading gentlemen of the President-elect's party that at least they should be informed and consulted. "To the above suggestions," writes Judd, "Mr. Lincoln assented, adding: 'I reckon they will laugh at us, Judd, but you had better get them together.' It was arranged that after the reception at the State-house, and before dinner, the matter should be fully laid before the following gentlemen of the party: Judge David Davis, Colonel E. V. Sumner, Major David Hunter, Captain John Pope, and Ward H. Lamon."

Mr. Judd's narrative then further recites what occurred:

"The meeting thus arranged took place in the parlor of the hotel, Mr. Lincoln being present. The facts were laid before them by me, together with the details of the proposed plan of action. There was a diversity of opinion, and some warm discussion, and I was subjected to a very rigid cross-examination. Judge Davis, who had expressed no opinion, but contented himself with asking rather pointed questions, turned to Mr. Lincoln, who had been listening to the whole discussion, and said: 'Well, Mr. Lincoln, what is your own judgment upon this matter?' Mr. Lincoln replied: 'I have thought over this matter considerably, since I went over the ground with Pinkerton last night. The appearance of Mr. Frederick Seward, with warning from another source, confirms Mr. Pinkerton's belief. Unless there are some other reasons besides fear of ridicule, I am disposed to carry out Judd's plan.' Judge Davis then said: 'That settles the matter, gentlemen.' Colonel Sumner said: 'So be it, gentlemen; it is against my judgment, but I have undertaken to go to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, and I shall do it.' I tried to convince him that any additional person added to the risk; but the spirit of the gallant old soldier was up, and debate was useless.

"The party separated about 4 P. M., the others to go to the dinner table, and myself to go to the railroad station and the telegraph office. At a quarter to 6 I was back at the hotel, and Mr. Lincoln was still at the table. In a few moments the carriage drove up to the side door of the hotel. Either Mr. Nicolay or Mr. Lamon called Mr. Lincoln from the table. He went to his room, changed his dinner dress for a traveling suit, and came down with a soft hat sticking in his pocket, and his shawl on his arm.‡ As the party passed through the hall I said, in a low tone, 'Lamon, go ahead. As soon as Mr. Lincoln is in the carriage, drive off; the crowd must not be allowed to identify him.' Mr. Lamon went first to the carriage; Colonel Sumner was following close after Mr. Lincoln; I put my hand gently on his shoulder; he turned to see what was wanted, and before I could explain, the carriage was off. The situation was a little awkward, to use no stronger terms, for a few moments, until I said to the Colonel: 'When we get to Washington, Mr. Lincoln shall determine what apology is due to you.'"

It is needless to describe the various stages of Mr. Lincoln's journey. The plan arranged

* See Lossing, "Civil War," Vol. II., pp. 147–149, a letter from Kennedy, and the narrative of Colonel Stone.

† Judd to Pinkerton, November 3d, 1867.

‡ Many caricatures and comments of that day were based upon the following sentence in a dispatch to the "New York Times": "He wore a Scotch plaid cap and a very long military cloak, so that he was entirely unrecognizable." This description was the pure invention of a newspaper correspondent understood to be Joseph Howard, Jr., who later in the war was imprisoned in Fort Lafayette for publishing a forged proclamation, about the draft, in the New York newspapers.

by the railroad and telegraph officials was carried out to the smallest detail, without delay or special incident, and without coming to the knowledge of any person on the train or elsewhere, except those to whom the secret was confided. The President-elect and his single companion were safely and comfortably carried from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and at midnight took their berths in the sleeping-



WARD H. LAMON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

car of the regular train from New York, passing through Baltimore unrecognized and undisturbed, and arriving in Washington at 6 o'clock on the morning of February 23d. Here they were met by Mr. Seward and Mr. Washburne, member of Congress from Illinois, and conducted to Willard's Hotel. The family and the suite made the journey direct from Harrisburg to Baltimore, according to the previously published programme, arriving in Washington late that evening. They encountered in Baltimore no incivility, nor any unusual disorder, though, as elsewhere, dense crowds, very inadequately controlled by the police, surrounded the railroad depots and filled the streets through which their carriages passed. All temptation, however, to commit an assault was now past, since it was everywhere known that Mr. Lincoln was not with the party, but had already arrived at his destination.

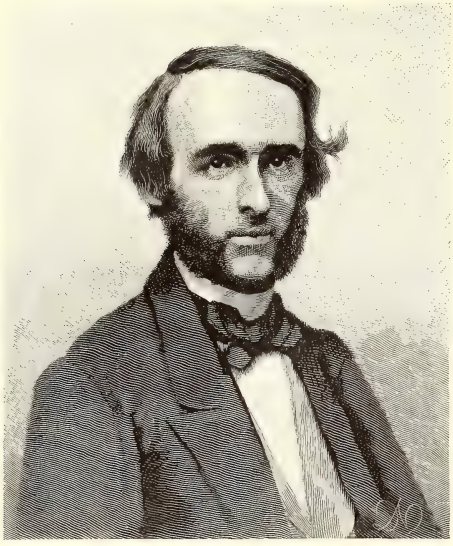
LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION.

ARRIVED in Washington, and installed in the spacious parlors on the second floor of Willard's Hotel, fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Lincoln had a little more than a week to prepare for the inauguration. Of this a part was taken up with the customary introductory visits,—to the outgoing President and Cabinet, where Mr. Buchanan and his counselors received him with cordial politeness; to the two houses of Congress, where he was enthusiastically welcomed by friends and somewhat sullenly greeted by foes; and to the Supreme Court of the United States, whose venerable chief and associate justices extended to him an affable recognition as the lawful successor in constitutional rulership. In his own parlors, also, the President-elect received numerous demonstrations of respect. President Buchanan and his Cabinet officially returned his visit. The Peace Conference, embracing distinguished delegates from all the free States and the border slave-States, and headed by their chairman, ex-President Tyler, waited upon him in a body, in pursuance of a formal and unanimous resolution.* His presidential rivals, Douglas and Breckinridge, each made him a call of courtesy. The mayor and the municipal council came in an official visit of welcome. Several delegations and many high functionaries repeated these ceremonial calls, which again were supplemented by numerous cordial invitations to private hospitality. While all these tokens of respect were sincere and loyal, there was no concealment of a deep anxiety in public feeling, and a curiosity to learn how the new President would deal with an organized rebellion, which had been allowed by his predecessor to establish itself without the least hindrance, and which, while committing repeated acts of war, had as yet perpetrated no violence or bloodshed,— only, however, because it had met neither official nor military resistance.

Mr. Lincoln's chief labor during this interim was his consultation with the more influential leaders of the Republican party, who, either as members of Congress, delegates in the Peace Conference, or as casual or special visitors to the capital at this moment, had a final word to say to him about the composition of his Cabinet or the policy of his Administration. Thus from the 23d of February to the 4th of March, every moment of the day and many hours of the night were occupied. As his doors were at all times freely opened,

* "Proceedings of Peace Conference," pp. 336–337.

and as his life-long habit was to listen patiently to counsel from all quarters, it is safe to say that no President ever approached his task better informed of the temper of his followers, and none decided more deliberately upon his



FREDERICK W. SEWARD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

general course of conduct. Yet, here as afterwards, he followed the practice of holding his convictions open to the latest moment, and of not irrevocably committing himself to specific acts till the instant of their execution.

Neither in the formation of his Cabinet nor in his proposed administrative policy, however, did this final consultation with his party friends work any essential alteration of his own well-formed opinions. His executive counselors were chosen upon plans long since matured in his own mind; and his inaugural address, composed and privately printed at Springfield, received on the last days several slight changes in the text, and a number of verbal changes, mainly suggested by the very few individuals to whom he submitted it. Judge David Davis read it while in Springfield. Hon. O. H. Browning read it in Indianapolis after the presidential journey was begun, and suggested perhaps the most important modification which he made. Hon. Francis P. Blair, Sr., read it in Washington, and highly commended it, suggesting no changes. As would be natural in any great political leader scanning his successful rival's first act of practical statesmanship, the most careful scrutiny of the document was made by Mr. Seward. The President-elect handed him a copy some time during the day of his arrival; and the next day being Sunday, Mr. Seward seems to have spent the greater part of it in examining the inaugural and in writing out the list of alterations and amendments which he thought advisable. On Sunday evening he wrote the following letter, which with his list of suggestions he sent to Mr. Lincoln:

"SUNDAY EVENING, February 24th, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have suggested many changes of little importance severally, but in their general effect tending to soothe the public mind. Of course the concessions are, as they ought to be, if they are to be of avail, at the cost of the winning, the triumphant party. I do not fear their displeasure. They will be loyal, whatever is said. Not so the defeated, irritated, angered, frenzied party. I, my dear sir, have devoted myself singly to the study of the case here — with advantages of access and free communication with all parties of all sections. I have a common responsibility and interest with you, and I shall adhere to you faithfully in every case. You must, therefore, allow me to speak frankly and candidly. In this spirit, I declare to you my conviction, that the second and third paragraphs, even if modified as I propose in my amendments, will give such advantages to the Disunionists that Virginia and Maryland will secede, and we shall within ninety, perhaps within sixty, days be obliged to fight the South for this capital, with a divided North for our reliance, and we shall not have one loyal magistrate or ministerial officer south of the Potomac.

"In that case the dismemberment of the Republic would date from the inauguration of a Republican administration. I therefore most respectfully counsel the omission of those paragraphs. I know the tenacity of party friends, and I honor and respect it. But I know also that they know nothing of the real peril of the crisis. It has not been their duty to study it, as it has been mine. Only the soothing words which I have spoken have saved us and carried us along thus far. Every loyal man, and indeed every disloyal man, in the South will tell you this.

"Your case is quite like that of Jefferson. He brought the first Republican party into power against and over a party ready to resist and dismember the Government. Partisan as he was, he sank the partisan in the patriot in his inaugural address, and propitiated his adversaries by declaring: 'We are all Federalists, all Republicans.' I could wish that you would think it wise to follow this example in this crisis. Be sure that while all your administrative conduct will be in harmony with Republican principles and policy, you cannot lose the Republican party by practicing in your advent to office the magnanimity of a victor.

"Very faithfully your friend,

"[WM. H. SEWARD.]

"THE HONORABLE ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"General Remarks:

"The argument is strong and conclusive, and ought not to be in any way abridged or modified.

"But something besides or in addition to argument is needful — to meet and remove prejudice and passion in the South, and despondency and fear in the East.

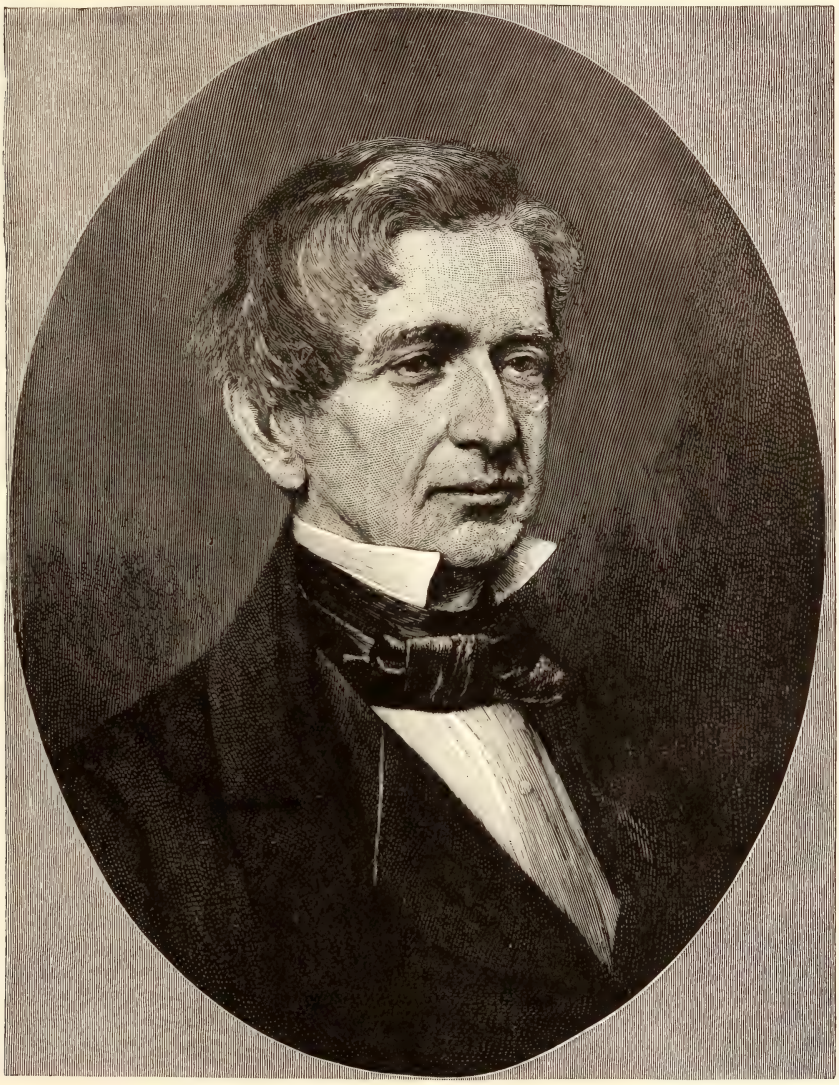
"Some words of affection — some of calm and cheerful confidence." *

Mr. Seward only suggested two important changes: (1) To omit the reference to the Chicago platform mentioned in his letter, with the announcement that the President would

* Unpublished MS. For the copy of this letter and other valuable manuscripts, we are indebted to Hon. Frederick W. Seward.

follow the principles therein declared. (2) Instead of a declaration of intention to reclaim, hold, occupy, and possess the places and property belonging to the Government, to speak ambiguously about the exercise of

tentious diction. The literary styles of Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln differed essentially. Mr. Seward was strongly addicted to and unusually felicitous in long, sonorous sentences, amplifying his thought to general application

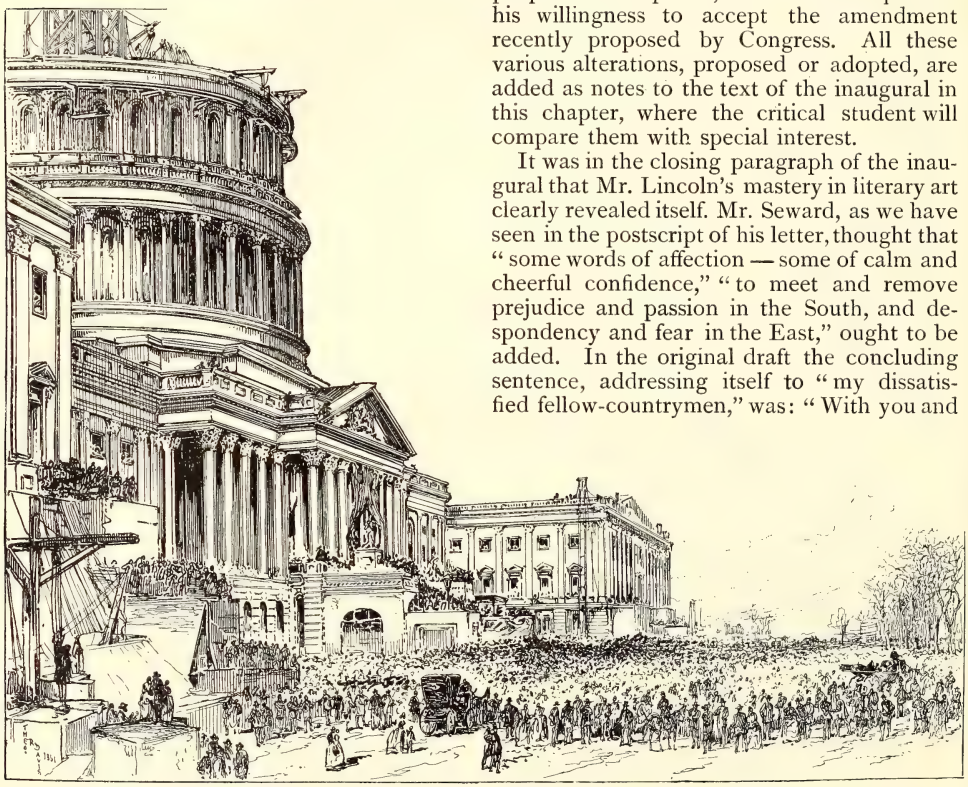


WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

power, and to hint rather at forbearance. The other modifications in his list were simple changes of phraseology — affecting only the style, but changing no argument or proposition of policy. Whether these were on the whole an improvement depends perhaps upon the taste of the reader and critic, whether he prefers a full and formal or a direct and sen-

and to philosophic breadth. Mr. Lincoln liked to condense his idea into a short sentence, with legal conciseness and specific point. In the present crisis Mr. Seward's policy, as announced in his 12th of January speech, was "to meet prejudice with conciliation, exaction with concession which surrenders no principle, and violence with the right hand of

peace." * Mr. Lincoln's policy was, without prejudice or passion to state frankly and maintain firmly the position and doctrines assumed by the American people in the late presidential election. Mr. Seward believed himself to be the past and the coming peacemaker; and thus his whole effort was to soften, to postpone, to use diplomacy. His corrections of the inaugural were in this view: a more careful qualification of statement, a greater ambiguity of phrase, a gain in smoothness, but a loss in brevity and force. Mr. Lincoln adopted either in whole or in part nearly all the amendments proposed by Mr. Seward. But those which he himself modified, and such further alterations as he added of his own accord, show that whatever the inaugural gained in form and style in these final touches came as much through his own power of literary criticism as from the more practiced pen of Mr. Seward. The most vital change in the document was in adopting a suggestion of his friend Browning, not to announce a purpose to recapture Sumter and other forts and places seized by the rebels, but for the present to declare only that he would hold those yet in possession of the Government. One other somewhat important change Mr. Lincoln himself made. In the original draft any idea of an amendment of the Constitution was rather repelled than invited. In the revision Mr. Lincoln said he should "favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it," and further expressed his willingness to accept the amendment recently proposed by Congress. All these various alterations, proposed or adopted, are added as notes to the text of the inaugural in this chapter, where the critical student will compare them with special interest.



THE INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN. (FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS, MADE AT THE TIME.)

It was in the closing paragraph of the inaugural that Mr. Lincoln's mastery in literary art clearly revealed itself. Mr. Seward, as we have seen in the postscript of his letter, thought that "some words of affection — some of calm and cheerful confidence," "to meet and remove prejudice and passion in the South, and despondency and fear in the East," ought to be added. In the original draft the concluding sentence, addressing itself to "my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen," was: "With you and not with me is the solemn question, Shall it be peace or a sword?" This ending Mr. Seward proposed to strike out, and submitted two drafts of a closing paragraph to take its place. One of them was long and commonplace; under the other lurked a fine poetic thought awkwardly expressed. This Mr. Lincoln took, but his more artistic sense transformed it into an illustration of perfect and tender beauty.

The acts of the last ten days of Mr. Buchanan's administration were entirely colorless and negative. The deliberations and recommendations of the much-vaunted Peace Conference proved as barren and worthless as Dead Sea fruit. The concluding labors of Congress were of considerable importance, but of no immediate effect. There was, therefore, as little in pub-

* Seward, Senate Speech, January 12th, 1861. Globe, 343.

lic affairs as in public advice to cause the President-elect to reconsider or remodel his thoughts and purposes.

Inauguration Day fell on Monday, and the ceremonies took place with somewhat unusual attention to display and very uncommon precautions to insure public order and the safety of all the participants. General Stone, who had charge of the military arrangements, has related them with some minuteness.

"On the afternoon of the 3d of March, General Scott held a conference at his headquarters, there being present his staff, General Sumner, and myself; and then was arranged the programme of the procession. President Buchanan was to drive to Willard's Hotel and call upon the President-elect. The two were to ride in the same carriage, between double files of a squadron of the District of Columbia cavalry. The company of sappers and miners were to march in front of the presidential carriage, and the infantry and riflemen of the District of Columbia were to follow it. Riflemen in squads were to be placed on the roofs of certain commanding houses which I had selected along Pennsylvania Avenue, with orders to watch the windows on the opposite side, and to fire upon them in case any attempt should be made to fire from those windows on the presidential carriage. The small force of regular cavalry which had arrived was to guard the side-street crossings of Pennsylvania Avenue, and to move from one to another during the passage of the procession. A battalion of District of Columbia troops were to be placed near the steps of the Capitol, and riflemen in the windows of the wings of the Capitol. On the arrival of the presidential party at the Capitol the troops were to be stationed so as to return in the same order after the ceremony."*

General Stone does not mention another item of preparation,—that on the brow of the hill, not far from the north entrance to the Capitol, commanding both the approach and the broad plateau of the east front, was stationed a battery of flying artillery, in the immediate vicinity of which General Scott remained a careful observer of the scene during the entire ceremonies, ready to take personal command and direction should any untoward occurrence render it necessary.

The closing duties of the session, which expired at noon, kept President Buchanan at the Capitol till the last moment. Accompanied by the committee of the Senate, he finally reached Willard's and conducted the President-elect to his carriage, in which, side by side, they rode in the procession, undisturbed by the slightest disorder. When they reached the Senate Chamber, already densely packed with officials and civilians, the ceremony of swearing-in the Vice-President was soon performed. Then in a new procession of dignitaries Mr. Lincoln was escorted through the corridor of the great edifice to the east portico, where below the platform stood an immense throng in waiting. The principal actors — the Senate Committee of Arrangements, the out-going President, the President-elect and his family, the Chief-Justice in his robe, the Clerk of the Court with the Bible — took their places in a central group on the front of the platform, in full view of the waiting multitude. Around this central group other judges in their robes, senators, representatives, officials, and prominent guests crowded to their seats.

To the imaginative spectator there might have been something emblematic in the architectural concomitants of the scene. The construction of the great dome of the Capitol was in mid-progress, and huge derricks held by a network of steel ropes towered over the incomplete structure. In the grounds in front stood the bronze statue of Liberty, not then lifted to the pedestal from which she now greets the rising sun. At that moment, indeed, it required little poetic illusion to fancy her looking with a mute appeal for help to the man who was the center of all eyes and hearts; and could she have done so, her gaze would already have been rewarded with a vision of fateful prophecy. For in the central group of this inauguration ceremony there confronted each other four historic personages in the final act of a political drama which in its scope, completeness, and consequence will bear comparison with those most famous in human record,— Senator Douglas, the author of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, representing the legislative power of the American Government; Chief-Justice Taney, author of the Dred Scott decision, representing the influence of the judiciary; and President Buchanan, who by his Lecompton measures and messages had used the whole executive power and patronage to intensify and perpetuate the mischiefs born of the repeal and the dictum. Fourth in the group stood Abraham Lincoln, President-elect, illustrating the vital political truth announced in that sentence of his Cincinnati speech in which he declared:

"The people of these United States are the rightful masters of both Congresses and Courts, not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution." †

When the cheers which greeted his appear-

* General C. P. Stone, "Washington on the Eve of the War." THE CENTURY, July, 1883.

† The dramatic element of the scene in another view has been noticed by Dr. Holland, in his "Life of Lincoln," p. 278, where he says: "Mr. Lincoln himself must have wondered at the strange conjunction of personages and events. The 'Stephen' of his first speech in the old senatorial campaign was a defeated candidate for the presidency, who then stood patriotically at his side, holding the hat of the republican President, which he had politely taken at the beginning of the inaugural address; 'James' had just walked out of office to make room for him; 'Franklin' had passed into comparative obscurity or something worse; and 'Roger' had just administered to him the oath of office."

ance had somewhat abated, Senator Baker of Oregon rose and introduced Mr. Lincoln to the audience; and stepping forward, the President-elect, in a firm, clear voice, thoroughly practiced in addressing the huge open-air assemblages of the West, read his inaugural, to which every ear listened with the most intense eagerness.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."[1]

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, that the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given[2] to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause — as cheerfully to one section, as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution — to this provision as much as to any other. To the proposition then, that slaves, whose cases come within the terms of this clause, "shall be delivered up" their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him, or to others, by which authority it is done. And should any one, in any case, be content that his oath shall go unkept, on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to *how* it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced so that a free man

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[1] Mr. Lincoln's original draft contained at this point the following paragraphs:

"The more modern custom of electing a Chief Magistrate upon a previously declared platform of principles supersedes in a great measure the necessity of re-stating those principles in an address of this sort. Upon the plainest grounds of good faith, one so elected is not at liberty to shift his position. It is necessarily implied, if not expressed, that in his judgment the platform which he thus accepts binds him to nothing either unconstitutional or inexpedient.

"Having been so elected upon the Chicago platform, and while I would repeat nothing in it, of aspersion or epithet, or question of motive, against any man or party, I hold myself bound by duty, as well as impelled by inclination, to follow, within the Executive sphere, the principles therein declared. By no other course could I meet the reasonable expectations of the country."

Mr. Seward proposed either to omit the whole, or to amend them as follows:

"The more modern custom of nominating a Chief Magistrate upon a previously declared summary of principles supersedes in a great measure the necessity of re-stating those principles in an address of this sort. It is necessarily implied, if not expressed, that the summary binds the officer elected to nothing either unconstitutional or inexpedient. With this explanation I deem it my duty, as I am disposed in feeling, to follow, so far as they apply to the Executive sphere, the principles on which I was brought before the American People."

Mr. Lincoln adopted Mr. Seward's preference of the alternative suggestions made, and omitted the whole.

[2] In the original draft this sentence stood: "The protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given will be cheerfully given to all the States," etc.

Mr. Seward proposed to amend it thus: "will be cheerfully given in every case and under all circumstances to all the States," etc.

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt the suggestion, but himself modified it so as to read: "will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause —"

be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave?[3] And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizen of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?"

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the Executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success.[4] Yet, with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.[5]

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all National Governments. It is safe to assert that no Government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever — it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a Government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it — break it, so to speak, but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured,[6] and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was, "*to form a more perfect Union.*"

But if destruction of the Union by one, or by a part only, of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is *less* perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.[7]

It follows from these views, that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that *resolves* and *ordinances* to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.[8]

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States.[9] Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary.[10] I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.[11]

In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon

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[3] The remainder of this paragraph was not in the original draft. Mr. Lincoln added it of his own accord.

[4] This sentence stood in the original: "They have conducted it through many perils; and on the whole, with great success."

Mr. Lincoln adopted Mr. Seward's suggestion to make it read: "and generally with great success."

[5] In the original this sentence read: "A disruption of the Federal Union is menaced, and, so far as can be on paper, is already effected. The particulars of what has been done are so familiar and so fresh, that I need not waste any time in recounting them."

Mr. Seward proposed to change it as follows: "A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

[6] This sentence originally stood: "It was further matured and expressly declared and pledged to be perpetual," etc.

Mr. Lincoln of his own accord amended it as follows: "It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual," etc.

[7] In the original, this paragraph concluded as follows: "The Union is less perfect than before, which contradicts the Constitution, and therefore is absurd."

Mr. Seward proposed to strike out the words "and therefore is absurd." Mr. Lincoln adopted this suggestion, and in addition remodeled the whole sentence, so as to read: "The Union is *less* perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity."

[8] The first half of this sentence originally closed: "ordinances to that effect are legally nothing," and the second half, "are insurrectionary or treasonable, according to circumstances." Mr. Seward's suggestions to strike out the word "nothing" and substitute the word "void," and to strike out the word "treasonable" and substitute the word "revolutionary," were adopted.

[9] In the original this sentence stood: "I therefore consider that the Union is unbroken; and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States."

Mr. Seward proposed to amend it as follows: "I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the change.

[10] This phrase originally stood: "or in some tangible way direct the contrary."

Mr. Seward's suggestion, to strike out the words "tangible way" and substitute therefor the words "authoritative manner," was adopted.

[11] This sentence originally closed: "will have its own and defend itself." Mr. Seward's suggestion, to strike out these words and insert "will constitutionally defend and maintain itself," was adopted.

the national authority.[12] The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the Government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union.[13] So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.[14]

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them.[15] To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it?[16] Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from — will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union, if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied?[17] I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted,[18] that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution

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[12] In the original draft this paragraph, after the first sentence, stood as follows:

"All the power at my disposal will be used to reclaim the public property and places which have fallen: to hold, occupy, and possess these, and all other property and places belonging to the Government and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion of any State. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the Government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices."

Mr. Seward proposed to strike out all the above, and to insert the following:

"The power confided to me shall be used indeed with efficacy, but also with discretion in every case and exigency, according to the circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections. There are in this government as in every other, emergencies when the exercise of power lawful in itself is less certain to secure the just ends of administration, than a temporary forbearance from it, with reliance on the voluntary though delayed acquiescence of the people in the laws which have been made by themselves and for their own benefit. I shall not lose sight of this obvious maxim."

Mr. Lincoln, however, did not adopt this proposal, but made a slight change which had been suggested by another friend. At Indianapolis he gave a copy of his original draft to Hon. O. H. Browning, who after carefully reading it on his return, wrote to Mr. Lincoln (February 17th, 1861) referring to this paragraph: "Would it not be judicious so to modify this as to make it read, 'All the power at my disposal will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts, etc,' omitting the declaration of the purpose of reclamation, which will be construed into a threat or menace, and will be irritating even in the border States? On principle the passage is right as it now stands. The fallen places ought to be reclaimed. But cannot that be accomplished as well or even better without announcing the purpose in your inaugural?"

Mr. Lincoln adopted Mr. Browning's advice, and modified his own phraseology as proposed.

He also made in this paragraph another slight change of phraseology. For, "there will be no invasion of any State," he substituted, "there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere."

[13] This phrase originally was, "The mails, unless refused, will continue to be furnished," etc. Mr. Lincoln himself changed this to read: "The mails, unless repelled."

[14] This paragraph originally closed with the following sentence: "This course will be pursued until current experience shall show a modification or change to be proper." Mr. Lincoln himself changed this so as to read: "The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper." He also added a part of the language proposed by Mr. Seward for the previous paragraph, as will be seen by comparison.

[15] This sentence originally stood: "That there are persons who seek to destroy the Union," etc. Mr. Seward proposed to amend so as to make it read: "That there are persons in one section as well as in the other, who seek to destroy the Union," etc. Mr. Lincoln changed the amendment to, "That there are persons in one section or another who seek," etc.

Mr. Seward also proposed to add to the last clause of the sentence, after the word "them," the following: "because I am sure they must be few in number and of little influence when their pernicious principles are fully understood."

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt the suggestion.

[16] Mr. Lincoln himself struck out the word "Union" as it originally appeared in this sentence, and inserted in lieu the words "fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes."

[17] Mr. Seward proposed to insert the word "distinct" after the words, "Is it true, then, that any," in the second sentence of this paragraph.

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt the suggestion.

[18] In this sentence Mr. Lincoln himself changed the word "constructed" to "constituted."

has ever been denied. If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution — certainly would, if such right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions,[19] in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration.[20] No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. *May* Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. *Must* Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the Government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the Government is acquiescence on one side or the other.[21] If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such minority.[22] For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it?[23] All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new Union as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?[24]

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people.[25] Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

I do not forget the position, assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding, in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the Government.[26] And while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled, and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice.[27] At the same time, the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government, upon vital questions, affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.[28] Nor is there in this view any assault upon the

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[19] The phrase, "by affirmations and negations," Mr. Seward proposed to make, "by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

[20] The phrase, "applicable to every question," Mr. Seward proposed to change to, "applicable to every possible question."

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt the change.

[21] In this paragraph Mr. Seward proposed to substitute the words "acquiesce" and "acquiescence" for "submit" and "submission."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

[22] The original phrase, "a minority of their own number will secede from them," Mr. Lincoln himself changed to, "a minority of their own will secede from them."

[23] In the original these sentences ran as follows: "For instance, why may not South Carolina, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede from a new Southern Confederacy, just as she now claims to secede from the present Union? Her people, and, indeed, all secession people, are now being educated to the precise temper of doing this."

Mr. Seward proposed to substitute the names "Alabama or Florida" for "South Carolina"; and the word "communities" for "people."

Instead of adopting this, Mr. Lincoln re-wrote the whole, as follows: "For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this."

[24] For the original phrase, "a Southern Union," Mr. Lincoln himself substituted, "a new Union."

[25] The original sentence, "A constitutional majority is the only true sovereign of a free people," Mr. Seward proposed to change to, "A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign," etc.

Mr. Lincoln adopted the change.

[26] In this sentence the final clause, "while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the Government," was suggested by Mr. Seward and adopted by Mr. Lincoln.

[27] In the original this phrase ran: "the greater evils of a different rule." Mr. Seward proposed to substitute "practice" for "rule," and Mr. Lincoln struck out the word "greater," making it read, "the evils of a different practice."

[28] In the original this sentence stood: "But if the policy of the Government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, it is plain that the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having turned their government over to the despotism of the few life officers composing the court."

Mr. Seward proposed to amend it as follows: "At the same time the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, made in the ordinary course of litigation between parties in personal actions,

court or the judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.[29]

One section of our country believes slavery is *right*, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is *wrong*, and ought not to be extended.[30] This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced,[31] perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself.[32] The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse in both cases *after* the separation of the sections, than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction in one section;[33] while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory *after* separation than *before?* Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens, than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing Government they can exercise their *constitutional* right of amending it, or their *revolutionary* right to dismember or overthrow it.[34] I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that, to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others, not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution — which amendment, however, I have not seen — has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose, not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose;[35] but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present Government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences

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the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the amendment, first changing the phrase, "made in the ordinary course of litigation," to, "the instant they are made in ordinary litigation," and also the phrase, "having practically resigned," to, "having to that extent practically resigned."

[29] The original draft here contained the following paragraph:

"The Republican party, as I understand, have avowed the purpose to prevent, if they can, the extension of slavery under the national auspices; and upon this arises the only dispute between the sections."

Mr. Seward proposed to strike out the whole paragraph, and Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

[30] In the original this phrase stood: "One section believes slavery is right," etc. Mr. Seward proposed to make it read: "One section of our country believes slavery is right," etc.

Mr. Lincoln adopted the amendment.

[31] The phrase, "as well enforced as any law," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "as well enforced, perhaps, as any law," etc.

The suggestion was adopted.

[32] The phrase, "where the moral sense of the people is against the law itself," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself."

The suggestion was adopted.

[33] The phrase, "would be revived," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "would be ultimately revived."

The suggestion was adopted.

[34] Following the words, "dismember and overthrow it," the original continued:

"As I am not much impressed with the belief that the present Constitution can be improved, I make no recommendations of amendments. I am rather for the old ship, and the chart of the old pilots. If, however, the people desire a new or an altered vessel, the matter is exclusively their own, and they can move in the premises, as well without as with an executive recommendation. I shall place no obstacle in the way of what may appear to be their wishes."

Mr. Seward proposed to change the first sentence of the above to the following: "While so great a diversity of opinion exists on the question what amendments, if indeed any, would be effective in restoring peace and safety, it would only tend to aggravate the dispute if I were to attempt to give direction to the public mind in that respect."

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt Mr. Seward's suggestion; but struck out all the above, and remodeled the whole paragraph to the form in which it now stands in the text.

[35] The original phrase "can do this if they choose," Mr. Lincoln himself changed to read, "can do this also if they choose."

is either party without faith of being in the right?[36] If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South,[37] that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the Government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years.[38]

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and *well* upon this whole subject.[39] Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.[40] If there be an object to *hurry* any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take *deliberately*, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new Administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulty.

In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail *you*.[41] You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while *I* shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend it."[42]

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

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[36] The original phrase, "is either party without faith in the right?" Mr. Lincoln himself changed to, "is either party without faith of being in the right?"

[37] The original phrase, "be on our side or on yours," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "be on the side of the North, or of the South, of the East, or of the West."

Mr. Lincoln changed it to read: "be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South."

[38] The original phrase, "While the people remain patient and true to themselves, no man, even in the presidential chair, can," etc., Mr. Seward proposed to change, to "While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no legislature and no administration can," etc.

Mr. Lincoln changed it to read as follows: "While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can," etc.

[39] The original phrase, "take time and think well," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "think calmly and think well."

Mr. Lincoln changed it to, "think calmly and *well*."

[40] The original sentences: "Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. Nothing worth preserving is either breaking or burning," Mr. Seward proposed to strike out.

Mr Lincoln retained the first, and struck out the second.

[41] In the original sentence, "The Government will not assail you, unless you first assail it," Mr. Seward suggested striking out the last clause.

Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

[42] The original draft, after the words, "preserve, protect, and defend it," concluded as follows, addressing itself to "my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen": "You can forbear the assault upon it, I cannot shrink from the defense of it. With you, and not with me, is the solemn question of 'Shall it be peace or a sword?'"

Mr. Seward did not like this termination; his letter, previously quoted, suggested that "something besides or in addition to argument is needful — to meet and remove prejudice and passion in the South, and despondency and fear in the East. Some words of affection — some of calm and cheerful confidence." Accordingly he submitted two separate drafts for a closing paragraph, from which Mr. Lincoln might choose one to substitute for the two sentences which he proposed to strike out.

Suggestions for a closing paragraph:

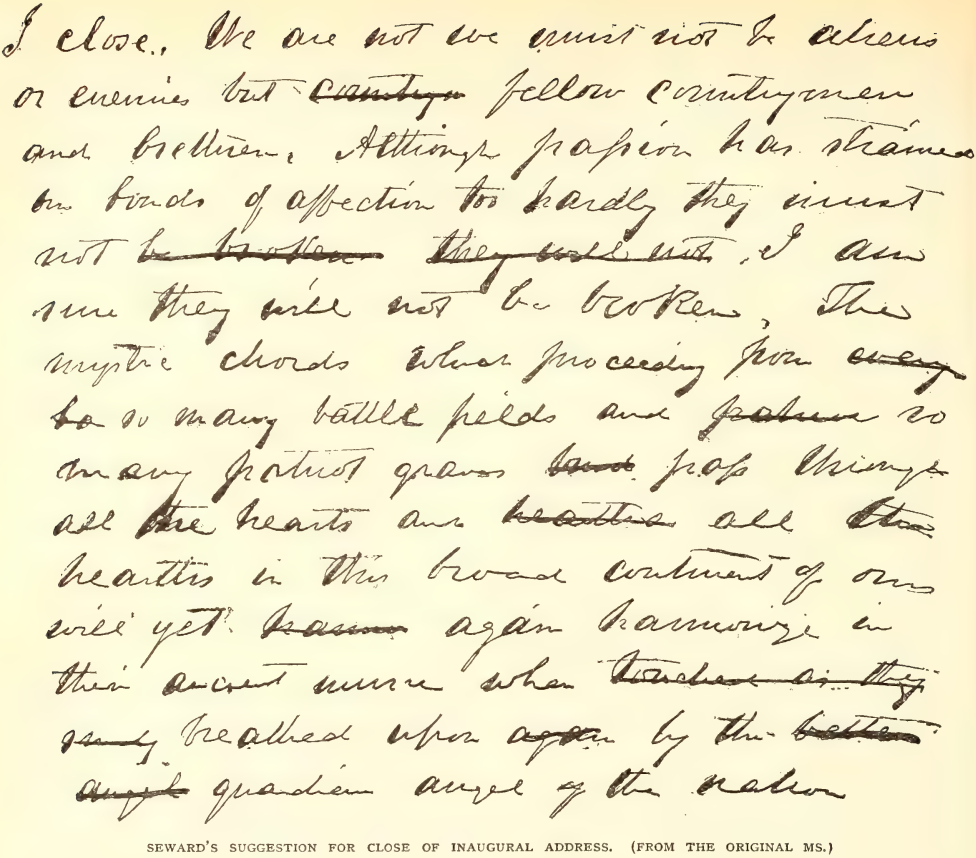
NO. I.

"However unusual it may be at such a time to speak of sections or to sections, yet in view of the misconceptions and agitations which have strained the ties of brotherhood so far, I hope it will not be deemed a departure from propriety, whatever it may be from custom, to say that if in the criminations and misconstructions which too often imbue our political contests, any man south of this capital has been led to believe that I regard with a less friendly eye his rights, his interests, or his domestic safety and happiness, or those of his State, than I do those of any other portion of my country, or that I would invade or disturb any legal right or domestic institution in the South, he mistakes both my principles and feelings, and does not know me. I aspire to come in the spirit, however far below the ability and wisdom, of Washington, of Madison, of Jackson, and of Clay. In that spirit I here declare that in my administration I shall know no rule but the Constitution, no guide but the laws, and no sentiment but that of equal devotion to my whole country, east, west, north, and south."

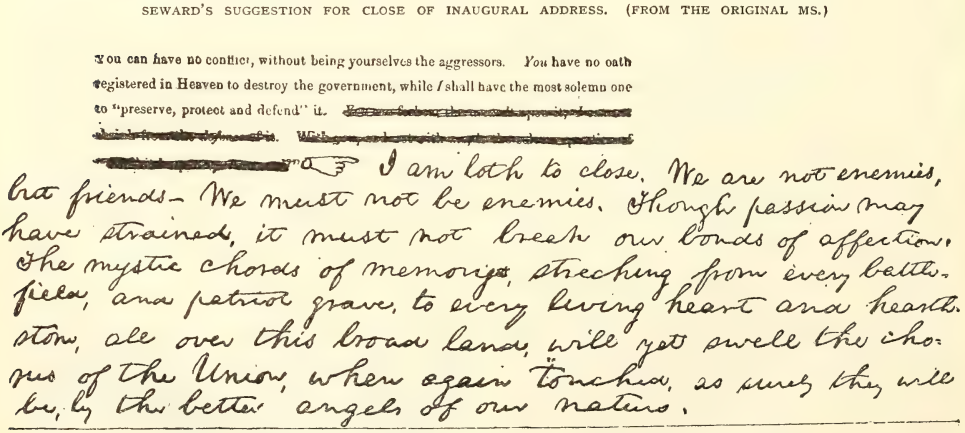
NO. II.

"I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battle-fields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation."

The first of these drafts, containing 139 words in its opening sentence, and made up of phrases which had become extremely commonplace by iteration in the six years' slavery discussion, was clearly inadmissible. The second draft, containing the germ of a truly poetic thought amid its somewhat chaotic rhetoric, Mr. Lincoln took, and, in a new development and perfect form, gave it the life and spirit and beauty which have made it celebrated in the text.



SEWARD'S SUGGESTION FOR CLOSE OF INAUGURAL ADDRESS. (FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.)



CLOSING PARAGRAPH. (FROM ORIGINAL FROM WHICH THE ADDRESS WAS DELIVERED.)

A cheer greeted the conclusion. Chief-Justice Taney arose, the clerk opened his Bible, and Mr. Lincoln, laying his hand upon it, with deliberation pronounced the oath:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Then, while the battery on the brow of the hill thundered its salute, citizen Buchanan and President Lincoln returned to their carriage, and the military procession escorted them from the Capitol to the Executive Mansion, on the threshold of which Mr. Buchanan warmly shook the hand of his successor, with heartfelt good wishes for his personal happiness and the national peace and prosperity.

PRISON LIFE OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS. I.

EVERY American reader who takes an intelligent interest in the affairs of Russia, but who is compelled to depend for his information upon the meager and unsatisfactory accounts of Russian events which are telegraphed to this country, must have asked himself many times the question, "What is the specific nature of the wrongs which call forth, especially among the youth of Russia, such manifestations of fierce passionate hatred for the Tsar, and which inspire such persistent and desperate attempts to take his life?" In vain we seek, in the reports which come to us, for causes that seem adequate to explain the white-heat intensity of feeling which must lie back of such extraordinary social phenomena. We are told that Russia is badly governed; that the press is gagged; that the right of public assembly is denied; and that every free impulse is rigorously repressed by a corrupt and despotic bureaucracy. But these evils, even if fully admitted, do not furnish a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the fact that scores — perhaps hundreds — of young men and women in Russia are willing and ready to die a violent and shameful death on the scaffold if they can only kill, before they die, the man who sits on the throne. At the meeting of "terrorist" leaders held in the town of Lipetsk in June, 1879, when the assassination of Alexander II. was decided upon, forty-seven young men and women offered themselves as volunteers to carry the decision of the council into execution.* Bad government, in any sense which we ordinarily attach to the words, is not adequate to explain a fact so extraordinary and so abnormal as this. Men do not, as a rule, fight press censorship with murder, nor seek to enforce by assassination their demand for civil rights. A feeling of terrible personal outrage must be added to the sense of oppression before the average human being can be wrought up to a state of mind in which he will give his own life for an opportunity to kill another. Unless, therefore, there is something peculiarly ferocious and fanatical in the character of the "terrorist" assassins,— unless there is in the Russian blood a strain of homicidal insanity which renders it impossible to judge a man of that race by the same rules of conduct which govern other races,— there must be something more than ordinarily bad government behind the abnormal phenomena of contemporary Russian life.

I purpose to set forth, in this and subsequent papers, what seems to me one of the most important and efficient of the causes which led the Russian revolutionists to adopt in 1878 the unfortunate, mistaken, and criminal policy of "terror"; namely, the treatment of political offenders in the Russian prisons. Whatever view may be taken of the phases through which the Russian revolutionary movement has passed since 1870, there can, I think, be no question that its last phase — organized assassination — is largely the result of what the revolutionists regard as the cruel and inhuman treatment of "politicals" in the fortress of Petropavlovsk, the castle of Schlusselburg, and the prisons of Moscow, Kiev, and Odessa. Before proceeding, therefore, to consider such crimes as the assassination of Alexander II., or to pass judgment upon such characters as those which came into prominence with the adoption of the terroristic policy, it is absolutely necessary to have a clear conception of the life of the Russian revolutionists in prison.

The material upon which these articles are based has been derived mainly from three sources: First, the personal examination of a large number of Russian prisons; second, the statements of three or four hundred men and women who have been shut up in those prisons for terms ranging from six months to seven years and at various times from 1874 to 1885; and, third, the statements of Russian officials who are now, or have been at some time, connected with the prison administration. To the collection and the verification of the facts herein set forth I have devoted many laborious days and nights, at the mines and in the penal settlements of Siberia, as well as in the cities of European Russia, and I have every reason to feel confident that my statements are worthy of trust.

There was some discussion in the English periodicals two or three years ago, between Prince Krapotkine and Mr. C. M. Wilson on one side, and the Rev. Henry Lansdell and an anonymous correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" on the other, with regard to the conditions of life and the treatment of politicals in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. I was denied permission to visit that prison, and am not able, therefore, to describe it from personal in-

* Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides in St. Petersburg, in 1881; Statement of Zheliaboff, p. 32.

spection; but my opportunities for obtaining information with regard to the conditions of life therein have been of an exceptional character. I made the acquaintance in Siberia of perhaps fifty exiles who had been shut up in the fortress, and whose overlapping terms of imprisonment covered the whole period between the years 1874 and 1884. These exiles were scattered all over Siberia; many of them had never seen one another, and there was no possibility of a preconcerted agreement among them as to the story which they should tell me. Most of them, moreover, were men of high intelligence and character, and as incapable, I believe, of wilful misrepresentation as any American gentleman of my acquaintance. They described to me, with the utmost possible minuteness, every detail of their prison experience; and I find, in looking over my note-books, that I have in some cases six or eight separate and independent accounts of the same event or state of facts, obtained from six or eight exiles who did not know one another, and who were living in penal settlements, hundreds — sometimes thousands — of miles apart. The statements of exiles, judicially considered, must, of course, be regarded as *ex-parte* evidence; but it is manifest, I think, that even *ex-parte* testimony, if concurrent, and if taken under the circumstances above described, is entitled to credence, unless it can be shown that there has been an opportunity for collusion. As far as it has been possible to do so, I have checked and verified the statements of these exiles by conversations with lawyers, judges, and prison officials. I cannot, for obvious reasons, give the names of the latter, but they are persons who had opportunities to know the facts. If the Government's side of the subjects discussed and the events described in these papers is not as fully set forth as would seem to be desirable, it is partly because I reserve the Government's case against the revolutionists for fuller and more careful treatment in a subsequent paper, and partly because General Orzhefski, the Russian Chief of Gendarmes, did not appear disposed, when I called upon him last summer, either to furnish me with facts, or to give me facilities for making a personal examination. For permission to visit the great St. Petersburg prisons known as "The House of Preliminary Detention" and "The Litofski Zamok," I am indebted to Mr. Galkine-Vrasskoi, Chief of the Prison and Exile Department. He had, however, no control over the fortress of Petropavlovsk or the castle of Schlusselburg, and General Orzhefski, who might have allowed me to see those prisons, declined courteously but firmly to do so.

In order to understand much that I shall have to say, the reader must divest himself entirely of the idea that Russian prisons are managed upon any definite, well-ordered system, or that there is any consistent adherence to a predetermined policy in the treatment of prisoners. It would be hard, I think, to find in the civilized world another penal system in which personal whim and caprice play so important a part, and in which considerations of temporary convenience or expediency so often override law as they do in the Russian system. There are in the empire 884 prisons. They are all nominally under the same management, and are subject to the same laws and regulations, and yet it would be difficult to find a score that are governed exactly in the same way or precisely upon the same principles. It would be almost equally difficult to find a single prison which has been governed in the same way for three consecutive years. Privileges which are granted in one prison are denied in another; in one place severity is the rule, in another it is the exception; some prisoners are overfed, others are half starved; in one place a violation of the rules leads to nothing worse than a reprimand, while in another the same fault is punished with twenty lashes on the bare back. Everywhere there is irregularity, disorder, caprice, and more or less complete lack of method.

The reasons for this state of things are many, but among the most important of them are: First, the impracticability and self-contradictory character of much of the penal legislation; second, the distribution of responsibility for prison management among a large number of persons and administrative bureaus not properly subordinated to one another; third, the disposition of many Russian officials to decide and act, not in accordance with law, but in accordance with their own views of expediency, or in obedience to what they believe to be the wishes of their superior officers; and, fourth, the low grade of intelligence, executive ability, and morality which characterizes prison officials generally, and which is due to the fact that better men cannot be obtained for the compensation paid.*

I have a manuscript copy of a secret report made to the Tsar in 1881 by Governor-General Anutchin, in which that high officer, speaking of the "lamentable condition" of the

* The superintendent of The House of Preliminary Detention in St. Petersburg, one of the largest and most important prisons in the empire, receives only $900 a year, exclusive of table and quarters. His senior assistant receives only $400. In the St. Petersburg Forwarding Prison the superintendent receives $350, and his assistant $200. In the provincial prisons the salaries paid are still smaller. — [Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884, pp. 83–4. St. Petersburg: Office of the Minister of the Interior. 1886.]

prisons and the regulation of imprisonment and exile, says: "Although the laws have laid down innumerable rules for the regulation of the subject, such laws have become for the most part dead letters from the very day of their enactment, on account of their impracticability and the lack of proper supervision."*

I have also in my possession a copy of an official circular letter dated August 25th, 1885, from the governor of a Russian province to "Prison Committees, Municipal Police Administrations, Circuit Police Administrations, and Bureaus of Prison Control," in which the governor calls attention to the existence in the provincial prisons of "innumerable violations of law of all possible sorts, practiced so openly as to make it seem almost incredible that the persons who permit them are really conscious of the illegality of their acts." In the long list of abuses which the governor then enumerates are corrupt agreements between prison officials and contractors to substitute an inferior quality of food and clothing for that which the law requires, and to divide the proceeds of the fraud; unchecked drunkenness, gambling, and disorder among the prisoners; the drawing of rations and clothing for criminals who have died, escaped, or been released, and the sale of such articles by the prison officials for their own benefit; the practice of setting convicts at liberty in order that they may engage in private employment upon condition that they shall divide their earnings with the prison official who releases them; the failure of prison authorities to keep a record of punishments, and the flogging of prisoners by the overseers of prisons without the knowledge or sanction of the *Ispravniks*, or Chiefs of Police, in whose districts the prisons are situated.

It appears from a simple inspection of this letter, and without any further investigation, that there are no less than seven different persons and groups of persons who have something to say about the management of provincial prisons; namely, first, the prison officials themselves; second, the Prison Committees; third, the Municipal Police Administrations; fourth, the Circuit Police Administrations; fifth, the Bureaus of Prison Control; sixth, the Ispravniks; and, seventh, the Governor. To this list, however, must be added: eighth, the Procureur; ninth, the town council of the town in which the prison is situated; tenth, the Governor-General; eleventh, the Central Prison Administration in St. Petersburg; and, twelfth, the Minister of the Interior. It further appears, from the official statement above referred to, that notwithstanding all this regulative machinery,—in spite of this apparent superfluity of "control,"—there are in the provincial prisons "innumerable violations of law, practiced so openly as to make it seem almost incredible that the persons who permit them are really conscious of the illegality of their acts."

In the prisons devoted exclusively to political offenders, there is, of course, less disorder and dishonesty than in the lower-grade prisons of the provinces; but even in the former, circumstances and official caprice play a much more important part than law does. Law, in fact, is rarely permitted to stand in the way of what a high official regards as the paramount interests of the State. If a Procureur like Strelnikoff, or a Chief of Gendarmes like Mezzentseff, believes that by subjecting a political prisoner to a certain kind of treatment he can extort from such prisoner a confession which will lead to the arrest of his companions in crime, or furnish a clew to undiscovered conspiracy, he does not hesitate to overstep the limits of his legal authority. To attain such an end he will even resort to methods which are in the highest degree base and dishonorable — methods which are as exasperating to the prisoners as they are discreditable to the Government which permits them.

The treatment of political prisoners is largely dependent also upon the temper of the official mind at various times and under various circumstances. After every fresh attempt at violence on the part of the conspirators who are still at liberty, there is increased severity in the treatment of their comrades in prison. At one time the officials, irritated by the success of a conspiracy which they have failed to discover, avenge their incompetency upon the conspirators who are in their power; while at another time, placated by apparent submission, or gratified by what seems to be the reëstablishment of social order, they modify the extreme rigor of their prison discipline. The natural result of this usurpation of the functions of law by official caprice or license is the complete overthrow of all systematic and consistent prison government. The treatment of prisoners becomes not what the law intended it to be, but what the Procureur or the Chief of Gendarmes thinks that it ought to be, in view of circumstances or events with which the prisoners themselves have perhaps nothing whatever to do.

Before proceeding to describe the daily life of the Russian revolutionists in prison, I desire to call attention to three classes of facts which are closely related to prison life, and which have an important bearing upon the state of mind and temper produced by it. The classes of facts to which I refer, and to which I shall devote the remainder of this article, are: First,

* Secret Report to the Tsar by Governor-General Anutchin, Chap. V., Section 3, entitled "Exile, Penal Servitude, and the Prison Department."

the custom of making indiscriminate arrests as a means of inspiring terror and with the hope of obtaining clews to secret revolutionary activity; second, the use of imprisonment as a species of torture to extort confession or compel the prisoner to betray friends; and, third, the illegal detention of political "suspects" in solitary confinement for months and years while the police scour the empire in search of criminating evidence upon which to base indictments. All of these methods have been practiced in Russia upon the most extensive scale, and perhaps nothing has done more to fan the smoldering fire of discontent into the fierce flame of terroristic activity.

In using the word "indiscriminate" to characterize political arrests, I do not mean, of course, to be understood as saying that the Russian police go through a city as a Malay runs amuck, laying hands upon everybody who happens to come in their way. Political arrests, no matter how sweeping and extensive they may be, are always confined to one class of the population — a class officially known in Russia as *neblagonadezhni*. This word has no equivalent in English, and the idea which it represents is so foreign to all our modes of thought that it can be expressed only by a circumlocution. *Blago* in Russian means "good"; *nadezhda* means "hope"; *blagonadezhnost* means the condition from which something good or gratifying is to be hoped or expected; *ne-blago-nadezhnost* is the negative form of the complex word, and as officially used may be approximately translated "a condition of political untrustworthiness." The term *neblagonadezhni* is applied by the Government to all persons whose political opinions are officially regarded as unsound, and whose behavior is therefore a proper subject for police supervision. Statistics of this "untrustworthy" class are, of course, not procurable; but in 1880, when the Liberal ministry of Loris Melikoff was in power, the number of persons who were under open police surveillance was officially stated as 2837, distributed throughout the provinces of the empire as follows: in St. Petersburg, 273; in Moscow, 101; in Kaluga, 315; in Riazan, 255; in Tver, 198; in Kostroma, 165; in Archangel, 96; and in other provinces, 1434.* The persons, however, who are under open police surveillance form a comparatively small part of the great *neblagonadezhni* or "untrustworthy" class. They are mostly persons who have been forcibly removed from their homes to other parts of the empire, in order to break up their local associations, and who are subjected at regular intervals to domiciliary visits. Thousands of others who have not been thus removed are under secret surveillance, and the names of thousands more are registered in the books of the gendarmes and the detective police. Whenever an act of violence is committed or attempted by the extreme revolutionary party, the police make a sudden descent upon the whole "untrustworthy" class in the town or province where the disorder has occurred, and drag to prison by scores both the innocent and the guilty, to be afterwards sorted at their leisure. When General Strelnikoff was intrusted by the Tsar with almost dictatorial power in order that he might extirpate sedition in the provinces of southern Russia, he arrested and threw into prison in the single city of Odessa no less than 118 persons in three days. He then went to Kiev and arrested 89 persons almost simultaneously, and ordered the imprisonment of hundreds of others in Kharkoff, Nikolaief, Pultava, Kursk, and other South Russian cities. Most of these arrests were made entirely without what is known as "probable cause," and for the sole purpose of obtaining clews to plots which the police believed to exist, but which they had not been able to discover. Many of the persons arrested were mere children — immature school boys and girls from fifteen to seventeen years of age — who could not possibly be regarded as dangerous conspirators, but who might, it was thought, be terrified into a confession of all they knew with regard to the movements, conversations, and occupations of their older relatives and friends.

General Strelnikoff's plan was to arrest simultaneously a large number of persons belonging to the "untrustworthy" class; throw them into prison; keep them for ten days or two weeks in the strictest solitary confinement, and then subject them to a terrifying inquisitorial examination with the hope of extorting scraps of information, here a little and there a little, which might be pieced together, like the parts of a dissected map, so as to reveal the outlines of a revolutionary plot. If, for example, a young girl belonged to an "untrustworthy" family, and a "suspicious" letter to her had been intercepted by the authorities; or if she had been seen coming out of a "suspicious" house at a late hour in the evening, she was arrested in one of these police raids, generally at night; conveyed in a close carriage to the Odessa prison; put into a small solitary-confinement cell and left to her own agonizing thoughts. No explanation was given her of this summary proceeding, and if she appealed to the sentinel on duty in the corridor, the only reply she obtained was "*Prikazano ne gavarit*" — "Talking is forbidden."

*"Regulations for the Preservation of Social Order": Aksakoff's newspaper, "Russ," No. 46; September 26th, 1881.

The effect produced upon a young, inexperienced, impressible girl, by the overwhelming shock of such a transition from the repose, quiet, and security of her own bedroom, in her own home, to a narrow, gloomy cell in a common criminal prison at night, can readily be imagined. Even if she were a girl of courage and firmness of character, her self-control might give way under the strain of such an ordeal. The sounds which break the stillness of a Russian criminal prison at night — the stealthy tread of the guard; the faintly heard cries and struggles of a drunken and disorderly "casual" who is being strapped to his bed in another part of the prison, cries which suggest to an inexperienced girl some terrible scene of violence and outrage; the occasional clang of a heavy door; the moaning and hysterical weeping of other recently arrested prisoners in cells on the same corridor, and the sudden and noiseless appearance now and then of an unknown human face at the little square port-hole in the cell door through which the prisoners are watched — all combine to make the first night of a young girl in prison an experience never to be forgotten while she lives. This experience, however, is only the beginning of the trial which her courage and self-control are destined to undergo. One day passes — two days — three days — ten days — without bringing any news from the outside world, or any information concerning the nature of the charges made against her. Twice every twenty-four hours food is handed to her through the square port-hole by the taciturn guard, but nothing else breaks the monotony and the solitude of her life. She has no books, no writing materials, no means whatever of diverting her thoughts or relieving the mental strain which soon becomes almost unendurable. Tortured by apprehension and by uncertainty as to her own fate and the fate of those dear to her, she can only pace her cell from corner to corner until she is exhausted, and then throw herself on the narrow prison bed and in sleep try to lose consciousness of her misery.

At last, two weeks perhaps after her arrest, when her spirit is supposed to be sufficiently broken by solitary confinement and grief, she is summoned to the *dopros*, a preliminary examination, without witnesses or counsel, conducted by General Strelnikoff in person. He begins by saying to her that she is

"charged with very serious crimes under such and such sections of the Penal Code, and that she stands in danger of exile to Siberia for a long term of years. In view, however, of her youth and inexperience, and of the probability that she has been misled by criminal associates, he feels authorized to say to her that if she will show repentance, and a sincere desire to reform, by making a 'chisto-serdechni.'—'clean-hearted' confession,—and will answer truthfully all questions put to her, she will be immediately released. If, on the contrary, she manifests an obdurate disposition and thus proves herself to be unworthy of clemency, it will become his duty, as prosecuting officer of the Crown, to treat her with all the rigor of the law."

The poor girl is well aware that the reference to Siberian exile is not an empty threat. Belonging as she does to an "untrustworthy" family, she has often heard discussed the case of Marie Prisedski, who was exiled before she was sixteen years of age because she would not betray her older sister, and the case of the Ivitchevitch children, one seventeen and the other fourteen years of age, who were arrested in Kiev and sent to Siberia in 1879 for no particular reason except that their two older brothers were revolutionists and had been shot dead while resisting arrest.*

It is not a matter for surprise if a young girl who has thus been torn from her home, who is depressed and disheartened by solitary confinement, who is without counsel, without knowledge of the law, without the support of a single friend in this supreme crisis of her life, breaks down at last under the strain of deadly fear, and tells the inquisitor all she knows. She is at once released, but only to suffer agonies of self-reproach and remorse as she sees her relatives and dearest friends arrested, imprisoned, and exiled to Siberia, upon information and clews which she herself has furnished. It frequently happens, however, that a girl remains steadfast and refuses to answer questions even after months of solitary confinement. The authorities then resort to other and even more discreditable methods.

In 1884 Marie Kaluzhnaya, a girl eighteen years of age, daughter of a merchant in Odessa, was arrested upon a charge of disloyalty, thrown into prison, and subjected to precisely the treatment which I have described. She was, however, a girl of spirit and character, and withstood successfully, for many months, all

* Ivan Maximovitch Prisedski is a wealthy landed proprietor in the district of Zinkofski, province of Pultava. His own loyalty to the Tsar has never been questioned, but all of his children — three girls and a boy — have been exiled to Siberia upon various political charges. Two of them are in Semipalatinsk on the frontier of central Asia; a third is in prison at the mines of Kara, on the head-waters of the Amur, and the fourth was, until recently, in the village of Tunka, near the boundary line between eastern Siberia and Mongolia. I made the acquaintance of three of them in their places of exile during my recent journey to Siberia, and was very favorably impressed by them. A traveler could not hope nor expect to meet in any country more refined, cultivated, and attractive young people.

The Ivitchevitch children — Christina, a girl of seventeen, and her brother, who was only fourteen — were exiled to Kirinsk in the province of Irkutsk, more than four thousand miles east of St. Petersburg.

attempts to persuade or frighten her into a confession or a betrayal of others. At last Colonel Katanski, a gendarme officer in Odessa, brought to her a skillfully forged statement, which purported to be the confession of her imprisoned revolutionary associates.

It was, in fact, a document prepared by the gendarmes themselves from information obtained through spies, supplemented by shrewd guesses and conjectures, and was part of an adroitly contrived scheme to elicit from Miss Kaluzhnaya evidence which could be used against certain of her friends who were in prison awaiting trial upon serious charges. Colonel Katanski, with cruel duplicity, said to Miss Kaluzhnaya that

"he came to her not as an officer of the Crown, but as a friend, to show her this confession of her associates and to urge her to save herself while there was yet time. Persistence in her refusal to answer questions could no longer protect or benefit her friends, since they had admitted their guilt. The Procureur would not know that he [Colonel Katanski] had showed her this confession and would suppose, if she announced her readiness to answer questions, that she had become repentant. There was no serious charge against her personally, and nothing but long-continued obduracy stood in the way of her immediate release. All that she had to do was to show a tractable and penitent disposition. It would not be necessary for her to testify to any facts not already known to the police through this confession,— facts which her friends themselves had admitted. Why should she wreck her young life upon a mistaken and quixotic sentiment of honor which no longer had any practical bearing upon the fate of her associates? They had confessed; they could not possibly be harmed if she merely repeated what they themselves had admitted. The Procureur would not know that she had been made aware of their confession; he would suppose that her offer to appear and testify was prompted by sincere penitence, and there could be no doubt that he would at once order her release."

Miss Kaluzhnaya fell into the trap. She sent word to the Procureur that she was ready to testify, and, upon examination, admitted facts which she supposed the police already knew through the confession, but of which, in reality, they had no proof whatever. Having thus unconsciously served at last the purpose for which she had been arrested, Miss Kaluzhnaya was released from prison and put again under police surveillance. When the case of her friends came up for trial, she discovered, of course, that none of them had made confession, and that there was no evidence against them of any importance except that which she had furnished. The terrible agony of such a discovery to a generous, affectionate, high-minded girl can be imagined. She saw her friends sent into penal servitude upon her testimony, while she herself could neither share their fate nor explain to them the fraud of which she had been a victim. She was in the attitude of a coward who had betrayed her associates in order to secure her own safety. For a time her remorse and despair seemed likely to result either in insanity or in suicide; but she finally recovered her self-control, and there gradually formed in her mind a determination to do something to avenge the intolerable wrong which she had suffered, and to show the world that if she had unwittingly betrayed her friends, she was not afraid to share their fate. She procured a revolver, and on the 21st of August, 1884, called upon Colonel Katanski, and fired at him as he entered the reception-room to meet her. The bullet grazed his head, slightly wounding one ear, and buried itself in the wall. Before she could fire again he sprang upon her and wrested the pistol from her hand. For this attempt at assassination Miss Kaluzhnaya was brought to trial before a court martial in Odessa on the 10th of September of the same year. As it was her only wish to be sent to Siberia with the friends whom she had betrayed, she refused the aid of counsel, and made no attempt at self-defense. The court found her guilty of premeditated assault with intent to kill, and sentenced her to twenty years' penal servitude.

I witnessed the beginning of the last act in this mournful tragedy. I happened to be present in the town of Chita, in eastern Siberia, on the 8th of December, 1885, when Marie Kaluzhnaya, in convict dress, left there on foot, with a gang of chained criminals, in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero, for the mines of Kara. It affords me a sort of melancholy satisfaction now to think that the unfortunate girl was at least aware, as she walked wearily away from the *étape* that bitterly cold December morning, that there was an American traveler there who knew her story, and who would some time explain to the world why she had attempted to commit murder.

It may be thought that cases of this kind are rare and exceptional, but I regret to say that I heard similar stories from exiles in all parts of Siberia and from some Russian officials. The deception which was practiced upon Marie Kaluzhnaya had been repeatedly tried before in the same city of Odessa. An attempt had been made, for example, only a year earlier to deceive, by means of a pretended confession, Miss Fanny Morenis, who is now in exile in the Trans-Baikal. The same plan was tried with Madame Kutitonskaya, who is now in the Irkoutsk prison. In these cases, however, the trap was set in vain.

When solitary confinement and deception fail to bring about the desired result, the gendarmes and the officers of the Department of Justice resort to other means, which are perhaps less dishonorable, but which are equally cruel. In March, 1882, General Strelnikoff, finding that solitary confinement in the gloomy

and badly ventilated prison of Kiev was not of itself sufficient to torture his prisoners into a confession of what he believed they knew with regard to the revolutionary movement, determined to make their life still more intolerable, and to break down, if possible, their obstinate resolution, by darkening their cells. Upon the pretext that he wished to make it impossible for them to talk with one another through their windows, he caused a sheet-iron hood to be put over the window of every cell in the prison occupied by a political offender. The hood was large enough to cover the entire window, and resembled in shape a shallow rectangular box with the cover and one end gone. It fitted the window closely on both sides and at the top, but was open at the bottom. The result of putting these shields over the windows was to deprive the prisoners almost entirely of light and air, and to turn every cell into a sort of cave or *oubliette*. The light which came in through the opening at the bottom of the hood was only sufficient to enable the prisoner to distinguish between night and day. The artisan who put up the hoods told General Strelnikoff that they would not answer the purpose for which they were designed,—that it would be as easy to talk from window to window as it had been before,—but he was sharply informed that that was none of his business. Of course the life of the prisoners under such conditions became almost intolerable. Young, nervous, and impressible girls walked their cells from corner to corner in the gloomy twilight until they became nearly insane. Even the prison officials expressed to the sufferers their sympathy and pity. At last the political prisoners addressed a petition to Governor-General Drenteln asking him to send an officer to see how they were situated, and, if possible, to intercede for them. In response to this petition the governor of the province of Kiev, acting under orders from General Drenteln, made a visit to the prison, entered the cell of a young student named X——, whom I afterward met in Siberia, and said to him, "What do you understand to be the object of these hoods?" Mr. X—— replied that they had been put up by order of General Strelnikoff to prevent oral communication between the prisoners. "Do they have the desired effect?" inquired the governor. "No," replied the young student. "I can show you, if you wish, that it is as easy to talk from window to window now as it was before." "Show me, please," said the governor. Mr. X—— went to the window and called to a prisoner in the cell below. His comrade answered, and they carried on a conversation until the governor expressed himself as satisfied. "I appreciate," he said to Mr. X——, "your situation, but I cannot give you any reason to hope for a change at present. General Strelnikoff is acting under instructions and authority given him by the Tsar in person, and he is therefore independent, not only of Governor-General Drenteln, but of the Minister of the Interior himself. This being the case, the authorities of the province cannot and dare not interfere."

On the next day after the visit of the governor to the prison, General Strelnikoff was assassinated in Odessa. The hoods were immediately removed from the windows, amid great excitement and rejoicing on the part of the political prisoners, who were so much encouraged and emboldened, that they suggested to the governor the use of the sheet-iron hoods as material for a monument to their inventor.

I have space only for a brief reference to the many other methods of extorting testimony from arrested persons which are practiced by the gendarmes and the officers of the Department of Justice. One of the most cruel of them, it seems to me, is the custom of terrifying old and feeble parents into the belief that their sons or daughters will inevitably be hanged unless they confess, and then sending the poor old people, trembling with terror and blinded with tears, to make an agonized appeal to their imprisoned children in their cells. The officials know very well that the children will not be hanged—that it is extremely doubtful whether they will even be brought to trial. They are kept in prison simply because the Procureur hopes ultimately to obtain information from them. If the torture of solitary confinement can be intensified by adding to it the entreaties of half frantic parents, so much the better. A little fright will benefit the old people and teach them to look after their children more closely, and the children's obstinate determination not to betray their friends will perhaps be broken down by a sight of the grief and misery of their parents. It is a plan which, to the official mind, works beneficently both ways.

The mother of a young student named Zhebunoff in Kiev, a lady sixty-five years of age, was so terrified by a vivid description from General Strelnikoff of the way in which her son, if he did not confess, would "dangle and kick in the air, his neck in a noose," that she fainted on the floor of the Procureur's office. Yet Strelnikoff knew very well that there was not evidence enough in his possession even to bring Zhebunoff to trial—much less to hang him. As a matter of fact the young student never was tried, but was sent to Siberia by "administrative process."

The aged mother of an exile whom I met in the Trans-Baikal was made to believe that her son would certainly be hanged unless he told all that he knew, and then, upon condi-

tion that she should try to persuade him to confess, she was allowed to go to his cell. A terrible scene followed, in which the white-haired mother, frenzied with fear and choking with sobs, knelt to her son, clung about his legs, and tried to press her tear-wet face to his feet, as she implored him, by his love for her — by her gray hairs — to promise that he would answer the questions of the gendarmes. The strain of such a scene upon the emotions and the resolution of a prisoner who is weakened and depressed by months of solitary confinement, who loves and reverences his mother, and who sees her for the first time since his arrest, and perhaps for the last time before he goes to Siberia, is simply heart-breaking. The mother finally departs in despair, bidding her son good-bye as she would bid good-bye to the dying, while the son lays up the memories of this bitter hour — the cruel deception of his mother, the torture of himself, and the attempt to make the most sacred of human feelings serve the purposes of the police — as memories which will steady his nerves and steel his heart when the time comes for vengeance.

This playing upon the deepest and most intense of human emotions as a means of extorting information from unwilling witnesses is practiced more or less in all Russian prisons where political offenders are confined. The details are of course varied according to the circumstances of the case or the ingenuity of the inquisitor. One prisoner, for example, after months of solitary confinement, is promised an interview with his mother. Filled with glad anticipations, he follows the guard out through the long, gloomy corridor into the prison court-yard, where the mother is sitting on a rude prison bench forty or fifty feet from the door through which he emerges. At the sight of the well-remembered, loving face, changed and aged by grief since he saw it last, his heart overflows with pity and tenderness, and he rushes toward her with the intention of taking her in his arms. He is at once stopped by the guard, who tells him that the interview is not to take place here, but in the reception-room of the prison, to which he is thereupon conducted. He waits impatiently ten minutes — fifteen minutes — half an hour — and at last the door opens. As he springs toward it he is met, not by his mother, but by the Procureur, who asks him whether, after this further period of reflection, he has changed his mind with regard to answering questions. He replies that he was brought there, as he supposed, to see his mother, not for examination. The Procureur, however, informs him that interviews with relatives are privileges not granted to obstinate and refractory prisoners, and that if he has nothing to add to his previous statements he will be taken to his cell. Disappointed and embittered, the young man goes back to solitary confinement with a new cause for hatred and an intensified thirst for vengeance, while the heart-broken mother, whose misery has only been increased by this brief glimpse of her son under guard and in prison dress, returns to her distant village home.

In another case which came to my knowledge in Siberia, the prisoner was a young married woman with a baby in her arms. She refused to answer questions intended to elicit criminating evidence against her friends, and the gendarme officer who was conducting the examination threatened, if she continued obstinate, to take her child from her. She made a pathetic appeal to the Procureur, and asked him whether there was any law under which the gendarme officer could deprive her of her child if she refused to testify. The Procureur, instead of giving her a direct answer, told her that "the prudent course for her to pursue would be not to raise a question as to the legal authority of the examining officer, but to tell him truthfully all she knew; then it was certain that he could not take her child from her." In the face of a threat so terrifying to a young mother,— she was not more than twenty-two years of age when I made her acquaintance in Siberia,— she adhered to her determination not to betray her friends. Her babe was finally left in her possession, but she suffered weeks of torturing apprehension, the mere remembrance of which bathed her face with tears as she told me the story.

I have devoted much space to these illustrations of the use of prison confinement as a means of torturing political prisoners into making confession, partly because my note-books are full of records of such cases which were everywhere forced upon my attention in Russia, and partly because it seems to me to explain, more clearly than any other fact or set of facts, the state of mind in which so-called "terroristic" activity originates. Whatever view one may take of the events in their moral aspect, one can see that such causes might be adequate to produce such results without the ascription to the Russian revolutionists either of homicidal insanity or inhuman ferocity.

It may be supposed that officials who are capable of treating prisoners in this way must be constitutionally cruel, cold-blooded, and heartless; but such a supposition would be, in many cases, perhaps in a majority of cases, an erroneous one. Many of the officials are naturally no worse than other men, but they have been trained under a system which is intolerant of opposition, and especially of that form of opposition which in Russia is called insubordination; they have been accustomed to

regard themselves rather as the rulers than as the servants of the people; they have not felt personally the full weight of the yoke of oppression; they have been irritated and embittered by a long contest with fearless and impetuous men whose motives and characters they misunderstand, and whom they regard as unreasonable fanatics and treacherous assassins; and, finally, their fortunes and prospects of advancement depend upon the success with which they carry on this contest.

I met in the town of Chita, in eastern Siberia, a Russian army officer — Colonel Novikoff — who had been the commander of the Cossack battalion which served as prison guard at the mines of Kara, and who in 1880 sat as one of the judges in the court martial which tried Madame Rossikova, Miss Anna Alexeieva, and other politicals at Odessa. He was a man about forty-five years of age; was devotedly attached to his family; seemed to have broad and humane views with regard to the treatment of common criminals, and did not appear to be naturally a cruel or vindictive man. Yet this personally amiable, courteous, intelligent army officer, speaking to me of the political offenders in whose trial he had participated as judge, said: "If I had my way, I would give them all the *shpitzruten*." The "shpitzruten," it must be explained, is a peculiarly cruel form of "running the gauntlet" which was formerly much used in Siberia as a disciplinary punishment for the worst class of convicts. The prisoner, stripped to the waist, was forced to walk slowly between two lines of soldiers armed with rods "not too large to go into a musket barrel," and, as he passed, received one blow on the bare back from every soldier. The number of blows inflicted was from two thousand to five thousand, two thousand being the lowest number mentioned in the law.* The sufferer, unless he was an exceptionally strong and vigorous man, usually fainted before he had received the prescribed number of blows, and was carried directly from the place of punishment to the hospital. This was the punishment which Colonel Novikoff said he would inflict upon political offenders, and which he had suggested and recommended to the court of which he was a member. "If," he added, "you punish in that way, you will soon put a stop to political agitation." When one considers the fact that such a method as this of dealing with politicals was actually suggested and advocated by a judge in his official capacity, and that he seemed utterly unconscious of the cruelty and barbarity of the proposed measure, one has little difficulty in understanding how gendarme officers and procureurs regard such comparatively trifling things as the arrest of the innocent with the guilty, the frightening of parents, and the deception of obstinate and refractory prisoners who refuse to testify.

But these are by no means all of the factors which must be taken into consideration in an attempt to explain the so-called policy of "terror." Another cause for the white-heat intensity of feeling which prompts violent retaliation is the illegal detention of political suspects in solitary confinement for months and years while the police scour the empire in search of evidence upon which to base indictments. In the trial of the regicides at St. Petersburg in 1881, Mr. Gerard, one of the ablest advocates at the Russian bar, and one of the boldest of the counsel for the prisoners, attempted to bring this cause to the attention of the court by referring to the well-known fact that out of more than a thousand persons arrested for alleged participation in the so-called "revolutionary propaganda" of 1872–75 — out of more than a thousand persons held in solitary confinement for periods ranging from one to four years — only one hundred and ninety-three had ever been brought to trial, and even of that number ninety had been acquitted by a court of judges of the Government's own selection.†

In other words, more than nine hundred persons whose innocence was finally admitted by the Department of Justice had been subjected to from one to four years of solitary confinement, in the course of which eighty of them, or nearly ten per cent., had died, committed suicide, or become insane.‡ Before Mr. Gerard had finished making this statement he was stopped by the Court, and directed to confine himself to the facts of the case on trial.§

* Exile Statutes; Laws of the Russian Empire, Vol. XIV., Part II., Section 799.

† Official certified copy of the sentence of the Court in the trial of the 193, signed by Chief Secretary Lutofski, and dated February 15th, 1878. It is in my possession, as is also the "Accusatory Act," or indictment, in the same case, a document of about 350 folio pages, authenticated by the signature of V. Zhelekhofski, "Associate Chief-Procureur of the Department of Criminal Appeals of the Governing Senate."

‡ The bold and impetuous revolutionist Muishkin, who was one of the accused in this case, made a determined attempt to state these facts to the Court in a speech which he made in his own defense. He was promptly ordered to stop, and when he refused to do so, he was throttled by three or four gendarmes and dragged out of the court-room. For his obstinacy, and for insulting references to the Court, which were regarded as an aggravation of his original offense, his sentence was made ten years of penal servitude, with deprivation of all civil rights. [Sentence of the Court in the trial of the 193 above cited, p. 13.] In a subsequent paper I shall give an account of the life of Muishkin, who was one of the most remarkable characters that the Russian revolutionary movement has yet produced.

§ Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides at St. Petersburg in 1881, pp. 213–219.

I could, if necessary,— and without going outside the limits of official documents in my possession,— fill many pages of THE CENTURY with the names of young men and women who were severally subjected to from one to four years of solitary confinement, and who were finally acquitted by a court, or discharged without trial, because the police, notwithstanding their unlimited power to arrest, imprison, and examine, had not been able to find so much evidence against them as would legally have justified their detention over night. I shall describe in another place the nature of the solitary confinement to which these innocent persons were subjected. I desire at present merely to call attention to the duration of their imprisonment, and to the fact that they were finally pronounced innocent by the Government itself. The above statements are made, it will be observed, not upon the *ex-parte* testimony of the sufferers, but upon the unimpeachable authority of official documents.

The question naturally arises, "What was the reason for the long delay in bringing these thousand or more prisoners to trial?" The reply of the Government is that the accused were engaged in a revolutionary conspiracy which had very extensive ramifications in all parts of the empire; that they were linked together in such a way as to render it practically impossible to try them separately, and that the prosecuting officers of the Crown could not do justice to the Government's case until all the proofs against all the prisoners had been collected, compared, and digested.* The persons accused in the case, however, deny the truth of these statements, severally and collectively. They say that they were not, as a body, engaged in a revolutionary conspiracy; that their actions at that time were not criminal; that more than three-fourths of them were unknown to one another, and had never had any relations with one another; that their cases, therefore, were easily separable, and that, as a matter of fact, the Government did separate into eighteen distinct groups the 193 who were finally tried.

Without expressing any opinion as to the merits of the prisoners' contention, it seems to me, and will doubtless seem to most unprejudiced persons, that the reply of the Government, regarded as a defense, is insufficient, even if it be true. The preface to the indictment in this case says: "By the autumn of 1874 most of the propagandists had been imprisoned, although a few succeeded in eluding arrest and continued their criminal activity until the beginning of 1875."† The trial did not begin until the 18th of October, 1877,‡ so that "most of the propagandists," including ninety persons admitted by the Court to be innocent, were held in solitary confinement without trial from the autumn of 1874 to October 18th, 1877, a period of three years. A large number of the accused were imprisoned in the gloomy casemates of the Petropavlovski fortress, and, according to the indictment, forty of them were there when the trial began.§ To say, as the Government does, that it held ninety innocent persons in prison for three years, and more than eight hundred other innocent persons for shorter periods of one or two years, because it could not try them separately and was unable in a shorter time to review the evidence against the whole thousand, does not seem to be a sufficient answer to a charge of injustice and cruelty based on more than eight hundred wrecked lives and eighty cases of death, suicide, and insanity in prison.

The case of the "propagandists" was of course an exceptional one. I do not know any other instance in which so many prisoners were held so long without trial, and in which the number of persons accused was so overwhelmingly out of proportion to the number actually found to be guilty. Judicial procedure in Russia, however, is always and everywhere slow, and the long interval of solitary confinement between arrest and trial causes great suffering to the prisoners, and creates a feeling of intense exasperation in the hearts of those who are finally declared to be innocent. As one of the 193 who was acquitted by the Court said to me bitterly, "They punish us first with three years of solitary confinement, and then try us to see whether we ought to have been punished."

The course of procedure in the case of a person accused of a political offense is, under average and normal conditions, about as follows: He is arrested without the least warning, generally at night, and thrown into prison. After a week or two of solitary confinement, he is subjected to a preliminary examination before an officer of gendarmes. In order that he may not prepare himself for this examination, he is not, as a rule, informed of the nature of the charge made against him. The theory of the gendarmes is that if the prisoner knows specifically of what he is accused, he can form at least a conjecture as to the direction and scope of the impending inquiry, and can prepare himself to baffle it. If, however, he is ignorant of the charge upon which he is held,— if he does not even know whether he is undergoing examination as a principal or as a witness, — he is not so quick to see the drift of ques-

* Sentence of the 193, certified copy, p. 15.
† Indictment in the trial of the 193, p. 8.
‡ Sentence in the same trial, p. 1.
§ Appendix to the Indictment in the trial of the 193, pp. 1–3.

tions; he is not so likely to be ready with a prepared story, and he is more apt to be surprised into incautious admissions. The gendarmes justify this course by saying that "if the prisoner is innocent, it cannot injure him; and if he is guilty, he is not entitled to any information which would make it easier for him to mislead the investigators and defeat the ends of justice. The object of the inquiry is, for the present at least, none of his business. All that he has to do is to answer questions truthfully." Of course, a prisoner who is thus kept in the dark defends himself and his friends at a terrible disadvantage. If he answers the questions put to him, he does so without knowledge of their purpose or bearing; and if he refuses to answer, he prolongs his prison confinement, perhaps unnecessarily, and gives the gendarmes an excuse for putting into operation against him some of the methods of extorting testimony which I have described.

Most prisoners take a middle course by answering some questions and refusing to answer others. The examination ends when the gendarme officer is satisfied that he cannot elicit anything more. The prisoner is then remanded to his cell, and another week elapses, in the course of which the gendarmes take the testimony of his acquaintances and friends, of the police, who perhaps have had him under secret surveillance for weeks, and of all other persons who know anything about him. This mass of testimony is then submitted to the Procureur, with a report and such comments as the examining officer may think necessary. The Procureur makes a careful study of all the evidence, compares the testimony of the accused with the statements of the witnesses in the light of the comments and suggestions of the gendarmes, and frames a new series of questions to be put to the prisoner at the "dopros," a more formal examination intended to complete the case for submission to the Ministry of Justice.

Up to this time, it will be observed, the accused has not been informed of the nature of the charge made against him; he does not know certainly whether he is held as a criminal or as a witness; he has heard none of the testimony upon which the questions in the "dopros" are to be based; he is without counsel, and he is ignorant of all that has happened in the outside world since his arrest. It would be hard to imagine a more completely defenseless situation.

The Procureur begins the "dopros" by informing the prisoner that he is accused of the crimes set forth and described in such and such sections of the Penal Code. Most political prosecutions are based upon sections 245, 249, and 250, which are as follows:

"SECTION 245. All persons found guilty of composing and circulating written or printed documents, books, or representations, calculated to create disrespect for the Supreme Authority, or for the personal character of the GOSSUDAR [the Tsar], or for the Government of his Empire, shall be condemned, as insulters of MAJESTY, to deprivation of all civil rights and to from ten to twelve years of penal servitude. [This punishment carries with it exile in Siberia for what remains of life after the expiration of the hard labor sentence.]

"SECTION 249. All persons who shall engage in rebellion against the Supreme Authority, that is, who shall take part in collective and conspirative insurrection against the GOSSUDAR and the Empire; and also all persons who shall plan the overthrow of the Government in the Empire as a whole, or in any part thereof; or who shall intend to change the existing form of government, or the order of succession to the throne established by law; all persons who for the attainment of these ends shall organize or take part in a conspiracy, either actively and with knowledge of its object, or by participation in a conspirative meeting, or by storing or distributing weapons, or by other preparations for insurrection; all such persons, including not only those most guilty, but their associates, instigators, prompters, helpers, and concealers, shall be deprived of all civil rights, and be put to death. Those who have knowledge of such evil intentions and of preparations to carry them into execution, and who, having power to inform the Government thereof, do not fulfill that duty, shall be subjected to the same punishment.

"SECTION 250. If the guilty persons have not manifested an intention to resort to violence, but have organized a society or association, intended to attain, at a more or less remote time in the future, the objects set forth in section 249, or have joined such an association, they shall be sentenced, according to the degree of their criminality, either to from four to six years of penal servitude with deprivation of all civil rights [including exile to Siberia for life]. . . . or to colonization in Siberia [without penal servitude], or to imprisonment in a fortress from one year and four months to four years."*

These sections, it will be observed, are tolerably comprehensive. They not only include all attempts to overthrow the government *vi et armis*; they not only cover all action "calculated to create disrespect for MAJESTY"; but they provide for the punishment of the mere intention to bring about a change of administration at a remote time in the future by means of peaceable discussion and the education of the people. Even this is not all. A man may be perfectly loyal; he may never have given expression to a single thought calculated to create disrespect for the Gossudar or the Gossudar's government, and yet, if he comes accidentally to know that his sister, or his brother, or his friend belongs to a society which contemplates a "change in the existing form of government," and if he does not go voluntarily to the Chief of Gendarmes and betray that brother, sister, or friend, the law is adequate to send him to Siberia for life.

When the prisoner, at the beginning of the "dopros," is informed that he is accused of "the crimes set forth and described in sections

* Russian Penal Code, Tagantseff's edition, pp. 172–174. St. Petersburg: 1886. The words in brackets are my own.—G. K.

245, 249, and 250 of the Penal Code," he is almost as much in the dark as ever with regard to the nature of his offense. He may be an "insulter of MAJESTY"; he may be held for an intention "to change the existing form of government". . . . "at some more or less remote time in the future"; or he may have rendered himself liable to penal servitude by his neglect to inform the Chief of Gendarmes that he thinks his sister belongs to a secret society. He can console himself, however, with the reflection that when he is finally sentenced, the nature of the punishment to which he is condemned will indicate approximately the offense for which he has been tried.

The "dopros" resembles in all respects the preliminary examination except that it is conducted by the Procureur in person, is based upon a much greater mass of data, and is consequently more severe and searching. At its conclusion the prisoner is required to sign his testimony, and is then remanded to his cell. The Procureur makes out, at his leisure, a statement of the case, showing what he thinks he can prove against the accused, and sends it with all the papers to the Ministry of Justice. After this time the prisoner, if he has not been obstinate and refractory, is granted certain privileges. He can have interviews with his relatives in the presence of an officer twice a week; he can write and receive open letters, and he is allowed books. Even these privileges, however, have their drawbacks. The relatives who come to see him may be arrested at the prison and exiled to Siberia by "administrative process"; * half the contents of his letters may be "blacked out" or erased by the police through whose hands they pass; † and the only books given him may be the Bible and the Penal Code. ‡

The papers in the prisoner's case reach the Ministry of Justice in from one to three months. They may lie there awaiting examination three months, or even six months, more. When they are finally reached and the Minister proceeds to act upon them, he may do any one of four things: *First*, if the evidence submitted does not seem to him sufficient to justify even the detention of the accused, he may order his release, as he did in the cases of nearly eight hundred of the "propagandists." *Second*, if the evidence, although insufficient, seems to indicate that a case can be made out, he may return the papers to the Procureur with instructions to continue the investigation. This results in a further delay of at least six months. *Third*, if the evidence is not sufficient to secure conviction in a court, if it probably cannot be supplemented, and if the Minister is nevertheless satisfied that the accused is a disloyal person, whom it would be dangerous to release, he may order his exile to Siberia by "administrative process" for a period not greater than five years. *Fourth*, if the evidence against the accused collected by the Procureur is probably adequate to secure conviction in a court, the prisoner is held for trial.

From the Ministry of Justice the papers go to the Ministry of the Interior, where they again await their turn for examination. The Minister of the Interior may approve the decision of the Minister of Justice, or he may disapprove it. In the former case the papers go to the Tsar for final action, and in the latter case they are "hung up" for further consideration, or sent back to the Procureur for amendment.

The result of this course of procedure, every step of which is marked by delay due to the overcrowded condition of the various departmental and ministerial files, is to prolong almost indefinitely the period of uncertainty which intervenes between the prisoner's arrest and his final release, trial, or exile. Most of the politicals whose cases I investigated spent from one year to two and a half years in prison before they were sent to Siberia. In exceptional instances the terms of imprisonment were much longer. Solomon Chudnofski, who is now in exile in Tomsk, awaited final action in his case from January 27th, 1874, to July 18th, 1878, a period of four years and six months. During nearly the whole of this time he was in solitary confinement, and for twenty months he was in one of the casemates of the Petropavlovski fortress.

Such delay is exasperating to the relatives and friends even of prisoners who are known to be guilty; it is maddening to persons who

* A young revolutionist by the name of Maidanski was hanged in Odessa in 1880. His mother, an aged peasant woman, when she heard that her son had been condemned to death, came to the prison to bid him good-bye. She was not allowed, however, to see him, but was herself arrested and exiled by "administrative process" to the province of Krasnoyarsk in eastern Siberia.

† I have such a letter now in my possession. It consisted originally of four closely written pages of commercial note paper. The police erased all except the following words:

"MEZEN, December 8th, 1880.

"MY DEAR IVAN IVANOVITCH: I send you eight roubles. It is all I can do at present. . . . [four pages crossed out]. . . . I kiss you warmly.

[Signed] "ALEXE."

‡ The Bible and the Penal Code were the only literature given, during the first part of his imprisonment, to a young exile from St. Petersburg whom I met in Siberia. The intention, doubtless, was to incite to virtue on the one hand and to warn against crime on the other. To most political prisoners, however, such a selection of books would have suggested an instructive — or, as the officials would probably say, seditious and incendiary — comparison between the laws of Russia and the laws of Christ, and would thus have defeated the object which the police had in view.

believe that their sons, daughters, sisters, or friends are innocent, and who lose them by death or suicide in prison before trial.

In 1886 there died in St. Petersburg a young girl not yet twenty years of age named Fedoteva, a student in one of the high schools for women in that city. She had been arrested nearly a year before upon some political charge and had been held in solitary confinement in the House of Preliminary Detention until her health had given way, and had then been removed, dangerously ill, to the hospital, where she died in the delirium of brain fever. Upon being apprised of the young girl's death, Mrs. Fedoteva went to the Chief of Police and asked at what time her daughter would be buried, as she desired to attend the funeral. She was told that the funeral would take place from the hospital at a stated hour on the following day.

The authorities do not allow the friends of a dead political prisoner to take charge of the body nor to conduct the funeral if there is any reason to apprehend what is known in the official world as a *demonstratsia* or public manifestation of sympathy. In this case it was feared that the school associates of the dead girl would follow her body to the grave in a procession, and that the more excitable of them would perhaps attempt to make speeches, or create in some way a scene which would call public attention to the fact that a young girl accused of a political offense had died in prison untried. If a public funeral were permitted, and if a demonstratsia should be attempted by the dead girl's friends, the police would be obliged to interfere, and such interference would not only "excite the public mind," but would necessarily result in the arrest of more young people. Furthermore, interference with a funeral would be disagreeable — it would look too much like striking the dead. Clearly, therefore, this was a case in which the maintenance of public order and tranquillity and the protection of hot-headed young people from the consequences of their possible rashness required, and would justify, the utmost secrecy.

Acting upon this reasoning, the Chief of Police directed that the young girl be buried quietly at night, without the knowledge of her relatives and friends; and she was so buried.

When, at the appointed hour on the following day, Mrs. Fedoteva came to the hospital to pay the last and only possible tribute of love to the lifeless body of her dead child by following it to the grave, she was informed that the funeral had already taken place. When she went to the Chief of Police and asked where her daughter had been buried, the only reply she received was "Etta nasha diella" — "That is our business."

This mournful story was first told to me by the managing editor of a well-known St. Petersburg newspaper, who, of course, did not dare to print it. I heard it afterwards from others, and was finally able to verify it completely and circumstantially by conversation with an official in the hospital where the young girl died.

In order to make clear the bearing of such a fact as this on the so-called policy of "terror," I will ask the reader of these pages the question which was put to me: "Imagine that your only daughter, a school-girl, still in her teens, had been arrested upon a vague charge of disloyalty; that she had been thrown into prison and kept there a year in solitary confinement without a trial; that she had died at last of brain fever brought on by grief, anxiety, apprehension, and solitude; that you had not been permitted to stand by her death-bed; that you had been deceived as to the time of her funeral; and that finally, when you went humbly and respectfully to the Chief of Police and asked where your murdered child had been buried, that you might at least wet the fresh earth of her grave with your tears, you had received the contemptuous answer, 'That is our business,' what would you have done?"

The fierce impulse to avenge such wrongs as these is morally unjustifiable; it is unchristian; it is, if you please, criminal; but, after all, it is human. A man is not necessarily a ferocious, blood-thirsty fanatic if, under such provocation, and in the absence of all means of redress, he strikes back with such weapons as lie nearest his hand. It is not my purpose, in setting forth this and other similar facts, to justify the policy of the "terrorists" nor to approve even by implication the resort to murder as a means of tempering despotism; but it is my purpose to explain, so far as I can, certain morbid social phenomena; and in making such explanation, circumstances seem to lay upon me the duty of saying to the world for the Russian revolutionists all that they might fairly say for themselves, if the lips of the dead had not already moldered into dust, and if the voices of the living were not stifled by prison walls. The Russian Government has its own press, and its own representatives abroad; it can explain, if it chooses, its methods and measures; and it can defend itself against charges which are without foundation. The Russian revolutionists, buried alive in remote Siberian solitudes, can only tell their story to an occasional traveler from a freer country, and ask him to lay it before the world for judgment.

George Kennan.

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Roxy," etc.

IV.

LOCKWOOD'S PLAN.



EORGE LOCKWOOD, being only mildly malicious, felt something akin to compensation at having procured for Tom so severe a loss. But he was before all things a man secretive and calculating: the first thing he did with any circumstance was to take it into his intellectual back-room, where he spent most of his time, and demand what advantage it could give to George Lockwood. When he had let all the boys out of the store at a quarter past twelve, he locked and barred the door. Then he put away the boxes and all other traces of the company, and carried his tallow candle into his rag-carpeted bedroom, which opened from the rear of the store and shared the complicated and characteristic odors of the shop with a dank smell of its own; this last came from a habit Lockwood had when he sprinkled the floor of the store, preparatory to sweeping it, of extending the watering process to the rag-carpet of the bedroom. His mind gave only a passing thought of mild exultation, mingled with an equally mild regret, to poor Tom Grayson's misfortune. He was already inquiring how he might, without his own hand appearing in the matter, use the occurrence for his own benefit. Tom had had presence of mind enough left to beg the whole party in the store to say nothing about the affair; but notwithstanding the obligation which the set felt to protect one another from the old fogies of their families, George Lockwood thought the matter would probably get out. He was not the kind of man to make any bones about letting it out, if he could thereby gain any advantage. The one feeling in his tepid nature that had ever attained sufficient intensity to keep him awake at night was his passion for Rachel Albaugh; and his passion was quite outside of any interest he might have in Rachel's reversionary certainty of the one-half of John Albaugh's lands. This, too, he had calculated, but as a subordinate consideration.

He reflected that Rachel might come to town next Saturday, which was the general trading-day of the country people. If she should come, she would be sure to buy something of him. But how could he tell her of Tom's unlucky gambling? To do so directly would be in opposition to all the habits of his prudent nature. Nor could he bethink him of a ruse that might excuse an indirect allusion to it; and he went to sleep at length without finding a solution of his question.

But chance favored him, for with the Saturday came rain, and Rachel regretfully gave over a proposed visit to the village. But as some of the things wanted were quite indispensable, Ike Albaugh was sent to Moscow, and he came into Wooden & Snyder's store about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. George Lockwood greeted him cordially, and weighed out at his request three pounds of tenpenny nails to finish the new corn-crib, a half-pound of cut tobacco to replenish the senior Albaugh's pipe from time to time, a dollar's worth of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of Epsom salts,— these last two for general use. He also measured off five yards of blue cotton drilling, six feet of half-inch rope for a halter, and two yards of inch-wide ribbon to match a sample sent by Rachel. Then he filled one of the Albaugh jugs with molasses and another with whisky, which last was indispensable in the hay harvest. These articles were charged to John Albaugh's account; he was credited at the same time with the ten pounds of fresh butter that Isaac had brought. George Lockwood also wrapped up a paper of "candy kisses," as they were called, which he charged Ike to give to Rachel from him, but which he forgot to enter to his own account on the day-book.

"By the way, Ike," he said, "did you know that Dave Sovine got back last week?"

"Yes," said Ike; "I hear the Sovine folks made a terrible hullabaloo over the returned prodigal,—killed the fatted calf, and all that."

"A tough prodigal *he* is!" said Lockwood, with a gentle smile of indifference. "You 'd better look out for him."

"Me? Why?" asked Ike. "He never had any grudge ag'inst me, as I know of."

"No," said Lockwood, laughing, "not that. But he 's cleaned all the money out of all the

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boys about town, and he 'll be going after you country fellows next, I guess. He 's the *darnedest* hand with cards!"

"Well, he won't git a-holt of *me*," said Ike, with boyish exultation. "I don't hardly more 'n know the ace f 'um the jack. I never played but on'y just once; two or three games weth one of the harvest hands, four years ago. He was showin' me how, you know, one Sunday in the big haymow, an' jus' as I got somethin' 't he called high low jack, the old man took 't into his head to come up the ladder to see what was goin' on. You know father's folks was Dunkers, an' he don't believe in cards. I got high low jack that time, an' I won't fergit it the longest day I live." Ike grinned a little ruefully at the recollection. "Could n' draw on my roundabout fer a week without somebody helpin' me, I was so awful sore between the shoulders. Not any more fer me, thank you!"

"It 'u'd be good for some other young fellows I know, if they 'd had some of the same liniment," said Lockwood, beginning to see his way clear, and speaking in a languid tone with his teeth half closed. "Blam'd 'f I did n't see Sovine, a-settin' right there on that kag of sixp'ny nails the other night, win all a fellow's money, and then his handkerchief and his knife. The fellow — you know him well — got so excited that he put up his hat and his coat and his boots, an' Dave took 'em all. He 's got some cheatin' trick ur 'nother, but I stood right over 'im an' I can't quite make it out yet. I tried to coax 'im to give back the hat an' coat an' boots; but no, sir, he 's a regular black-leg. He would n't give up a thing till I lent the other fellow as much money as he 'd staked ag'inst them."

"Who wuz the other fellow?" asked Ike Albaugh, with lively curiosity.

"Oh! I promised not to tell"; but as Lockwood said this he made an upward motion with his pointed thumb, and turned his eyes towards the office overhead.

"Why, not Tom?" asked Ike, in an excited whisper.

"Don't you say anything about it," said George, looking serious. "He don't want his uncle's folks to know anything about it. And besides, I have n't mentioned any name, you know"; and he fell into a playful little titter between his closed teeth, as he shook his head secretively, and turned away to attend to a woman who, in spite of the rain, had brought on horseback a large "feed-basket" full of eggs, and three pairs of blue stockings of her own knitting, which she wished to exchange for a calico dress-pattern and some other things.

But Lockwood turned to call after the departing youth: "You won't mention that to anybody, will you, Ike?"

"To b' shore not," said Ike, as he went out of the door thinking how much it would interest Rachel.

Ike Albaugh was too young and too light-hearted to be troubled with forebodings. Rachel might marry anybody she pleased "f 'r all of him." It was her business, and she was of age, he reflected, and he was n't her "gardeen." At most, if it belonged to anybody to interfere, "it was the ole man's lookout." But the story of Tom Grayson's losing all his money, and even part of his clothes, was something interesting to tell, and it did not often happen to the young man to have the first of a bit of news. A farm-house on the edge of an unsettled prairie is a dull place, where all things have a monotonous, diurnal revolution and a larger annual repetition; any event with a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit which intrudes into this system is a godsend; even the most transient shooting-star of gossip is a relief. But this would be no momentary meteor, and Isaac saw in the newly acquired information something to "tease Rache with," and teasing one's sister is always lawful sport. He owed her some good-natured grudges; here was one chance to be even with her.

Ike got home at half-past six, and Rachel had to spread for him a cold supper, chiefly of corn-bread and milk. He gave her the ribbon and the little package of square candy kisses from Lockwood. Rachel sat down at the table opposite her hungry brother, and, after giving him a part of the sweets, she amused herself with unfolding the papers that inclosed each little square of candy and reading the couplets of honeyed doggerel wrapped within.

"Did you hear anything of Tom?" Rachel asked.

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Oh! I promised not to say anything about it."

"You need n't be afraid of making me jealous," said the sister, with a good-natured, half-defiant settling of her head on one side.

"Jealous? No, it 's not anything like that. You ain't good at guessin', Sis; girls never air."

"Not even Ginnie Miller," said Rachel. She usually met Ike's hackneyed allusions to the inferiority of girls by some word about Ginnie. It was plain her brother was in a teasing mood, and that her baffled curiosity would not find satisfaction by coaxing. She knew well enough that Ike was not such a fool as to keep an interesting secret long enough for it to grow stale and unmarketable on his hands.

"Let it go,— I don't care," she said, as she got up and moved about the kitchen.

"You would, if you knew," said Ike.

"But I don't, and so there 's an end of it"; and she began to hum a sentimental song of the languishing sort so much in vogue in that day. The melancholy refrain, which formed the greater part of this one, ran:

"Long, long ago, long ago."

It is one of the paradoxes of human nature that young women with all the world before them delight in singing retrospective melodies about an auld-lang-syne concerning which, in the very nature of the case, they cannot well know anything, but in regard to which they seem to entertain sentiments so excruciating.

"It was n't so very long ago, nuther," said Ike, whose dialect was always intensified when there were harvest hands on the place.

"What was n't?" said Rachel, with her back to him.

"Why, Tom's scrape, of course."

"Was it a very bad one? Did he get took up?" Rachel's face was still averted, but Ike noted with pleasure that her voice showed a keen interest in his news.

"Oh, no, 't 's not him 't ought to be took up; it 's Dave Sovine."

Rachel cleared her throat and waited a few seconds before speaking again.

"Did Dave hurt Tom much?" she asked, groping after the facts among the various conjectures that suggested themselves.

"Well, yes," said Ike, with a broad grin of delight at his sister's wide guessing; but by this time he was pretty well exhausted by the strain put upon his feeble secretiveness. "Yes, hurt him? I sh'd say so!" he went on. "Hurts like blazes to have a blackleg like Dave win all yer money an' yer knife, an' yer hankercher, an' yer hat an' coat an' boots in the bargain. But you mus' n't say anything about it, Sis. It 's a dead secret."

"Who told you?"

"Nobody," said Ike, feeling some compunction that he had gone so far. "I just heard it."

"Who 'd you hear it from?"

"George Lockwood kind uh let 't out without 'xactly sayin' 't wuz Tom. But he did n't deny it *wuz* Tom."

Having thus relieved himself from the uncomfortable pressure of his secret, Ike got up and went out whistling, leaving Rachel to think the matter over. It was not the moral aspect of the question that presented itself to her. If Tom had beaten Sovine she would not have cared. It was Tom's cleverness as well as his buoyant spirit that had touched her, and now her hero had played the fool. She had the wariness of one who had known many lovers; her wit was not profound, and she saw rather than contrived the course most natural to one of her prudent and ease-loving temperament; she would hold Tom in check, and postpone the disagreeable necessity for final decision.

V.

THE MITTEN.

NEXT to Tom's foreboding about his uncle was the dread of the effect of his bad conduct on Rachel. On that rainy Saturday afternoon he thought much about the possibility of making shipwreck with Rachel; and this led him to remember with a suspicion, foreign to his temper, the part that Lockwood had taken in his disgrace. By degrees he transferred much of his indignation from Sovine to George Lockwood. He resolved to see Rachel on his way back to town, and if possible by a frank confession to her to forestall and break the force of any reports that might get abroad. The bold course was always the easiest to one of so much propulsiveness. He remembered that there was a "singin'," as it was called in the country, held every Sunday afternoon in the Timber Creek school-house, half-way between his mother's house and Albaugh's. This weekly singing-school was attended by most of the young people of the neighborhood, and by Rachel Albaugh among the rest. Tom planned to stop, as though by chance, at the gathering and ride home with the ever-adorable Rachel.

When Tom reached the school-house, Bryant, the peripatetic teacher of vocal music, was standing in front of his class and leading them by beating time with his rawhide riding-whip. Esteeming himself a leader in the musical world, he was not restricted to the methods used by musicians of greater renown. It is easy for ignorance to make innovation,— the America of fifty years ago was seriously thinking of revising everything except the moral law. While Noah Webster in Connecticut was proposing single-handed to work over the English tongue so as to render it suitable to the wants of a self-complacent young nation, other reformers as far away as St. Louis were engaged in improving the world's system of musical notation. Of the new method Bryant was an ardent propagator; he made much of the fact that he was a musical new light, and taught the "square notes," a system in which the relative pitch was not only indicated by the position of the notes upon the clef, but also by their characteristic shapes. Any simpleton could here tell "do" from "me" at sight.

In the "Missouri Harmonist" the lines and spaces were decorated with quavers and semiquavers whose heads were circles, squares, and triangles, Old Hundred becoming a solemn procession of one-legged and no-legged geo-

metric figures. But Bryant understood his business too well to confine his Sunday classes of young people to Sunday tunes. When Tom, after tying his horse to the inner corner of a rail-fence, pushed back the school-house door, creaking on its wooden hinges, the four divisions of the class were chasing one another through a "round," the words of which ran:

"Now, Lawrence, take your bag,
And go right straight to mill,
And see, m—y b—o—y,
That not a bit you spill!"

This kind of music was naturally popular. Such a service relieves the tedium of a Sunday afternoon, and has something of the charm a dog finds in pursuing his own tail.

Some of the members of the class turned their heads and their vocal mouths towards the door when Tom came in, but in the midst of this jangle of voices singing different portions of the same air most of them had all they could do to keep their time by waving their heads or thumping their toes on the puncheon floor, while they alternately looked at their books and at Bryant, who thrashed away with his whip, his lips seeming to say, though the words were inaudible in the general din:

"Up, down, right, left, up," as he perpetually made right angles in the air. Rachel was in the act of drawing the word "boy" to the full length of a long note with a hold after it, but she looked up long enough to recognize the new arrival; then she dropped her eyes to the book again and gave the most severe attention to Bryant and the square notes thereafter, not once looking at Tom to the end. From this unwonted absorption in her music, Tom inferred that Rachel had somehow heard of his misconduct and was offended. But her charms enchanted him more than ever now that they were receding from him, and with a characteristic resolution he determined not to give her up without a sharp endeavor to regain his lost ground.

When the "singing" "let out," Tom availed himself of the first moment of confusion, while Rachel stood apart, to ask permission to go home with her, in the well-worn formula which was the only polite and proper word to use for the purpose; for it is strange how rigidly certain exact forms were adhered to among a people where intercourse was for the most part familiar and unconventional.

"May I see you safe home?" he asked, as he had often asked before, but never before with trepidation.

"No," said Rachel, with an evident effort, and without looking at Tom's face.

Such an answer is technically known as "the sack" and "the mitten," though it would take a more inventive antiquary than I to tell how it got these epithets. But it was one of the points on which the rural etiquette of that day was rigorous and inflexible, that such a refusal closed the conversation and annihilated the beau without allowing him to demand any explanations or to make any further advances at the time. But Tom was not easily snuffed out. He had to ride past Rachel's house, and it would be an addition to his disappointment that everybody would see his discomfiture. So he answered:

"Well, I 'll lead up your horse for you anyhow," and he went out before she could make up her mind to refuse him, and brought the sorrel filly alongside a tree-stump left standing in front of the school-house for a horse-block. The rest had by this time either mounted and gone, or were walking away afoot. Rachel felt a secret admiration for his audacity as she sprang into her saddle, while Tom held her bridle and adjusted the stirrup to her foot.

"What have I done, Rachel?"

"You know, well enough." Her voice was low and tremulous. She had dismissed other favorites, but never before had she found in herself so much reluctance.

"Do you mean my gambling with Dave Sovine?" said Tom, driving, as usual, point-blank at the very center of things.

"Yes."

"Who told you?" He still held on to her bridle-rein with his left hand,—somewhat as a highwayman does in romances.

"Oh! I guess everybody knows. Ike heard it yesterday, from George Lockwood or somebody."

"It was Lockwood got me into it," said Tom, shutting his teeth hard. "If you 'd let me go home with you, I could explain things a little."

But people accustomed to the balmy climate of flattery naturally dread a stiff breeze of ridicule. Rachel Albaugh did not like to bear any share of the odium that must come on Tom when his recklessness, and, above all, his bad luck, should become known. She drew the rein that Tom held, until he felt obliged to let it go, and said "No."

"I have got what I needed," said Tom, making the best of his defeat.

"What?" asked Rachel.

"Oh! one mitten is n't of any use alone; you 've given me a pair of them."

Tom felt now the exhilaration of desperation. He gayly mounted his horse, and bade Rachel a cheerful good-bye as he galloped past her; then, when he had overtaken a group of those ahead of Rachel, he reined up and turned in the saddle, leaning his left hand on the croup, while he joked and bantered with

one and another. Then he put his horse into a gallop again.

When he was well out of hearing, Henry Miller, who was one of the party, remarked to his companions that he did n't know what was up, but it seemed to him as though Tom Grayson had got something that looked like a mitten without any thumb. "That 's one more that Rache 's shed," he said. "But when she gets a chance to shed me, she 'll know it."

As Tom rode onward toward the village his spirits sank again, and he let his horse break down into an easy trot and then into a slow walk.

It was no longer Sovine that he cursed inwardly. George Lockwood, he reflected, had called him away from the Law of Common Carriers to play a little game with Dave, and it was Lockwood who had reported his discomfiture to the Albaughs. He brooded over these things, and put them together by multiplication rather than by addition. He concluded that Lockwood, from the first, had planned his ruin and his downfall before Rachel, which was giving that mediocre young man credit for a depth of forethinking malice that he was far from possessing.

Monday morning Tom went into Wooden & Snyder's store on the way to his office above. Lockwood had just finished sweeping out; the sprinkling upon the floor was not dry; it yet showed the figure 8's that he had made in swinging the sprinkler to and fro as he walked. The only persons in the store were two or three villagers; the country people rarely came in on Monday, and never at so early an hour. One frisky young man of a chatty temperament had stopped to exchange the gossip of the morning with George; but meaning to make his halt as slight as possible, he had not gone farther than the threshold, on which he now balanced himself, with his hands in his pockets, talking as he rocked nervously to and fro, like a bird on a waving bough in a high wind. Another villager had slouched in to buy a pound of nails, to repair the damage done to his garden fence by the pigs during Sunday; but as he was never in a hurry, he stood back and gave the first place to a carpenter who wanted a three-cornered file, and who was in haste to get to his day's work. When Lockwood had attended to the carpenter, Tom beckoned him to the back part of the store, and without saying a word counted out to him the money he had borrowed.

Something in Tom's manner gave Lockwood a sneaking feeling that his own share in this affair was not creditable. His was one of those consciences that take their cue from without. Of independent moral judgment he had little; but he had a vague desire to stand well in the judgment of others, and even to stand well in his own eyes when judged by other people's code. It was this half-evolved conscience that made him wish — (what shall I say? — to atone for the harm he had but half-intentionally done to Tom? or, to remove the unfavorable impression that Tom evidently had of his conduct?) At any rate, when he had taken his money again, he ventured to offer some confidential advice in a low tone. For your cool man who escapes the pitfalls into which better and cleverer men often go headlong is prone to rank his worldly wisdom, and even his sluggish temperament, among the higher virtues. Some trace of this relative complacency made itself heard perhaps in Lockwood's voice, when he said in an undertone:

"You know, Tom, if I were you, I 'd take a solemn oath never to touch a card again. You 're too rash."

This good counsel grated on the excited feelings of the recipient of it.

"I don't want any advice from you," said Tom in a bitter monotone.

I have heard it mentioned by an expert that a superheated steam-boiler is likely to explode with the first escape of steam, the slight relief of pressure precipitating the catastrophe. Tom had resolved not to speak a word to Lockwood, but his wounded and indignant pride had brooded over Rachel's rejection the livelong night, and now the air of patronage in Lockwood drew from him this beginning; then his own words aggravated his feelings, and speech became an involuntary explosion.

"You called me down-stairs," he said, "and got me into this scrape. Do you think I don't know what it was for? You took pains to have word about it go where it would do me the most harm."

"I did n't do any such thing," said Lockwood.

"You did," said Tom. "You told Ike Albaugh Saturday. You 're a cold-blooded villain, and if you cross my path again I 'll shoot you."

By this time he was talking loud enough for all in the store to hear. The villager who wanted nails had sidled a little closer to the center of explosion, the young man tilting to and fro on the threshold of the front door had come inside the store and was deeply engaged in studying the familiar collection of pearl buttons, colored sewing-silks, ribbons, and other knick-knacks in the counter show-case, while the carpenter had forgotten his haste, and turning about stood now with his tool-box under his arm, looking at Tom Grayson and Lockwood with blunt curiosity.

"That 's a nice way to treat me, I must say," said Lockwood, in a kind of whine of outraged friendship. "You 'd 'a' gone home bareheaded and in your shirt-sleeves and your stocking-feet, if 't had n't 'a' been fer me."

"I 'd 'a' gone home with my money in my pocket, if you and Dave Sovine had n't fixed it up between you to fleece me. I 'xpect you made as much out of it as Dave did. You 've got me out 'v your way now. But you look out! Don't you cross my track again, George Lockwood, or I 'll kill you!"

In a new country, where life is full of energy and effervescence, it is much easier for an enraged man to talk about killing than it is in a land of soberer thinking and less lawlessness. The animal which we call a young man was not so tame in Illinois two generations ago as it is now. But Tom's threat, having given vent to his wrath, lowered the pressure: by the time he had made this second speech his violence had partly spent itself, and he became conscious that he was heard by the three persons in the store, as well as by Snyder, the junior proprietor, who stood now in the back door. Tom Grayson turned and strode out of the place, dimly aware that he had again run the risk of bringing down the avalanche by his rashness. For if Tom was quickly brought to a white-heat, radiation was equally rapid. Long before noon he saw clearly that he had probably rendered it impossible to keep the secret of his gambling from his uncle. All the town would hear of his quarrel with Lockwood, and all the town would set itself to know to the utmost the incident that was the starting-point of a wrath so violent.

If Tom had not known by many frosty experiences his uncle's unimpressionable temper, he would have followed his instinct and gone directly to him with a frank confession. But there was nothing to be gained by such a course with such a man.

VI.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

THOMAS GRAYSON the elder was one of those men who contrive to play an important part in a community without having any specific vocation. He had a warehouse in which space was sometimes let for the storage of other people's goods, but which also served to hold country produce whenever, in view of a probable rise in the market, he chose to enter the field as a cash buyer in competition with the "store-keepers," who bought only in exchange for goods. Sometimes, in the fall and the winter, he would purchase hogs and cattle from the farmers and have them driven to the most promising market. He also served the purpose of a storage reservoir in the village trade; for he always had money or credit, and whenever a house, or a horse, or a mortgage, or a saw-mill, or a lot of timber, or a farm, or a stock of goods was put on the market at forced sale, Grayson the elder could be counted on to buy it if no better purchaser were to be found. He had no definite place of business; he was generally to be found about the street, ready to buy or sell, or to exchange one thing for another, whenever there was a chance to make a profit.

He had married late; and even in marrying he took care to make a prudent investment. His wife brought a considerable addition to his estate and no unduly expensive habits. Like her husband, she was of a thrifty disposition and plain in her tastes. The temptations to a degree of ostentation are stronger in a village than in a city, but Mrs. Grayson was not moved by them; she lent herself to her husband's ambition to accumulate. Not that the Graysons were without pride; they thought, indeed, a good deal of their standing among their neighbors. But it was gratifying to them to know that the village accounted Grayson a good deal better off than some who indulged in a larger display. The taking of Tom had been one of those economic combinations which men like Grayson are fond of making. He knew that his neighbors thought he ought to do something for his brother's family. To pay the debt on the farm would be the simplest way of doing this, but it would be a dead deduction from the ever-increasing total of his assets. When, however, Barbara had come to him with a direct suggestion that he should help her promising brother to a profession, the uncle saw a chance to discharge the obligation which the vicarious sentiment of his neighbors and the censure of his own conscience imposed on him, and to do it with advantage to himself. He needed somebody "to do choores" at his house; the wood had to be sawed, the cow had to be milked, the horse must be fed, and the garden attended to. Like most other villagers, Grayson had been wont to look after such things himself, but as his wealth and his affairs increased, he had found the chores a burden on his time and some detraction from his dignity. So he, therefore, took his namesake into his house and sent him to the village school for three years, and then put him into the office of Lawyer Blackman, to whom he was wont to intrust his conveyancing and law business. This law business entailed a considerable expense, and Thomas Grayson the elder may have seen more than a present advantage in having his nephew take up the profession under his protection. But the young man's unsteadiness, late hours,

and impulsive rashness had naturally been very grievous to a cool-headed speculator who never in his life had suffered an impulse or a sentiment to obstruct his enterprises.

Of domestic life there was none in the house of Thomas Grayson, unless one should give that name to sleeping and waking, cooking and eating, cleaning the house and casting up accounts. With his wife Grayson talked about the diverse speculations he had in hand or in prospect, and canvassed his neighbors chiefly on the business side of their lives, pleasing his pride of superior sagacity in pointing out the instances in which they had failed to accomplish their ends from apathy or sheer blundering. The husband and wife had no general interest in anything; no playful banter, no interesting book, no social assemblage or cheerful game ever ameliorated the austerity of their lives. The one thread of sentiment woven into their stone-colored existence was a passionate fondness for their only child Janet, a little thing four years old when Tom came into the house to do chores and go to school,—a child of seven now that Tom was drifting into trouble that threatened to end his professional career before it had been begun. Janet was vivacious and interesting rather than pretty, though her mass of dark hair, contrasting with a fair skin and blue eyes, made her appearance noticeable. Strict in their dealings with themselves and severe with others, Janet's father and mother did not know how to refuse her anything; she had grown up willful and a little overbearing; but she was one of those children of abundant imagination and emotion that sometimes, as by a freak of nature, are born to commonplace parents. Those who knew her were prone to say that "the child must take back"; for the country people had observed this phenomenon of inheritance from remote ancestors and given it a name long before learned men discovered it and labeled it atavism.

A fellow like Tom, full of all sorts of impetuosities, could not help being in pretty constant conflict with his uncle and his aunt. On one pretext or another he contrived to escape from the restraints of the house, and to spend his evenings in such society as a village offers. A young man may avoid the temptations of a great city, where there are many circles of association to choose from; but in a village of a certain size, where there is but one group, and where all the youth are nearly on a level, demoralization is easier. Tom had a country boy's appetite for companionship and excitement; he had no end of buoyant spirits and cordial friendliness; and he was a good teller of amusing stories,—so that he easily came to be a leader in all the frolics and freaks of the town. His uncle administered some severe rebukes and threatened graver consequences; but rebukes and threats served only to add the spice of peril to Tom's adventures.

The austerity of acquisitiveness is more tedious to others, perhaps, than the austerity of religious conviction. To a child like Janet, endowed with passion and imagination, the grave monotony of the Grayson household was almost unbearable. From the moment of Tom's coming she had clung to him, rejoicing in his boyish spirits, and listening eagerly to his fund of stories, which were partly made up for her amusement, and partly drawn from romances which he had somewhat surreptitiously read. When he was away, Janet watched for his return; she romped with him in defiance of the stiff proprieties of the house, and she followed him at his chores. She cherished a high admiration for his daring and rebellious spirit, often regretting that she was not a boy: it would be fine to climb out of a bedroom window at night to get away to some forbidden diversion! On the other hand, the unselfish devotion of Tom to the child was in strange contrast with the headlong willfulness of his character. He made toys and planned surprises for her, and he was always ready to give up his time to her pleasure.

It is hardly likely that Grayson would have borne with his nephew a single year if it had not been for Janet's attachment to him. More than once, when his patience was clean tired out, he had said to his wife something to this effect:

"I think, Charlotte, I 'll have to send Tom back to his mother. He gets nothing but mischief here in town, and he worries me to death."

To which Mrs. Grayson would reply: "Just think of Janet. I 'm afraid she 'd pine away if Tom was sent off. The boy is kind to her, and I 'm sure that 's one good thing about him."

This consideration had always settled the question; for the two main purposes of life with Grayson and his wife were to accumulate property and to gratify every wish of their child. Having only one sentiment, it had acquired a tremendous force.

VII.

LOCKWOOD'S REVENGE.

When Tom, after his violent speech on that unlucky Monday morning, had gone out of Wooden & Snyder's store, George Lockwood turned to Snyder, the junior partner, and said, with his face a little flushed:

"What a fool that boy is, anyhow! He came in here the other night after the store was shut up and played cards with Dave Sovine till he lost all the money he had. I tried

my best to stop him, but I could n't do it. He went on and bet all the clo'es he could spare and lost 'em. I had to lend him the money to get 'em back. It seems Tom's girl — John Albaugh's daughter — heard of it, and now he will have it that I went in partnership with Sovine to get his money, and that I wanted to get Rachel Albaugh away from 'im."

"You ought n't to have any card-playing here," said Synder.

"I tole the boys then that if they come in here again they must n't bring any cards."

"Tom 's a fool to threaten you that way. You could bind him over on that, I suppose," said Snyder.

"I s'pose I could," said George.

But he did nothing that day. He prided himself on being a man that a body could n't run over, but he had his own way of resisting aggression; he was not Esau, but Jacob. He could not storm and threaten like Tom; there was no tempest in him. His sentiments, being of the cool and venomous kind, kept well, and did not lose their strength, as Tom's did, by exposure to the air. The day after Tom's outburst, Lockwood, having taken time to consider the alternatives, suggested to Snyder, that while he was n't afraid of Tom, there was no knowing what such a hot-head might do. Lockwood professed an unwillingness to bind Tom over to keep the peace, but thought some influence might be brought to bear on him that would serve the purpose. Snyder proposed that Lockwood should go to see Tom's uncle, but George objected. That would only inflame Tom and make matters worse. Perhaps Snyder would see Blackman, so that Lockwood need not appear in the matter? Then Blackman could speak to Grayson the elder, if he thought best.

The calculating temper, and the touch of craftiness, pliancy, and tact in Lockwood served the ends of his employers in many ways, and Snyder was quite willing to put his clerk under obligations of friendship to him. Therefore, when he saw Tom go out of the office, Snyder went up and had an interview with Blackman. As the lawyer was intrusted with all the bad debts and pettifogging business of Wooden & Snyder, any suggestion from a member of the firm was certain to receive attention. Snyder told the lawyer that Lockwood did n't want to drag Tom before a squire, and suggested that Blackman could settle it by getting the uncle to give the fellow a good admonition. He offered the suggestion as though it were quite on his own motion, he having overheard Tom's threat. The hand of George Lockwood was concealed; but it was only Lockwood who knew how exceedingly vulnerable Tom's fortunes were on the side of his relations with his uncle. That evening Blackman sat in Grayson's sitting-room. He was a man with grayish hair, of middle height, and rather too lean to fill up his clothes, which hung on his frame rather than fitted it; and if one regarded his face, there seemed too little substance to quite fill out his skin, which was not precisely wrinkled, but rather wilted. Grayson had turned around in his writing-chair and sat with one leg over the arm, but Blackman had probably never lolled in his life: he was possessed by a sort of impotent uneasiness that simulated energy and diligence. He sat, as was his wont, on the front rail of the chair-seat, as though afraid to be comfortable, and he held in his hand a high hat half full of papers, according to the custom of the lawyers of that day, who carried on their heads that part of their business which they could not carry in them. Blackman told the story of Tom's gambling as he had heard it, and of his threatening Lockwood, while the brows of Tom's uncle visibly darkened. Then the lawyer came to what he knew would seem to Grayson the vital point in the matter.

"You know," he said, "if George Lockwood was a-mind to, he could bind Tom to keep the peace; though I don't s'pose Tom meant anything more than brag by talking that way. But it would n't be pleasant for you to have Tom hauled up, and to have to go his bail. I told Snyder I thought you could fix it up without going before the squire." Blackman passed his heavily laden hat from his right hand to his left, and then with the right he nervously roached up his stiff, rusty hair, which he habitually kept standing on end. After which he took a red silk handkerchief from his hat and wiped his face, while Grayson got up and walked the floor.

"I should n't like to have to go anybody's bail," said the latter after awhile; "it 's against my principles to go security. I suppose the best thing would be to send him back to the country to cool off."

Blackman nodded a kind of half assent, but did not venture any further expression of opinion. He rose and deposited his silk handkerchief in a kind of coil on the papers in his hat, and then bent his head forward and downward so as to put on the hat without losing its contents; once it was in place he brought his head to a perpendicular position, so that all the mass of portable law business settled down on the handkerchief, which acted as a cushion between Blackman's affairs and his head.

Tom came in as Blackman went out, and something in the manner of the latter gave him a feeling that he had been the subject of conversation between the lawyer and his uncle. He went directly to his room, and de-

bated within himself whether or not he should go down and interrupt by a frank and full confession the discussion which he thought was probably taking place between Mr. and Mrs. Grayson. But knowing his uncle's power of passive resistance, he debated long — so long that it came to be too late, and he went to bed, resolved to have the first of it with his uncle in the morning.

There was a very serious conference between the two members of the Grayson firm that evening. Mrs. Grayson again presented to her husband the consideration that, if Tom should go away, she did n't see what she was to do with Janet. The child would cry her eyes out, and there 'd be no managing her. Grayson sat for some time helpless before this argument.

" I don't see," he said at length, " but we 've got to face Janet. We might as well teach her to mind first as last." It was a favorite theory with both of them, that some day Janet was to be taught to mind . So long as no attempt was made to fix the day on which the experiment was to begin, the thought pleased them and did no harm. But this proposition to undertake the dreadful task at once was a spurt of courage in Thomas Grayson that surprised his wife.

" Well, Mr. Grayson," she said, with some spirit, " the child 's as much yours as she 's mine; and if she 's to be taught to mind to-morrow, I only hope you 'll stay at home and begin."

To this suggestion the husband made no reply. He got up and began to look under the furniture for the boot-jack, according to his custom of pulling off his boots in the sitting-room every night before going to bed.

"You see, Charlotte," he said deprecatingly, when he had fished his boot-jack out from under the bureau, " I don't know what to do. If I keep Tom, Lockwood 'll have him before the squire, and I 'll have to pay costs and go bail for him."

" I would n't do it," said Mrs. Grayson promptly. " We can't afford to have the little we 've got put in danger for him. I think you 'll have to send him home, and we 'll have to get on with Janet. I 'm sure we have n't any money to waste. People think we 're rich, but we don't feel rich. We 're always stinted when we want anything."

The consideration of the risk of the bail settled the matter with both of them. But, like other respectable people, they settled such questions in duplicate. There are two sets of reasons for any course: the one is the real and decisive motive at the bottom; the other is the pretended reason you impose on yourself and fail to impose on your neighbors. The minister accepts the call to a new church with a larger salary; he tells himself that it is on account of opportunities for increased usefulness that he changes. The politician accepts the office he did n't want out of deference to the wishes of importunate friends. A widower marries for the good of his children. These are not hypocrites imposing on their neighbors; that is a hard thing to do, unless the neighbors really wish to be humbugged in the interest of a theory. But we keep complacency whole by little impostures devised for our private benefit. It is pleasant to believe that we are acting from Sunday motives, but we always keep good substantial week-day reasons for actual service. These will bear hard usage without becoming shiny or threadbare, and they are warranted not to lose their colors in the sunshine.

" I 'm sure," said Grayson, " Tom gets no good here. If anything will do him any good, it will be sending him to the country to shift for himself. It 'll make a man of him, maybe." No better Sunday reason for his action could have been found.

" I think it 's your duty to send him home," said his wife, who was more frightened the more she thought of the possible jeopardy of a few hundred dollars from the necessity her husband would be under of going Tom's bail. " A boy like Tom is a great deal better off with his mother," she went on; " and I 'm sure we 've tried to do what we could for him, and nobody can blame us if he will throw away his chance."

Thus the question was doubly settled; and as by this time Mr. Grayson's boots were off, and he had set them in the corner and pushed the boot-jack into its place under the bureau with his foot, there was no reason why they should not take the candle and retire.

But when morning came Grayson was still loth to face the matter of getting rid of Tom, and especially of contending with Janet. Tom found no chance to talk with him before breakfast, for the uncle did not come out of his bedroom till the coffee was on the table, and he was so silent and constrained that Tom felt his doom in advance. Janet tried to draw her father and then her mother into conversation, but failing, she settled back with the remark, " This is the *crossest* family ! " Then she made an attempt on Tom, who began by this time to feel that exhilaration of desperation that was usually the first effect of a catastrophe on his combative spirit, for no man could be more impudent to fate than he. When Janet playfully stole a biscuit from his plate, he pretended to search for it everywhere, and then set in a breakfast-table romp between the two which exasperated the feelings of Grayson and his wife. When they rose from the table the uncle turned severely on his nephew, and said:

"Tom—"

But before he could speak a second word, the nephew, putting Janet aside, interrupted him with:

"Uncle, I should like to speak with you alone a minute."

They went into the sitting-room together, and Tom closed the door. Tom was resolved to have the first of it.

"Uncle, I think I had better go home." Tom was looking out the window as he spoke. "I got into a row last week through George Lockwood, who persuaded me to play cards for money with Dave Sovine. I don't want to get you into any trouble, so I 'm off for Hubbard Township, if you don't object. There 's no use of crying over spilt milk, and that 's all there is about it."

"I 'm very sorry, Tom, that you won't pay attention to what I 've said to you about card-playing." The elder Grayson had seated himself, while Tom now stood nervously listening to his uncle's voice, which was utterly dry and business-like; there was not the slighest quiver of feeling in it. "I 've got on in the world without anybody to help me, but I never let myself play cards, and I 've always kept my temper. You never make any money by getting mad, and if you 're going to make any money, it 's better to have people friendly. Now, I have to stand a good deal of abuse. People try to cheat me, and if I take the law they call me a skinflint; but I should n't make a cent more by quarreling, and I might lose something. I can't keep you, and have you go on as you do. I 've told you that before. Now, you 'd better go home. Town will ruin you. A little hard work in the country 'll be better, and you won't be gambling away the last cent you 've got with a loafer like Dave Sovine, and then threatening to shoot somebody, as you did young Lockwood day before yesterday. Just think what you are coming to, Tom. I 've done my best for you, and you 'll never be anything but a gambler and a loafer, I 'm afraid."

These hard words sounded harder in the level and self-complacent voice of the senior Grayson, who spoke slowly and with hardly more intensity than there would have been in his depreciation of a horse he was trying to buy. "Just think what you 're coming to," he repeated, because he felt that the proper thing to do under the circumstances was to give Tom a good "talking to," and he could n't think of anything more to say.

"I don't need you to tell me what I 'm coming to," replied Tom, tartly; "I 'm coming to the plow-handle and the grubbing-hoe. I 'm sorry to give you trouble, but what I feel meanest about is mother and poor Barbara. I know what a fool I 've been. But I 'm no more a gambler and a loafer than you are. It 'll take me longer to work into the law by myself, but I 'll get there yet, and you 'll see it."

This was Tom's only adieu to his uncle, on whom confessions of wrong and expressions of gratitude, had he felt like uttering them, would have been wasted. Tom went to his room, thumping his feet defiantly on the stairs. He made a bundle of his clothes, while his uncle sneaked out of the house to avoid a collision with his little daughter, the only person in the house of whom he was really afraid.

Tom told his Aunt Charlotte good-bye with a high head; but when it came to Janet, he put both arms about the child and drew her to him with a fond embrace.

"You shan't go away, Tom," she said, disengaging herself. "What are you going for? Did they say you must?" By "they" Janet meant her parents, whom she regarded as the allied foes of poor Tom. She looked indignantly at her mother, who had turned her back on this scene of parting.

"I 'm going to help my mother," said Tom; "she 's poor, and I ought n't to have left her."

He again embraced the child, who began to cry bitterly. "What *shall* I do when you 're gone?" she sobbed on his shoulder. "This house won't be fit to live in. *Such a lot of old pokes!*" And she stamped her feet and looked poutingly at her mother.

Tom disengaged himself from her intermittent embraces, and went out with his bundle in his hand.

He went first to the law-office, and sat his bundle on a chair, and addressed himself to Blackman, who had already arrived, and who was apparently much preoccupied with his writing.

"Mr. Blackman, I 've made a fool of myself by gambling, and Uncle Tom has concluded I can't stay with him any longer. I don't much wonder at it, either. But I do hate to give up the study. Could n't you give me something to do, so that I could earn my board at your house?"

"No," said the lawyer, looking off horizontally, but not at Tom. "I was just going to tell you I could n't keep you in the office. You 've got altogether too much gunpowder for a lawyer. Better get into the regular army, Tom; that would suit your temper better." Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "I 've got young sons, and your example might ruin them if you should come to my house to live." And he leaned forward as though he would resume his writing. These were sound and logical reasons that Blackman gave for not keeping Tom, and the lawyer was sincere as far as he went. But had he discovered by this time that

Tom's mind was clearer and more acute than his own, and that if Tom should come to the bar with his uncle's backing he would soon be a formidable rival?

"Besides," resumed the lawyer, as Tom turned reluctantly away, "it 's better for you to go to the country. George Lockwood will have you bound over to keep the peace if you stay, and now you 're out with your uncle, who 's going your bail?"

"Always George Lockwood," Tom thought, as he took up his bundle.

"Good-bye, Mr. Blackman!" Tom's voice was husky now. But when he descended the stairs he went down the village street with a bold front, telling his old cronies good-bye, answering their questions frankly, and braving it out to the last. Put the best face upon it he could, his spirit was bitter, and to a group of old companions who followed him to the "corporation line," at the edge of the village, he said, almost involuntarily:

"George Lockwood got me into this scrape to upset me, and he 's purty well done it. If he ever crosses my path, I 'm going to get even with him."

Such vague threats do not bind one to any definite execution, and they are a relief to the spirit of an angry man.

Having broken with his uncle, Tom must walk the long ten miles to his mother's farm in Hubbard Township. Before he got there his head was down: the unwonted fatigue of his journey, the bitter sense of defeat, the dark picture his imagination made of his mother's disappointment and of the despair of the ambitious Barbara took all the heart out of him.

When he reached home he walked into the house and sat down without saying a word.

"Has Uncle Tom turned you off?" asked Barbara, faltering a little and putting down her knitting. She had been dreading this end of all her hopes.

"Yes," said Tom; "and I wish to the Lord I was dead and done for." And he leaned his head on his left hand.

"Oh, my poor boy!" began Mrs. Grayson, "and you did n't mean no harm neither. And you 're the only boy I 've got, too. All the rest dead and gone. They 's no end of troubles in this world!"

Tom's shoulders were heaving with feeling. After a moment or two of silence, Barbara went over and put her hand on him.

"Pshaw, Tom! what 's the use of giving up? You 're a splendid fellow in spite of all, and you 'll make your way yet. You only needed a settler, and now you 've got it. It won't look so bad by next week. You 'll take a school next winter, and after that go back to study law again."

Then she quietly went to the clothes-press by the chimney and got out a hank of yarn, and said to Tom:

"Here, hold this while I wind it. I was just wishing you were here when I saw my ball giving out. That 's like you used to do for me. Don't you remember? Mother, get Tom something to eat; he 's tired and hungry, I expect."

And choking down the disappointment which involved more than Tom suspected, the keen, black-eyed girl wound her yarn and made an effort to chat with Tom as though he had come home on a visit.

As the last strands were wound on the ball, Tom looked at his sister and said:

"Barbara, you 're one of a thousand. But I know this thing 's thundering hard on you. I 'm going to try to make it up to you from this time. I wish to goodness I had half of your steady sense."

Edward Eggleston.

(To be continued.)

"FROM OUT ETERNAL SILENCE DO WE COME."

FROM out eternal silence do we come,
Into eternal silence do we go;
For was there not a time, and swift or slow
Must come again, when all this world's loud hum
Was naught to us, and shall again grow dumb
Through all eternity? — Between two low,
Dark, stony portals, with much empty show
Of tinkling brass and sounding fife and drum,
The endless Caravan of Life moves on;
Or whence or whither, to what destiny,
But He who dwells beyond the farthest dawn
Knows, yet reveals not, evermore even He
In silence wrapt, for all the thunder's roll,
Save for His deathless message to our soul!

Stuart Sterne.

PICTORIAL SUCCESSES OF MR. IRVING'S "FAUST."



HE critics of Mr. Irving's "Faust," as given at the Lyceum Theater in London, have concerned themselves, as a rule, entirely with its intellectual and dramatic characteristics. When all the critical points had been discussed but little space remained to give to such secondary considerations as beauty of scenery and perfection of detail. Yet to this perfection and beauty was due the greater part of the success of the play.

The "Faust" pictures are fine not only in themselves but in their harmonious relations to the play. Though Mr. Irving believes that the first duty of one who mounts a piece is to produce a beautiful and pleasing effect, he shows that he thinks it equally necessary to make his audience feel the reality of the scenes before them. Beautiful as are his streets, full of color and richness; his quiet gardens, in the light of the setting sun or the soft afterglow; his wild storm-lit mountain-top, rugged and riven,—not one is given for the sake of its beauty alone. All are realizations either of Goethe's suggestions and descriptions, or of the life of the place and time in which the scenes are laid.

The only scenes to which Goethe gave definite locality are those in Auerbach's cellar in Leipzic and those on the Harz Mountains. Mr. Irving was therefore in a measure free to choose the place for the principal action of his play, and his choice fell upon Nuremberg. As for time, "Faust" is a legend of the Middle Ages, and so long as the medieval character was preserved there was no necessity for exact dates. The brocades and armor worn by the citizens of Nuremberg, if not copied from, are suggested by, old pictures; but for his own dress Mr. Irving conscientiously wears the scarlet coat, the tall cock's feather, and the long, sharp sword which Goethe borrowed from the Mephistopheles of the puppet play. The pointed mustache and short, forked beard of the operatic demon, not being authorized by Goethe, he has discarded,—unwisely we think, since he looks much more like a fallen Dante, as Mr. Hatton says, than like a mocking Mephistopheles. By respecting the traditional dress and disregarding the traditional face, he has given us neither the old Mephistopheles nor a new one.

The chief merit of Mr. Irving's pictures is not in his materials, those being at the disposal of all managers, but in the artistic way in which he uses them. The finest scenes from the pictorial standpoint are naturally the streets, the gardens, and the Brocken. Here Mr. Irving had the best chance to exercise his powers, and they are all excellent examples of his thoroughness and sincerity. *Faust's* study, though shown in semi-darkness, is as perfect in its details as if meant to be examined by electric light. The "drear accursed masonry" of the poem, the "vaulted ceiling," the "painted panes," the books in "toppling heap," are all here. The moonlight does not come in through the window in a great square splotch so that you know an electric moon is at work, but falls softly across the floor and touches with pale silver light the table near which *Faust* sits. The dim Gothic chamber, with its uncanny shapes hovering in corners and from the ceiling, is but a background for the red *Mephistopheles* who is ever the highest light and the center of interest, and for the somber *Faust* who is in such strong contrast to him. For Mr. Irving sees himself and Mr. Alexander not only as the chief characters in the tragedy, but as the principal figures in a picture rich in color, vigorous in composition. Their every pose is a subject for a painter, and the result of long and careful study. No consciousness is apparent in their movements, and probably the average English theater-goer, who understands difficulty only when he sees it, would think there was no art.

A more wonderful combination of beautiful pictures than is found in each of the two street scenes has probably never been put on any stage. The first of these is the place which Goethe names for *Faust's* meeting with *Margaret*. Mr. Irving shows a street strictly medieval in architecture and character, and fills it with all the rich and many-sided life of the time. *Margaret* is just coming from confession in a near cathedral when *Faust* sees her; therefore the most appropriate part of Nuremberg is the St. Lorenz Platz. Whether or no Mr. Irving's square is an exact copy of the real Platz makes little difference. A more important point is that, with the cathedral portal, the wine-shop, the bush hanging by wrought-iron-work scroll above the door, the men within drinking, the gabled, steep-roofed houses, and the crowd of citizens, it is perfect as a series of pictures and in true medieval feeling. There is perhaps no better proof of this than the fact that scarcely an artist has seen it without wanting to draw bits from it. Every one can see that the doorway, with its many statues, is a careful study from some old church or cathedral. In the

crowd there are great ladies in shining brocades, and peasant women in bodices and gay-colored aprons; knights in velvet and plush, swaggering soldiers in armor, and peasants in plain hose and jerkin; little girls in stiff brocades and broad-brimmed hats, and little girls in dark woolen gowns like the child in Rembrandt's picture of "Christ Blessing the Little Ones"; pages in silk attire, and a beggar in picturesque rags with pipes under his arm; brown-cowled monks in solemn procession, and white-veiled nuns who linger to talk to the women and children just beneath the shrine at the church door, where there is a blue Madonna with flowers at her feet. You wish they would stay long enough for you really to see them; but almost at once they have passed into the cathedral, to return only for another minute as short.

Throughout these pictures the color scheme as well as the grouping is beautifully carried out, for Mr. Irving is nothing if not a colorist. Just at the end, before the curtain falls and *Mephistopheles* is alone on the stage, the red of the sweeping roofs seems to reach its highest value in his more brilliant vermilion, as, doubled up and shrinking, he crouches against the tree near the wine-shop, his fingers in his ears to shut out the music of the cathedral chimes which it is agony for him to hear. You might, indeed, call the whole play an arrangement in red, for in all the scenes the color is toned so that it may lead up to his demon dress.

The second street scene, that of *Valentine's* death or duel, occurring much later in the play, in the third act, is no less realistic and beautiful. When the curtain goes up, there is still a faint color in the sky at the end of the long, twisting street to the left, but it quickly fades. The church rises, a great dark mass away above the stage, and you only see the heavy buttresses and one large window. The rest is in shadow, save in one corner where a lamp burns before a shrine. From out the gathering gloom and to the sound of distant drumming come the soldiers home from the wars,—wives, children, and sweethearts hanging to their arms, the halberds wreathed with green, and torches and cressets borne aloft. Each separate group is a study in itself. But the finest picture comes after *Mephistopheles* has sung his demon-song and flung away his mandolin, and *Valentine* is wounded, and all the townspeople hurry back through the long street and from every side, and *Margaret* and *Martha* come out from the house opposite the church. In the soldiers marching home there was the feeling of Rembrandt's "Night Watch." In this last group the feeling is not of a single picture, but of all the greatest pictures of this kind that have ever been painted. Mr. Irving himself has said that in its composition he had many of them constantly in his mind; and when you analyze his picture, you find that it is masterly. All the light from the torch held by the man who supports him is concentrated on the face of *Valentine:* the mass of faces behind peer out from a mysterious half-light, while *Margaret,* her crime typified by the dense black shadow falling on her, cowers in the foreground. Of course the effect is heightened by the electric light, but so skillfully that you are not made aware of it. One etching that suggests itself to us just now, Rembrandt's "Raising of Lazarus," is somewhat like this scene in the arrangement of light and shade. But Mr. Irving's picture is in no sense a copy: it is rather the work of a great master of composition.

If you compare these street scenes with those the opera has taught you to expect, you are not likely to underrate their merits. It is the same with the gardens, which are the perfection of realism. Even Nilsson's voice might seem sweeter if she, like Miss Terry, could have for background a pretty green space shut in with high brick wall, with near and distant gables and spires and towers showing above it, instead of the conventional scene, with its characterless house, and single tree and flowers from the nearest florist's. In just such gabled cottages, with latticed windows and projecting upper stories, would people of *Martha's* and *Margaret's* rank have lived; with just such flowers would their gardens have been filled. In *Martha's*, there is one low tree, and roses border the garden paths. Both are seen in the warm evening light. When *Faust* and *Margaret* first come out between *Martha's* tall rose-trees the cathedral spires are dark against a glowing sky, but before they part twilight has fallen upon the place. If you watch closely, the change from the colors of sunset to the dusk of twilight may seem too violent. If you see only its effect upon the garden, it is natural enough. Gradually the flowers stand out from the green leaves with that artificial look peculiar to real roses in the hour before night, when the west is still aflame; gradually the scene is filled with the strange mystery of evening, "when the earth is all rest, and the air is all love." Of the many pictures of *Faust* and *Margaret* that have been painted, not one has equaled this of the Lyceum, when, in the tender light, *Margaret*, the daisies in her hand, tells *Faust* the simple story of her life. In her garden the scene is fairer, as indeed it should be, as here love grows sweeter and passion more intense. In broad daylight one wonders would *Margaret's* heart be so heavy without her lover? O heart of lead! and her little Nuremberg world still so fair about her! The red fades, and the luminous green, that never comes but in the evening,

covers the sky beyond the spires, and *Faust* returns. Students pass in a neighboring street singing, and three girls come running in the gate, to stand still and watch, and then shut it softly, only to open it a second time and watch again. Some one within the little house lights the evening lamp. It is all as real and beautiful as life itself. In just such a garden many a trusting maiden has been wooed and won by twilight in Nuremberg.

On the Brocken Mr. Irving could not be realistic, as he could in the streets or gardens of Nuremberg. But in another sense realism was possible. Goethe, by the words of *Mephistopheles* and the witches, describes very vividly the scenes of the wild Walpurgis night, and many are the medieval legends on the subject. To reproduce his picture and to show the Blocksberg under the conditions peculiar to May-night revels, was therefore Mr. Irving's task.

When the curtain first rises it is dark along the labyrinth of vales and rocky ramparts. Great crags are to the right; to the left is an abyss overshadowed by rude fir-trees. As *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* appear and climb toilsomely upward from the cavern to the crag, the moon with its belated glow breaks through the clouds. Weird, uncanny creatures fly through the air. The tempest raves, the forest grinds and cracks; but above the whistling and surging of the storm voices ring high, singing now near, now far, until along the mountain-side the infuriate glamouring song sweeps as the witches, young and old, horrible and beautiful, in strange unearthly draperies, come slowly winding up from the depths below. They crowd and push and roar and clatter. *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* stand apart on the high cliff, and away above all loom up their shadows on the sky beyond, great specters of the Brocken. One dance ends only that another may begin, but at last *Mephistopheles* leaves the apes he has been caressing and bids the revelers begone. There is nothing more powerful than this single scene,— one minute a wild shrieking, singing crowd of misty shapes, moving hither and thither, clambering over the rocks and up the trees, dancing and turning; the next, after one last shriek, wilder, shriller than the rest, a silent, storm-beaten mountain-top deserted but for one flaming form. Then, summoning them once more, he himself plunges into the midst of the reveling. Now the dreary light, that has been strangely glimmering, here glows through film and haze, there sweeps in rolling vapor; now creeps like a thread, now leaps and plays, lighting up the great mountain and all the rugged slopes, and finally gushes forth, a shower of fiery rain, over the wild and howling crowd of witches, while the rocky ramparts on all their heights are set ablaze. Thus is the ideal Brocken of the poem realized on the stage, and, hardened play-goer that you are, you cannot but shudder as the curtain falls.

POSTSCRIPT.— Since the above was written, Mr. Irving has kept the promise he made on the evening of the first performance of "Faust," and has added the Witches' Kitchen to the other scenes. We do not, however, think this an improvement. The gradual transformation of *Faust*, it is true, is excellent. Instead of the sudden change to which the opera has accustomed us, we see, as in the Chippewa legend, old age by slow degrees disappear upon the advance of youth. There is one second when *Faust* stands with the fresh, beautiful face of a young man, while around his brow cling the snowy locks of age; then he throws off all the weight of years with his cloak. The effect is so much finer than the usual traditional transformation, that operatic managers would do well in this particular to imitate Mr. Irving. But from a pictorial standpoint the new scene has but little merit.

In the scene that immediately follows on the St. Lorenz Platz, the little wine-shop with its wrought-iron-work scroll and bush has gone, and the foreground is bare and uninteresting. It is only right to add that, on the other hand, the great buttress springing from the cathedral to the opposite house in the middle distance, and the hilly street beyond, are more effective than the back-ground which they have replaced. But all the lovely grouping, the meeting of the burghers, the lingering crowd at the cathedral door, the idle gossiping, which were by far the most beautiful of the Lyceum "Faust" pictures, have been sacrificed for a novelty unworthy of them.

Joseph and Elizabeth R. Pennell.

THE ACTING IN MR. IRVING'S "FAUST."

AS an assistance to making clear to ourselves some of the questions suggested by the wonderful modern art of "staging" a piece, and in particular the effect that traps and panoramas, processions and colored lights, may have in their exuberance, their obtrusiveness upon the personal interpretation, the manner in which, at the Lyceum, Mr. Henry Irving has produced a version of Goethe's "Faust" (for which he has been indebted to the fruitful pen of Mr. Wills) is greatly to be welcomed. Nothing lights up a subject like a good example, and Mr. Irving's examples are always excellent. His production of "Faust"

has been largely acclaimed and still more largely witnessed; it has had one of the longest of long runs, which, at the moment these words are written, shows no signs of abating. To the richness and ingenuity of the spectacle innumerable pens will have testified. The critic gives his impression, and that impression has been abundantly uttered. There is another one which also naturally has its turn. The *mise-en-scène* in the light of the acting, and the acting in the light of the *mise-en-scène*, are the respective halves of the interesting question. It is with the second half only that we ourselves are concerned.

In this connection the first thing that strikes us is a certain perversity in the manner in which Mr. Irving has approached and regarded his task, a perversity most singular on the part of a manager to whom the interests of the dramatic art have long appeared to be so dear. Saying to himself that he would give great attention to the machinery of the piece, he omitted to indulge at the same time in this indispensable reflection,— that to prevent the impression of triviality which might easily arise from an abuse of pantomimic effects, he should take care to put at the service of the great story a consummate interpretation; to see that *Faust* and *Margaret* and *Martha*, as well as *Mephistopheles*, were embodied in such a manner as to enable them to hold up their heads and strike their respective notes in the midst of the wilderness of canvas and paint. To the canvas and paint — since he feels Goethe's poem, or indeed simply the wondrous legend, in that way; or even, as we may say, since he feels in that way the manner in which Mr. Wills feels Goethe and the legend — he was perfectly welcome; but surely he ought to have perceived that, given the grandly poetic, ironic, but at the same time very scantily dramatic nature of his drama; given the delicacy and subtlety of a work of genius of the complexion of "Faust," special precautions should be taken against the accessories seeming a more important part of the business than the action. Evidently, however, Mr. Irving argued indirectly the opposite way. It is as if he had said that he would pile the accessories so high that the rest of the affair would n't matter, it would be regarded so little.

It would n't matter, in the first place, that Mr. Wills should have turned him out an arrangement of Goethe so meager, so common, so trivial (one really must multiply epithets to express its inadequacy), that the responsibility of the impresario to the poet increased tenfold, rather than diminished, with his accepting it, there being so much more, as it were, to make up for. It would n't matter that from the beginning to the end of the play, thanks to Mr. Wills's ingenious dissimulation of the fact, it might never occur to the auditor that he was listening to one of the greatest productions of the human mind. It would n't matter that Mr. Irving should have conceived and should execute his own part in the spirit of somewhat refined extravaganza; a manner which should differ only in degree from that of the star of a Christmas burlesque,— without breadth, without depth, with little tittering effects of low comedy. It would n't matter that *Faust* should be represented by a young actor, whose general weakness should prevent him, in spite of zealous effort, from giving stature and relief to his conception of the character, and whose unformed delivery should interfere in the same degree with his imparting variety of accent to his different speeches. It would n't matter that, with Mr. Wills's version and such an interpretation, the exquisite episode of the wooing of *Margaret* should hold no place in the play — should literally pass unperceived. It would n't matter that Miss Ellen Terry, as picturesque and pleasing a figure as usual, should give perhaps a stranger exhibition than she has ever given before of her want of art and style, and should play the divine, still, concentrated part of *Margaret* without apparently a suspicion of what it consists. If it would n't matter that Mr. Irving himself should be thin, that Mr. Alexander should be insignificant, that Miss Terry should be rough, and that Mr. Wills should be all three, of course it would matter still less that the two extremely mature actresses who were successively to attempt *Martha* should give the English public (so far at least as represented at the Lyceum) a really rare opportunity to respond to bad taste with bad taste, to greet with artless and irrepressible glee the strange gruntings and snortings with which the performers in question have seen fit to enrich the character. All these things, to our sense, *should* have mattered; it was far better that the overtopping scenery should have been sacrificed than that a concession should have been made in regard to the personal rendering of the piece. It was far better that the "points" should remain the points that Goethe made, even if the background had to be bare for it; that the immortal group of the scholar with his passions rekindled, the girl who trusts and suffers, and the mocking, spell-weaving fiend should hold itself well together, detach itself, and stamp itself strongly, even if the imagination had to do the work of putting in the gardens and spires of the German city, the mists and goblins of the Brocken, and the blue fire that plays about *Mephistopheles*. Of course if Mr. Irving could both have mounted the play and caused the acting of it to be an equal feature, that would have

been best of all; but since the personal representation of a work at once so pregnant poetically and so faulty as a dramatic composition was the problem to challenge by its very difficulties an artist of his high reputation,— an artist universally acclaimed as leading the public taste, not as waiting behind its chair,— he would have consulted best the interests of that reputation by "going in" for a dramatic as distinguished from a spectacular success.

We may as well confess frankly that we attach the most limited importance to the little mechanical artifices with which Mr. Irving has sought to enliven "Faust." We care nothing for the spurting flames which play so large a part, nor for the importunate lime-light which is perpetually projected upon somebody or something. It is not for these things that we go to see the great Goethe, or even (for we must, after all, allow for inevitable dilutions) the less celebrated Mr. Wills. We even protest against the abuse of the said lime-light effect: it is always descending on some one or other, apropos of everything and of nothing; it is disturbing and vulgarizing, and has nothing to do with the author's meaning. That blue vapors should attend on the steps of *Mephistopheles* is a very poor substitute for his giving us a moral shudder. That deep note is entirely absent from Mr. Irving's rendering of him, though the actor, of course, at moments presents to the eye a remarkably sinister figure. He strikes us, however, as superficial — a terrible fault for an archfiend — and his grotesqueness strikes us as cheap. We attach also but the slenderest importance to the scene of the Witches' Sabbath, which has been reduced to a mere bald hubbub of capering, screeching, and banging, irradiated by the irrepressible blue fire, and without the smallest articulation of Goethe's text. The scenic effect is the ugliest we have ever contemplated, and its ugliness is not paid for by its having a meaning for our ears. It is a horror cheaply conceived, and executed with more zeal than discretion.

It seems almost ungracious to say of an actress usually so pleasing as Miss Terry that she falls below her occasion, but it is impossible for us to consider her *Margaret* as a finished creation. Besides having a strange amateurishness of form (for the work of an actress who has had Miss Terry's years of practice), it is, to our sense, wanting in fineness of conception, wanting in sweetness and quietness, wanting in taste. It is much too rough-and-ready. We prefer Miss Terry's pathos, however, to her comedy, and cannot but feel that the whole scene with the jewels in her room is a mistake. It is obstreperous, and not in the least in the poetic tone. If the passages in the garden fail of their effect, the responsibility for this is not, however, more than very partially with the *Margaret*. It is explained in the first place by the fact that the actor who represents *Faust* is, as we have hinted, not "in it" at all, and in the second by the fact that the conversation between *Mephistopheles* and *Margaret* is terribly overaccented — pushed quite out of the frame. *Martha's* flirtation, especially as Mrs. Stirling plays it, becomes the whole story, and *Faust* and *Margaret* are superseded. What can have beguiled Mr. Irving into the extraordinary error of intrusting the part of *Martha* first to one and then to another actress of (on this occasion at least) signally little temperance and taste? The fault has been aggravated by being repeated; the opportunity of retrieving it might have been seized when Mrs. Stirling laid down her task. But Mrs. Chippendale has even a heavier hand. We should be sorry to fail of respect to the former actress, who, to-day full of years and honors, has always shown an eminent acquaintance with her art and has been remarkable for a certain old-fashioned richness of humor. As such matters go, on the English stage, she is supposed to have the "tradition." It is to be hoped, however, for the tradition's sake, that she violates it to-day by her tendency to spread, to "drag," as the phrase is, to take too much elbow-room. This defect was sufficiently marked when a year or two ago she played the *Nurse* of *Juliet;* whom she put sadly out of focus. It is manifested in an even greater degree by her *Martha*, and it must be said that if she renders the part in the spirit of the tradition, the tradition will on this occasion have been strangely coarse. Yet Mrs. Stirling is distinction itself compared with the displeasing loudness to which her successor treats us; and of this latter lady's acting, it is enough to say that it compelled us to indulge in a melancholy "return" on an audience moved by such means to such mirth. The scene between *Mephistopheles* and *Martha* is the most successful of the play, judged by the visible appreciation of the public — a fact which should surely minister to deep reflection on the part of those who, as artists, work for the public. All the same, Mr. Irving would have been well advised, from the artistic point of view, in causing *Martha*, by contact and example, to be represented in a higher style of comedy. We shall not attempt to point out still other instances in which, as it seems to us, he would have been well advised; we have said enough to substantiate our contention that it is not for the interest of the actor's art that it should be too precipitately, or too superficially, assumed that the great elaboration of a play as a spectacle is a complete expression of it — a complete solution of the problem. * * *

THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM.

OPINIONS OF A TEACHER.



HE musical world is surprised, and the professional portion of it not a little disturbed, by the appearance of a new method of writing and teaching music called the Tonic Sol-fa system. The first impulse of the musician is to condemn and reject the innovation. He issues a bull of excommunication against it, expecting it thereafter to disappear and take its place with the exploded theories and forgotten devices of the past. But presently he finds that his edict has failed to accomplish its purpose. The movement continues to live and shows signs of a boundless vitality. If he is disposed to be fair-minded and just, he then resolves to investigate the system in order to take an intelligent stand for or against it.

From that moment he finds himself the subject of a series of novel sensations, of which the prominent element is surprise. In the first place he is surprised to learn that the system has revolutionized popular music in Great Britain. If he visits that country, he sees its results on every side. He finds it in virtual possession of the Board (public) schools of the kingdom; he finds that all the church and Sunday-school hymnals have editions printed in the peculiar-looking tonic sol-fa notation; in many of the churches he hears sung by the congregations music of a high classical character such as only a few of the best-trained choirs in America attempt.

Being led by the visible results to a closer inspection of the cause, his sensations become even more positive than before. He sees that the educational influences of the system work with equal efficiency downward or upward. It furnishes such easy and natural steps for the elementary study of music as to bring it within reach of the children of the kindergarten, and at the same time supplies a key to the intricacies of higher art which enables the average singer, with but limited time for musical study, to master what the professional musician alone is able to acquire by the staff system. The observer finds vast gatherings of children singing Handel's Messiah and performing marvelous feats in sight-reading, hundreds of amateur societies rendering the most difficult works of the modern composers, unnumbered singers and players pursuing the study of harmony for the mere pleasure of it; he finds that hereafter music is no more to be limited to the specially musical than the enjoyment of literature to the few who are able to produce it.

Music has two distinct sides — the instrumental and the vocal. The instrumental side is exceedingly complex. The complications are represented by the keyboard of a piano or an organ. Twelve scales are to be played, a separate manipulation being required for each. The form of the scale or the order of its intervals is preserved by the use of sharps and flats — the black keys. The staff notation grew into use gradually as an embodiment of all the possible complications of instrumental music.

The vocal side of the art is, on the contrary, of the utmost simplicity. In fact it is, in its earlier stages, rather a language than an art. Little children will often use this language, *i. e.*, sing tunes correctly, before they can articulate. To the voice there is practically but one scale instead of twelve. It is, in effect, a musical alphabet of eight tones, produced in its different positions with no change of mental impression and no consciousness of sharps or flats. To illustrate: the singer is conscious of no difference between the key of B and the key of C, while the player uses five sharps in playing the former and none at all in playing the latter. The tonic sol-fa notation is a natural outgrowth of the vocal side of music. The following is a brief account of its origin and growth:

In the year 1844 a young nonconformist clergyman named John Curwen became pastor of a Congregational church at Plaistow, in the eastern suburbs of London. He had an unusual love for children, and great faith in music as a means of interesting and improving them. But he was, himself, musically deficient. His deficiency was so marked that a wager was made among his fellow-students at college that he could not be taught to sing the scale correctly within a given time, Mr. Curwen agreeing to receive a certain amount of drilling each day. The story goes that he accomplished the feat, but with nothing to spare. In after years he pursued the study very earnestly, and endeavored to impart to the children of his parish whatever he succeeded in gaining for himself. But the results were far from satisfactory. Hearing of a new method employed by a philanthropic lady at Norwich (Miss

Sarah Glover), he visited her school, saw, and was conquered. "Now," said he, "I have a tool to work with."

What he saw in Miss Glover's school was this. Discouraged, as so many have been, in the effort to teach the complicated signs of the staff, she had discarded it altogether, and was using in its place a notation made up of the initials of the musical syllables; the letter *d* standing for *do*, *r* for *re*, etc.

It was the farthest possible from Mr. Curwen's thoughts that through this new notation he was destined to reorganize the whole art of music, but such proved to be the case. His success in teaching the young people of his charge led a few others to make a trial of the novel device. They, in turn, carried the light to others, and thus the system gradually gained a foothold among the people. But the progress was very slow, and for a number of years the work was almost entirely non-professional. The movement was the offspring of philanthropy, and it was long dependent upon that worthy parent for its sustenance and growth. Every form of prejudice was instinctively arrayed against it,—religious, for it was a humble dissenter, and could lay no claim either to artistic or apostolic succession; social, for at first it was used chiefly in ragged schools and among the lower classes; musical, for it set at naught the traditions of the elders, and boldly proposed to show "a better way" to the professional scribes and pharisees who occupied the highest seats in the synagogues. It was indeed, as Mr. Curwen afterward described it, "a pariah in the musical world." Yet the bantling exhibited a marvelous vitality. Discouragement was its meat and drink, and misfortune was as oil to the flame.

Mr. Curwen was a wise master-builder. His own musical deficiency was made the chief corner-stone of the edifice. Distrusting his personal ability to carry on so great a work, he gathered around him a corps of earnest and able teachers, nearly all of whom were children of the system, and, with their advice and coöperation, he slowly and patiently shaped the method. After realizing the educational power of the new notation, it was his aim to develop Miss Glover's device into a complete system, leading by natural steps from the simplest expression of music as a language to its highest revelation as an art. Being a born educator, he saw that the instrumental notation of music, the staff, needed a vocal notation as an interpreter. He also saw that the familiar musical syllables invented by Guido d'Arezzo eight centuries ago furnish the groundwork of a perfect notation for the singer, and thus create a natural highway through the world of music.

His published works are voluminous, covering all musical facts and principles, from the first lesson as given to a little child up to the most abstruse law of acoustics as set forth by Helmholtz and other eminent scientists.

The details of Mr. Curwen's work do not fall within the purpose of this sketch. The following are the leading features of the subsequent history:

A partial failure of his health compelled him to give up his pastorate, and his time was thenceforth devoted exclusively to perfecting the tonic sol-fa system and to extending the movement, till it became, as the London "Times" expressed it, "the only national and popular system of teaching vocal music worthy of the name."

In 1851 he began the publication of the "Tonic Sol-fa Reporter," which has since continued as a monthly journal, and the official organ of the movement. The work spread quietly among the people, and was unknown to the general public till the year 1857, when a concert was given, with a chorus of three thousand children, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. An audience of thirty thousand was called together by the novelty, and one of the London papers said: "It was left for an almost unknown institution to draw a larger concourse of persons than has ever been attracted in this country to a musical performance."

This extraordinary success at once lifted the movement into national importance.

During the following year a concert was given in Exeter Hall, which, in a different way, exercised an equally effective influence in favor of the system. The programme was made up entirely of classical music, to show that the notation is as useful in high art as in elementary work. The first concert won the favor of the general public, the second, of cultivated musicians, and thus the whole ground was practically covered.

In 1867 a chorus of seventy tonic sol-fa singers went to Paris with their conductor, Mr. J. Proudman, to take part in a musical competition in connection with the International Exhibition. They won a triumphant success. Their singing excited the utmost enthusiasm. A special laurel-wreath was bestowed upon them by the Emperor, with a gold medal, a diploma, and the badge of the Orpheonists of France. Their return to London was equally triumphant. They were accorded a public reception by the most eminent musicians of the kingdom, who thus gave a recognition which some had been slow to concede to what they regarded as a musical heresy.

To gain possession of the Board schools was naturally a prominent desire of the pro-

moters of the movement. To keep the system out of the schools was an equally strong determination on the part of those who preferred the old ways. The struggle lasted for many years, now one side and now the other gaining the advantage. It was a hand-to-hand contest between medieval and modern methods, and, as such, could have but one conclusion. Tonic sol-fa now has practical possession of the schools of the kingdom.
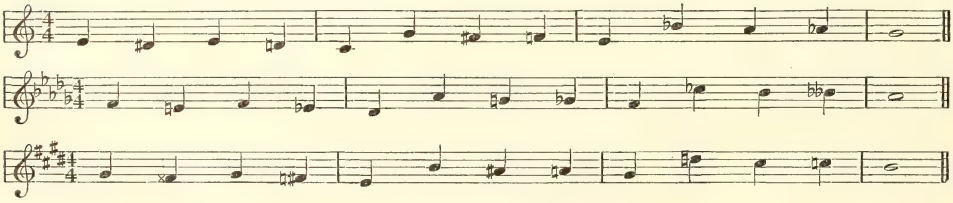
In 1875, the Tonic Sol-fa College of London was incorporated, and it is now the center of influence and authority for the movement in all parts of the world. One of the most valuable features of the system is the series of certificates issued by the college. They are carefully graded, from the "junior" for school children up to the diploma of the "graduate and licentiate" of the college. This plan renders charlatanism among teachers impossible. No one can make a claim beyond his deserts, as is sometimes done in the musical profession, as in all others. Whoever represents himself as a tonic sol-fa teacher must prove his standing by the proper certificate, or his claim will receive no consideration.

It may be thought strange that this sketch does not include a description of the technical characteristics or peculiarities of the system by which so radical a change is being wrought in the musical world. But experience has proved that any verbal statement is so inadequate as to be only a disappointment to the reader. Nor is this to be wondered at. The system is based upon nature. Nature's ways are simple. The reader could not be made to understand from a mere schedule and description of the signs and symbols of the tonic sol-fa notation how it succeeds in opening an avenue through the world of music for all mankind. Yet it does so, and the object of this article is merely to call the attention of the public to the fact, in order that the vast benefits of the method may be extended. To understand the system and its application, the proper text-books must be studied.

The question is often asked, "Why this singular name, Tonic Sol-fa?" It seems meaningless to the unmusical. The word "Tonic," as technically employed in music, refers to the key-tone — the lowest or foundation-tone of the scale. "Sol-fa" represents all the musical syllables. The whole term, therefore, means that tones are studied in their relation to the central or key-tone, and that the syllables are used to aid by the power of association and by affording a natural or vocal system of notation. The movement arose in England as a reaction against the unnatural "fixed-do" method, and the name carried much weight at the outset by showing that the new system was based upon the true principle of key-relationship.

The public should realize that the value of the tonic sol-fa system is fully established. It long since passed beyond the experimental stage and took its place among the educational forces of the day. But as it is still comparatively new in this country, a few facts and statements are herewith given to show (1) that a reform in musical methods was needed, and (2) that the means for accomplishing the reform are completely supplied by the new notation.

First. The staff notation confuses the learner by the uncertainty of its signs. Nearly every character employed has several different meanings, and the same musical fact or truth has several different signs. This can best be shown by an illustration. A musical phrase is printed below in three different keys. It will be seen that not only is every note placed upon a different degree of the staff, thus requiring a distinct effort of the mind in reading, but nearly every chromatic sign is different in the three keys. Who but an expert would imagine that *the musical idea is precisely the same in each case?*



Second. In the tonic sol-fa notation each separate fact has a distinct sign, and each sign has but one unchangeable meaning in all the twelve keys. In the above example, as has already been stated, the different signs express (or conceal) the same musical thought. In the tonic sol-fa notation, the expression or representation would be precisely the same in each case, the pitch being indicated, according to the ordinary standard, by the words printed at the top "key of C," "key of D flat," "key of E."

Third. The difficulties of the staff are cumu-

lative. Every step of progress leads to new and increased complications.

Fourth. Per contra, the steps of the tonic sol-fa method are perfectly graded. Each point gained prepares for and leads to the next, in educational order. By this method the advanced stages of musical study are as easy and pleasant as the first elementary steps.

Fifth. The value of the new system as an interpreter of the old is proved by statistics showing that tonic sol-fa has produced more staff readers in Great Britain than all other methods combined.

Sixth. The new notation is carried by English missionaries to all parts of the globe, and they find that the natives can learn to read the language of music from it much sooner than they can learn to read their own spoken language.

Seventh. The teachers in the London Board schools are allowed to use whatever method they prefer, but are required to produce certain results. Of the four thousand teachers in that city all, without exception, adopt the tonic sol-fa system. This establishes its value as an elementary or school method.

Eighth. All the classical vocal music is printed in the tonic sol-fa notation — oratorios, masses, cantatas, glees; from Handel's Messiah to Gounod's Redemption, and from the quaintest madrigal of Ford or Wilbye to the latest part-song of Hatton or Pinsuti. In order to supply the popular demand, Messrs. Novello & Co. are reproducing the whole of their immense catalogue of vocal music in the tonic sol-fa notation. This proves its value on the side of higher art.

Ninth. The most eminent English musicians now heartily indorse the movement. When Dr. Stainer, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, was appointed Inspector of the Training Colleges of the Kingdom two years ago, his first official act was to appoint as his assistant one of the most prominent tonic sol-fa teachers, Mr. W. G. McNaught.

Tenth. The above statement is equally true of the best American musicians, who invariably acknowledge the value of the system as soon as they understand it.

Eleventh. Thousands of amateurs throughout the kingdom are pursuing the study of harmony by postal lessons sent out from the college, showing the incentive to thoroughness which is given by the system.

Twelfth. The tonic sol-fa classes have led in very many cases to the formation of amateur bands, proving that the notation also has great value upon the instrumental side. This was not anticipated by the original promoters of the movement, who supposed the notation to be only suitable for the expression of vocal music.

As mathematics found its key in the nine Arabic figures, so music has found its key in the seven letters of the tonic sol-fa notation. The art is virtually emancipated. It is no longer a deep mystery, to be understood only by the favored few who are born with an exceptional musical faculty. It is brought, by its new method of representation, into conditions which are as easily comprehended by the ordinary mind as the rules of addition and subtraction. For those who possess a natural talent, the tonic sol-fa notation affords the best possible channel for cultivating it. Where the musical gift is deficient, it encourages and develops the latent capacity.

Theodore F. Seward.

OPINIONS OF A CRITIC.

THE question of the value of tonic sol-fa presents itself in two phases. A serious consideration requires that we look not only upon its immediate effect upon present musical effort, but also at its ultimate sociological importance.

As a system of primary education in one department of music, tonic sol-fa has so much to commend it that it scarcely seems worth while to spend time in its discussion. It is already a strong tree known by excellent fruits. To one, therefore, who is concerned simply with local results and existing conditions, there would seem to be only one practical question left open, — How does the education which it is competent to promote stand with relation to the dominant tendency in the cultivation of music?

Tonic sol-fa is admirably adapted to the study of harmony and of singing.

It is ill adapted to the study and practice of instrumental music.

In spite of the multitude of fine phrases that find their way into books and newspapers, the fact is that in this country music is as yet looked upon as a mere accomplishment. Its science is neglected and its popular practice is, as a rule, limited to that phase which yields the most generous (or sonorous) results with the least expenditure of emotional and intellectual force — that is to say, to pianoforte-playing. We may regret this state of affairs, but we are bound to recognize its existence. Now, so long as we confine our efforts to skimming over the surface of music, so long as we continue to vote harmony and the deeper things of the art unessential to popular musical education, and so long as we go on with our present one-sided cultivation of instrumental music to the neglect of vocal, so long we

shall have no need of tonic sol-fa. To the instrumentalist the system presents an utterly inadequate notation, one which places many more obstacles in his path than it removes from the path of the singer. The complexities of the staff notation do not provide embarrassments for the instrumentalist in the degree that they do for the singer, and it is possible that some of them may, in time, be removed. (Wagner's treatment of the parts of some of the transposing instruments in his later orchestral scores might be cited as an indication of a determination to consider simplicity even at the cost of grammatical accuracy.) For instrumental music the staff notation is so beautiful and efficient a system of symbols, however, that an improvement on it is scarcely conceivable. One thing is certain,—no system will supplant it that ignores the pictorial element which is so potent a factor in indicating pitch and time. On this I wish to lay special stress. Our music is growing more and more rich and complex in rhythms, and with every step in this progress toward a greater rhythmical heterogeneity the time signs of the staff notation must advance in our admiration. Try to imagine what a page of Wagner's "Meistersinger" would look like in tonic sol-fa notation. The hopelessness of an attempt to read it as one can read it in our ideographic staff system is apparent at once, and compels a recognition of the inadequacy of tonic sol-fa for all modern music except that written for voices.

But tonic sol-fa has cast away whatever ambition it may once have had to drive out the staff notation. Advocates of the system now confine themselves to urging its peculiar value in teaching vocal music and harmony, and say that it simplifies the study of the staff, a knowledge of which they admit to be necessary for all who wish to cultivate instrumental music.

In both respects their claims are amply justified; indeed, they have so convincingly demonstrated the correctness of their opinions by exhibitions of attained results, that the case has been taken out of court with judgment in their favor on all the pleadings except the demurrer of the instrumentalists. The adjudication is not only complete, but in the *obiter dicta* of the decision are contained the most valuable lessons taught by the controversy. On some of these lessons I should like to offer a few suggestions, keeping what I have called the "ultimate sociological importance" of the system in view.

There is no doubt in my mind that tonic sol-fa is the fittest means at our command for the promotion of popular choral culture; and a more general, more zealous, wiser cultivation of choral music is the greatest of the socio-educational needs of the United States.

The claim of the tonic sol-faists, that the true method of teaching vocal music is by the intervalic relation of tones, and not by absolute pitch, is unquestionably sound. A sense of absolute pitch is the possession of the few—a highly favored and exceptional few, even among professional musicians. There have been great composers who did not have it—Raff, for instance. To acquire it is all but impossible; to teach it to the masses in schools and choirs is utterly impossible. To bring to the pupil a knowledge of intervals independently is the aim of other methods of instruction; but tonic sol-fa teaches all intervals in their relation to a fundamental tone, the key-note; and in this fact lies its superiority. Tonality, which is impressed upon the mind by this means, distinguishes the complex modern art from the comparatively simple and half-developed art of the Middle Ages.

Tonic sol-fa is in accord with the scientific basis of music. While it teaches sight-reading—the first aim of every system of musical instruction—just as thoroughly (to say no more) as its chief rival, it teaches it more quickly, and by keeping before the learner an ever-accessible starting-point to which he may recur in moments of perplexity, it inspires him with confidence in himself and interest in the composition. There is nothing surprising in the fact (which I believe to be indubitably established) that learners by the tonic sol-fa method acquire a remarkably deep and enthusiastic interest in music. Each successive step in the study of a work lays bare something of its harmonic structure and affords a glimpse to that extent of the operations of the composer's mind. Every such perception creates a bond of interest. Choir-singers know what this means; they know that at no other time do they feel themselves so close to the heart of a composition as while they are helping to sing it. A German writer, Hermann Kretschmar, has appositely stated one of the benefits derived by the individual from the cultivation of choral music, in these words:

> "Whoever belongs to a singing society in which study is wisely conducted, at each performance accomplishes a work and receives a reward analogous to those of a painter who has copied a masterpiece. And he who has spent a generation in such a society can cherish his recollections like a museum."

Schumann emphasizes over and over again the advantages to be derived by the musical student from singing. "Sing diligently in choirs, especially the middle parts; this will make you musical," he says in one of his "Musical House and Life Rules," and in another he gives utterance to words which might have

been adopted as a motto by the tonic sol-fa party: "Even if you have but little voice, learn to sing from the page without the help of an instrument; it will sharpen your hearing."

To make the community "musical" in fact, not merely in affection — this should be the aim of musical instruction; and for several other reasons than those already given tonic sol-fa lends itself with superior advantage to the mission. A few more appropriate words from Schumann as to desirable aims: "It is not enough to know your piece with your fingers; be able to hum it over without the pianoforte. Quicken your fancy so as to be able to keep in mind not only the melody of a composition, but also the harmony belonging to it." "You must make yourself able to understand music from the printed page."

The advantages which accrue to the individual from the study of choral music are transmitted to the community. The musical taste of a city or town may be accurately estimated from the extent and character of its choral activity. There are said to be over three hundred cities and towns in Germany containing each a choir and an orchestra capable of performing classical music. There are not twenty in the United States.

On these premises a deduction of the value of a system of instruction which addresses itself with peculiar energy and potency to choir-singing can easily be made.

There are features in tonic sol-fa which seem to mark it as the agent called to free our musical cultivation from certain dangers which lurk in the dominant instrumental tendency. Good instruments are not a universal possession, and bad instruments work mischief to popular hearing and taste. Instrumental music, moreover, seems to be entering a degenerate stage from which vocal music has been rescued within the last half century,— that is, since the operatic scepter passed out of the hands of Italy. Brilliancy of technique is now the property of nearly every public performer, and instrumental music is being threatened by that decadence which all art history proves is the constant companion of "virtuosity."

This is one danger from the evil influence of which the encouragement of singing societies can save us. Against another the tonic sol-fa teachers, acting in the spirit of Schumann's wise injunction, have interposed a splendid bulwark. They prohibit the use of the pianoforte in teaching. Thereby they prevent learning from degenerating into imitation, which, in its ultimate effects, discourages excursiveness of thought and activity of the imagination. Better still, they stimulate the pupil to exercise the faculties which are most actively called into play in the correct interpretation of music. Beautiful tone-production is the most essential and most individual process in music-making. This process pianoforte-playing reduces to a minimum. So far as pitch is concerned (a thing of primary care in vocal music), the pianoforte-player is relieved of all responsibility by the mechanism of his instrument. The tones answer to the touch of his fingers; he does not need to exercise his intelligence or his ear in the matter. The tonic sol-fa pupil, on the contrary, is compelled to cultivate acuteness of hearing and to study with great painstaking the emission of each tone. In the hands of the pupil who plays it, or imitates it in the study of tones and intervals, a pianoforte which is out of tune is an evil of frightful magnitude which holds the pupil in its grasp and either stunts or deforms his faculties. Over the instrument of the tonic sol-faist there stands a monitor who can both detect faults and remedy them.

H. E. Krehbiel.

COMRADES.

ONE steed I have of common clay,
And one no less than regal;
By day I jog on old Saddlebags,
By night I fly upon Eagle:
To store, to market, to field, to mill,
One plods with patient patter,
Nor hears along the far-off heights
The hoofs of his comrade clatter.

To field, to market, to mill he goes,
Nor sees his comrade gleaming
Where he flies along the purple hills,
Nor the flame from his bridle streaming;
Sees not his track, nor the sparks of fire
So terribly flashing from it,
As they flashed from the track of Alborak
When he bravely carried Mahomet.

One steed, in a few short years, will rest
Under the grasses yonder;
The other will come there centuries hence
To linger and dream and ponder:
And yet both steeds are mine to-day,
The immortal and the mortal;
One beats alone the clods of earth,
One stamps at heaven's portal.

Henry Ames Blood.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Song in Camp.

THE article on the "Songs of the War," by Mr. Brander Matthews, in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for August, brought back to my memory vividly an experience at Murfreesboro', just after the battle of Stone's River. There was a good deal of gloomy feeling there. The losses in the army had been terrible; and, besides, there were among the troops a large number of Kentucky and Tennessee regiments, to whom the Emancipation Proclamation was not palatable. A number of officers had resigned, or tendered resignations, on account of it. One day a whole batch of resignations came in, all written in the same handwriting and coming from one regiment, including nearly all the officers in it, assigning as a reason their unwillingness to serve longer in consequence of the change in the purpose and conduct of the war. The instigator of these letters was found, and dismissed with every mark of ignominy — his shoulder straps were cut off, and he was drummed out of camp. This heroic remedy caused the officers whom he had misled to withdraw their resignations; but the thing rankled. A few days afterward a glee club came down from Chicago, bringing with them the new song,

"We 'll rally round the flag, boys,"

and it ran through the camp like wildfire. The effect was little short of miraculous. It put as much spirit and cheer into the army as a victory. Day and night one could hear it by every camp fire and in every tent. I never shall forget how the men rolled out the line,

"And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave."

I do not know whether Mr. Root knows what good work his song did for us there — but I hope so.

Henry Stone.

The Confederate Strength in the Atlanta Campaign.

THE paper by General Joseph E. Johnston on the Atlanta campaign, in the August number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, asserts that on the 30th of April, 1864, the strength of the Confederate army was "37,652 infantry, 2812 artillery with 112 guns and 2392 cavalry,"— in all 42,856. The return of the army on file in the War Department signed by General Johnston and attested by his adjutant-general, for April 30th, 1864, shows its "present for duty" almost 53,000:

Infantry	41,279
Cavalry	8,436
Artillery, 144 pieces	3,277
	52,992

The difference between these figures and those given by General Johnston from the same return is, that in the magazine he gives the footings of the column of "effective total." This, in all Confederate returns, includes only sergeants, corporals, and private soldiers for duty. That the cavalry had an effective total of but 2392 with 8436 officers and men for duty is accounted for by the fact that a large number of horses were grazing in the rear because of the scarcity of forage at Dalton. They were brought to the front and the men became effective when Sherman's army began to advance. General Johnston's statement that his artillery comprised but 112 pieces is a manifest error, for the return plainly says 35 companies, 144 pieces.

The battle of Resaca was fought on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of May. Prior to that time, the Confederate army was reënforced by General Mercer's brigade of four Georgia regiments, which had been on garrison duty on the Atlantic coast. A footnote to the return of April 30th records that one of these regiments, the 63d Georgia, joined the army "since the report was made out," and that its effective total was 814. All of these regiments had full ranks; 2800 is a low estimate of their line-of-battle strength. Cantey's division,* 2 brigades of infantry and 2 batteries, 5300 for duty, came from Mobile about the 7th of May and was stationed at Resaca. Loring's division, 3 infantry brigades and 2 batteries, from General S. D. Lee's command, with 5145 for duty and a detachment of 550 from French's division, reached Resaca May 10th, 11th, and 12th. Meantime a regiment of the Georgia State line, estimated as six hundred strong, had been added to Hood's corps.

General Johnston had at Resaca at least 67,000 men for battle and 168 pieces of artillery. General Sherman had at most 104,000: † the odds against General Johnston when "the armies were actually in contact" were as 100 to 64, instead of "10 to 4," as stated in his article.

On the night of May 16th the Confederate army evacuated Resaca. On the following day, at Adairsville, it was reënforced by General W. H. Jackson's cavalry command, 4477 for duty, which was increased to 5120 by June 10th. On the 19th of May at Cassville the division of General French joined the army with 4174 effectives, exclusive of the detachment which was at Resaca. Another Georgia State line regiment, estimated as 600, was added to Hood's corps, and Quarles's brigade, 2200 strong, came on the 26th of May at New Hope Church. A comparison of the return of April 30th with that of June 10th shows an increase to the fighting strength of the army of 3399 from the return of men "absent with leave" in the corps of Hood, Hardee, Wheeler, and in the artillery. The return of May 20th is missing, but that of June 10th shows an increase since May 20th of 649 "returned from desertion" and 799 "joined by enlistment."

*For Cantey's strength, see General D. H. Maury's return April 22d, 1864.
For Loring's strength, see General S. D. Lee's return May 10th, 1864.

For French's detachment, see General French's report of "effectives when joined."

† For Sherman's army at Resaca, add 5200 for cavalry joined between May 1st and 12th to his strength May 1st of 98,797.

General Johnston has to account between April 30th and June 10th for men available for battle *at least:*

Present for duty at Dalton	April 30th	52,992
Mercer's brigade	May 2d	2,800
Cantey's division	" 7th	5,300
Loring's "	May 10th, 11th, and 12th	5,145
French's detachment	May 12th	550
French's division	" 19th	4,174
Jackson's cavalry	" 17th	4,477
Jackson's cavalry increase before June 10th		643
Quarles's brigade	May 26th	2,200
Two regiments Georgia State line		1,200
Furloughed men returned		3,399
Recruits		799
Returned deserters		649
		84,328

All these figures are official except for Mercer's brigade and the two regiments of the Georgia State line.*

The return of General Johnston's army June 10th is the first on file in the War Department which includes all these reënforcements. It shows "present for duty":

	Officers.	*Men.*
Infantry	5049	47,554
Cavalry	1232	12,372
Artillery, 187 pieces	257	4,414
	6538	64,340
Or in round numbers		71,000

The difference of over 13,000 is accounted for by losses in battle, desertion, and increase in absent sick. The incomplete return of Medical Director Foard shows killed and wounded May 7th to 20th, inclusive, 3384. The return of June 10th shows 1551 killed and died since May 20th, indicating fully 6000 wounded. The same return shows 569 deserters. The 1542 prisoners captured from Hood and Hardee, shown by increase of absent without leave in their corps, account for the remainder without examining the returns of Polk's corps and the cavalry.

General Johnston's army reached its maximum strength on the New Hope Church line, where he must have had 75,000 for battle when the armies faced each other May 27th. General Sherman's army † there numbered, of all arms, for duty, 93,600 men, and several brigades of this force were employed in guarding trains and watching roads in all directions, for Sherman's army had no rear. Odds of less than 5 to 4 against him is "the great inequality of force" which General Johnston complains compelled him "to employ dismounted cavalry" in holding this line.

In a footnote to his article General Johnston says:

"I have two reports of the strength of the army besides that of April 30th, already given: 1. Of July 1st, 39,746 infantry, 3855 artillery, and 10,484 cavalry; total, 54,085. 2. Of July 10th, 36,901 infantry, 3755 artillery, and 10,270 cavalry; total, 50,926."

The return of July 1st shows "present for duty" all arms, officers and men, 64,578, instead of 54,085. (As in case of the return of April 30th, General Johnston gives only the "effective total.") The loss since June 10th is accounted for by 1114 dead, 711 deserters, 1042 increase in absent without leave (prisoners), and 3693 in increase of absent sick and wounded.

None of the returns of this army, either under Johnston or Hood, make any account of the Georgia militia, a division of which under General G. W. Smith joined the army about June 20th near Kenesaw, making its available force on that line nearly 70,000 men.

The return of July 10th gives the present for duty 60,032, instead of 50,926, the loss since July 1st being 1377 deserters, 526 dead, two regiments sent to Savannah, and prisoners and wounded. This with the Georgia militia (increased to about nine thousand when the army reached Atlanta) represents the force turned over to General Hood July 18th, viz.:

Infantry	42,571
Cavalry	13,318
Artillery, 187 pieces	4,143
Militia (probably)	5,000
	65,032

General Johnston asserts that the only affair worth mentioning, on his left at Resaca, was near the night of May 14th, when "40 or 50 skirmishers in front of our extreme left were driven from the slight elevation they occupied, but no attempt was made to retake it." In his official report, made in October, 1864, he says that at 9 o'clock at night of May 14th he "learned that Lieutenant-General Polk's troops had lost a position commanding our bridges." Comment upon the generalship that would leave a position commanding the line of retreat of an army in charge of 40 or 50 skirmishers within gun-shot of a powerful enemy is unnecessary, for it was not done. The position was held by a line of men. It was carried on the evening of May 14th by a gallant charge of two brigades of the Fifteenth Corps of the Union army. Reënforced by another brigade, they held it against the repeated and desperate efforts of Polk's men to retake it. The battle lasted far into the night. General John A. Logan, in his official report of it, says that when at 10 o'clock at night "the last body of the enemy retired broken and disheartened from the field, . . . it was evident to the meanest comprehension among the rebels that the men who double-quicked across to their hills that afternoon had come to stay." General Logan also says that by the capture of this position "the railroad bridge and the town were held entirely at our mercy."

The Fifteenth Corps lost 628 killed and wounded at Resaca. The troops in its front, Loring's and Cantey's divisions and Vaughan's brigade, according to their incomplete official reports lost 698. Much the greater part of this loss must have been on the evening of May 14th, for there was no other line-of-battle engagement on this part of the field.

General Johnston characterizes the battle of May 28th at Dallas as "a very small affair," in which the Confederates lost about 300 men and the Union troops "must have lost more than ten times as many." This was an assault made upon troops of the Fifteenth Corps by two brigades of Bate's Confederate division and Armstrong's brigade of Jackson's cavalry dismounted, supported by Smith's brigade of Bate's division and Ferguson's and Ross's brigades of Jackson's cavalry. Lewis's Kentucky brigade attacked the front of Osterhaus's division without success. Bullock's Florida brigade charged along the Marietta road and was driven back, with heavy loss, by the fire of the 53d Ohio regiment. Armstrong assailed the position held by Walcutt's brigade across the Villa Rica road and met a bloody re-

* For strength of Jackson's cavalry division, see General S. D. Lee's return May 10th, and the return of General Johnston's army June 10th, 1864.

For strength of General French's division, see his return of "effectives when joined."

For strength of Quarles's brigade, see Johnston's narrative, p. 575.

† For Sherman's strength on the New Hope line, see his return May 31st and deduct Blair's Seventeenth Corps, which did not join the army until June 8th.

pulse. General Bate officially reported the loss in his division as 450. General Walcutt in his official report says that "244 dead and wounded rebels were found in my front," and many were doubtless removed. The Confederate loss in this "very small affair" was, therefore, over 700. The loss of the Fifteenth Corps was 379, or about one-half the Confederate loss, instead of "more than ten times as many."

General Johnston assumes that General Sherman used his entire army in the assault on Kenesaw Mountain, when, in fact, he employed less than 15,000 men. The remainder of the army was not engaged, except in the continuous battle of the skirmish lines. The assaulting column of the Army of the Cumberland, directed against Hardee's corps, was composed of 5 brigades about 9000 strong. The formation was such that each brigade presented a front of but two companies. The leading regiments lost very heavily; those in the rear suffered few casualties. General Thomas reported the entire loss as 1580. The attack of the Army of the Tennessee was made upon the Confederate intrenchments held by French's division and a part of Walker's, by three brigades of the Fifteenth Corps, numbering 5500 men. Their formation was in two lines; their total loss 603, three-fourths of this falling on the regiments in the first line.

General Johnston expresses the belief that Northern soldiers could not be repulsed with casualties so small as reported at Kenesaw. In this he, unwittingly perhaps, compliments Sherman's army at the expense of his own. On the 22d of June, five days before the battle of Kenesaw, he tells us that the divisions of Stevenson and Hindman were repulsed, in an assault on the Union line, with a loss of one thousand men. These divisions, June 10th, numbered over 11,000 for duty. Their loss, therefore, was but 9 per cent., while that of the troops of the Army of the Cumberland engaged at Kenesaw was 17 per cent.; of the Army of the Tennessee, 11 per cent. In both cases the loss sustained was sufficient to demonstrate the futility of further effort. In neither case was it a fair test of the staying qualities of the troops who on many fields had shown their willingness to shed any amount of blood necessary when there was reasonable hope of success.

E. C. Dawes,
Late Major 53d Ohio Regiment.

CINCINNATI, September 8th, 1887.

A Rejoinder to General Robertson by Colonel Mosby.

IN THE CENTURY for August, General Beverly H. Robertson defends himself against the charge of having disobeyed orders in the Gettysburg campaign, and imputes to me the absurdity of trying to prove that Stuart knew nothing about it, and also with defending him against "an imaginary attack." With equal propriety it might be said that General Robertson has defended himself against "*an imaginary attack.*" I never intimated that Stuart was ignorant of his default. Stuart fought at Gettysburg and knew that Robertson did not. The latter affects to be unaware of the fact that two of General Lee's staff have published accounts of Gettysburg, in which they attribute the loss of the battle to the want of cavalry to make the preliminary reconnoissances; and that in the memoir of his chief by Stuart's adjutant, the blame of it is put upon himself (General Robertson). The accusation against which I defended Stuart was, that by going into Pennsylvania around Hooker's rear with a portion of the cavalry he had taken away the eyes of the army, so that General Lee, like a blind man, had stumbled into the fight. I think I have shown that the fault was not in Stuart's plan, but in the execution of the part assigned to a subordinate. If Booth plays "Othello" with a bad support, the performance as a whole will be a failure, no matter what may be the merit of the chief actor. The complaint against Robertson is, that having been placed with a large force of cavalry in observation, with orders to follow on the *right* of the army *next to the enemy*, he gave General Lee no information of their movements, but followed on the *left*, and never reached the battle-field. He says that he was ordered "to cross the Potomac where Lee crossed," and follow on the *right* of the army. No such instructions were given him, as they would have involved a physical impossibility, as Lee crossed with Longstreet on the *left* at Williamsport. So did General Robertson. His instructions were: "*After the enemy has moved beyond your reach*, leave sufficient pickets in the mountains, and withdraw to the west side of the Shenandoah, and place a strong and reliable picket to watch the enemy at Harper's Ferry, cross the Potomac and follow the army, keeping on its *right* and rear." In his letter to Stuart of June 23d, General Lee had directed that, if the cavalry passed through the Shenandoah Valley, it must cross on our *right* at Shepherdstown (where A. P. Hill crossed) and move towards Frederick City. Stuart's instructions to Robertson indicated the same general direction for him to go, and, if they had been obeyed, would have put the cavalry in its proper position, between our infantry and the enemy. The Northern army moved into Pennsylvania east of the Blue Ridge or South Mountain, while Robertson's command moved on a parallel line, about twenty miles to the *west* of it. This is the only example in war of the cavalry of an invading army marching in rear of the infantry. He says that, as he was ordered to avoid pikes, he was compelled to go by Martinsburg. But that could not have been the reason for selecting this route, as he actually traveled along pikes nearly all the way; whereas, if he had gone by Shepherdstown, he might have avoided them altogether. The *suggestion* to keep off turnpikes, to save his horses' shoes, did not require him to change the direction prescribed for him on the *right* of the army. He says he hurried on from Virginia to join the army, and by *forced* marches reached Chambersburg on the evening of July 2d, and Cashtown on the next morning — which was the last day of the battle. If he had kept on to Gettysburg, he might have reached there in time to witness the last scene of the great tragedy. He had marched from Berryville to Chambersburg in *three* days — which is exactly the time that it took Longstreet's infantry to march the same distance. But then Longstreet did not pretend to be in a hurry. If keeping behind the *left* wing is the same thing as being on the *right* flank of the army, then there can be no doubt that General Robertson obeyed orders. At Cashtown, he says that he heard that Pleasonton was moving to capture our trains, so he turned off and went to meet him. Pleasonton was then fighting Stuart at Gettysburg. General Robertson made no report of his operations in this campaign, but General Jones, who was

under him, says that at Cashtown an order came from General Lee requiring a cavalry force to be sent to Fairfield, and that in the *absence of General Robertson* he determined to move in that direction at once, and that near there he encountered and routed the 6th United States Regulars. There was only *one* regiment of Federal cavalry there, which thus neutralized two Confederate brigades with two batteries of artillery. If all of our cavalry had been at the front, Meade could not have spared even this one regiment to send after Lee's trains; it would have been all he could do to take care of his own. In the skirmish at Fairfield on July 3d was the first time Robertson's command had seen the enemy since it disappeared from his front at Middleburg, Va., early on the morning of June 26th. Keeping eight days out of sight of the enemy was not exactly the way to carry out Stuart's order *to watch and harass him*. It was his leadership *preceding* the battle that I criticised. In modern war the most important service of cavalry is rendered before a battle begins. General Robertson says that it was at Martinsburg, and not at Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge, "*as Colonel Mosby insinuates*," that he received orders from General Lee to join the army. In December, 1877, a letter of his was published in the Philadelphia "Times," in which he justified his delay in Virginia, on the ground that his instructions required him "*to await further orders*," and stated that on June 29th, *at Ashby's Gap*, he received orders from General Lee to join the army, and started forthwith. He fortified this statement by certificates of two members of his staff. The instructions which I recently found among the Confederate archives direct him to hold the mountain gaps "as long as the enemy remains in your [his] front in force." He staid there *three* days after they had gone into Pennsylvania, and now makes no explanation of the de lay, but raises an immaterial issue about the skirmish at Fairfield, which simply proves that on the day of battle he was in the rear with the wagon trains. General Robertson says that he gave satisfaction to General Lee. Now, that General Lee was dissatisfied with some one is shown by his report in which he complains that "the movement of the army *preceding* the battle of Gettysburg had been much embarrassed by the absence of the cavalry." I have elsewhere shown that this censure can only apply to the commander of the cavalry who was left with him to observe the enemy. As soon as the army returned to Virginia, General Robertson, at his own request, was relieved of command. No argument in favor of acquittal can be drawn from the leniency that was shown in this case. There was but little of the stern Agamemnon in the character of General Lee.

Jno. S. Mosby.

San Francisco, August 24th, 1887.

An Anecdote of the Petersburg Crater.

I was in Virginia in 1864, and the paragraph in General Grant's Vicksburg paper describing the mine explosion and the frightened negro who was lifted "'bout t'ree mile" brings to my mind the mining of the Confederate works before Petersburg in the summer of 1864. Among the prisoners captured was one whose face was greatly begrimed, and as he marched by he was saluted by a blue-coat with the remark, "Say, Johnny! guess you got blown up." "Well," replied Johnny with an oath, "I should just say so; but somehow I got the start of the other fellows, for when I was coming down I met the regiment going up, and they all called me a blasted straggler!"

Henry R. Howland.

Buffalo, September 7th, 1885.

Ransom's Division at Fredericksburg.

In the August, 1886, number of The Century General James Longstreet published what he "saw of the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13th, 1862."

The omissions in that article were so glaring and did such injustice, that I wrote to him and requested him to correct what would produce false impressions. His answer was unsatisfactory, but promised that, "I [Longstreet] expect in the near future to make accounts of all battles and put them in shape, in a form not limited by words, but with full details, when there will be opportunity to elaborate upon all points of interest."

General Lee, in his report of the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862, writes as follows:

. . . "Longstreet's corps constituted our left, with Anderson's division resting upon the river, and those of McLaws, Pickett, and Hood extending to the right in the order named. Ransom's division supported the batteries on Marye's and Willis's hills, at the foot of which Cobb's brigade of McLaws's division and the 24th North Carolina of Ransom's brigade were stationed, protected by a stone wall. *The immediate care of this point was committed to General Ransom.*"

The italics in this paper are all mine. The positions are stated by General Lee exactly as the troops were posted. Lee's report continues, farther on:

. . . "About 11 A. M., having massed his [the enemy's] troops under cover of the houses of Fredericksburg, he moved forward in strong columns, to seize Marye's and Willis's hills. General Ransom advanced Cooke's brigade to the top of the hill, and placed his own, with the exception of the 24th North Carolina, a short distance in rear." . . . "In the *third* assault" [his report continues] "the brave and lamented Brigadier-General Thomas R. R. Cobb fell at the head of his gallant troops, and almost at the same moment Brigadier-General Cooke was borne from the field severely wounded. Fearing that Cobb's brigade might exhaust its ammunition, General Longstreet had directed General Kershaw to take two regiments to its support. Arriving after the fall of Cobb, he assumed command, his troops taking position on the crest and at the foot of the hill, *to which point General Ransom also advanced three other regiments.*"

General Kershaw took command of Cobb's brigade, which I had had supplied with ammunition from my wagons, and I repeated the supply during the day.

General Longstreet in his official report says:

. . . . "*General Ransom on Marye's Hill was charged with the immediate care of the point attacked*, with orders to send forward additional reënforcements, if it should become necessary, and to use Featherston's brigade of Anderson's division, if he should require it." And continuing, "I directed Major-General Pickett to send me two of his brigades: *one, Kemper's, was sent to General Ransom* to be placed in some secure position to be ready in case it should be wanted." And again, "I would also mention, as particularly distinguished in the engagement of the 13th, Brigadier-Generals Ransom, Kershaw, and Cooke (severely wounded)."

General McLaws was not upon the part of the field in the vicinity of Marye's and Willis's hills during the

battle, but his aide, Captain King, was killed on the front slope of the hill near Marye's house.

My own permanent command was a small division of two brigades of infantry,—my own, containing the 24th, 25th, 35th, and 49th; and Cooke's, the 15th, 27th, 46th, and 48th regiments,—*all from North Carolina;* and attached to my brigade was Branch's battery, and to Cooke's brigade the battery of Cooper.

At the time the fog began to lift from the field, I was with Generals Lee and Longstreet, on what has since been known as Lee's Hill. Starting to join my command as the Federals began to emerge from the town, General Longstreet said to me, "Remember, general, I place that salient in your keeping. Do what is needed; and call on Anderson if you want help."

I brought up Cooke before the first assault to the crest of the hills, and before that assault ended, Cooke took the 27th and 46th and part of the 15th North Carolina into the sunken road in front. The 48th North Carolina fought on top of the hill all day.

At the third assault I brought up the 25th North Carolina just in time to deliver a few deadly volleys, and then it "took position shoulder to shoulder with Cobb's and Cooke's men in the road."

During this third attack General Cobb was mortally hit, and almost at the same instant, and within two paces of him, General Cooke was severely wounded and borne from the field, Colonel E. D. Hall, 46th North Carolina, assuming command of Cooke's brigade.

At this juncture I sent my adjutant-general, Captain Thomas Rowland, to the sunken road to learn the condition of affairs. "His report was most gratifying, representing the troops in fine spirits and an abundance of ammunition. I had ordered Cobb's brigade supplied from my wagons."

After this third attack I was bringing up the 35th and 49th North Carolina of my brigade, when General Kershaw, by a new road leading from the mill below, came up on horseback with his staff at the head of *one regiment,* which he took in just at Marye's house. He was followed by a second regiment, which halted behind a brick-walled graveyard upon Willis's Hill.

About sundown Brigadier-General Kemper was brought up, and relieved the 24th North Carolina with two of his regiments and held the others in closer supporting distance. On the 20th of December, 1862, he sent me a list of his casualties, with this note:

"HEADQUARTERS KEMPER'S BRIGADE,
December 20th, 1862.

"GENERAL: I inclose herewith the statement of the losses of my brigade on the 13th and 14th insts. while acting as part of your command. While a report of my losses has been called for by my permanent division commander, and rendered to him, it has occurred to me that a similar one rendered to yourself would be proper and acceptable. Permit me to add, general, that our brief service with you was deeply gratifying to myself and to my entire command. I have the honor to be, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

"J. L. KEMPER, BRIGADIER-GENERAL.
"BRIG.-GEN. RANSOM, COMMANDING DIVISION."

As stated in my letter to General Longstreet dated August 14th, 1886, when I brought to his attention his extraordinary omissions, it gave me unfeigned pleasure to mention properly in my official report the meritorious conduct of those who were a part of my permanent command and those others who that day fell under my direction by reason of my "*immediate care of the point attacked.*" My official report exhibits no self-seeking nor partial discriminations.

Upon a letter from me (of the 17th of December, 1862) to General R. H. Chilton, assistant adjutant-general Army of Northern Virginia, wherein I protest againt the ignoring of my command in some telegraphic dispatches to the War Department at Richmond relative to the battle of the 13th, General Longstreet indorses these words: "*General Ransom's division was engaged throughout the battle and was quite as distinguished as any troops upon the field*"; and the same day, the 19th of December, I received from both him and General Chilton notes expressing the regret felt by General Lee at the injustice of which I complained. Those original letters are now among the "Official Records" in Washington.

I may be pardoned for remembering with pride that among the Confederate troops engaged on the *whole* battle-field of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13th, 1862, none were more honorably distinguished than the sons of North Carolina, and those of them who with brother soldiers from other States held the lines at Marye's Hill against almost ten times their number of as brave and determined foes as ever did battle can well trust their fame to history when written from truthful official records.*

R. Ransom.

* When credit is not given for quotations, they are from my official report of the battle.—R. R.



THE BAGGAGE GUARD.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Municipal Patriotism.

IT is always much easier to die for one's country than to live for it. The headlong gallop; the desperate burst up the hill-side, guided by the colors that break out again and again through the smoke; the duel-spirit that yearns to lay the ship alongside an enemy, as if that were more than half the battle,—are all sustained and made easier by the sense of personal struggle, of great sacrifices publicly recognized, and of that magnetic influence which is in the eyes of comrades-in-arms. You shall find ten men ready to assume the burdens of war, with such incentives to sustain the war-spirit, where one is ready to espouse and take to himself the homelier virtues and duties of good citizenship,—to study the institutions of his own country, to test for himself the character and influence of candidates, the policies and methods of parties, the dangers which beset the State and the most hopeful remedies for them. Happy is the man who can take contentedly the duties of citizenship as they are carved out for him and presented to him by others; but more implicitly does he serve his country who looks on such duties as his personal service, never to be intrusted to another.

It is quite too much the fashion, just now, to talk as if good citizens, in this sense, were rarer than they really are; as if the mass of American citizens took party as the primary object of their devotion, and looked at the country only through the party. If this were true, it would be the most terrible indictment of democratic institutions by their results that ever was framed; and every one who is interested in the century's history of the great American experiment ought to take a pride in every indication that it is far from true — farther to-day than it ever was before. At no previous time have parties been so much like a bundle of nerves, answering to the slightest touch of circumstance. The smallest tendency to party tyranny is met no longer by willing submission, but by mutterings of discontent, or even by open revolt; and the apparent danger is rather of party disintegration than of party despotism. The man who grumbles about the "slow train," which makes but twenty miles an hour, is simply a personified proof that the day of the stage-coach has passed away; and the man who grumbles at the tyranny of party is merely a similar proof that the Essex Junto and the Albany Regency no longer provide ready-made political opinions for a contented people, or pull Adams down or Jackson up, but that party machines are, more than ever before, the servants of those who support them.

It is mainly, however, on the larger and more stately and imposing boards of the national theater that this tendency has thus far shown itself. The voter who has come to claim for his individual conscience the supreme power of private judgment in national politics is still far too apt to accept without hesitation the guidance of his party "machine" in State politics, while he looks upon city politics as practically beneath his notice. He is affronted by the action of his national party, in any of its attempts to control the action of its minorities, while he gazes tranquilly above and beyond the grossest abuses in his own city government. His Common Council spends months in a "dead-lock" over the appointment of three or four policemen, with "deals" and diplomatic negotiations enough for the management of an empire and hardly enough success for the management of a kitchen; the Fire Department, the Health Department, the Building Department, the Department of Public Works, the Police Department, and the Department of Education, which should be in active and harmonious coöperation, spend the time and effort which should be given to the city service in dealing one another vicious blows through the newspapers and elsewhere; taxation results merely in providing a livelihood for incompetent officials and in thrusting inefficient public service upon the citizens; and still the citizen refuses to learn the essential lesson that there is such a thing as municipal patriotism, and that municipal politics is its only practical mode of expression.

Why should the politics of the city be tied down to the politics of the nation or the State? Is there any identity of interest between the two, such as would be apt to secure efficient city administration by a selection of city officers based upon national party preferences? Every one knows the contrary, from practice as well as from theory: in a few of our cities, the lesson has already developed a strong and effective independent city vote; and yet, take the country through, the individual conscience seems to be almost as inert as ever in this matter. The man who, moved by conscience, takes up his own burden of battle against the abuses of his own city government, is pretty certain of the pity of those who know him personally and of the criticism of those who are strangers to him; he need not expect that which he deserves — the cordial sympathy of his fellow-citizens, their consideration for his inevitable errors, and their rejoicing in his successes. His fellow-citizens have not yet been educated up to that point. We still lack that essential factor in political development — municipal patriotism. Thousands of men have been found ready and willing to die for the United States or even for the individual State. Where are the men who would die for Brooklyn, or Chicago, or San Francisco? Where, indeed, are the men who would *live* for them?

It is an indication of progress, at least, that this last question has every year a larger answer: the growth is not so large as it should be, but it is a growth, not a degeneration. Every year sees an increased number of men who find their most interesting field of investigation in the various problems of city government; who study the American city, its methods of administration, its methods of voting, its abuses and their remedies, with all the intensity which once was peculiar to national politics. Men have even been found willing to abandon wide fields of national usefulness to enter the new battle-ground of municipal administration. Are

their efforts to be forever thwarted by the ill-advised experiments of State legislatures, governing bodies which are removed from the city by every sympathy and interest? Nothing can prevent such a result, unless the municipal patriotism of the citizens has a parallel development, as the essential sustaining power to the new development of municipal leadership. The American city must be left to work out its own salvation, released from the meddlesome interference of the American State legislature; and the only means of attaining such a result is the development of an alert and even irritable patriotism in the city itself. When the time comes in which the citizen shall feel the same sense of personal outrage in the State's interference with his city government that he is prompt to feel in the nation's interference with his State government, the problem of the American city will be very far on the road to solution.

Human history seems to run in circles: new conditions are introduced, run their round of development, and bring the race back to a new phase of the old beginning-point. The tangible current of history began in the cities of the Orient. When fully developed Oriental despotism swept into Europe, individual liberty found its bulwark in the Greek cities; and these, in their decadence, yielded to the new type of individual power represented by the Eternal City. When this power had become a despotism, the individual still cherished his city as his main defense against the tyranny of the Cæsar. In the downfall of the great Empire, it was the cities that stood out like islands in the stagnant waters of tyrannical stupidity which overspread the civilized world; and the cities, again, led in the rising struggle for individual freedom which has given modern history its character. We may not have all the incentives which led the Hollander to personify his city, to speak of it almost as of a mythological goddess, to count its buttresses and foundation-stones as even dearer than his hearth-stone, and to die on its walls or before its gates with all the patriotism which marked Marathon or Gettysburg. But, when one considers the importance of the American city, the increasing drift of American life into it, the magnitude of the interests, political as well as material, which hang upon its development, and the possible influence which the failure of the American city could exert upon the future history of the American people, he must believe that the field for municipal patriotism is even wider and more important in America than it ever was in Holland, and that nothing is more desirable for our political peace than the growth of an intelligent devotion of the citizen to his own city, and a personal dedication of himself to its healthy and honorable development.

The Seventieth Year of Our National Disgrace.

WITH the 15th of February next we shall enter upon the seventieth year of the United States Government's official license of literary piracy. It was on that day of the year 1819 that Congress formally excluded the foreign author from the protection then first accorded to the American. It may be that at that time this issuance of letters of marque and reprisal upon the literature of other nations was thought to be the best way to build up that of our own, but the protests from business interests which were made against the attempts under the leadership of Clay, Webster, and Everett to remedy the defect in 1837 and 1838, indicate that less patriotic considerations were at the bottom of this exclusion. However this may be, the failure to repeal the excluding clause has not only dwarfed the growth of American letters and given an abnormal impetus to the spread of foreign ideas among our people, but has exposed us for three-quarters of a century to the just reproaches of the civilized world; and to-day, when the intelligent opinion of the country demands the reform — as for years it has demanded it — the indifference of our legislators to the fundamental question of principle which is involved shows the moral callousness which gathers upon a long-existing wrong. Possibly we underrate the open-mindedness of Congress on this question, but the fact that it is thought absurd to expect on moral grounds the speedy redress of so manifest and grievous a wrong is an evidence of the dangerous disrespect with which the legislative office in this country is invested. The idea is certainly widely prevalent that a question of pure morality has little chance in Congress when there is any opportunity of protest from so-called vested interests. No doubt this conclusion does injustice to many upright legislators, but it is nevertheless a conclusion for which their supineness is largely and especially responsible.

But while Congress, by its inaction, is feeding this sentiment of distrust, it is much to be said of the tone of the literary classes in this country that their innumerable appeals in favor of this reform have been almost invariably on the line of the moral argument. They would be less entitled to the respect of their fellow-men, as in large measure conservators of the ideal, were they to take a less sincere position. Better a thousand times that a copyright law should be delayed another half century, than that this ground should be abandoned for that of mere political expediency. Justice is so necessary to the continuance of the race that it often occurs that there are many reasons for doing a just thing. But it may be questioned whether the moral tone both of him who demands justice and of him of whom it is demanded is not lowered by demanding it on any ground other than because it is right. Expediency has been defined as a lower kind of right, but even admitting this, it is confessedly a *lower kind*, and the acceptance of the lower motive is particularly perilous to a conscientious nature,— character being the attitude toward evil rather than the mere accomplishment of certain conventional acts called virtuous. For surely the habitual acceptance of a ground of expediency tends toward the abandonment or suppression of the higher point of view. And yet this higher point of view is the chief distinction in morals. Who would not be insulted to be asked not to lie because it may lose him consideration, or not to steal because he can make more money by being honest? Indeed, the comparative distances of men from the point of view of the criminal classes may be determined by their sensitiveness to the affront of assuring them that "Honesty is the best policy."

American authors, therefore, do themselves honor in holding out for a settlement of the question on the plane of justice rather than on that of commercial advantage, and in declining to take responsibilities in the matter of copyright legislation which do not appertain to them and which commit them to a line of policy in

which as authors they have little or no interest. Their position has been one of dignity and self-respect; they have contented themselves with urging upon Congress what they regard as the proper remedy — a pure and simple copyright law. They stand ready to give their frankest opinions as to the probable working of any other measure that may be introduced; individually many of them favor one or another of the proposed commercial conditions, but to expect them as a body to urge the particular schemes of other interests, which as a party to the compact they would be obliged hereafter to defend, is one more indignity added to those which they have endured for nearly three-quarters of a century. They are not "irreconcilables" in this matter, and will welcome the establishment of the principle of copyright, with any conditions which, after a full examination of the subject, Congress may impose. These conditions, however, should be proposed and defended by those who profess to believe them wise; and the responsibility of determining what, if any, conditions should be imposed should be made to rest where it belongs, — with the legislative power.

"Constitution Day."*

THE reflection that it would be wise to make a national holiday of the 17th of September is one which must have occurred to many who witnessed or read of the celebration at Philadelphia of the centenary of the Constitution. A venerable justice of the Supreme Court has pronounced this celebration the greatest public occasion of the kind in our history, and those who witnessed the pageantries of peace in which shone so conspicuously the public spirit of Philadelphia — a constant quantity, it must be said — can pay no higher compliment than to say, as they do, that the celebration was worthy of the event commemorated. Its significance was enhanced by the fact that it was the first public opportunity for the whole country to unite in a reverential recognition of the supreme body of our national law, which now includes — in a settlement not alone of force, but of reason and experience — the national decision upon those differences of interpretation which, like the dragon's teeth in the fable, sprang up into a harvest of armed men. It is not to be wondered at that so long as the Constitution meant one thing to one section and another to the other, there could be no real unity of appreciation of it: each section dwelt not so much on the grandeur of a common inheritance as on the wisdom of its own theory of government. Happily the danger in this condition of affairs is past, and we have learned from it that it is the part of statesmanship and patriotism not merely to admit but to cultivate kindly relations among all the sections of our diversified country. The serious uses in this direction of such an occasion as the Philadelphia celebration are not likely to be overrated. It has been wisely said that the quickest way to cure the quarrelsome tendencies of children is to provide them with some common ground of interest, even the simplest, such as marching together; and the rule is not without value for the children of a larger growth. Merely to group about a national idea intersectional courtesies and social relations — the want of which kept us sorry strangers before the War — is an incalculable influence in making our people homogeneous and sympathetic. We cannot but think that this influence would be broadened and perpetuated by a formal recognition of the day as a national holiday.

In another aspect the day could hardly fail to have great value. We are not likely, from the nature of the Declaration of Independence, to have any serious differences over its axiomatic pronouncements of political principles; but the fact that the Constitution is likely to change with the needs of a growing country is a reason for cultivating a popular knowledge of its past benefits and an intelligent regard for its conservative influence. Future changes in that instrument — and the day would lead to the consideration of its defects — are likely to be made against the wishes of large minorities and after burning discussion, and it is well that they should have the sanction of the broadest popular acceptation *per se* — such as the later amendments could not have had without a war. Moreover the debates over such questions as the regulation of commerce between the States and the proposed national aid to State education indicate that our future political history is likely to deal largely with questions involving the powers of the legislative branch. Our people, who have the faculty of not crossing bridges till a long time after they come to them, are not less likely than heretofore to rely on chance to take them over future constitutional chasms. But we need the preventive of a broader popular study of the functions of government,— an understanding of what it may and what it may not do. The use of such a holiday would be to aid in supplying from year to year that strength of intelligent sentiment which in national emergencies is the most practical support of all law.

It is easy to say that our national holidays have become occasions for mere rest and frolic. Even thus, since the national foible is not idleness, it would be better to retain them. But aside from the direct patriotic influence of their celebration, the mere existence of Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Independence Day, or "Thanksgiving" is the challenge of a great idea to the mind. The leaders of the "Labor Party" are shrewd enough to see the advantage to their cause of getting a recognition of it into the national calendar, and they are not likely to lose time in setting about it. The contrast in significance and value between "Constitution Day" and "Labor Day," as one imagines them, well exemplifies the uses to which a national holiday may be put. If the 17th of September needs any other recommendation to the favor of the American people, it may come from the fact that upon that day also was given to the nation one of the wisest and most notable of our State papers,— the "Farewell Address" of its great, unselfish First President.

* On the 8th of June, 1861, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner published in the Hartford "Evening Press" an editorial article favoring the establishment of two new national holidays, namely,— Flag Day, June 14th, and Constitution Day, September 17th. This project — the more appropriate by reason of the national crisis of that year — received considerable attention in the press. September 12th of the same year Mr. Warner published another editorial on Constitution Day, and that year the day was celebrated in several places, especially in Connecticut and Ohio. On the 12th of June, 1862, Mr. Loomis of Connecticut introduced in the House of Representatives a resolution recommending the establishment of the two holidays. On the 13th, after brief debate, this resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 67 to 33. In 1877, the centenary of the adoption of the flag was generally celebrated throughout the North.

Cheap Books.

IT is one of the assumptions of those who oppose International Copyright, either ignorantly or willfully, that this reform will raise the price of books in the United States. We are all agreed that the American people must have cheap books, yet the ordinary answer to this plausible assertion is modeled on Mr. Lowell's memorable saying that "there is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by." I think it is possible to make a broader answer than this by boldly denying the assumption. The passing of the bill proposed by the American Copyright League will not raise the price of any class of books in the United States, with one possible exception. To this exception I will return shortly; in the meanwhile I wish to repeat my assertion, that books will not be any dearer in America after we have passed the copyright bill than they are now. The absence of International Copyright makes books cheaper here only in so far as American publishers are willing to take foreign books without paying for them. A consideration of the present condition and annual statistics of the American book-trade will show that the legal right to pirate is not now utilized by most American publishers, and that those who are still privateers seek their booty chiefly, if not solely, among books of one exceptional class.

From the figures published annually in the "Publishers' Weekly," the following table has been prepared to show the different kinds of books published in the United States during the past five years. (The classification is not quite that of the "Weekly," but has been modified slightly by condensation.)

	1882	*1883*	*1884*	*1885*	*1886*
Education and language	221	197	227	225	275
Law	261	397	455	431	469
Science (medical, physical, mathematical, political, and social)	406	407	511	443	499
Theology, religion, mental and moral philosophy	347	390	399	460	395
History	118	119	115	137	182
Literary history and miscellany, biography and memoirs, description and travel, humor and satire	559	521	529	501	719
Poetry and the drama	182	184	222	171	220
Juveniles	278	331	358	388	458
Fiction	767	670	943	934	1080
Et cetera	333	265	329	330	379
Total	3472	3481	4088	4020	4676

Taking up these classes in turn, we shall see what will be the effect on each of the passage of the bill of the American Copyright League. On the first class, education and language, there would be no effect at all, as the text-books now used in American schools were written by Americans and are covered by copyright: it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the American school-boy never sees a book of foreign authorship in school-hours; — I know that I never did until after I had entered college, and then very infrequently. Fortunately for the future of our country, young Americans are brought up on American books. The foundation of American education is the native Webster's Spelling-book. In some respects the making of school-books is the most important branch of the publishing business, and the passage of the copyright bill would not influence it in any way; American school-books would be neither dearer nor cheaper.

In the second class, law, are included a tenth of the books published in the United States last year, and from the inexorable circumstances of the case most of these books are of American authorship and are already protected by copyright. All reports, and all treatises on practice and on constitutional law, etc., are of necessity national. Now and again an English treatise of marked merit may be edited for the use of American lawyers with references to American cases, but this is infrequent; and not often would the price of any work needed by the American lawyer be increased by the passage of the copyright bill.

Of books in the third and fourth classes — science and theology — very few indeed are ever pirated. Once in every three or four years there appears in England or France or Germany a book like Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ," the American price of which is lowered by rival reprints. A large majority of these books are written by American authors; and in general the minority by foreign authors are published here by an arrangement with the foreign author tantamount to copyright. Although purely ethical considerations ought to have more weight with readers of books of this class than with those of any other, yet it would be only infrequently that the price of any book of this class would be raised by giving to the literary laborer who made it the right to collect the hire of which he is worthy.

Taken together, the next three classes on the list — history; literary history and miscellany, biography and memoirs, description and travel, humor and satire; and poetry and the drama — include nearly all of what used to be called Belles Lettres (except fiction), and they supply nearly a quarter of the books published in America. In these and in the preceding classes most of the books are of American authorship, and most of those of foreign authorship are published at just the same price as though they were by native writers. It would probably surprise most readers who imagine that the absence of International Copyright gives us many inexpensive histories and biographies and books of travel and poems, if they were to consider carefully the catalogues of the paper-covered collections which furnish forth our cheap literature. Among the chief of these collections are the "Franklin Square Library" and "Harper's Handy Series." In 1886, there were issued fifty-four numbers of the "Franklin Square Library," one of which was by an American. Of the remaining fifty-three, forty-six were fiction, and only seven numbers could be classified as history, biography, travels, or the drama — only seven of these books in one year, and they were less than one-seventh of the books contained in this collection. In the same year there were sixty-two numbers in "Harper's Handy Series." Deducting four by American authors

we have fifty-eight books issued in cheap form owing to the absence of International Copyright. Of these fifty-eight books fifty-two were fiction, and only six belonged in other branches of Belles Lettres,—only six of these books in one year, and they were less than one-ninth of the series. In these two cheap collections then, there were published in 1886 one hundred and eleven books of foreign authorship, and of these all but thirteen were novels or stories. Not one of these thirteen books was a work of the first rank which a man might regret going without. It may as well be admitted frankly that these thirteen books would probably not have been published quite so cheaply had there been International Copyright; but it may be doubted whether if that were the case, the cause of literature and education in the United States would have been any the worse.

In the class of books for the young there are probably more works of foreign authorship sold than in any other class that we have hitherto considered, but in most cases they are not sold at lower prices than American books of the same character. Indeed, I question whether many English or French books for the young are sold at all in America. At bottom the American boy is more particular and harder to please than the American woman; he likes his fiction home-made and he has small stomach for imported stories about the younger son of a duke. He has a wholesomer taste for native work; no English juvenile magazine is sold in the United States, although several American juvenile magazines are sold in Great Britain. We export books for the young, and we import them only to a comparatively slight extent.

I come now to the one class of books the price of which would be increased by the granting of International Copyright. This is the large and important class of fiction. Of course American novels would be no dearer; and probably translations from the French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian would not vary greatly in price. But English novels would not be sold for ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cents each. We should not see five or ten rival reprints of a single story by the most popular English novelists. There would be but a single edition of the latest novels of the leading British story-tellers, and this would be offered at whatsoever price the authorized publisher might choose to ask, sometimes much, generally little. English fiction would no longer cost less than American fiction. The premium of cheapness which now serves to make the American public take imported novels instead of native wares would be removed; and with it would be removed the demoralizing influence on Americans of a constant diet of English fiction. That American men and women should read the best that the better English novelists have to offer us is most desirable; that our laws should encourage the reading of English stories, good and bad together, and the bad, of course, in enormous majority, is obviously improper and unwise. A well-nigh exclusive diet of English fiction full of the feudal ideas and superstitions and survivals of which we have been striving for a century to rid ourselves, is not wholesome for those who need to be strengthened and enlightened to do their duty as citizens of a free republic. The strongest argument against novel-reading just now is that the novel which an American is most likely to read is British. "Society is a strong solution of books," Dr. Holmes tells us; "it draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves." And in like manner society draws the vice out of what is least worth reading. Unfortunately under the present state of the law, society in America is far less likely to get what is best worth reading than what is least worth reading.

The passage of the Authors' Copyright Bill would tend to correct this evil: it would make English novels dearer, probably; but it would have very little effect on the prices of other books.

Brander Matthews.

Occupations of the Blind.

(EDUCATION OF THE BLIND—CONCLUDED.)

ANY person of average endowments, if deprived of sight in the early part of life, before his habits of seeing have become too firmly fixed, will be able after a few years' experience to overcome all the actual difficulties directly occasioned by loss, and to do the same work that others do in his chosen vocation and do it equally well, though it may be at the expense of rather more time and strength and by somewhat different methods. He will not need or wish to ask for sympathy or special favors or partial judgment from his patrons, but will be glad to stand alone, fight his own battles and rely on his own resources; but he ought in justice to be allowed an equal chance with his seeing competitors, to be able to demand that no discrimination be made against him without a fair trial, that his work be valued wholly upon its merits, irrespective of his manner of performing it, or of the fact that the majority, failing to understand how he is able to do it, hasten to presuppose him unable by consequence.

In reality there are comparatively few occupations in which, so far as they are themselves concerned, the blind may not compete with a fair chance of success; though among those possible, some present far greater intrinsic difficulty than others, and the amount of public credence and support to be counted on in each depends largely upon the number of familiar precedents which can be cited in that particular branch.

It may be laid down as a general rule that those departments of activity which are purely intellectual, or in which the physical elements employed are within the reach of touch and hearing, are all feasible; while those will be the most advantageous in which special demand is made upon the faculties which the blind are forced to cultivate to an unusual degree, such as hearing and memory.

To begin with manual labor: Certain kinds of farming offer an excellent opening, like market-gardening, the raising of poultry and small fruits, dairy work, and like occupations which are carried on within circumscribed limits and all parts of which may be brought within arm's-length. Besides chair-seating and broom-making, upholstery and cabinet work might be undertaken with ease and profit. Great skill with tools is no uncommon thing with the blind, and the joining and polishing of furniture can be done as well by touch as by sight. The qualities and differences in woods and stuffs could easily be distinguished by their texture and weight, and their colors would be a simple matter of memory.

It is a popular fallacy, widespread and wholly baseless, that the blind can tell color by feeling. I regret to say that considerable humbug has been carried on in this respect at certain public institutions and in private, by persons who knew better and ought to have been ashamed of it, for the purpose of astounding and interesting the public. It is a very simple matter to keep beads or worsteds of different hues in different compartments, or to recognize each, when mixed, by size or quality or some slight peculiarity unnoticed by the casual observer, and thus to select with accuracy, as if by the color, and keep up the delusion.

Among the higher forms of skilled labor peculiarly adapted to the blind is that of tuning musical instruments, especially the piano,— an entirely creditable and quite remunerative occupation, in which their exceptionally fine sense of hearing is utilized to the full.

In the higher intellectual spheres the employment of teaching affords a wide and promising field, philosophical and metaphysical branches, as well as languages, furnishing probably the most favorable opportunities; the latter, in particular, giving fullest scope to a fine ear and exceptional memory. There is many a professor's chair in the country to which a gifted blind person might aspire, so far as his ability to fill it is concerned, though to secure the appointment might be another matter. The pulpit and the lecture-platform also offer opportunities and attractions, and have already been honorably represented by members of this class. But the realms in which sight may be most easily dispensed with, and which present the fewest barriers to the entrance and successful progress of those deprived of it, are music and literature. Given a fair amount of ability and natural aptitude, they offer an open, easily accessible plane of activity, with few disadvantages, save for some minor technical points, which may be overcome with scarcely a third more work than others would require. The intense inner life and strong personality, the habits of concentration and introspection, the accumulated imaginative and emotional power of minds in a measure cut off from natural outlets and forced in upon themselves, here find free vent and are brought into active requisition; while in music a superiority in the faculties of touch, hearing, and memory may be utilized to the full.

It may be asked why, then, have so few sightless persons attained preëminence in this branch, while so many who have attempted it have reached only mediocrity. Because, until very recently, few, if any, of their guardians and instructors have had sufficient faith in their capability to give them even a fair training and average opportunities. While their seeing competitors are spending years of time, and thousands of dollars upon their studies, at the art centers of Europe, they are kept at special schools, under the musical guidance, for the most part, of inexperience, indolence, and incompetency, any patient person who can be had cheap being considered good enough to fill the post of teacher at such institutions. I am glad to recall a few exceptions of teachers who are doing good work, and if their number can be increased till a really high standard becomes general, the results of the future in this regard will tell a different tale.

Though not, perhaps, within the limits of my theme, I would fain touch here upon one point, than which none is more erroneously regarded in connection with the blind. I refer to the probabilities for them of domestic relations and happiness.

The prevailing opinion of the world is, that a young person deprived of sight is necessarily doomed to a single and solitary existence; that for him the experiences of love and marriage are altogether out of the question, unless he be united with an unfortunate person suffering from his own or some equal infirmity, or, in very exceptional instances, chance upon a mate so imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice as to espouse, from sheer pity, a person thus afflicted.

This seems at first a fair statement, and would, indeed, be a just conclusion, were it not deduced from unjust premises. That is, if the blind all were, or necessarily must be, the helpless, useless, whining objects of charity which they are generally — alas! often with reason — considered, there could be no two opinions as to the right of expecting any normal man or woman to be doomed to their society for life. But on the other hand, if a sightless person, by undue efforts, or unusual talents, or both, has succeeded in overcoming his misfortune, and in placing himself on a par with others, I see no reason why he may not deserve and expect a fair share of life's happiness in this as in other respects.

I have endeavored in these papers to treat the class under consideration with strict impartiality and candor — as children, as students, as active self-supporting citizens and heads of families — and to prove, for the encouragement of fellow-beings similarly burdened, the comfort of their friends, and the enlightenment of the public, what has long been my own opinion, justified by facts and experience, that loss of sight, though always deplorable, is not necessarily the hopeless and overwhelming misfortune which it is universally thought to be.

Edward B. Perry.

Re-Unions.

It is desired to print in The Century a compact record of the various formal meetings which have taken place between the veterans of the Union and Confederate armies; and in order to make the list more complete, the Editor will receive with thanks information of the less widely known occasions of the kind, including place, date, and names of war-organizations participating,— and accompanied, so far as possible, by printed reports of the proceedings. Address "Reunion," The Century Magazine, 33 East 17th street, New York City.

The Frontispiece Portrait of Lincoln.

The photograph from which the frontispiece to this number was engraved was taken in Springfield, Illinois, early in 1861, soon after Lincoln's election. A steel engraving of this picture was used on the original ten-dollar greenback and, later, on one of the issues of 5-20 bonds. This photograph belonged to the late F. W. Ballard, to whom it was given by Mr. Lincoln.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Helen.

On certing subjects I jest know:
  There 's gals an' gals, I say,
An' the purtiest — don't care where you go —
  Lived yender, crost the way.

Them ankles, round as a rollin'-pin;
  That braid which hung way down;
All bright as if the day 'd struck in —
  A sky gal on the groun';

A leetle color on her cheek,
  Where the blood looks out o' door,
Like them fust changes on the maples
  From frost, the night afore —

No use in paintin' a snowdrift white,
  I need n't go no fu'ther;
God might, I s'pose — I s'pose he might —
  But he never made another.

We warn't no more nor a year apart,
  I 'd watched her from a chicken; —
I 'm there, right there, when you 're talkin' heart
  An' this 'ere women-pickin'.

We learnt together. At a book
  I hed n't no special sconce,
But in lickin's —'stead o' her, I took
  The ruler more than once.

I 'd danced long wi' her rether reg'lar,
  At most the scrapes in town;
Fact, I hev heerd 't was feared I 'd shake
  The darned old tavern down.

I 'd helped her folks at killin'-time,
  Or when hay was late in cuttin';
An' when their eatin' warn't quite prime,
  Swapt a bit of veal or mutton.

As I said, we started head an' head,
  But she kept gainin' groun';
At last, my dander up, I said,
  "I 'll in, be it swim or drown."

So, 'rangin' on 't some evenin's prev'ous,
  One mornin' I hitched the pair;
An', riggin' out my most mischievous,
  Druv her, spinnin', to the Fair.

To this 'ere time, to put it nice,
  There was nothin' wuth declarin',
'Cept I 'd kissed her onct or twice,
  At a huskin' or a parin'.

The grays, I swings! they made things whistle,
  A-gittin' to the Fair;
An', like a gold finch on a thistle,
  She sot beside me square.

As I was sayin', the grays warn't lazy,
  We got there bright an' early;
The dew still glistenin' on the daisy,
  The hills with mist all curly.

It ain't my style — doin' things by halves,
  I cut the entire figur';
We took all in, from the colts an' calves
  To the patent thig-a-magigger.

Ball butter, punkins two foot thro',
  Turnips, an' cheese, an' honey,
Pink-eyes, rag carpets, an' patch quilts too —
  We seen 'em; an' I slung some money.

I scattered the coppers; an' my pile,
  I remarked, I 'd willin' risk it
That a gal I knowed could beat 'em a mile
  On gingerbread and biscuit.

We heerd the speech an' lots o' the band,
  See the trot an' plowin' matches;
An' I never so much as techt her hand —
  Though there was some close scratches.

We made a day on 't: see all the stock,
  The fruit, the home manufactur's,
An' got away at eight o'clock,
  'Thout any compound fractur's.

The air was closter than I need,
  An' gin me a sort o' chokin';
So I druv at no partic'lar speed,
  An' tried to pluck up, jokin'.

The makeshift did n't take, somehow,
  An', rether wuss than better,
Sez I, "I 'll bring things hum, right now;
  If she mittings me — let her.

"Helen," sez I, a-takin' her hand,
  "Anent the fire-fly's spark,
That's jest my fix — you understand —
  A-burnin' in the dark."

She sot as straight, sir, straight an' still,
  As a rabbit in the wood —
On top the choke I took a chill;
  She certing understood.

"The goldenrods are comin' on,
  The sumachs growin' brighter;
The singin' birds hev quit, an' gone";—
  I squeezed a leetle tighter.

"It 's lonesome like (ez you be fair
  I know you 'll be forgivin'),
An' I 've a castle in the air
  Too big for *one* to live in.

"Since fust we played house-keep together —"
  Here come a flash o' lightnin'!
My back-bone felt like a big wet feather,
  But I kept my hand a-tightenin'.

"Ever since that day —" an' there I broke.
  So did a clap o' thunder:
It seemed as if the hevings spoke,
  An' I could see it stunned her.

She dropt them long, thick, sweepin' lashes,
  And her face grew white all over,
Like where a sprinklin' of wood ashes
  Brings up the new white clover.

I — guess we 'll let the subjeck drop.
  Do you hear that youngster yellin'?
When he begins, I allers stop,
  Give the floor to him an' — Helen.

John Vance Cheney.

The Goddess.

(DEDICATED TO T. B. ALDRICH.)

"A MAN should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping a chink in the roof
To keep the Goddess constant and glad."

So thought the poet and so thought I.
A garret I found me without delay,
And hung a picture of lurid gloom —
Dante and Virgil, by G. Doré.

But the saddest picture by far in the room
Was the one I made, with my bottle of ink
Spinning a verse with a thread of thought
While the wind blew fresh through the hat and chink.

I feared that the Goddess might take a cold,
So I placed a chair in the sunset's flame,
And patiently waited a year for her,
But somehow the Goddess never came.

Frozen and sleepy there I sat,
Wasting my paper by the quire,
And warming my inspiration up
In the far-off heat of the sunset fire.

With picture and ink, and roof and chink,
I might have staid till the end of time;
For the heathen lady betrayed my cause,
And never advanced me the ghost of a rhyme.

So I cut the fringe from my trousers-leg,
A silk hat placed on my ex-combed hair,—
"Farewell," I said to the mean, bare room,
"Farewell," to the clouds and zenith air.

Once more I stood in the busy throng,
My hand by my fellow-beings pressed;
For my friends came back in happy crowds
When they found I knew no more than the rest.

Ah, poet! I would you had known, when you wrote,
How very much sadder the case might be,
To live in a garret, alone and aloof,
With never a Goddess for company.

Karl.

At First Sight.

"HAST thou a heart, O deep-eyed girl,
To match that glance of thine?
Hast thou a soul as rich and sweet,
And may I call it mine?"

"I have no heart, O blue-eyed boy;
I am a maid forlorn,
For I dreamed of you and lost my heart
Long years ere I was born!"

"I have thy heart, O beauteous maid,
And hard within my breast
It leaps to meet its owner sweet,
That it may be at rest."

"And I have thine, O fair-eyed lad;
It flutters like a feather":
"Then since they may not be exchanged,
Let 's keep them close together!"

Charles H. Crandall.

"Thou Didst Not Say Me Nay."

I PRESSED thy hand at parting, thou didst not say me nay;
A smile so soft on dimpled cheek and roguish lip 'gan play,
I dared to kiss that tempting cheek,
I dared those honeyed lips to seek;
E'en now I scarce believe it true — thou didst not say me nay.

I asked might I return, Love — thou didst not say me nay;
And now I have nor rest by night, nor have I peace by day.
And still I fear to come again,
And half misdoubt my wondrous gain;
And half misdoubt that I have dreamed thou didst not say me nay.

Jennie W. Netter.

Meditations of a Jealous Rival.

YES, here I lounge and mope,
An abject misanthrope,
As she walks,
And looks up with winsome grace
In *his* red-mustachioed face
While he talks.

Of course she worships *him*,—
You see he 's "in the swim"
And I ain't.
When he speaks, to see her laugh
One would think this golden calf
Was a saint.

The fact is, he 's an heir
And owns his coach and pair,
And a house
Which he wheedled from "papa,"
Whilst I dwell in quarters à
La church mouse.

I 'm but a menial clerk —
I have to grind and work
Like a mill;
And I go with baggy knees
And my coat patched up; but he 's
Dressed to kill.

Whene'er I call, alack,
His hat usurps the rack,
Sure as fate;
And she jokes and romps with him,
But with me she 's very prim
And sedate.

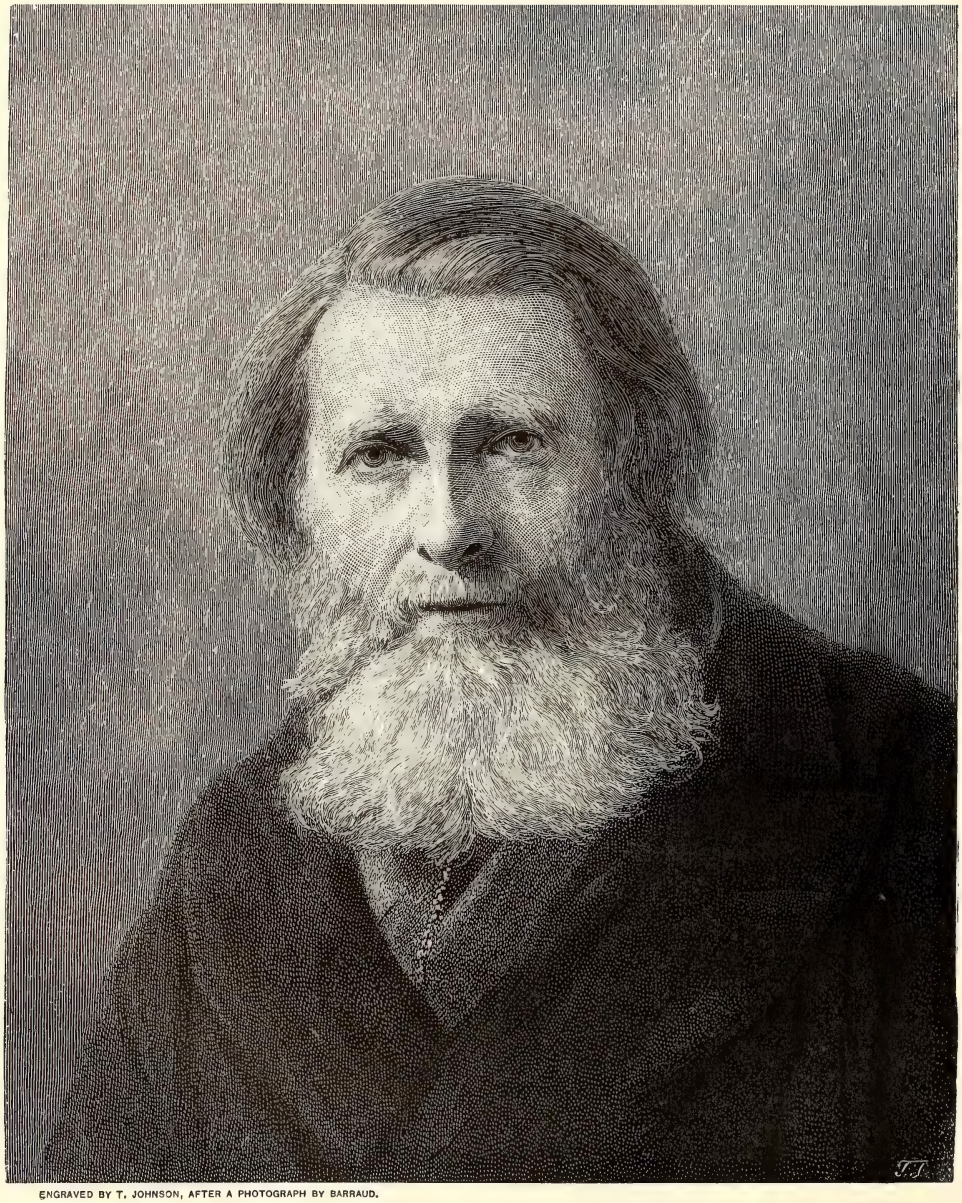
You see the reason why
I moan around and sigh,—
I 've no show:
She is all eyes for the swell;
And I guess I might as well
Let her go.

. . . . . .

They 've turned the corner now,—
She sees me! got a bow!
And a smile!
Lovelier girl I never knew.
P'raps it would be better to
Wait awhile!

W. E. K.

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THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.



BAPTISM OF CHRIST. (FROM CRYPT OF LUCINA. ACCORDING TO ROSSI AND ROLLER.)

AMONG the many objects of interest which claim the attention of visitors to Rome are the Catacombs, or subterranean cemeteries of the early Christians, outside of the city walls. They attract alike the archæologist, the historian, and the theologian. It is now more than fourteen hundred years since the celebrated scholar and monk, St. Jerome, the translator of the Latin Bible, then a student at Rome, used to visit that vast necropolis with his friends on Sundays to quicken his devotion by the sight of the tombs of martyrs and confessors from the times of persecution. "There," he says, "in subterranean depths the visitor passes to and fro between the bodies of those that are buried on both sides of the galleries, and where all is so dark that the prophecy is fulfilled, 'The living go down into Hades.' Here and there a ray from above, not falling in through a window, but only pressing in through a crevice, softens the gloom. As you go onward, it fades away, and in the darkness of night which surrounds you that verse of Vergil comes to your mind:

"'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent'
(Horror on every side, and terrible even the silence)."

The same impression is made in our days, only the darkness is deeper and the tombs are emptied of their treasures; yet the air is filled with the associations of the past when heathen Rome and Christian Rome were engaged in deadly conflict which ended in the triumph of the cross.

Not many years after the days of Jerome, who died at Bethlehem in 420, the Catacombs were virtually closed and disappeared from the memory of the Christian world. The barbarian invasions of Alaric, Genseric, Ricimer, Vitiges, Totila, and the Lombards turned the Eternal City again and again into a heap of ruins and destroyed many valuable treasures of classical and Christian art. The pious barbarism of relic-hunters robbed the graves of martyrs and saints, real and imaginary, of their bones and ornaments and transferred them to the Pantheon and churches and chapels for more convenient worship. Cartloads of relics were sold to credulous and superstitious foreigners.

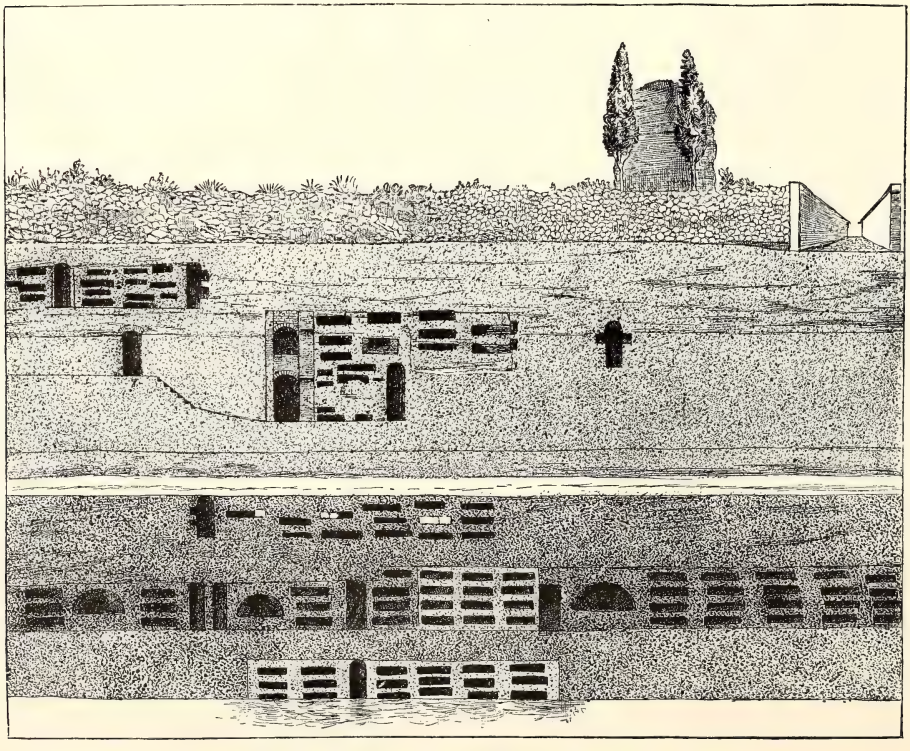
In the year 1578 they were unexpectedly brought to light again, and created as great an interest in the Christian world as the discovery of long-lost Pompeii and Herculaneum in the eighteenth, and the discovery of Nineveh and Babylon, Mycenæ and Troy, in the nineteenth century. Some laborers in a vineyard on the Via Salaria, digging *pozzolana*, came upon an old subterranean cemetery ornamented with fresco paintings, sculptured sarcophagi, and Greek and Latin inscriptions. "On that day," says De' Rossi, "was born the name and the knowledge of *Roma Sotterranea*." A new chapter of ancient church history was opened,

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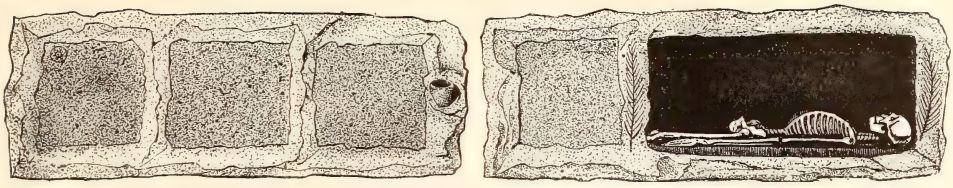
full of instruction about the domestic and social life, the manners and customs of the early Christians, and their religious views in the face of death and eternity. But it was only in our generation that the Catacombs were thoroughly explored and made the subject of systematic and scientific research, free from dogmatic and sectarian prejudices. The acknowledged pioneer in this department of antiquarian knowledge is the still living Cavalier John Baptist de' Rossi of Rome. His monumental Italian work, "Roma Sotterranea" (Rome, 1864–77, 3 vols.), richly illustrated, and his periodical, "Bulletino di Archeologia Christiana," are the chief sources from which Allard, Northcote and Brownlow, Marriott, Kraus, Lundy, Withrow, and others have drawn the material for their more popular works. Next to De' Rossi must be mentioned John Henry Parker, who in the twelfth part of his "Archæology of Rome" (Oxford and London, 1877) discusses the Catacombs, and Théophile Roller, a French Protestant pastor who devoted years of study to the same subject and embodied the results of his researches in two large and richly illustrated folio volumes, "Les Catacombes de Rome" (Paris, 1879-81).

For a long time false opinions were entertained which have been dispelled by modern research. The Catacombs were supposed to be forsaken sandpits and stone-quarries, excavated by the heathen and occasionally used as receptacles for the corpses of slaves and criminals. But it is now ascertained from the difference of soil, which is not at all adapted for building material, and the mode of construction, that they are of *Christian* origin and were intended from the beginning for burial-places. Another error, that they were places of refuge from heathen persecution, has likewise been abandoned. The immense labor required for their construction could not possibly have escaped the notice of the Roman police; and the heathen persecutor, by simply closing the access, could have easily smothered the Christians by thousands if they had taken refuge in those dark and narrow passages. In spite of the knowledge gained on the subject within the last twenty years, these errors are still repeated in popular books, and even in Dr. Killen's "Ancient Church," republished in New York, 1883.

The Catacombs, on the contrary, owe their origin to Roman *toleration*. The imperial government protected by law the burial



A SECTION OF THE CATACOMBS SHOWING SEVERAL STORIES OF TOMBS.



CLOSED. OPEN.

LOCULI, WITH TILES. (SUPPOSED TO BE OF THE SECOND CENTURY.)

clubs, composed mostly of poor people who by regular contributions secured decent interment for their relatives and friends. The Romans were not savages, but civilized men, and respect for the dead is an instinct of human nature — "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

The Catacombs, then, were excavated by the early Christians for the express and sole purpose of burying their dead. The hope of the resurrection of the body made them averse to the custom of cremation then prevailing among the Greeks and the Romans. They adhered to the older Jewish custom of burying the dead in rock-hewn tombs and galleries. Hence the close resemblance of Jewish and Christian cemeteries in Rome. After Constantine, when the Christians could afford to buy and hold land and could bury their dead without fear of disturbance, they located their cemeteries above-ground around their churches and chapels.

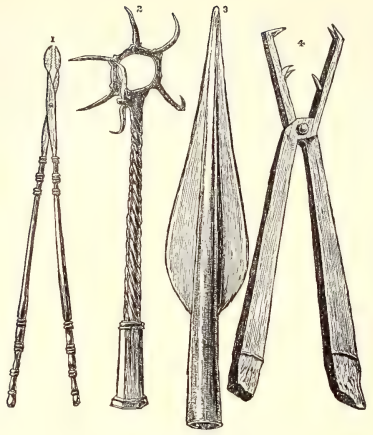
DESCRIPTION OF THE CATACOMBS.

THE Roman Catacombs are long and narrow passages or cross-galleries, excavated in the bowels of the earth in the hills outside and around the city, for the burial of the dead. They are dark and gloomy, with only an occasional ray of light from above. The galleries have two or more stories, all filled with tombs, and form an intricate net-work or subterranean labyrinth. Small compartments *(loculi)* for the reception of the dead were cut out like shelves in the perpendicular walls, and rectangular chambers *(cubicula)* for families or distinguished martyrs. They were closed with a slab of marble or tile. The more wealthy were laid in sarcophagi. The ceiling is flat, sometimes slightly arched. Space was economized so as to leave room usually only for a single person, the average width of the passages being two and one-half to three feet. This economy may be traced to the poverty of the early Christians, and also to their strong sense of community in life and in death. The little oratories with altars and episcopal choirs cut in the tufa are probably of later construction, and could accommodate only a few persons at a time. They were suited for funeral services and private devotion, but not for public worship.

The cemetery of Domitilla (named in the fourth century Sts. Petronillæ, Nerei, et Achillei) is on the Via Ardeatina, and its origin is traced back to Flavia Domitilla, granddaughter or great-granddaughter of Vespasian. She was banished by Domitian (about A. D. 95) to the island of Pontia for professing Christ. Her chamberlains *(eunuchi cubiculari)*, Nereus and Achilleus, according to an uncertain tradition, were baptized by St. Peter, suffered martyrdom, and were buried in a farm belonging to their mistress. In another part of this cemetery De' Rossi discovered the broken columns of a subterranean chapel and a small chamber with a fresco on the



ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMBS.



TOOLS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS.

wall, which represents an elderly matron named "Veneranda," and a young lady, called in the inscription "Petronilla martyr," and pointing to the Holy Scriptures in a chest by her side as the proofs of her faith. The former apparently introduces the latter into Paradise. The name naturally suggests the legendary daughter of St. Peter. But Roman divines, reluctant to admit that the first pope had any children (though his marriage is beyond a doubt, from the record of the Gospels which mention his mother-in-law), understand Petronilla to be a spiritual daughter, as Mark was a spiritual son, of the apostle (1 Pet. v. 13), and make her the daughter of some Roman Petronius or Petro connected with the family of Domitilla.

Other ancient Catacombs are those of Prætextatus, Priscilla (St. Silvestri and St. Marcelli), Basilla (Sts. Hermetis, Basillæ, Proti, et Hyacinthi), Maximus, St. Hippolytus, St. Laurentius, St. Peter and Marcellinus, St. Agnes, and the Ostrianum, ad Nymphas St. Petri, or Fons St. Petri (where Peter is said to have baptized from a natural well). De' Rossi gives a list of forty-two greater or lesser cemeteries, including isolated tombs of martyrs, in and near Rome, which date from the first four centuries, and are mentioned in ancient records.

THE FURNITURE.

THE furniture of the Catacombs is instructive and interesting, but most of it has been removed to churches and museums, and must be studied outside. Articles of ornament, rings, seals, bracelets, necklaces, mirrors, tooth-picks, ear-picks, buckles, brooches, rare coins, innumerable lamps of clay (terra cotta) or of bronze (even of silver and amber), all sorts of tools, and, in the case of children, a variety of playthings were inclosed with the dead. Many of these articles are carved with the monogram of Christ or with other Christian symbols. (The lamps in Jewish cemeteries generally bear a picture of the golden candlestick.)

A great number of flasks and cups, with or without ornamentation, are also found, mostly outside of the graves, and fastened to the grave-lids. These were formerly supposed to have been receptacles for tears, or, from the red, dried sediment in them, for the blood of martyrs. But later archæologists consider them drinking-vessels used in the agapæ and oblations. A superstitious habit prevailed in the fourth century, although condemned by a council of Carthage (397), to give to the dead the eucharistic wine, or to put a cup with the consecrated wine into the grave.



GLASS FLASKS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS. (FROM THE ORIGINALS IN POSSESSION OF GASTON L. FEUARDENT, ESQ.)

The instruments of torture which the fertile imagination of credulous people had discovered, and which were made to prove that almost every Christian buried in the Catacombs was a martyr, are simply implements of handicraft. The instinct of nature prompts the bereaved to deposit in the graves of their kindred and friends those things which were constantly used by them. The idea prevailed also, to a large extent, that the future life was a continuation of the occupations and amusements of the present, but free from sin and imperfection.



LAMPS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS. (FROM THE ORIGINALS IN POSSESSION OF GASTON L. FEUARDENT, ESQ.)

On opening the graves the skeleton frequently appears even now very well preserved, sometimes in dazzling whiteness, as covered with a glistening glory, but falls into dust at the touch.

SYMBOLS.

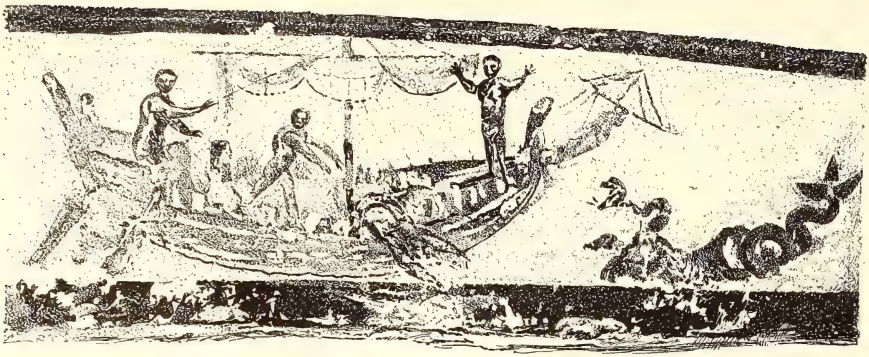
THE following symbols, borrowed from the Scriptures, were frequently represented in the Catacombs, and relate to the virtues and duties of the Christian life: the dove, with or without the olive branch, the type of simplicity and innocence; the ship, representing sometimes the Church as safely sailing through the flood of corruption, with reference to Noah's Ark, sometimes the individual soul on its voyage to the heavenly home under the conduct of the storm-controlling Saviour; the palm-branch, which the seer of the Apocalypse puts into the hands of the elect as the sign of victory; the anchor, the figure of hope; the lyre, denoting festal joy, sweet harmony; the cock, an admonition to watchfulness, with reference to Peter's fall; the hart, which pants for the fresh-water brooks; and the vine, which, with its branches and clusters, illustrates the union of the Christians with Christ according to the parable (John xv. 1–6), and the richness and fullness of Christian life. "What the early Christians felt," says Dean Stanley, "was a new moral influence, a new life stealing through their veins, a new health imparted to their frames, a new courage breathing in their faces, like wine to a weary laborer, like sap in the hundred branches of a spreading tree, like juice in the thousand clusters of a spreading vine."

THE FISH.

THE most favorite symbol in the Catacombs is the fish. This can only be properly understood from the Greek word for fish, which is ΙΧΘΥΣ *(ichthys)*. This is a pregnant anagram containing the initial letters of the words: Ι-ησοῦς Χ-ριστὸς Θ-εοῦ Υ-ἱὸς Σ-ωτήρ — *i.e.*, Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. The fish, therefore, was an allegorical designation of Christ in his character (the Son of God) and his mission (the salvation of the world).

At the same time, the fish was also the symbol of the Christian saved by the great Fisher of Men from the sea of the world. It thus combined the ideas of the Redeemer and the redeemed. It reminded the Christian also of the water of baptism, with its regenerating effect upon the soul. Tertullian says: "We little fishes *(pisciculi)* are born by our fish *(secundum Ichthyn nostrum)*, Jesus Christ, in water, and can thrive only by continuing in water" (that is, if we are faithful to our baptismal vows).

In some pictures the mysterious fish is swim-



JONAH CAST INTO THE SEA. (POSSIBLY FROM THE CRYPT OF CALLISTUS.)

ming in the water with a plate of bread and a cup of wine on his back, with evident allusion to the Lord's Supper.

The oldest Ichthys monument, so far as known, was discovered in 1865, in the cemetery of Domitilla, a hitherto inaccessible part of the Roman Catacombs, and is traced by De' Rossi to the first century.

The symbol of the fish continued to be used till the middle of the fourth century. After this date it occurs only occasionally, as a reminiscence of olden times.

PICTURES.

THE most important remains of the Catacombs are the pictures, sculptures, and epitaphs.

The pictures are painted on the wall and ceiling, and represent Christian symbols, scenes of Bible history, and allegorical conceptions of the Saviour. A few are in pure classic style, and betray an early origin, when Greek art still flourished in Rome; but most of them belong to the period of decay. Prominence is given to pictures of the Good Shepherd and those biblical stories which exhibit the conquest of faith and the hope of the resurrection, as Jonah and the whale, Moses smiting the rock, Daniel in the lions' den, and the resurrection of Lazarus. The mixed character of some of the Christian frescoes may be explained partly from the employment of heathen artists by Christian patrons, partly from old reminiscences. The Etrurians and the Greeks were in the habit of painting their tombs, and Christian Greeks early saw the value of pictorial language as a means of instruction. In technical skill the Christian art is inferior to the heathen, but its subjects are higher and its meaning is deeper.



MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK. (FROM CATACOMBS OF ST. SATURNINUS. END OF THIRD CENTURY.)

The two most interesting pictures are those of the Good Shepherd and of Orpheus, which express those aspects of our Saviour which afforded most comfort to the early Christians. They combine the nobler reminiscences of heathenism with the new religion and make them subservient to Christian ideas.

The allegorical representation of Christ as the Good Shepherd is found not only in the Catacombs but also on household furniture, rings, cups, and lamps. Nearly one hundred and fifty such pictures have come down to us. The shepherd, an appropriate symbol of Christ, is usually represented as a handsome, beardless, gentle youth, in light costume, with a girdle and sandals, with the flute and pastoral staff, carrying a lamb on his shoulder, and standing between two or more sheep that look confidently up to him. Sometimes he feeds a large flock in green pastures. If this was the popular conception of Christ, it stood in contrast with the contemporaneous theological idea of the homely appearance of the Saviour, and anticipated the post-Constantinian conception.

The picture of Orpheus is found twice in the cemetery of Domitilla, and once in that of Callistus. One on the ceiling in Domitilla, apparently from the second century, is especially rich. It represents the mysterious singer,



AGAPÆ OR LOVE-FEAST. (FROM CRYPT OF CALLISTUS. THIRD CENTURY.)

RESTORATION OF SAME.

seated in the center on a piece of rock, playing on the lyre his enchanting melodies to wild and tame animals — the lion, the wolf, the serpent, the horse, the ram — at his feet and the birds in the trees. Around the central figure are several biblical scenes,— Moses smiting the rock, David aiming the sling at Goliath, Daniel among the lions, the raising of Lazarus. The heathen Orpheus — the reputed author of monotheistic hymns (the *Orphica*), the center of so many mysteries, the fabulous charmer of all creation — appears here either as a symbol and type of Christ himself, or, like the heathen Sibyl, as an antitype and unconscious prophet of Christ, announcing and foreshadowing him as the conqueror of all the forces of nature, as the harmonizer of all discords, and as the ruler over life and death.

THE SACRAMENTS.

Two sacraments are represented, the Lord's Supper and Baptism. The Lord's Supper was first celebrated in connection with the Agapæ or Love-Feast, in imitation of the Jewish Passover. A picture in the Catacombs exhibits the Saviour in the midst of the disciples reclining around the table, instituting the Holy Communion.

Of baptism there are several pictures. The catechumen stands in water or rises out of the water, while the baptizer stands on the shore, completing the act or helping the baptized. River baptism, or, as the "Teaching of the Apostles" has it, baptism "in living (running) water, was the favorite mode in the first three centuries, in imitation of Christ's baptism in the Jordan. In the age of Constantine special baptisteries were built."



THE GOOD SHEPHERD. (FROM CRYPT OF LUCINA.)



ORPHEUS.

THE PRAYING WOMAN.

A WOMAN in praying posture frequently appears on the walls of the Catacombs. Roman Catholic

archæologists see in that figure the earliest representation of the Virgin Mary praying for sinners; others interpret it as the mother church, or as both combined.

THE SCULPTURES.

THE works of sculpture are mostly found on sarcophagi. Many of them are collected in the Lateran Museum. Few of them date from the ante-Nicene age. They represent in relief the same subjects as the wall-pictures, so far as they could be worked in stone or marble, especially the resurrection of Lazarus, Daniel among the lions, Moses smiting the rock, and the sacrifice of Isaac.

Among the oldest Christian sarcophagi are those of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine (d. 328), and of Constantia, his daughter (d. 354), both of red porphyry, and preserved in the Vatican Museum. The sculpture on the former probably represents the triumphal entry of Constantine into Rome after his victory over Maxentius; the sculpture on the latter, the cultivation of the vine, probably has a symbolical meaning.

The richest and finest of all the Christian sarcophagi is that of Junius Bassus, Prefect of Rome A. D. 359, and five times consul, in the crypt of St. Peter's in the Vatican. It was found in the Vatican cemetery (1595). It is made of Parian marble in Corinthian style. The subjects represented in the upper part are the sacrifice of Abraham, the capture of St. Peter, Christ seated between Peter and Paul, the capture of Christ, and Pilate washing his



BAPTISM OF A BOY.
(CRYPT ATTRIBUTED TO POPE CALIXTUS.)

hands; in the lower part are the temptation of Adam and Eve, the suffering of Job, Christ's entrance into Jerusalem, Daniel among the lions, and the capture of St. Paul.

EPITAPHS.

> "Homely phrases, but each letter
> Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,
> Full of all the tender pathos
> Of the Here and the Hereafter."

To perpetuate, by means of sepulchral inscriptions, the memory of relatives and friends, and to record the sentiments of love and esteem, of grief and hope, in the face of death and eternity, is a custom common to all civilized ages and nations. These epitaphs are limited by space, and often provoke rather than satisfy curiosity, but contain, nevertheless, in poetry or prose, a vast amount of biographical and historical information. Many a graveyard is a broken record of the church to which it belongs.

The Catacombs abound in such monumental inscriptions, Greek and Latin, or strangely mixed (Latin words in Greek characters), often rudely written, badly spelt, mutilated, and almost illegible, with and without symbolical figures. The classical languages were then in process of decay, like classical eloquence and art, and the great majority of Christians were poor and illiterate people. One name only is given in the earlier epitaphs; sometimes the age, and the day of burial, but not the date of birth.

More than fifteen thousand epitaphs from the first six centuries in Rome alone have been collected, classified, and explained by De' Rossi, and their number is constantly increasing. Benedict XIV. founded, in 1750, a Christian museum, and devoted a hall in the Vatican to the collection of ancient sarcophagi. Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. patronized it. In this lapidarian gallery the costly pagan and the simple Christian inscriptions and sarcophagi confront each other on opposite walls, and present a striking contrast. Another important collection is in the Kircherian Museum, in the Roman College; another in the Christian Museum of the University of Berlin. The entire field of ancient epigraphy, heathen and Christian, in Italy and other countries, has been made accessible by the industry and learning of Gruter, Muratori, Marchi, De' Rossi, Le Blant, Böckh, Kirchhoff, Orelli, Mommsen, Henzen, Hübner, Waddington, and McCaul.

The most difficult part of this branch of archæology is the chronology (the oldest inscriptions being mostly undated). Their chief interest for the church historian is their religion, so far as it may be inferred from a few words.

The keynote of the Christian epitaphs, as

compared with the heathen, is struck by Paul in his words of comfort to the Thessalonians, that they should not sorrow like the heathen, who have no hope, but remember that, as Jesus rose from the dead, so God will raise them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus.

Hence, while the heathen epitaphs rarely express a belief in immortality, but often describe death as an eternal sleep, the grave as a final home, and are pervaded by a tone of sadness, the Christian epitaphs are hopeful and cheerful. The farewell on earth is followed by a welcome from heaven. Death is but a short sleep; the soul is with Christ and lives in God; the body waits for a joyful resurrection,—this is the sum and substance of the theology of Christian epitaphs. The symbol of Christ *(Ichthys)* is often placed at the beginning or end to show the ground of this hope. Again and again we find the brief but significant words: "In peace." "He [or "she"] sleeps in peace." "Live in God" [or "in Christ"]. "Live forever." "He rests well." "God quicken thy spirit." "Weep not, my child; death is not eternal." "Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in the tomb." "Here Gordian, the courier from Gaul, strangled for the faith, with his whole family, rests in peace. The maid servant, Theophila, erected this."

At the same time, stereotyped heathen epitaphs continued to be used (but of course not in a polytheistic sense), as, "Sacred to the funeral gods" [or "to the departed spirits"]. The laudatory epithets of heathen epitaphs are rare, but simple terms of natural affection very frequent, as, "My sweetest child"; "Innocent little lamb"; "My dearest husband"; "My dearest wife"; "My innocent dove"; "My well-deserving father" [or "mother"]; A. and B. "lived together" [for 15, 20, 30, 50, or even 60 years] "without any complaint or quarrel, without taking or giving offense." Such commemoration of conjugal happiness, and commendations of female virtues, as modesty, chastity, prudence, diligence, frequently occur also on pagan monuments, and prove that there were many exceptions to the corruption of Roman society as painted by Juvenal and the satirists.

Some epitaphs contain a request to the dead in heaven to pray for the living on earth. At a later period we find requests for intercession in behalf of the departed when once, chiefly through the influence of Pope Gregory I., Purgatory became an article of general belief in the Western church. But the overwhelming



ONE OF THE ORANTES, OR PRAYING FIGURES. (FROM ST. SATURNINUS. ABOUT END OF THIRD, OR BEGINNING OF FOURTH, CENTURY.)

testimony of the oldest Christian epitaphs is that the pious dead are already in the enjoyment of peace; and this accords with the Saviour's promise to the penitent thief, and with St. Paul's desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Take but this example: "Prima, thou livest in the glory of God, and in the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Philip Schaff.

[The illustrations in this article, with the exception of the flasks and lamps, are copied from "The Catacombs of Rome," by Théophile Roller, by permission of the publishers, V. A. Morel & Co., Paris.]

AU LARGE.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Grande Pointe," etc.



CLAUDE AND MR. TARBOX.

IX.

NOT BLUE EYES, NOR YELLOW HAIR.

WHEN the St. Pierres found themselves really left with only each other's faces to look into and the unbounded world around them, it was the father who first spoke.

"Well, Claude, where you t'ink better go?"

There had been a long, silent struggle in both men's minds; and now Claude heard with joy this question asked in English. To ask it in their old Acadian tongue would have meant retreat; this meant advance. Yet he knew his father yearned for Bayou des Acadiens. Nay, not his father; only one large part of his father's nature,—the old, French, home-loving part.

What should Claude answer? Grande Pointe? Even for St. Pierre alone that was impossible. "Can a man enter a second time into his mother's womb?" No; the thatched cabin stood there—stands there now; but be he happy or unhappy, no power can ever make St. Pierre small enough again to go back into that shell. Let it stand, the lair of one of whom you may have heard, who has retreated straight backward from Grande Pointe and from advancing enlightenment and order — the village drunkard Chatoué.

Claude's trouble, then, was not that his father's happiness beckoned in one direction and his in another; but that his father's was linked on behind his. Could the father endure the atmosphere demanded by the son's widening power? Could the second nature of lifetime habits bear the change? Of his higher spirit there was no doubt. Neither father nor son had any conception of happiness separate from noble aggrandizement—nay, that is scant justice. Far more than they knew, or than St. Pierre, at least, would have acknowledged, they had caught the spirit of Bonaventure, to call it by no higher name, and saw that the best life for self is to live the best possible for others. "For all others,"

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Bonaventure would have insisted; but "for Claude," St. Pierre would have amended. They could not return to Grande Pointe.

Where, then, should they go? Claude stood with his arms akimbo, looked into his father's face, tried to hide his perplexity under a smile, and then glanced at their little pile of effects. There lay their fire-arms, the same as ever; but the bundles in Madras handkerchiefs had given place to traveling-bags, and instead of pots and pans, here were books and instruments. What reply did these things make? New Orleans? The great city? Even Claude shrank from that thought.

No, it was the name of a quite different place they spoke; a name that Claude's lips dared not speak, because, for lo! these months and months his heart had spoken it,—spoken it at first in so soft a whisper that for a long time he had not known it was his heart he heard. When something within uttered and reuttered the place's name, he would silently explain to himself, "It is because I am from home. It is this unfixed camp-life, this life without my father, without Bonaventure, that does it. This is not love, of course; I know that; for, in the first place, I was in love once, when I was fourteen, and it was not at all like this; and, in the second place, it would be hopeless presumption in me, muddy-booted vagabond that I am; and, in the third place, a burnt child dreads fire. And so, it cannot be love. When papa and I are once more together, this unaccountable longing will cease."

But, instead of ceasing, it had grown. The name of the place was still the only word the heart would venture, but it meant always one pair of eyes, one young face, one form, one voice. Still it was not love — oh, no! Now and then the hospitality of some plantation-house near the camp was offered to the engineers, and sometimes, just to prove that this thing was not love, he would accept such an invitation, and even meet a pretty maiden or two, and ask them for music and song — for which he had well-nigh a passion — and talk enough to answer their questions and conjectures about a surveyor's life, etc.; but when he got back to camp, matters within his breast were rather worse than better.

He had then tried staying in camp, but without benefit; nothing cured, everything aggravated. Yet he knew so perfectly well that he was not in love, that, just to realize the knowledge, one evening when his father was a day's march ahead and he was having a pleasant chat with the "chief," no one else nigh, and they were dawdling away its closing hour with pipes, metaphysics, psychology, and like trifles,— which Claude, of course, knew all about,— Claude told him of this singular and amusing case of haunting fantasy in his own experience. His hearer had shown even more amusement than he, and had gone on smiling every now and then afterward, with a significance that at length drove Claude to bed disgusted with him and still more with himself. There had been one offsetting comfort — an unintentional implication had somehow slipped in between his words, that the haunting fantasy had blue eyes and yellow hair.

"All right," the angry youth had muttered, tossing on his iron couch, "let him think so!" And then he had tossed again and said below his breath, "It is not love; it is not. But I must never answer its call; if I do, love is what it will be. My father, my father! would that I could give my whole heart to thee as thou givest all to me!" God has written on every side of our nature — on the mind, on the soul, yes, and in our very flesh — the interdict forbidding love to have any one direction only, under penalty of being forever dwarfed. This Claude vaguely felt; but, lacking the clear thought, he could only cry, "Oh, is it, *is it* selfishness for one's heart just to be hungry and thirsty?"

And now here sat his father, on all their worldly goods, his rifle between his knees, waiting for his son's choice and ready to make it his own. And here stood the son, free of foot to follow that voice which was calling to-day louder than ever before, but feeling assured that to follow it meant love without hope for him, and for this dear father the pain of yielding up the larger share of his son's heart — as if love were subject to arithmetic! — yielding it to one who, thought Claude, cared less for both of them than for one tress of her black hair — one lash of her dark eyes. While he still pondered, the father spoke.

"Claude, I tell you!" His face lighted up with courage and ambition. "We better go — Mervillionville!"

Claude's heart leaped; but he kept his countenance. "Vermillionville? No, papa; you will not like Vermillionville."

"Yass! I will like him. 'T is good place! Bonaventure come from yondah. When I was leav' Gran' Point', Bonaventure, he cry, you know, like I tole you. He tell Sidonie he bringin' ed'cation at Gran' Point' to make Gran' Point' more better, but now ed'cation drive bes' men 'way from Gran' Point'. And den he say, 'St. Pierre, may be you go Mervillionville; dat make me glad,' he say; 'dat way,' he say, 'what I rob Peter I pay John.' Where we go if dawn't go Mervillionville? St. Martinville, Opelousas, New Iberia? Too many Creole yondah for me. Can't go to city; city too big to live in. Why you dawn't like Mervillionville? You

write me letter, when you was yondah, you like him fus' class!"

Claude let silence speak consent. He stooped and began to load himself with their joint property. He had had, in his life, several sorts of trouble of mind; only just now at twenty was he making the acquaintance of his conscience. Vermillionville was the call that had been sounding within him all these months, and Marguerite was the haunting fantasy.

X.

A STRONG TEAM.

I WOULD not wish to offend the self-regard of Vermillionville. But — what a place in which to seek enlargement of life! I know worth and greatness have sometimes, not to say ofttimes, emerged from much worse spots — from little lazy villages, noisy only on Sunday, with grimier court-houses, deeper dust and mud, their trade more entirely in the hands of rat-faced Isaacs and Jacobs, with more frequent huge and solitary swine slowly scavenging about in abysmal self-occupation, fewer vine-clad cottages, raggeder negroes, and more decay. Vermillionville is not the worst, at all. I have known lives to be large and grow large there.

Hither came the two St. Pierres. "No," Claude said; "we will not go to the Beausoleil house." Privately, he would make himself believe he had not returned to anything named Beausoleil, but only and simply to Vermillionville. On a corner opposite the public square there was another "hotel," and it was no great matter to them if it was mostly pine-boards, pale wall-paper, and transferable whitewash. But, not to be outdone by its rival around the corner, it had, besides, a piano of a quality you may guess, and a landlady's daughter who seven times a day played and sang, "I want to be somebody's darling," and had no want beyond. The travelers turned thence, found a third house full, conjectured the same of the only remaining one, and took their way, after all, towards Zoséphine's. It was quite right, now, to go there, thought Claude, since destiny led; and so he let it lead both his own steps and the thumping boots of this dear figure in Campeachy hat and soft, untrimmed beard, that followed ever at his side.

Then, after all! — looking into those quiet black eyes of Zoséphine's, — to hear that Marguerite was not there! Gone! Gone to the great city, the place "too big to live in." Gone there for knowledge, training, cultivation, larger life, and finer uses! Gone to study an art; an art! Risen beyond him — Claude — like a star! And he fool enough to come rambling back, blue-shirted and brown-handed, expecting to find her still a tavern maid! So, farewell, fantasy! 'T was better so; much better. Now life was simplified. Oh, yes; and St. Pierre made matters better still by saying to Zoséphine:

"I di' n' know you got one li'l' gal. Claude never tell me 'bout dat. I 'spec' dat why he dawn't want come yeh. He dawn't like gal; he run f'om 'em like dog from yalla-jacket. He dawn't like none of 'm. What he like, dass his daddy. He jus' married to his daddy." The father dropped his hand, smilingly, upon his son's shoulder with a weight that would have crushed it in had it been ordinary cast-iron.

Claude took the hand and held it, while Zoséphine smiled and secretly thanked God that her child was away. In her letters to Marguerite she made no haste to mention the young man's reappearance, and presently a small thing occurred that made it well that she had left it untold.

With Claude and his father some days passed unemployed. Yet both felt them to be heavy with significance. The weight and pressure of new and, to them, large conditions were putting their inmost quality to proof. Claude saw now what he could not see before — why his friend, the engineer, had cast him loose without a word of advice as to where he should go or what he should do. It was because by asking no advice he had really purposed to be his own master. Now, could he do it? Dare he try it?

The first step he took was taken, I suppose, instinctively rather than intelligently; certainly it was perilous; he retreated into himself. St. Pierre found work afield, for of this sort there was plenty; the husbandmen's year, and the herders', too, were just gathering good momentum. But Claude now stood looking on empty-handed where other men were busy with agricultural utensils or machine; or now kept his room, whittling out the toy miniature of some apparatus, which when made was not like the one he had seen. At last a great distress began to fill the father's mind. There had been a time when he could be idle and whittle; but that time had gone by. That was at Grande Pointe, and now for his son — for Claude — to become a lounger in tavern quarters — Claude had not announced himself to Vermillionville as a surveyor, or as anything — Claude to be a hater of honest labor — was this what Bonaventure called civilize-ation? Better, surely better, go back to the old pastoral life. How yearningly it was calling them to its fragrant bosom! And almost everything was answering the call. The town was tricking out its neglected decay with great trailing robes of roses. The spade and the hoe

were busy in front flower-beds and rear kitchen-gardens. Lanes were green, skies blue, roads good. In the *bas fonds* the oaks of many kinds and the tupelo-gums were hiding all their gray in shimmering green; from their leafy covert, and in the reedy marshes, all the feathered flocks not gone away north were broken into nesting pairs; in the fields crops were springing almost at the sowers' heels; on the prairie pastures, once so vast, now being narrowed so fast by the people's thrift, the flocks and herds ate eagerly of the bright new grass, and foals, calves, and lambs stood and staggered on their first legs, while in the door-yards housewives, hens, and mother geese warned away the puppies and children from downy broods under the shade of the china-trees. But Claude? Even his books lay unstudied and his instruments gathered dust, while he pottered over two or three little wooden things that a boy could not play with without breaking. At last St. Pierre could bear it no longer.

"Well, Claude, dass ten days han'-runnin' now, we ain't do nothin' but whittlin'."

Claude slowly pushed his model from him, looked, as one in a dream, into his father's face, and suddenly and for the first time saw what that father had suffered for a fortnight. But into his own face there came no distress; only, for a moment, a look of tender protestation, and then strong hope and confidence.

"Yass," he said, rising, "dass true. But we dawn't got whittle no mo'." He pointed to the model, then threw his strong arms akimbo and asked, "You know what is dat?"

"Naw," replied the father, "I dunno. I t'ink 't ain't no real mash-in * 'cause I dawn't never see nut'n' like dat at Belle Alliance *plant*-ation, neider at Belmont; and I know, me, if anybody got one mash-in, any place, for do anyt'in' mo' betteh or mo' quicker, Mister Walleece an' M'sieu Le Bourgeois dey boun' to 'ave 'em. Can't hitch nut'n' to dat t'ing you got dare. She too small for a rat. What she is, Claude?"

A yet stronger hope and courage lighted Claude's face. He laid one hand upon the table before him and the other upon the shoulder of his sitting companion.

"Papa, if you want to go wid me to de city, we make one big enough for two mule'. Dass a mash-in — a new mash-in — my mash-in — my invention!"

"Invench? What dat is — invench?"

Some one knocked on the door. Claude lifted the model, moved on tiptoe, and placed it softly under the bed. As he rose and turned again with reddened face, a card was slipped under the door. He took it and read, in a pencil scrawl, "State Superintendent of Public Education" — looked at his father with a broad grin, and opened the door.

* Machine.

Mr. Tarbox had come at the right moment. There was a good hour and a half of the afternoon still left, and he and Claude took a walk together. Beyond a stile and a frail bridge that spanned a gully at one end of the town a noble avenue of oaks leads toward Vermillion River. On one side of this avenue the town has since begun to spread, but at that time there were only wide fields on the right hand and on the left. At the farther end a turn almost at right angles to the left takes you through a great gate and across the railway, then along a ruined hedge of roses, and presently into the oak-grove of the old ex-governor's homestead. This was their walk.

By the time they reached the stile Claude had learned that his friend was at the head of his line, and yet had determined to abandon that line for another —

> "Far up the height —
> Excelsior!"

Also that his friend had liked him, had watched him, would need him, and was willing then and there to assure him a modest salary, the amount of which he specified, simply to do whatever he might call upon him to do in his (Claude's) "line."

They were walking slowly, and now and then more slowly still. As they entered the avenue of oaks, Claude declined the offer. Then they went very slowly indeed. Claude learned that Mr. Tarbox, by some chance not explained, had been in company with his friend the engineer; that the engineer had said, "Tarbox, you 're a born contractor," and that Claude and he would make a "strong team"; that Mr. Tarbox's favorite study was human nature; that he knew talent when he saw it; had studied Claude; had fully expected him to decline to be his employee, and liked him the better for so doing.

"That was just a kind of test vote; see?"

Then Mr. Tarbox offered Claude a partnership; not an equal one, but withal a fair interest.

"We've got to commence small and branch out gradually; see?" And Claude saw.

"Now, you wonder why I don't go in alone. Well, I 'll tell you; and when I tell you, I 'll astonish you. I lack education! Now, Claude, I 'm taking you into my confidence. You 've done nothing but go to school and study for about six years. I had a different kind of father from yours; I never got one solid year's schooling, all told, in my life. I 've picked up cords of information; but an ounce of education 's worth a ton of information. Don't you believe that? Eh? It 's so! I say it, and I 'm

the author of the 'A. of U. I.' I like to call it that, because it brings you and I so near together; see?" The speaker smiled, was still, and resumed:

"That 's why I need you. And I 'm just as sure you need me. I need not only the education you have now, but what you 're getting every day. When you see me you see a man who is always looking awa-a-ay ahead. I see what you 're going to be, and I 'm making this offer to the Claude St. Pierre of the future."

Mr. Tarbox waited for a reply. The avenue had been passed, the railway crossed, and the hedge skirted. They loitered slowly into the governor's grove, under whose canopy the beams of the late afternoon sun were striking and glancing. But all their light seemed hardly so much as that which danced in the blue eyes of Mr. Tarbox while Claude slowly said:

"I dunno if we can fix dat. I was glad to see you comin'. I reckon you jus' right kind of man I want. I jus' make a new invention. I t'ink 'f you find dass good, dat be cawntrac' enough for right smart while. And beside', I t'ink I invent some mo' b'fo' long."

But Mr. Tarbox was not rash. He only asked quiet and careful questions for some time. The long sunset was sending its last rays across the grove-dotted land, and the birds in every tree were filling the air with their sunset song-burst, when the two friends reëntered the avenue of oaks. They had agreed to join their fortunes. Now their talk drifted upon other subjects.

"I came back to Vermillionville purposely to see you," said Mr. Tarbox. "But I 'll tell you privately, you was n't the only cause of my coming."

Claude looked at him suddenly. Was this another haunted man? Were there two men haunted and only one fantasy? He felt ill at ease. Mr. Tarbox saw, but did not understand. He thought it best to speak plainly.

"I 'm courting her, Claude; and I think I 'm going to get her."

Claude stopped short, with jaws set and a bad look in his eye.

"Git who?"

But Mr. Tarbox was calm — even complacent. He pushed his silk hat from his forehead, and said:

> . . . . "'One made up
> Of loveliness alone;
> A woman, of her gentle sex
> The seeming paragon.'

I refer to the Rose of Vermillionville, the Pearl of the Parish, the loveliest love and fairest fair that ever wore the shining name of Beausoleil. She 's got to change it to Tarbox, Claude. Before yon sun has run its course again, I 'm going to ask her for the second time. I 've just begun asking, Claude; I 'm going to keep it up till she says yes."

"She 's not yondah!" snarled Claude, with the frown and growl of a mastiff. "She 's gone to de city."

Mr. Tarbox gazed a moment in blank amazement. Then he slowly lifted his hat from his head, expanded his eyes, drew a long slow groan, turned slowly half around, let the inhalation go in a keen, continuous whistle, and cried:

"Oh! taste! taste! who 's got the taste! What do you take me for? Who are you talking about? That little monkey! Why, man alive, it 's the mother I 'm after; ha, ha, ha!"

If Claude said anything in reply, I can not imagine what it was. Mr. Tarbox had a right to his opinion and taste, if taste it could be called, and Claude was helpless to resent it, even in words; but for hours afterward he execrated his offender's stupidity, little guessing that Mr. Tarbox, in a neighboring chamber, alone, and in his night-robe, was bending, smiting his thigh in silent merriment, and whispering to himself:

"He thinks I 'm an ass! He thinks I 'm an ass! He can't see that I was simply investigating him!"

XI.

HE ASKS HER AGAIN.

CLAUDE and his father left the next day — Saturday. Only the author of the "A. of U. I." knew whither they were gone. As they were going, he said very privately to Claude:

"I 'll be with you day after to-morrow. You can't be ready for me before then, and you and your father can take Sunday to look around and kind o' see the city. But don't go into the down-town part; you 'll not like it; nothing but narrow streets and old buildings with histories to 'em, and gardens hid away inside of 'em, and damp archways, and pagan-looking females, who can't talk English, peeping out over balconies that offer to drop down on you and then don't keep their word; everything old-timey, and Frenchy, and Spanishy; unprogressive — you would n't like it. Go uptown. That 's American. It 's new and fresh. There you 'll find beautiful mansions; mostly frame, it 's true, but made to look like stone, you know. There you 'll see wealth! There you 'll get the broad daylight — 'the merry, merry sunshine, that makes the heart so gay'; see? Yes, and Monday we 'll meet at Jones's, 17 Tchoupitoulas street; all right; I 'll be on hand. But to-day and to-morrow — 'Alabama' — 'here I rest.' I feel constrained" — he laid his hand upon his heart, closed one eye, and whispered — "to stay. I would fain spend

the Sabbath in sweet Vermillionville. You get my idea?"

The Sabbath afternoon beyond the town, where Mr. Tarbox strolled, was lovelier than can be told. Yet he was troubled. Zoséphine had not thus far given him a moment alone. I suppose when a hundred generations more have succeeded us on the earth, lovers will still be blind to the fact that women do not do things our way. How can they? That would be capitulation at once, and even we should find the whole business as stupid as shooting barn-yard fowls.

Zoséphine had walked out earlier than Tarbox. He had seen her go, but dared not follow. He read "Thou shalt not," as plain as print, on her back as she walked quietly away; that same little peremptory back that once in her father's caleche used to hold itself stiff when 'Thanase rode up behind. The occasional townsman that lifted his slouch hat in deep deference to her silent bow did not read unusual care on her fair brow; yet she, too, was troubled.

Marguerite! she was the trouble. Zoséphine knew her child could never come back to these old surroundings and be content. The mother was not willing she should. She looked at a photograph that her daughter had lately sent her. What a change from the child that had left her! It was like the change from a leaf to a flower. There was but one thing to do — follow her. So Zoséphine had resolved to sell the inn. She was gone now to talk with the old ex-governor about finding a purchaser. Her route was not by the avenue of oaks, but around by a northern and then an eastern circuit. She knew Mr. Tarbox must have seen her go; had a genuine fear that he would guess whither she was bound, and yet, deeper down in her heart than woman ever lets soliloquy go, was willing he should. For she had another trouble. We shall come to that presently.

Her suitor walked in the avenue of oaks.

"She 's gone," he said to himself, "to consult the governor about something, and she 'll come back this way." He loitered out across fields, but not too far off or out of sight, and by and by there she came, with just the slightest haste in her walk. She received him with kindly reserve, and they went more slowly, together.

She told where she had been, and that the governor approved a decision she had made.

"Yass; I goin' sell my hotel."

"He 's right!" exclaimed her companion, with joy; "and you 're right!"

"Well, 't ain't sold yet," she responded. She did not smile as she looked at him. He read trouble, some trouble apart from the subject, in her quiet, intense eyes.

"You know somboddie want buy dat?" she asked.

"I 'll find some one," he promptly replied. Then they talked a little about the proper price for it, and then were very still until Mr. Tarbox said:

"I walked out here hoping to meet you."

Madame Beausoleil looked slightly startled, and then bowed gravely.

"Yes; I want your advice. It 's only business, but it 's important, and it 's a point where a woman's instinct is better than a man's judgment."

There was some melancholy satire in her responding smile, but it passed away, and Mr. Tarbox went on:

"You never liked my line of business —"

Zoséphine interrupted, with kind resentment, "Ah!"

"No; I know you did n't. You 're one of the few women whose subscription I 've sought in vain. Till then, I loved my business. I 've never loved it since. I 've decided to sell out and quit. I 'm going into another business; one that you 'll admire. I don't say anything about the man going into it —

> "'Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies'—

but I want your advice about the party I think of going in with. It 's Claude St. Pierre."

Zoséphine turned upon the speaker a look of steady penetration. He met it with a glance of perfect confiding. "She sees me," he said, at the same time, far within himself.

It was as natural to Mr. Tarbox to spin a web as it is for a spider. To manœuvre was the profoundest instinct of his unprofound nature. Zoséphine felt the slender threads weaving around her. But in her heart of hearts there was a certain pleasure in being snared. It could not, to her, seem wholly bad for Tarbox to play spider, provided he should play the harmless spider. Mr. Tarbox spoke again, and she listened amiably.

"Claude is talented. He has what I have n't; I have what he has n't; and together we could make each other's fortunes, if he 's only the square, high-style fellow I think he is. I 'm a student of human nature, and I think I 've made him out. I think he 'll do to tie to. But will he? You can tell me. You read people by instinct. I ask you just as a matter of business advice and in business confidence. What do you think? Will you trust me and tell me — as my one only trusted friend — freely and fully — as I would tell you?"

Madame Beausoleil felt the odds against her, but she looked into her companion's face

with bright, frank eyes and said: "Yass, I t'ink yass; I t'ink *'t is* so."

"Thanks!" said her friend, with unnecessary fervor and tenderness. "Then Claude will be my partner, unless — my dear friend, shall you be so kind — I might almost say confiding — to me, and me not tell you something I think you 'd ought to know? For I hope we are always to be friends; don't you?"

"Yass," she said, very sadly and sweetly.

"Thanks! And if Claude and I become partners, that will naturally bring him into our circle, as it were; see?"

The little madame looked up with a sudden austere exaltation of frame and intensity of face, but her companion rushed on with — "And I 'm going to tell you, let the risk to me be what it may, that it may result in great unhappiness to Claude; for he loves your daughter, who, I know, you must think too good for him!"

Madame Beausoleil blushed as though she herself were Marguerite and Tarbox were Claude.

"Ah! love Marguerite! Naw, naw! He dawn't love noboddie but hees papa! Hees papa tell me dat! Ah, naw! 't is *not* so!"

Mr. Tarbox stopped still; and when Zoséphine saw they were in the shadow of the trees, while all about them was brightened by the momentary southern twilight, she, too, stopped, and he spoke:

"What brought Claude back here when by right he should have gone straight to the city? You might have guessed it when you saw him." He paused to let her revolve the thought, and added in his own mind, "If you had disliked the idea, you 'd 'a' suspected him quick enough" — and was pleased. He spoke again. "But I did n't stop with guessing."

Zoséphine looked up to his face from the little foot that edgewise was writing nothings in the dust.

"No," continued her companion. "I walked with him two evenings ago in this avenue; and right where we stand now, without his ever knowing it — then or now — he as good as told me. Yes, Josephine, he dares to love your beautiful and accomplished daughter! The thought may offend you, but — was I not right to tell you?"

She nodded and began to move slowly on, he following.

"I 'm not betraying any one's confidence," persisted he; "but I can't help but have a care for you. Not that you need it, or anybody's. You can take care of yourself if any man or woman can. Every time your foot touches the ground it says so as plain as words. That 's what first caught my fancy. You have n't got to have somebody to take care of you. O Josephine! that 's just why I want to take care of you so bad! I can take care of myself, and I used to like to do it; I was just that selfish and small; but love 's widened me. I can take care of myself; but, oh! what satisfaction is there in it? Is there any? Now, I ask you! It may do for you, for you 're worth taking care of; but I want to take care of something I need n't be ashamed to love!" He softly stole her hand as they went. She let it stay, yet looked away from him, up through the darkling branches, and distressfully shook her head.

"Don't, Josephine! — don't do that! I want you to take care of me. You could do better, I know, if love was n't the count; but when it comes to loving you, I 'm the edition deloox! I know you 've an aspiring nature, but so have I; and I believe with you to love and you loving me, and counseling and guiding me, I could climb high. O Josephine! it is n't this poor Tarbox I 'm asking you to give yourself to; it 's the Tarbox that is to be; it 's the coming Tarbox! Why, it 's even a good business move! If it was n't, I would n't say a word! You know I can, and will, take the very best care of everything you 've got; and I know you 'll take the same of mine. It 's a good move, every way. Why, here 's everything just fixed for it! Listen to the mocking-bird! See him yonder, just at the right of the stile. See! O Josephine! don't you see he is n't

"'Still singing where the weeping-willow waves';

he 's on the myrtle; the myrtle, Josephine, and the crape-myrtle at that! — widowhood, unwidowed! — Now he 's on the fence — but he 'll not stay there, — and you must n't either!" The suitor smiled at his own ludicrousness, yet for all that looked beseechingly in earnest. He stood still again, continuing to hold her hand. She stole a furtive glance here and there for possible spectators. He smiled again.

"You don't see anybody; the world waives its claim." But there was such distress in her face that his smile passed away, and he made a new effort to accommodate his suit to her mood. "Josephine, there 's no eye on us except it 's overhead. Tell me this: if he that was yours until ten years ago was looking down now and could speak to us, don't you believe he 'd say yes?"

"Oh! I dunno. Not to-day! Not *dis* day!" The widow's eyes met his gaze of tender inquiry and then sank to the ground. She shook her head mournfully. "Naw, naw; not dis day. 'T is to-day 'Thanase was kill'!"

Mr. Tarbox relaxed his grasp and Zoséphine's hand escaped. She never had betrayed to him so much distress as filled her face now.

"De man what kill' him git away! You t'ink I git marrie' while dat man alive? Ho-o-o! You t'ink I let Marguerite see me do dat? Ah, naw!" She waved him away and turned to leave the spot, but he pressed after, and she paused once more. A new possibility lighted his eyes. He said eagerly:

"Describe the man to me. Describe him. How tall was he? How old would he be now? Did they try to catch him? Did you hear me talking yesterday about a man? Is there any picture of him? Have you got one? Yes, you have; it 's in your pocket now with your hand on it. Let me see it."

"Ah! I di' n' want you to see dat!"

"No, I don't suppose, as far as you know yourself, you did." He received it from her, and, with his eyes still on her, continued: "No, but you knew that if I got a ghost of a chance I 'd see you alone. You knew what I 'd ask you — yes, you did, Josephine, and you put this thing into your pocket to make it easier to say no."

"Hah! easier! Hah! easier! I need somethin' to *help* me do dat? Hah! 'T is *not* so!" But the weakness of the wordy denial was itself almost a confession.

They moved on. A few steps brought them into better light. Mr. Tarbox looked at the picture. Zoséphine saw a slight flash of recognition. He handed it back in silence, and they walked on, saying not a word until they reached the stile. But there, putting his foot upon it to bar the way, he said:

"Josephine, the devil never bid so high for me before in his life as he 's bidding for me now. And there 's only one thing in the way; he 's bid too late."

Her eyes flashed with injured resentment. "Ah, you! you dawn't know nut'n'—" But he interrupted:

"Stop, I don't mean more than just what I say. Six years ago — six and a half — I met a man of a kind I 'd never met, to know it, before. You know who I mean, don't you?"

"Bonaventure?"

"Yes. That meeting made a turning-point in my life. You 've told me that whatever is best in you you owe to him. Well, knowing him as I do, I can believe it; and if it 's true, then it 's the same with me; for first he, and then you, have made another man out of me."

"Ah, naw! Bonaventure, may *be;* but not me; ah, naw!"

"But I tell you, yes! you, Josephine! I 'm poor sort enough, yet; but I could have done things once that I can't do now. There was a time when if some miserable outlaw stood, or even seemed, maybe, to stand between me and my chances for happiness, I could have handed him over to human justice, so called, as easy as wink; but now? No, never any more! Josephine, I know that man whose picture I 've just looked at. I could see you avenged. I could lay my hands, and the hands of the law, on him inside of twenty-four hours. You say you can't marry till the law has laid its penalties on him, or at least while he lives and escapes them. Is that right?"

Zoséphine had set her face to oppose his words only with unyielding silence, but the answer escaped her:

"Yass, *'t is* so. 'T is ri-ight!"

"No, Josephine. I know you *feel* as if it were; but you don't *think* so. No, you don't; I know you better in this matter than you know yourself, and you don't think it 's right. You know justice belongs to the State, and that when you talk to yourself about what *you* owe to justice it means something else, that you 're too sweet and good to give the right name to and still want it. You don't want it; you don't want revenge, and here 's the proof; for, Josephine, you know, and I know, that if I — even without speaking — with no more than one look of the eye — should offer to buy your favor at that price, even ever so lawfully, you 'd thank me for one minute and then loathe me to the end of your days."

Zoséphine's face had lost its hardness. It was drawn with distress. With a gesture of repulsion and pain she exclaimed:

"I di' n' mean — I di' n' mean — Ah!"

"What? private revenge? No, of course you did n't! But what else would it be? O Josephine! don't I know you did n't mean it? Did n't I tell you so? But I want you to go farther. I want you to put away forever the *feeling*. I want to move and stand between you and it, and say — whatever it costs me to say it — God forbid! I do say it; I say it now. I can't say more; I can't say less; and somehow,— I don't know how — wherever you learned it — I 've learned it from you."

Zoséphine opened her lips to refuse; but they closed and tightened upon each other, her narrowed eyes sent short flashes out upon his, and her breath came and went long and deep without sound. But at his last words she saw — the strangest thing — to be where she saw it — a tear — *tears* — standing in his eyes; saw them a moment, and then could see them no more for her own. Her lips relaxed, her form drooped, she lifted her face to reply, but her mouth twitched; she could not speak.

"I 'm not so foolish as I look," he said, trying to smile away his emotion. "If the State chose to hunt him out and put him to trial and punishment, I don't say I 'd stand in the way; that 's the State's business; that 's for the public safety. But it 's too late — you and Bonaventure have made it too late — for me

to help any one, least of all the one I love, to be revenged." He saw his words were prevailing and followed them up. "Oh! you don't need it any more than you really want it, Josephine. You must n't ever look toward it again. I throw myself and my love across the path. Don't walk over us. Take my hand; give me yours; come another way; and if you 'll let such a poor excuse for a teacher and guide help you, I 'll help you all I can to learn to say, 'Forgive us our trespasses.' You can begin now, by forgiving me. I may have thrown away my last chance with you, but I can't help it; it 's my love that spoke. And if I have spoiled all, and if for the tears you 're shedding I 've got to pay with the greatest disappointment of my life, still I 've had the glory and the sanctification of loving you. If I must say, I can say,

"'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'

Must I? Are you going to make me say that?"

Zoséphine, still in tears, silently and with drooping head pushed her way across the stile and left him standing on the other side. He sent one pleading word after her:

"Is n't it most too late to go the rest of the way alone?"

She turned, lifted her eyes to his for an instant, and nodded. In a twinkling he was at her side. She glanced at him again and said quite contentedly:

"Yass; *'t is* so," and they went the short remnant of the way together.

XII.

THE BEAUSOLEILS AND THE ST. PIERRES.

You think of going to New Orleans in the spring. Certainly the spring is the time to go. When you find yourself there go some day for luncheon — if they have n't moved it: there is talk of that — to the Christian Women's Exchange, already mentioned, in the Rue Bourbon,— French Quarter. You step immediately from the sidewalk into the former drawing-room of a house built early in the century as a fashionable residence. That at least is its aspect. Notice, for instance, in the back parlor, crowded now, like the front one, with eating-tables, a really interesting old wooden mantel-piece. Of course this is not the way persons used to go in old times. They entered in by the porte-cochère and carriageway upon which these drawing-rooms still open by several glass doors on your right. Step out there. You find a veranda crowded with neat white-clothed tables. Before some late alterations, there was a great trellis full of green sunshine and broken breezes entangled among vines of trumpet-creeper and the Scuppernong grape. Here you will be waited on, by small, blue-calico-robed damsels of Methodist unsophistication and Presbyterian propriety, to excellent refreshment; only, if you know your soul's true interest, eschew their fresh bread and insist on having yesterday's.

However, that is a matter of taste there, and no matter at all here. All I need to add is that there are good apartments overhead to be rented to women too good for this world, and that in the latter end of April, 1884, Zoséphine and Marguerite Beausoleil here made their home.

The tavern was sold. The old life was left far behind. They had done that dreadful thing that everybody deprecates and everybody likes to do — left the country and come to live in the city. And Zoséphine was well pleased. A man who had tried and failed to be a merchant in the city, and his wife, took the tavern; so Zoséphine had not reduced the rural population — had not sinned against "stastistics."

Besides, she had the good conscience of having fled from Mr. Tarbox — put U. and I. apart, as it were — and yet without being so hid but a suitor's proper persistency could find her. Just now he was far away prosecuting the commerical interests of Claude's one or two inventions; but he was having great success; he wrote once or twice — but got no reply — and hoped to be back within a month.

When Marguerite, after her mother's receipt of each of these letters, thought she saw a cloud on her brow, Zoséphine explained, with a revival of that old look of sweet self-command which the daughter so loved to see, that they contained matters of business not at all to be called troubles. But the little mother did not show the letters. She could not; Marguerite did not even know their writer had changed his business. As to Claude, his name was never mentioned. Each supposed the other was ignorant that he was in the city, and because he was never mentioned each one knew the other was thinking of him.

Ah, Claude! what are you thinking of? Has not your new partner in business told you they are here? No, not a word of it. "That 'll keep till I get back," Mr. Tarbox had said to himself; and such shrewdness was probably not so ungenerous after all. "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself," he said one evening to a man who could not make out what he was driving at; and later, Mr. Tarbox added to himself, "The man that flies the kite must hold the thread." So he kept his counsel.

But that does not explain. For we remember that Claude already knew that Marguerite was in the city, at least had her own mother's

word for it. Here, weeks had passed. New Orleans is not so large; its active center is very small. Even by accident, on the street, Canal street especially, he should have seen her time and again.

He did not; at any rate, not to know it. She really kept very busy indoors; and in other doors so did he. More than that, there was his father. When the two first came to the city St. Pierre endured the town for a week. But it was martyrdom doing it. Claude saw this. Mr. Tarbox was with him the latter part of the week. He saw it. He gave his suggestive mind to it for one night. The next day St. Pierre and he wandered off in street-cars and on foot, and by the time the sun went down again a new provision had been made. At about ninety minutes' jaunt from the city's center, up the river, and on its farther shore, near where the old "Company Canal" runs from a lock in the river bank, back through the swamps and into the Baratarian lakes, St. Pierre had bought with his lifetime savings a neat house and fair-sized orangery. No fields? None.

"You see, bom-bye Claude git doze new mash-in all right, he go to ingineerin' ag'in, and him and you [Tarbox] be takin' some cawntrac' for buil' levee or break up old steamboat, or raise somet'in' what been sunk, or somet'in' dat way. And den he certain' want someboddie to boss gang o' fellows. And den he say, 'Papa, I want you.' And den I say how I got fifty arpent'* rice in field. And den he say, 'How I goin' do wid out you?' And den dare be fifty arpent' rice gone." No, no fields.

Better here, with the vast wet forest at his back; the river at his feet; the canal, the key to all Barataria, Lafourche, and Terrebonne, full of Acadian fishermen, hunters, timber-cutters, moss-gatherers, and the like; the great city in sight from yonder neighbor's balustraded house-top; and Claude there to rally to his side or he to Claude's at a moment's warning. He would be an operator — think of that! — not of the telegraph; a commercial operator in the wild products of the swamp, the *prairies tremblantes*, the lakes, and in the small harvests of the *pointes* and bayou margins: moss, saw-logs, venison, wild-duck, fish, crabs, shrimp, melons, garlic, oranges, Perique tobacco. "Knowledge is power." He knew wood, water, and sky by heart; spoke two languages; could read and write, and understood the ways and tastes of two or three odd sorts of lowly human kind. Self-command is dominion; I do not say the bottle never went to his lips, but it never was lifted high. And now to the blessed maxim gotten from Bonaventure he added one given him by Tarbox: "In h-union ees strank!" Not mere union of hands alone, but of counsels! There were Claude and Tarbox and he! For instance: at Mr. Tarbox's suggestion Claude brought to his father from the city every evening, now the "Picayune" and now the "Times-Democrat." From European and national news he modestly turned aside. Whether he read the book-notices I do not know; I hope not. But when he had served supper — he was a capital camp-cook — and he and Claude had eaten, and their pipes were lighted, you should have seen him scanning the latest quotations and debating the fluctuations of the moss market, the shrimp market, and the garlic market!

Thus Claude was rarely in the city save in the busy hours of the day. Much oftener than otherwise he saw the crimson sunsets and the cool purple sunrises as he and St. Pierre pulled in the father's skiff diagonally to or fro across the Mississippi between their cottage and the sleepy outposts of city street-cars just under the levee at the edge of that green oak-dotted plain where a certain man, as gentle, shy, and unworldly as our engineer friend thought Claude to be, was raising the vast buildings of the next year's Universal Exposition.

But all this explains only why Claude did not, to his knowledge, see Marguerite by accident. Yet by intention! why not by intention? First, there was his fear of sinning against his father's love. That alone might have failed to hold him back; but, second, there was his helplessness. Love made Tarbox brave; it made Claude a coward. And, third, there was that helpless terror of society in general, of which we have heard his friend talk. I have seen a strong horse sink trembling to the earth at the beating of an empty drum. Claude looked with amazed despair at a man's ability to overtake a pretty acquaintance in Canal street and walk and talk with her. He often asked himself how he had ever been a moment at his ease those November evenings in the tavern's back-parlor at Vermillionville. It was because he had a task there; sociality was not the business of the hour.

Now I have something else to confess about Claude; something mortifying in the extreme. For you see the poverty of all these explanations. Their very multitude makes them weak. "Many fires cannot quench love." What was the real matter? I will tell.

Claude's love was a deep sentiment. He had never allowed it to assert itself as a passion. The most he would allow it to be was a yearning. It was scarcely personal. While he was with Marguerite in the inn, his diffidence alone was enough to hide from him the impression she was making on his heart. In all

* Forty-two acres.

their intercourse he had scarcely twice looked her full in the face. Afterward she had simply become in memory the exponent of an ideal. He found himself often, now, asking himself, Why are my eyes always looking for her? Should I, actually, know her, were I to see her on this sidewalk or in this street-car? And while still asking himself these silent questions, what does he do one day but fall — to all intents and purposes, at least — fall in love — pell-mell — up to the eyebrows — with another girl!

Do you remember Uncle Remus's story of Brer Rabbit with the bucket of honey inverted on him? It was the same way with Claude. "He wa' n't des only bedobble wid it, he wuz des kiver'd." It happened thus: An artist friend whose studio was in Carondelet street, just off Canal, had rented to him for a workroom a little loft above the studio. It had one window looking out over roofs and chimney-pots upon the western sky, and another down into the studio itself. It is right to say friend, although there was no acquaintanceship until it grew out of this arrangement. The artist, a single man, was much Claude's senior; but Claude's taste for design and love of work, and the artist's grave sincerity, simplicity, and cordiality of character — he was a Spaniard with a Spaniard's perfect courtesy — made a mutual regard, which only a common diffidence prevented from running into comradeship.

One Saturday afternoon Claude, thirsting for outdoor air, left his aerie for a short turn in Canal street. The matinée audiences were just out, and the wide balcony-shaded sidewalks were crowded with young faces and bright attires. Claude was crossing the "neutral ground" toward Bourbon street, when he saw coming out of it a young man who might be a Creole, and two young girls in light and what seemed to him extremely beautiful dresses, especially that of the farther one, who, as the three turned with buoyant step into Canal street to their left, showed for an instant the profile of her face, and then only her back. Claude's heart beat consciously, and he hurried to lessen the distance between them. He had seen no more than the profile, but for the moment in which he saw it it seemed to be none other than the face of Marguerite!

XIII.

THE CHASE.

CLAUDE came on close behind. No; now he could see his mistake,— it was not she. But he could not regret it. This was Marguerite repeated, yet transcended. The stature was just perceptibly superior. The breadth and grace of these shoulders were better than Marguerite's. The hair, arranged differently, and far more effectively than he had ever seen it on Marguerite's head, seemed even more luxurious than hers. There was altogether a finer dignity in this one's carriage than in that of the little maid of the inn. And see, now,— now! — as she turns her head to glance into this shop window! It is, and it is n't, it is n't and it is, and — no, no, it is not Marguerite! It is like her, in profile; singularly like, yet far beyond her; the nose a little too fine, and a certain sad firmness about the mouth and eyes, as well as he could see in the profile,— but profiles are so deceptive,— that he had never seen in Marguerite.

"But how do I know? What do I know?" he asked himself, still following on. "The Marguerite I know is but a thing of my dreams, and this is not that Marguerite of my actual sight, to whom I never gave a word or smile or glance that calls for redemption. This is the Marguerite of my dreams."

Claude was still following, when without any cause that one could see the young man of the group looked back. He had an unpleasant face; it showed a small offensive energy that seemed to assert simply him and all his against you and all yours. His eyes were black, piercing, and hostile. They darted their glances straight into Claude's. Guilty Claude! dogging the steps of ladies on the street! He thrilled with shame, turned a corner into Exchange Alley, walked a little way down it, came back, saw the great crowd coming and going, vehicles of all sorts hurrying here and there; ranks of street-cars waiting their turns to start to all points of the compass; sellers of peanuts and walking-sticks, buyers of bouquets, acquaintances meeting or overtaking one another, nodding bonnets, lifted hats, faces, faces, faces; but the one face was gone.

Caught, Claude? And by a mere face? The charge is too unkind. Young folly, yes, or old folly, may read goodness rashly into all beauty, or not care to read it in any. But it need not be so. Upon the face of youth the soul within writes its confessions and promises; and when the warm pulses of young nature are sanctified by upward yearnings and a pure conscience, the soul that seeks its mate will seek that face which, behind and through all excellences of mere tint and feature, mirrors back the seeker's own faiths and hopes; and when that is found, that to such a one is beauty. Judge not; you never saw this face, fairer than Marguerite's, to say whether its beauty was mere face, or the transparent shrine of an equal nobility within.

Besides, Claude would have fired up and denied the first word of the charge with unpleasant flatness. To be caught means to be

in love; to be in love implies a wish and hope to marry, and these were just what Claude could not allow. May not a man, nevertheless, have an ideal of truth and beauty and look worshipfully upon its embodiment? Humph!

His eyes sought her in vain not only on that afternoon, but on many following. The sun was setting every day later and later through the black lace-work of pecan-trees and behind low dark curtains of orange groves, yet he began to be more and more tardy each succeeding day in meeting his father under the river-side oaks of the Exposition grounds. Then, on the seventh day, he saw her again.

Now he was more confident than ever that this vision and he, except in dreams, had never spoken to each other. Yet the likeness was wonderful. But so, too, was the unlikeness. True, this time she only flashed across his sight — out of a bank, into a carriage where a very "American"-looking lady sat waiting for her, and was gone. But the bank; the carriage; that lady; those earlier companions,— no, this could not be Marguerite. Marguerite would have been with her mother. Now, if one could see Madame Beausoleil's daughter with Madame Beausoleil at her side, to identify her and distinguish her from this flashing and vanishing apparition, it would clear away a trying perplexity. Why not be bold and call upon them where they were dwelling? But where? Their names were not in the directory. Now, inventive talent, do your best.

"WELL!" said St. Pierre after a long silence. Claude and he were out on the swollen Mississippi pulling with steady leisure for the home-side shore, their skiff pointed half to and half from the boiling current. The sun was gone; a purple dusk wrapped each low bank; a steamboat that had passed up-stream was now, at the turning of the bend, only a cluster of soft red lights; Venus began to make a faint silvery pathway across the waters. St. Pierre had the forward seat, at Claude's back. The father looked with fond perplexity at the strong young shoulders swinging silently with his own, forward and backward in slow, monotonous strokes, and said again:

"Well! Whass matter? Look like cat got yo' tongue. Makin' new mash-in?" Then in a low, dissatisfied tone — "I reckon somet'in' mighty curious." He repeated the last three words in the Acadian speech: "Tcheuque-chose bien tchurieux."

"Yes," replied the son; "mighty strange. I tell you when we come at home."

He told all,— recounted all his heart's longings, all his dreams, every least pang of self-reproach, the idealization of Marguerite, and the finding of that ideal incarnated in one who was and yet seemed not to be, or rather seemed to be and yet was not, Marguerite. Then he went on to reassure his father that this could never mean marriage, never mean the father's supplanting. A man could worship what he could never hope to possess. He would rather worship this than win such kind as he would dare woo.

He said all these things in a very quiet way, with now and then a silent pause, and now and then a calm, self-contained tone in resuming; yet his sentences were often disconnected, and often were half soliloquy. Such were the only betrayals of emotion on either side until Claude began to treat — in the words just given — his father's own heart interests; then the father's eyes stood brimming full. But St. Pierre did not speak. From the first he had listened in silence, and he offered no interruption until at length Claude came to that part about the object of his regard being so far, so utterly beyond, his reach. Then —

"Stop! Dass all foolishness! You want her? You kin have her!"

"Ah, papa! you dawn't awnstand! What I am?"

"Ah, bah! What anybody is? What she is? She invanted bigger mash-in dan you? a mo' better corn-stubbl' destroyer and plant-corner?" He meant corn-planter. "She invant a mo' handier doubl'-action pea-vine rake? What she done, mak' her so gran'? Naw, sir! She look fine in de face, yass; and dass all you know. Well, dass all right; dass de 'Cajun way — pick 'em out by face. You begin 'Cajun way, for why you dawn't finish 'Cajun way? All you got do, you git good saddle-hoss and ride. Bom-bye you see her, you ride behind her till you find where her daddy livin' at. Den you ride pas' yondah every day till fo', five days, and den you see de ole man come scrape friend' wid you. Den he hass you drop round, and fus' t'ing you know — *adjieu la calége!*"

Claude did not dispute the point, though he hardly thought this case could be worked that way. He returned in silent thought to the question, how to find Madame Beausoleil. He tried the mail; no response. He thought of advertising; but that would never do. Imagine: "If Madame Beausoleil, late of Vermillionville, will leave her address at this office, she will hear of something not in the least to her advantage." He could n't advertise.

It was midday following the eve of his confession to his father. For the last eleven or twelve days — ever since he had seen that blessed apparition turn with the two young friends into Canal street out of Bourbon — he had been

venturing daily, for luncheon, just down into Bourbon street, to the Christian Women's Exchange. Now, by all the laws of fortune he should in that time have seen in there, at least once or twice a day already, the face he was ever looking for. But he had not; nor did he to-day. He only saw, or thought he saw, the cashier — I should say the cashieress — glance crosswise at him with eyes that said:

"Fool; sneak; whelp; 'Cajun; our private detectives are watching you!"

Both rooms and the veranda were full of ladies and gentlemen, whose faces he dared not lift his eyes to look into. Yet even in that frame there suddenly came to him one of those happy thoughts that are supposed to be the inspirations of inventive genius. A pleasant little female voice near him said:

"And apartments upstairs that they rent to ladies only!" Instantly the thought came that Marguerite and her mother might be living there. One more lump of bread, a final gulp of coffee, a short search for the waiter's check, and he stands at the cashier's desk. She makes change without looking at him or ceasing to tell a small hunchbacked spinster standing by about somebody's wedding. But suddenly she starts.

"Oh! was n't that right? You gave me four bits, did n't you? And I gave you back two bits and a picayune, and — sir? Does Madame who? Oh, yes! I did n't understand you; I 'm a little deaf on this side; scarlet fever when I was a little girl. I 'm not the regular cashier; she 's gone to attend the wedding of a friend. Just wait a moment, please, while I make change for these ladies. Oh, dear, ma'am! is that the smallest you 've got? I don't believe I can change that, ma'am. Yes — no — stop! yes, I can! no, I can't! let 's see! yes, yes, yes, I can; I 've got it; yes, there! I did n't think I had it." She turned again to Claude with sisterly confidence. "Excuse me for keeping you waiting; have n't I met you at the Y. M. C. A. sociable? Well, you must excuse me, but I was sure I had. Of course I did n't if you was never there; but you know in a big city like this you 're always meeting somebody that 's ne-e-early somebody else that you know — oh! did n't you ask me? — oh, yes! Madame Beausoleil! Yes, she lives here, she and her daughter. But she 's not in. Oh, I'm sorry! Neither of them is here. She 's not in the city; has n't been for two weeks. They 're coming back; we 're expecting them every day. She heard of the death of a relative down in Terrebonne somewhere. I wish they *would* come back; we miss them here; I judge they 're relatives of yours, if I don't mistake the resemblance; you seem to take after the daughter; wait a minute."

Some one coming up to pay looked at Claude to see what the daughter was like, and the young man slipped away, outblushing the night sky when the marshes are afire.

The question was settled — settled the wrong way. He hurried on across Canal street. Marguerite had not been — so he had construed the inaccurate statement — in the city for two weeks. Resemblances need delude him no longer. He went on into Carondelet street, and was drawing near the door and stairway leading to his friend's studio and his own little workroom above it, when suddenly from that very stairway and door issued she whom, alas! he might now no longer mistake for Marguerite, yet who, none the less for lessening hope, held him captive.

(To be concluded.)

George W. Cable.

THE HARDEST LOT.

TO look upon the face of a dead friend
Is hard; but 't is not more than we can bear
If, haply, we can see peace written there,—
Peace after pain, and welcome so the end,
Whate'er the past, whatever death may send.
Yea, and that face a gracious smile may wear,
If love till death was perfect, sweet, and fair;
But there is woe from which may God defend:
To look upon our friendship lying dead,
While we live on, and eat, and drink, and sleep —
Mere bodies from which all the soul has fled —
And that dead thing year after year to keep
Locked in cold silence in its dreamless bed: —
There must be hell while there is such a deep.

John White Chadwick.

JOHN RUSKIN.

I.

I WAS sitting one afternoon with Longfellow, on the porch of the old house at Cambridge, when the conversation turned on intellectual development, and he referred to a curious phenomenon, of which he instanced several cases, and which he compared to the double stars, of two minds not personally related but forming a binary system, revolving simultaneously around each other and around some principle which they regarded in different lights. I do not remember his instances, but that which at once came to my mind was the very interesting one of Turner and Ruskin. The complementary relation of the great writer and the imaginative painter is one of the most —indeed the most—interesting that I know in intellectual history: the one a master in all that belongs to verbal expression but singularly deficient in the gifts of the artist, feeble in drawing, with a most inaccurate perception of color and no power of invention; the other the most stupendous of idealists, the most consummate master of color orchestration the world has ever seen, but so curiously devoid of the gifts of language that he could hardly learn to write grammatically or coherently, and when he spoke omitting so many words that often his utterances, like those of a child, required interpretation by one accustomed to his ways before a stranger could understand them. Ruskin is a man reared and molded in the straightest Puritanism, abhorring uncleanness of all kinds, generous to extravagance, moved by the noblest humanitarian impulses, morbidly averse to anything that partakes of sensuality, and responsive as a young girl to appeals to his tenderness and compassion. Turner was a miser; churlish; a satyr in his morals,—not merely a sensualist, but satisfied only by occasional indulgences in the most degrading debauchery; and even in his painting sometimes giving expression to images so filthy that when, after his death, the trustees came to overhaul his sketches, there were many which they were obliged to destroy in regard for common decency. It is hardly possible to conceive of a more complete antithesis than that in the natures of these two, who turn, and will turn so long as English art and English letters endure, around the same center of art and each around the other. In fact, to the great majority of our race Turner is seen through the eyes of Ruskin, and Ruskin is only known as the eulogist of Turner.

The conjunction leaves both misunderstood by the general mind. Ruskin looks at the works of the great landscape painter much as the latter looked at nature,—not for what is in the thing looked at, but for the sentiments it awakens. The world's art does not present anything to rival Turner's in its defiance of nature. He used nature when it pleased him to do so, but when it pleased him better he belied her with the most reckless audacity. He had absolutely no respect for truth. His color was the most splendid of impossibilities, and his topography like the geography of dreams; yet Ruskin has spent a great deal of his life in persuading himself and the world that his color was scientifically correct, and in hunting for the points of view from which he drew his compositions. His conviction that Turner was always doing his best, if in a mysterious way, to tell the truth about nature is invincible. Early in the period of my acquaintance with him we had a vivacious discussion on this matter in his own house; and to convince him that Turner was quite indifferent as to matters of natural phenomena, I called Ruskin's attention to the view out of the window, which was of the Surrey hills, a rolling country whose grassy heights were basking in a glorious summer sunlight and backed by a pure blue sky, requesting him then to have brought down from the room where it was hung a drawing by Turner in which a similar effect was treated. The hill in nature was, as it always will be if covered by vegetation and under the same circumstances, distinctly darker than the sky; Turner's was relieved in pale yellow green against a deep blue sky, stippled down to a delicious aërial profundity. Ruskin gave up the case in point, but still clung to the general rule. In fact, having begun his system of art teaching on the hypothesis that Turner's way of seeing nature was scientifically the most correct that art knew, he had never been able to abandon it and admit that Turner only sought, as was the case, chromatic relations which had no more to do with facts of color than the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" has to do with the emotions of the occasion on which it is played. His assumption of Turner's veracity is the corner-stone of his system, and its rejection would be the demolition of that system.

His art criticism is radically and irretrievably wrong. No art can be gauged by its fidelity to nature unless we admit in that term the wider sense which makes nature of the human soul and all that is,— the sense of music, the perception of beauty, the grasp of imagination, "the light that never was, on sea or land," as well as that which serves the lens of the photographer; and Ruskin's own work, his teaching in his classes, and his application of his own standards to all great work, show that he understands the term "fidelity to nature" to mean the adherence to physical facts, the scientific aspects of nature. Greek art he never has really sympathized with, nor at heart accepted as supreme, though years after he took the position he never has avowedly abandoned, he found that in Greek coinage there were artistic qualities of the highest refinement; but Watts has told me that he expressed his surprise that the artist could keep before him so ugly a thing as the Oxford Venus, a cast of which was in his studio, and that he pronounced the horse an animal devoid of all beauty. In my opinion he cares nothing for the plastic qualities of art, or for the human figure, otherwise than as it embodies humanity and moral dignity. The diverse criticisms he makes on Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, put side by side with his notes on Holman Hunt, on George Leslie and Miss Thompson in the Royal Academy, and Miss Alexander's drawings, show his appreciation of figure art to be absolutely without any criterion of style or motive in figure painting, if this were not already apparent from his contradictions at different periods of his life. These are puzzling to the casual reader. When he says, in the early part of "Modern Painters," that the work of Michael Angelo in general, the Madonna di San Sisto, and some other works are at the height of human excellence, and later demolishes poor Buonarotti like a bad plaster cast, and sets Raphael down as a mere posturer and dexterous academician, one is at a loss to reconcile his opinions with any standard. The fact I believe to be that his early art education, which was in great part due to J. D. Harding, a painter of high executive powers and keen appreciation of technical abilities in the Italian painters, was in the vein of orthodox standards; that while under the influence of his reverence for his teachers he accepted the judgment which they, in common with most artists, have passed on the old masters; but that when left to himself, with no kind of sympathy with ideal figure art, nor, I believe, with any form of figure art as such, but with a passion for landscape, a curious enthusiasm for what is minute and intense in execution, and an overweening estimate of his own standards and opinions, he gradually lost all this vicarious appreciation and retained of his admiration of old art only what was in accordance with his own feelings, *i. e.*, the intensity of moral and religious fervor, and, above all, anything that savored of mysticism, the ascetic and didactic — especially the art of the schools of religious passion. This was due to the profound devotional feeling which was the basis of his intellectual nature. He said to me once that he was a long time in doubt whether he should give himself to the church or to art. So far as the world is concerned I think he took the wrong road. In the church he might not have been, as his father hoped, a bishop, for his views have been too individual for church discipline, but I believe he would have produced a far greater and more beneficial effect on his age. As an art critic he has been like one writing on the sea-sands — his system and his doctrines of art are repudiated by every thoughtful artist I know. Art in certain forms touches him profoundly but only emotionally. Although he drew earnestly for years he never seemed to understand style in drawing, master as he is of style *(sui generis)* in language; his perception of color is so deficient that he appears to me unable to recognize the true optical color of any object; that is, its color in sunshine as distinguished from its color in shadow; and in painting from nature he is always best pleased with what is most like Turner. I painted or sketched with him during a summer in Switzerland, and therefore I do not speak from a moral consciousness. What he most admired in my work, and sought in his own, was excessive elaboration and photographic fidelity, and he did not easily apprehend the larger relations of the landscape. He used to wonder at my getting over the detail so fast; but he always got angry with the work when I reached a point where I found it necessary to bring the masses into relation according to my own ideas. At Chamonix I one day began a large study of the Mer de Glace from opposite the glacier, looking up it with the Aiguille de Dru in the center of the distance. The whole subject was rapidly laid in in general effect until it got down to the foreground, where I began finishing elaborately to his entire satisfaction, which continued for several days and until I pointed out to him a difficulty which it puzzled me to get over without violating the topographical fidelity of the study. There were several of the main lines of the distance which formed approximately radii from a point of no importance in the composition. He had not noticed it; but when I pointed it out he got into a state of vexation, and, declaring that nothing could be done with a subject which

had such an awkward accident in it, insisted on my giving up the study, saying he would not stay in Chamonix for me to finish it. As I was his guest I complied with his wish, and we left the valley the next day.

This capriciousness is a characteristic of the man. In spite of the womanly tenderness of his nature, which is, when favorably moved, of a kindliness which measures no sacrifice, he is capable, under impulse, of treating a friend of one day with the most contemptuous aversion on the next, for some whim no more important than that which drove us out of Chamonix.

There is in his character a curious form of individuality so accentuated and so imperious that it produces in him the sense of infallibility. He speaks of his opinions not as matters of opinion but as positive knowledge; yet in personal intercourse I found nothing of the dogmatism which is so notable a feature in his writing. He listened to all objections, and often acknowledged, during discussion, the inconsequence of his conclusions; and during the long and vigorous debates which occupied our evenings he not infrequently admitted error, but on the next day held the old ground as firmly as ever. His intellect, with all its power and intensity, is of the purely feminine type. The love of purity; the quick, kindly, and unreasoning impulse; the uncompromising self-sacrifice when the feeling is on him, and the illogical self-assertion in reaction when it has passed; the passionate admiration of power; the waywardness and often inexplicable fickleness,— all are there. But behind all these feminine traits there is the no less feminine quality of passionate love of justice, flecked, on occasions of personal implication, with acts of great injustice; there is a general inexhaustible tenderness, with occasional instances of absolute cruelty. Any present judgment of him as a whole is difficult if not impossible, because there are in him several different individuals, and the perspective in which we now see them makes of his position, as an art-teacher, the dominant element of his personality; whereas, in my persuasion, his art-teaching is in his own nature and work subordinate to his moral and humanitarian ideals. He always saw art through a religious medium, and this made him, from the beginning, strain his system of teaching and criticism to meet the demand of direct truth to nature, the roots of his enthusiasm and reverence being not in art but in nature and in her beneficial influence on humanity.

A little incident of our Alpine summer will illustrate this view of his character better than all my appreciations. During our stay at Geneva he had some mountain drawing to do at the Perte du Rhône, and asked me to drive down with him. Not far from the point of view which he had selected was a group of wretched dwellings miscalled cottages but which in America we call shanties,— not the picturesque wall-and-thatch structures which the word cottage calls up in England, but built of boards, shabby without being picturesque, and to my American notions only capable of association with poverty and discomfort. Ruskin asked me to draw them while he was drawing the mountains. The subject was anything but attractive or pictorial, and though it should have been enough for me that he wished me to draw it carefully, I only obeyed my own feeling and made a careless ten-minutes' pencil drawing,— all the thing was worth to me. When Ruskin drove up to take me in on the way back to Geneva and saw what I had done, he was, and I must say with good reason, offended at the indifferent way in which I had complied with his request, and after a few reproachful words threw himself back in the carriage in a sullen temper. I replied that the subject did not interest me, and that the principal feeling I had in looking at it was that it must be a wretched home for human beings and promised more fevers than anything else, and that, in short, I did not think it worth drawing. Nothing more was said by either of us until we had driven half-way back to Geneva, when he broke out with, "You are right, Stillman, about those cottages; your way of looking at them was nobler than mine, and now, for the first time in my life, I understand how anybody can live in America." It has always seemed to me that this was a true epitome of the man's nature,— first the æsthetic, outside view of the matter; then the humanitarian, overpowering it; the womanish pettishness, and the generous admission of his error when seen; and after this confession his greater cordiality to me— for he always valued more any one who brought him a new idea, though he often broke friendship with those who differed from him too strongly.

Besides this absorbing passion for the spiritual ideal, the mental constitution whose compass was set to the immovable pole of the most exalted morality, he had a curious facility for seeing things as he wished to. He saw through his feelings and prepossessions, and even looking at nature he only saw certain things, and those in general through his predisposition. So he always held Turner true although the thing he saw was false. In one drawing where Turner has given the full moon rising in cool night-mists at the left of the picture and the sun setting golden at the right, Ruskin explains it as intended to be two pictures. He praises Turner for mingled effects of sunlight and moonlight when he ought to know

that the full moon will cast no shadow until the sun has set nearly or quite an hour. Turner continually puts figures in full light in the foreground of a picture which has the sun setting in the view, the shadows on the figures being consequently on the side nearest the sun, yet Ruskin has never admitted the painter's indifference to the poets of nature.

II.

To the world at large Ruskin's reputation, even as an art critic, rests on the first volume of his "Modern Painters." Very few people have read the second volume, and fewer still the whole five, though the early editions have been sold and a reprint of one thousand since. Of this first volume, what most impressed the public was not the soundness of his views of art, of which it could not judge at all, or his knowledge of nature, of which it could judge but little, but his eloquence, his magnificent diction. Take for instance the following from the comparison of Turner with Poussin, which every reader of the book will remember as what is called a "word picture" of extraordinary power:

"But as I climbed the long slopes of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano, and the graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep, palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. *Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley, in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life, each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald.* Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, *with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted or let them fall.* Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it *as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock — dark though flushed with scarlet lichen — casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance*, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and, over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals, between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines passing to lose themselves in the last white, blinding lustre of the measureless line, where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea."

Magnificent this is as rhetoric, but if intended to show the shortcomings of Poussin or the attainments of Turner it is as exaggerated for one as it is unfair for the other; for the effects there described are no more in the power of color than in the feeling of either of those artists. It is not nature-painting at all; neither true to the sense nor to the details of nature. As mastery of the English language I shall not attempt to criticise it, but as statement of what is to be seen in nature or rendered in art it bears about the same relation to the most ideal and orchestral effects of Turner as those do to sober nature. I have put in italics certain expressions to which I ask the grave critical attention of the reader. I leave out the singular topographical inaccuracies which, in a work devoted to truth of nature, ought to claim some attention, but in such a work we may ask the sober meaning of such expressions as "Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle"; "Every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life, each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald"; the rocks "dark though flushed with scarlet lichen — casting their quiet shadows [are shadows ever anything but quiet?] across its restless radiance" [why restless radiance except, like much else in the passage, for alliteration?]. The color epithets, to an artist, only express a crudity of pigment as unlike Turner as nature; the "arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks" . . . "silver flakes of orange spray [dreamed of from some other locality, for neither exists at Aricia] tossed into the air around them . . . into a thousand separate stars"; and "every separate leaf," show as great contempt for the possibilties of painting in the rendering of detail for the human eye as indifference to the aims of landscape painting, either by Poussin or Turner. The "Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle," is apocalyptic, not naturalistic, and the entire passage, when we consider that it is part of an essay intended to advocate the close adherence to the facts of nature in landscape painting, can only be put aside as passing legitimate criticism or justifiable comparison. It is safe to say that of a thousand landscape painters and amateurs habituated to look at nature, taking the best and the most trivial, not one who had passed by Aricia would recognize as fact a single characteristic of the description by Ruskin. I know the place better than I do New York, and am confident in saying that neither in the ensemble nor in the detail is there anything there which Ruskin imagines he saw. Much is mere sound, alliteration which is in place in poetry but not in art criticism, and much only the expression of vague imaginings far less like nature than the great scenic compositions of John Martin.

Take another instance from the section on the sea ("Truth of Water," this being the description of a picture, the "Slave Ship"). Again I italicize the passages to which I wish to call attention as demanding analysis and criticism.

"It is a sunset on the Atlantic after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds *are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night.* The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a broad heaving of the whole ocean like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, *the intense and lurid splendor of which burns like gold and bathes like blood. . . . Purple and blue the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast on the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death* upon the guilty ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood girded with *condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.* I believe, if I were reduced to rest Turner's claim to immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. Its daring conception — ideal in the highest sense of the word — is fused on the purest truth and wrought out with the concentrated knowledge of a life . . . and the whole picture is dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions,— (completing thus the perfect system of all truth which we have shown to be formed by Turner's works) — the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep illimitable sea."

"Burns like gold and bathes like blood" is, of course, again for alliteration; "Purple and blue the lurid shadows," etc., part for the sing of the sentence and part poetic imagination utterly unsuggested and unsuggestable by painting; "that fearful hue," etc., to "multitudinous sea," is simply fine writing which, when it conveys a false impression, or no impression legitimate to its professed purpose, is a literary vice, as it is in this case, where the purpose is the description of a picture.

Ruskin supposes this picture to be an attempt to portray the deep sea, but neither he nor Turner was ever out of soundings: how should one paint, or the other recognize, the fathomless as distinguished from the shallow seas? The fact is that the sea in the "Slave Ship" is a long ground-swell, resembling the watery mountains one may see on the open Atlantic no more than the water below a rapid. This form of swell and the "hollow breakers" are never found except when the sea is shoaling. In the deep Atlantic after a long gale, such as Ruskin supposes (I have seen it at its worst once only in 70,000 miles, more or less, of ocean travel by sail and steam), the great waves lift to heights such that Turner's "Slave Ship" would be hidden between two of them. They hang over you like impending doom, and just when you think that the ship must be buried in five seconds, the forefoot of the wave reaches you, and the ship suddenly begins to rise, and in another five seconds you are on the summit looking out over the heaving expanse, — black, save as it is foam-driven, fitfully rising and falling, apparently without law or order,— and after being poised an instant you feel the ship going from under you again, your breath almost leaves you with the rapidity of the descent, and you are buried once more in the deep trough of the sea for another brief space. Out of the flanks of these great waves jump and start, fitfully and unaccountably, lesser hillocks, to drop and disappear again; but when the crest of one comes towards you, you see no hollow breaker, for the crest simply pitches forward and slides down the slope — there is no combing.

Then, as to truth, Turner's whole picture is a flagrant falsehood. The most gorgeous colors of a sunset are painted in a sky where the sun has still half an hour or more to sink to the horizon; and this license the artist habitually took, although, as every artist knows, these colors never come till after sunset. The clouds are not the "torn and streaming rain-clouds" of an after-storm sky, but full-bellied, rolling wind-clouds, so far as they are structurally true to anything; subtly modeled and modulated, but as a whole as utterly impossible a sky as the sea is an utterly impossible sea. It is a marvelous picture: I do not yield to Ruskin in admiration of it as art, or admire it less for its daring license and contempt of nature's details; one can only say that it is magnificent, but it is not nature. Ruskin's feeling as to art may have been, *au fond*, correct; but it was so disturbed and perverted by his theories and the settled conviction that art was simply the uncompromising rendering of nature as she appears to the bodily vision, that he left out of all consideration the subjective transformation of natural truth which is the basis of art; or, if he reckoned it in, it was to persuade himself that it was due to a peculiarity of vision in the painter. It is impossible to reconcile all the inconsistencies into which this theory led him, such as the exaltation of painters who were mere naturalists, like Brett, or utterly unimaginative realists, like Holman Hunt, and the extraordinary judgment which he pronounced on Millais in his pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism,— which phase of art he desired to consider the consequence of his teaching, though, as I have heard Rossetti say, none of the Brotherhood had ever read ten pages of his writing before Ruskin had constituted himself their advocate. In some respects this little book may be considered the summing up of his art teachings, and the violence done to logic and art alike in his par-

allel between Millais and Turner is the clearest statement of his errors we possess. The function of the painter is here defined clearly and chiefly to be *topographer and historian.*

"Suppose that, after disciplining themselves so as to be able to draw with unerring precision each the particular kind of subject in which he most delighted, they had separated into two great armies of historians and naturalists; that the first had painted with absolute faithfulness every edifice, every city, every battle-field, every scene of the slightest historical interest, precisely and completely rendering their aspect at the time; and that their companions, according to their several powers, had painted with like fidelity the plants and animals, the natural scenery and the atmospherical phenomena of every country on the earth; suppose that a faithful and complete record were now in our museums of every building destroyed by war, or time, or innovation during these last 200 years; suppose that each recess of every mountain chain of Europe had been penetrated and its rocks drawn with such accuracy that the geologist's diagram was no longer necessary; — suppose that every tree of the forest had been drawn in its noblest aspect, every beast of the field in its savage life — that all these gatherings were already in our national galleries, and that the painters of the present day were laboring happily and earnestly to multiply them and put such knowledge more and more within reach of the common people,— would not that be a more honorable life for them than gaining precarious bread by 'bright effects'?"

One may reply, safely enough, that such a career is honorable in the sense that it is honest, but if the honor is that of which artists are most ambitious, it is equally safe to say that there is very little of it to be gained in that life. And this method of study has always been the basis of Ruskin's instruction — instruction for this and other reasons utterly wasted so far as the proper cultivation of art is concerned. I remember how, when Ruskin's drawing-book was published, an artist whose feeling for all the nobler qualities of art I have rarely known equaled, and a personal friend and admirer of Ruskin, said to me, "He should not have printed that; we know now just what he does not know." It is not so much that he ignores the greater gifts, but that he conceives that they can be trained or developed by this kind of antlike proceeding,— going over the earth as an insect, not even as a bird. But it is in the comparison of the two painters whom he chooses as types that we most clearly recognize the failure to distinguish between the two forms of so-called art.

"Suppose, for instance, two men, equally honest, equally industrious, equally impressed with a humble desire to render some part of what they saw in nature faithfully, and otherwise trained in convictions such as I have above endeavored to induce. But one of them is quiet in temperament, has a feeble memory, no invention, and excessively keen sight. The other is impatient in temperament, has a memory which nothing escapes, an invention which never rests, and is comparatively near-sighted. Set them both free in the same field in a mountain valley. One sees everything, small and large, with almost the same clearness; mountains and grasshoppers alike; the leaves on the branches, the veins in the pebbles, the bubbles in the stream; but he can remember nothing and invent nothing. Patiently he sets himself his mighty task; abandoning at once all thought of seizing transient effects, or giving general impressions of that which his eyes present to him in microscopical dissection, he chooses some small portion out of the infinite scene, and calculates with courage the number of weeks which must elapse before he can do justice to the intensity of his perceptions or the fullness of matter in his subject. Meanwhile the other has been watching the change of the clouds and the march of the light along the mountain-sides; he beholds the whole scene in broad, soft masses of true gradation, *and the very feebleness of his sight is in some sort an advantage to him in making him more sensible of the aërial mystery of distance and hiding from him the multitudes of circumstances which it would have been impossible for him to represent.* . . . I have supposed the feebleness of sight in this last and of invention in the first painter, that the contrast between them may be the more striking; but with very slight modification both the characters are real. Grant to the first considerable inventive power with exquisite sense of color, and give to the second, in addition to all his other faculties, the eye of an eagle, and the first is John Everett Millais, the second Joseph Mallord William Turner." "And thus Pre-Raphaelitism and Raphaelitism and Turnerism are all one and the same thing, so far as education can influence them; they are different in their choice, different in their faculties, but all the same in this, that Raphael himself, so far as he was great, and all who preceded or followed him who ever were great, became so by painting the truths around them as they appeared to each man's mind, not as he had been taught to see them except by the God who made both him and them."

And yet, between the first and the last sentences which I have quoted, the author has gone through a detailed account of the development of Turner's art, showing that it was a continuous evolution of conventional forms of treatment borrowed from earlier painters. He is obliged, to complete his antithesis, to suppose Turner feeble of sight, because he could in no other way consistent with his theory (and everything is always bent to his theories) account for his ignoring "the multitudes of circumstances which it would have been impossible for him to represent," whereas the simple fact was that Turner had, as he afterwards admits, an eagle's eye, and simply ignored whatever in nature did not suit his purpose. Turner was bred on conventions; he began in the style of the men about him, Girtin and his kind; he went through the schools of Loutherbourg, Poussin, Claude, Vandervelde, imitating everybody except the most naturalistic of the Dutchmen, but never from the beginning to the end of his career painting from nature, or in any other way than from memory, and always in a conventional manner very much influenced by the early landscape painters of the true subjective school, to which he belonged in character, faculties, and method; while Millais was a naturalist, who had no invention, no idealism, but was, and is, always working imitatively, and from direct vision, which Turner never did. Turner was

influenced, and happily, by Claude to the last day of his life, though not always obeying the influence to the same apparent degree.

Of Ruskin the writer, aside from the art critic, it is surely superfluous for me to say anything: for mastery of our language, the greater authorities long ago have given him his place; the multitude of petty critics and pinchbeck rhetoricians who pay him the tribute of tawdry imitation is the ever-present testimony to his power and masterhood. Probably no prose writer of this century has had so many choice extracts made from his writings, — passages of gorgeous description, passionate exhortation, pathetic appeal, or apostolic denunciation; and certainly no one has so molded the style of all the writers of a class as he, for there scarcely can be found a would-be art critic who does not struggle to fill his throat with Ruskin's thunders, so that a flood of Ruskin — and water — threatens all taste and all study of art. As an example of his diction take the description of "Schaffhausen":

"Stand for half an hour beside the Fall of Schaffhausen, on the north side where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends, unbroken in *pure polished velocity*, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick, so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves at the instant that it breaks into foam; and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire like so much shattering chrysoprase; and how ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain-cloud; while the *shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine*, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves, which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water; their dripping masses, lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away; the dew gushing from their thick branches through drooping clusters of emerald herbage, and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the shore, feeding the lichens which chase and chequer them with purple and silver."

In the expression of what may be seen in a waterfall, and the suggestion of what may be felt, but seen by no bodily eye, is there anything in our language that is comparable to this? But is it fair to ask art to realize it? Who shall paint "the shuddering iris fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine"? It is beyond the province of art to emulate this vein of feeling, as much as to paint Shelley's "flames mingling with sunset." But how many hapless phaetons has our Apollo of the pen thus sent tumbling down on us, entangled in their "predicates and six," or sixty! Description à la Ruskin has become a disease of the literature of the generation, and your novelist coolly stops you in the crisis of his story to describe a sunset in two or three pages which, when all is said, compare with Ruskin as a satyr with Hyperion.

III.

Thus Ruskin obstinately bent all his conclusions and observations to his doctrines — what he wanted to see he saw, nothing else. The summer before going to England I had painted a picture in what I believed the spirit of his teachings, being then one of the most enthusiastic of his disciples. I had conceived a death-struggle between a hunter and a buck, in which they had fallen together over a ledge of rock and lay in death at its foot. I had searched the forest around where I camped in the Adirondacks until I found the ledge which suited the conception, and painted it carefully with the red sunset light coming aslant through the forest and falling on the perpendicular cliff, at the foot of which was a dense, dank growth of ferns,— all painted on the spot and in the sunset light. At the foot, where they would fall, I put my guide, locked with a huge buck, and painted them as carefully as I knew how,— the man from life and the buck immediately after I had killed him. I took it with me to London, and one day Ruskin came into my studio, and, seeing the picture, exclaimed with a gesture of disgust, "Why do you have this stinking carrion in your picture? Put it out, it 's filthy, it stinks!" etc. I was too much under his influence to weigh his judgment against mine, and painted it out accordingly. Dante Rossetti, who had seen and liked the picture as it was, coming in again a few days after, exclaimed, "What have you done to your picture?" I explained, and with strong irritation in his manner he replied, "You 've spoiled your picture," and walked straight out of the room. I *had* spoiled it, for everything in it had been chosen and painted with reference to this deadly duel, with which Ruskin had no sympathy. Death oppressed him, whence his annoyance with the picture; but that he was olfactorily impressed as he was only could be explained by the fact that, as always, he felt what he imagined or wished to see. He wanted to see truth in Turner's drawings, and he made his truth accordingly. I can but regard his influence on modern landscape painting as pernicious from beginning to end, and coinciding as it did with the advent of a great naturalistic and, therefore, anti-artistic, tendency in all branches of study, it was even more disastrous than it would have been in ordinary circumstances.

His architectural work, "Stones of Venice," etc., I am not so competent to judge, but I believe that while on the one hand he did great good by bringing out the virtues of Gothic architecture and awakening the interest of the world in the art that was passing away, on the other hand he did harm by repressing the influence of the better form of Renaissance, which is often of the noblest and truest art, and is far more adapted to our modern ways of work and uses than is the Gothic. He uses here the same bitter polemics and biased judgment as in the "Modern Painters." In the lovely little Renaissance church of the Miracoli at Venice, where are the most exquisite decorations in the style of which I know, Ruskin finds among the arabesques *a child's head* tied by its locks among the tendrils of the vegetation, and inveighs bitterly against the brutality of such a conception as putting a bodiless head in the decoration. But he never stops to think that it is a cherub among other cherubim, and that, as it is in the character of the cherub to have no body, the tying of one of them by the hair to the vine is only a bit of playful invention in which there is no brutality whatever, but the most seraphic of practical jokes by the other cherubim on the bodiless and helpless state of the charming little creature, a creation which in Gothic days might have been believed in as an actuality, but which the Renaissance only looked at as a fiction of mythology with the Tritons and Sirens, and therefore with no reverence. But with Greek art, all that in any way sympathized with its dominant character meets his anathema. It seems to me that even in architecture his influence is not catholic, but is tinged by his devotional tendencies, although he introduces an element of common sense into the criticism of architecture unknown before him.

But Ruskin's true position is higher than that of art critic in any possible development. It is as a moralist and a reformer and in his passionate love of humanity (not inconsistent with much bitterness, and even unmerited, at times, to individual men) that we must recognize him. His place is in the pulpit, speaking largely and in the unsectarian sense. Truth is multiform, but of one essence, and, such as he sees it, he is always faithful to it. I have taken large exception to his ideas and teachings in respect to art because I feel that they are misleading. His mistakes in art are in some measure due to his fundamental mistake of measuring it by its moral powers and influence, and the roots of the error are so deeply involved in his character and mental development that it can never be uprooted. It is difficult for me (perhaps for any of his contemporaries) to judge him as a whole because, besides being his contemporary and a sufferer by what I now perceive to be the fatal error of his system, I was for so many years his close personal friend, and because, while I do not agree with his tenets and am obliged by my own sense of right to combat many of his teachings, I still retain the personal affection for him of those years which are dear to memory, and reverence the man as I know him; and because I most desire that he should be judged rightly,— as a man who for moral greatness has few equals in his day, and who deserves an honor and distinction which he has not received, and in a selfish and sordid world will not receive, but which I believe time will give him,— that of being one who gave his whole life and substance to the furtherance of what he believed to be the true happiness and elevation of his fellow-men. Even were he the sound art critic so many people take him to be, his real nature rises above that office as much as humanity rises above art. When we wish to compare him with men of his kind, it must be with Plato or Savonarola rather than with Hazlitt or Hamerton. Art cannot be clearly estimated in any connection with morality, and Ruskin could never, any more than Plato or Savonarola, escape the condition of being in every fiber of his nature a moralist and not an artist, and as he advanced in life the ethical side of his nature more and more asserted its mastery, though less and less in theological terms.

If I have assumed the right to pass judgment on his art teachings, it is because I have devoted most of my life to the study of art and more years than Ruskin had when he finished his most important books; but when I come to the moral problem, so vast, so profound and momentous in comparison with any questions of culture, I have not the presumption to judge a man whose moral nature I know to be so exceptional, and winged to flights that I can only honor from below. Here we enter into a world where only the Judge of all life can pronounce and where my opinion must be respectful, for the unquestionable loftiness and unselfishness of his nature and the consecration of his life to the advancement of truth as he has seen it, give him, to me, an authority I dare not debate with, and which I insist on all the more because I know the world does not accord it to him. No one has yet dared answer Pilate, and I have no disposition to judge whether Ruskin's social reforms and political theories are in accordance with eternal truth or not — whether they are practical or not is, perhaps, a question of epoch simply.

As an indication of Ruskin's position,— more free, possibly, because more personal than

those given in his early works,— I quote part of one of his first letters to me (about 1851). I had been involved in mystical speculation, partly growing out of the second volume of "Modern Painters," and had written to him for counsel.

"I did not indeed understand the length to which your views were carried when I saw you here, or I should have asked you much more about them than I did, and your present letter leaves me still thus far in the dark that I do not know whether you only have a strong conviction that there is such a message to be received from all things or whether in any sort you think you have understood and can interpret it, for how otherwise should your persuasion of the fact be so strong? I never thought of such a thing being possible before, and now that you have suggested it to me I can only imagine that by rightly understanding as much of the nature of everything as ordinary watchfulness will enable any man to perceive, we might, if we looked for it, find in everything some special moral lesson or type of particular truth, and that then one might find a language in the whole world before unfelt like that which is forever given to the Ravens or to the lilies of the field by Christ's speaking of them. This I think you might very easily accomplish so far as to give the first idea and example; then it seems to me that every thoughtful man who succeeded you would be able to add some types or words to the new language, but all this quite independently of any Mystery in the Thing or Inspiration in the Person, any more than there is Mystery in the cleaning of a Room covered with dust — of which you remember Bunyan makes so beautiful a spiritual application, so that one can never more see the thing done without being interested. If there be mystery in things requiring Revelation, I cannot tell on what terms it might be vouchsafed us, nor in any way help you to greater certainty of conviction, but my advice to you would be on no account to agitate nor grieve yourself nor look for inspiration — for assuredly many of our noblest English minds have been entirely overthrown by doing so — but to go on doing what you are quite sure is right — that is, striving for constant purity of thought, purpose and word: — not on any account overworking yourself — especially in headwork: but accustoming yourself to look for the spiritual meaning of things just as easily to be seen as their natural meaning: and fortifying yourself against the hardening effect of your society, by good literature. You should read much — and generally old books: but above all avoid *German* books — and all Germanists except Carlyle, whom read as much as you can or like: Read George Herbert and Spenser and Wordsworth and Homer, all constantly: Young's Night Thoughts, Crabbe — and of course Shakespeare, Bacon and Jeremy Taylor and Bunyan: do not smile if I mention also Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights, for standard places on your shelves: I say read Homer: I do not know if you can read Greek, but I think it would be healthy work for you to teach it to yourself if you cannot, and then I would add to my list Plato — but I cannot conceive a good translation of Plato. I had nearly forgotten one of the chief of all — Dante. But in doing this, do not strive to keep yourself in an elevated state of spirituality. No man who earnestly believed in God and the next world was ever petrified or materialized in heart, whatever society he kept. Do whatever you can, however simple or commonplace, in your art; do not force your spirituality on your American friends. Try to do what they admire as well as they would have it, unless it costs you too much — but do not despise it because commonplace. Do not strive to do what you feel to be above your strength. God requires that of no man: Do what you feel happy in doing: mingle some physical science with your imaginative studies: and be sure that God will take care to lead you into the fulfillment of whatever Tasks he has ready for you, and will show you what they are in his own time.

"Thank you for your sketch of American art. I do hope that your countrymen will look upon it, in time, as all other great nations have looked upon it at their greatest times, as an object for their united aim and strongest efforts. I apprehend that their deficiency in landscape has a deep root — the want of historical associations. Every year of your national existence will give more power to your landscape painting — then — do you not want architecture? Our children's taste is fed with Ruins of Abbeys. I believe the first thing you have to do is to build a few Arabic palaces by way of novelty — one brick of jacinth and one of jasper. . . .

"Write to me whenever you are at leisure and think I can be of use to you — with sympathy or in any way, and believe me always interested in your welfare and very faithfully yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

I could not quote from his published works so condensed a summary of the creed of the man: it maintains the supremacy of the moral element which has obtained in his life-work taken as a whole.

That comparatively few people have read the "Fors Clavigera" I know, for having occasion to complete my set not long since, I found that several of the numbers supplied me by the publisher were from the first thousand, published years ago; and yet this is the work which more than any other gives us a clear insight into the character and mental tendencies of Ruskin. He is here at his ease, not bound by any prepossessions and theories; wayward, outspoken, indifferent to praise or blame; speaking with full possession of himself and frank appreciation of his audience, addressing himself "to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain," not so much in the hope that they would come to fill his school, but because he knew that only by the poor and the despised by the great world was there any hope of the reconstruction of society, as he dreamed it, being effected or accepted. The drift of all Ruskin's preaching (and I use the word in its noble sense) is a protest against materialism in ourselves, impurity in our studies and desires, and selfishness in our conduct towards our fellow-men.

He considers himself the pupil of Carlyle — for me he floats in a purer air than Carlyle ever breathed. As a feminine nature he was captivated by the robust masculine force of his great countryman, and there was in the imperial theory of Carlyle much that chimed with Ruskin's own ideas of human government. The Chelsean regretfully looking back to the day of absolutism and brutal domination of the appointed king was in a certain sense a sympathetic reply to Ruskin's longings for a firm and orderly government when he felt the quicksands of the transitional order of the day yield-

ing under his feet, but in reality the two regarded Rule from points as far removed from each other as those of Luther and Voltaire. Carlyle's ideal was one of a Royal Necessity, an incarnate law indifferent to the crushed in its marchings and rulings,— burly, brutal, contemptuous of the luckless individual or the overtaken straggler; his Rule exists not for the sake of humanity, but for that of Order, as if Order and Rule were called out for their own sake; he puffs into perdition the trivial details of individual men, closing accounts by ignoring the fractions. Ruskin loses sight of no detail, but calls in to the benefit of *his* Order and Rule every child and likeness of a child in larger form, full of a tenderness which is utterly human yet inexhaustible. Carlyle's Ruler is like a Viking's god, his conception utterly pagan; Ruskin's is Christlike; Carlyle's word is like the mace of Charlemagne, Ruskin's like the sword of the Angel Gabriel; if Ruskin is notably egotistical, Carlyle is utterly selfish; if Ruskin dogmatizes like an Evangelist, Carlyle poses as a Prophet; and the difference, when we come to sum up all the qualities, moral, intellectual, and literary, seems to me to be in favor of Ruskin. Their ideals are similarly antithetical,— Ruskin's lying in a hopeful future, an unattainable Utopia, perhaps, but still a blessed dream; Carlyle's in a return to a brutal and barren past, made forever impossible by the successful assertion of human individuality, and for whose irrevocability we thank God with all our hearts and in all hope of human progress. The public estimate has not overrated Ruskin, just as he had not overrated Turner, because the aggregate impression of power received was adequate to the cause; but in the one case as in the other the mistake has been relative, and consisted in misestimating the genius and attributing the highest value to the wrong item in the aggregate. I may be mistaken in my estimate of Ruskin, but I believe that the future will exalt him above it rather than depress him below it.

W. J. Stillman.

THE HAWK.

I WOULD I were as eagles are,
That I might fly o'er hill and plain,
A trackless course; defenseless, bare
To the cold dash of mountain rain,
But armed against a world of pain.
Or that I were as morning dove
That shoots into her forest green;
Or that I had the wings of love,
The spirit speed, and heart serene,
Forgetting all to be once more as I have been.

For now I live where none rejoice;
I move amid a world of woe.
How from its husky throat the voice
Of the great city sounds below,
Hoarse, indistinct; — these hills of snow
Are shamed with foulness; the clear sky
Is lowered from its haughty height,
And hangs like dingy drapery,
And shifts but changes not; and white,
Pallid, and thin the sun sends down unlovely light.

But yesterday a Hawk I saw!
Full-poised he hung in the clear blue,
And servant to no stricter law
Than will or wish, he seemed to view
The city's circuits; — yet he knew
A freer heaven, and hills. My mind
Grew troubled for his fate. I stood,
And pausing pitied him, designed
For freedom and the fastness rude:
Had hunger urged, or cold or tempest him subdued?

Oh, weary lot! would thou wert dead!
When sudden he did his wings unbind,
And down the sky like light he fled
Borne on the bosom of the wind,
And left nor track nor trace behind!
And he was free! — and free were I
Love should not stop, hate should not stay,
Nor strength deter, nor orb descry,
Nor fraud impede, nor doubt delay
Thy upward flight, O Soul! through darkness to the day!

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

OLD man never had much to say —
'Ceptin' to Jim,—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had —
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,— and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The Old man backin' him, fer three months.—
And all 'at I heerd the Old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see? —
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The Old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim —
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;—
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The Old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad —
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—
The Old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said,— "Tell Jim
Good-bye;
And take keer of hisse'f."

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!—
Jim 'lowed 'at he 'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he 'd tackle her three years more.
And the Old man give him a colt he 'd raised
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade —
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the Old man say,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim —
Fully believin' he 'd make his mark
Some way — jes' wrapped up in him! —
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum —
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on —
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the Old man's words in his mind all day,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We 'll say like Jim,
'At 's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him — with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim
And the Old man, bendin' over him —
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had n't leaked fer years and years —
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

James Whitcomb Riley.



[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

VIII.

BARBARA'S PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

FROM childhood Barbara's ambition had centered in Tom: it was her plan that the clever brother should give standing to the family by his success in life. If Tom could only be persuaded to be steady, he might come to be a great man. A great man, in her thinking, was a member of the State legislature, or a circuit judge, for example: to her provincial imagination the heights above these were hazy and almost inaccessible. The scheme of a professional career for Tom had been her own, in conception and management; for though her brother was nearly two years her senior, she, being prudent and forecasting, had always played the part of an elder. Tom's undeniable "brightness" was a great source of pride to her. In spite of his heedless collisions with the masters, he was always at the head of his classes; and it seemed to Barbara the most natural thing in the world that she, being a girl, should subordinate herself to the success of a brother so promising. She had left school to devote herself to the house and the cares of the farm, in order that Tom might be educated — in the moderate sense of the word then prevalent. The brother was far from being ungrateful: if he accepted his sister's sacrifices without protest, he repaid her with a demonstrative affection and admiration not often seen in brothers; and there were times when he almost reverenced in her that prudence and practical wisdom in which he found himself deficient.

It was only during this summer that Barbara had been seized with independent aspirations for herself; and perhaps even these were not without some relation to Tom. If Tom should come to be somebody in the county, she would sit in a reflected light as his sister. It became her, therefore, not to neglect entirely her own education. To go to Moscow to a winter school was out of the question. Every nerve was strained to extricate the farm from debt and to give a little help, now and then, to Tom. It chanced, however, that a student from an incipient Western college, intent on getting money to pay his winter's board bills, had that summer opened a "pay school" in the Timber Creek district school-house, which was only two miles from the Grayson farm.

Those who could attend school in the summer were, for the most part, small fry too young to be of much service in the field, and such girls, larger and smaller, as could be spared from home. But the appetite for "schooling" in the new country was always greater than the supply; and when it was reported that a school was "to be took up" in the Timber Creek school-house, by a young man who had not only "ciphered plumb through the Rule of Three," but had even begun to penetrate the far-away mysteries of Latin and algebra, it came to pass that several young men and young women, living beyond the district limits, subscribed to the school, that they might attend it, even if only irregularly; — not that any of the pupils dreamed of attacking the Latin, but a teacher who had attained this Ultima Thule of human learning was supposed to know well all that lay on the hither side of it. The terms of a "pay school," in that day, were low enough, — a dollar and twenty-five cents was the teacher's charge for each pupil for thirteen weeks; but the new schoolmaster had walked from home to avoid traveling expenses, the log school-house cost him no rent, and he had stipulated that he should "board 'round" in the families of his patrons, so that the money he received from twenty pupils was clear profit, and at the price of living in those primitive times would pay his board at college for six months.

Barbara, for one, had resolved to treat herself to a dollar and a quarter's worth of additional learning. The Timber Creek school-house was on the road leading to the village of Moscow: she could therefore catch a ride, now and then, on the wagon of some farmer bound to the village, by mounting on top of a load of wood, hay, or potatoes; and often she got a lift in the evening in a neighbor's empty wagon rattling homeward from town, or for a part of the way by sitting in the tail of some ox-cart plying between forest and prairie; but more frequently she had to walk

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both in going and coming, besides working early and late at her household duties.

Hiram Mason was the name of the new teacher whom the pupils found behind the master's desk on the first day of school. He was the son of a minister who had come out from New England with the laudable intention of lending a hand in evangelizing this great strapping West, whose vigorous and rather boisterous youth was ever a source of bewilderment, and even a cause of grief, to the minds of well-regulated Down-easters. The evangelists sent out aimed at the impossible, even at the undesirable, in seeking to reproduce a New England in communities born under a different star. Perhaps it was this peninsular trait of mind that prevented the self-denying missionaries from making any considerable impression on the country south of the belt peopled by the current of migration from New England. The civilization of the broad, wedge-shaped region on the north side of the Ohio River, which was settled by Southern and Middle State people, and which is the great land of the Indian corn, has been evolved out of the healthier elements of its own native constitution. But it was indebted to New England, in the time of its need, for many teachers of arithmetic and grammar, as well as for the less-admirable but never-to-be-forgotten clock-peddlers and tin-peddlers from Connecticut, who also taught the rustics of southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois things they had never dreamed of before, and took high pay for the instruction. Young Mason, though he had mostly grown up in the new country, and would have scorned the name of Yankee, had got from his father that almost superstitious faith in the efficacy of knowledge which, in the North-eastern States, has been handed down from generation to generation, and which has produced much learning and not a little pedantry. Mason was of middle stature, good breadth of shoulder, prominent, broad forehead, and brows that overhung his eyes, but were rather high above them. He had a well-set chin and a solid jaw; his mouth was too large to be handsome and was firmly closed; his gait was strong, straightforward, resolute, and unhurried. There were little touches of eccentricity in him: he had a way of looking at an interlocutor askance, and his habitual expression was one of mingled shyness and self-contained amusement. The religious enthusiasm of his father had been transmuted in him to a general earnestness of character, which was veiled under a keen perception of the droll side of life, derived from a mother of Southern extraction. His early-and-late diligence in study was the wonder of the country, but the tastes and aspirations that impelled him to so much toil rarely found utterance in any confessions, even to his nearest friends. Reserved as he was, the people could never complain that he held himself above them. A new-country youth, the son of a minister on slender pay, Hiram understood how to extend a helping hand, when occasion required, in any work that might be going on. At school, when the young master saw the boys playing at the boisterous and promiscuous "soak-about," he would sometimes catch the contagion of the wild fun, and, thrusting his "Livy" into the desk, rush out of the door to mix in the confusion, throwing the yarn ball at one and another with a vigor and an accuracy of aim that doubled the respect of his pupils for him. But when once he had extricated himself from the *mêlée*, and had rapped on the door-frame with his ruler, crying, "Books, books!" the boy who a minute before had enjoyed the luxury of giving the master what was known in school-boy lingo as a "sockdolager," delivered full in the back, or even on the side of the head, did not find any encouragement to presume on that experience in school hours.

The new master's punishments usually had a touch of his drollery in them; he contrived to make the culprit ridiculous, and so to keep the humor of the school on his side. A girl who could not otherwise be cured of munching in school had to stand in front of the master's desk with an apple in her teeth; a boy who was wont to get his sport by pinching his neighbors, and sticking them with pins, was forced to make no end of amusement for the school in his turn, by standing on the hearth with a cleft stick pinching his nose out of shape. It was soon concluded that there was no fun in "fooling" with a master who was sure to turn the joke on the offender.

The older pupils who occupied the "writing bench," in front of a continuous shelf-like desk fixed along the wall, spent much of their time in smuggling from one to another fervid little love-notes, which, for disguise, were folded like the "thumb-papers" that served to protect their books from the wear and tear of their over-vigorous thumbs, and from soiling. By passing books from one to another, with such innocent-looking square papers in them, a refreshing correspondence was kept up. This exchange of smuggled billets-doux was particularly active when Rachel Albaugh was present. As for the love-letters thus dispatched, they were fearfully monotonous and not worth the pains of capture by a schoolmaster. Some were straightforward and shameless declarations of admiration and affection in prose scrawls, but a very common sort was com-

posed entirely of one or another of those well-worn doggerel couplets that have perhaps done duty since the art of writing became known to the Anglo-Saxons.

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two,"

was a favorite with the swains of the country school-house; but

"The rose is red, the violet 's blue,
Sugar 's sweet, and so are you,"

had a molasses-like consistency in its alliterative lines that gave it the preference over all other love poems extant.

Amongst these unblushing scribblers of love doggerel and patient cutters and folders of many sorts of thumb-papers, whose fits of studying, like chills and fever, came on only "by spells," Barbara sat without being one of them. The last chance for education was not to be thrown away; and Mason soon singled out this rather under-sized, sharp-eyed girl, not only as the most industrious and clever of the pupils in the Timber Creek school, but as a person of quite another sort from the rest of them. When he was explaining anything to a group of half-listless scholars, her dark eyes, drawn to beads, almost startled him with their concentrated interest. She could not be taught in any kind of classification with the rest; her rate of progress was too rapid. So, finding that Barbara studied all through the recess time, he undertook to give her extra instruction while the others were on the playground. The most agreeable minutes of his day were those in which he unfolded to her the prosaic principles of Vulgar Fractions, of Tare and Tret, and of the Rule of Three. This last was the great and final goal, and it was attained by few of those who attended an intermittent country school in that time. To reach it was to become competent to teach school. Barbara, with the help of the master, who directed her to save time by omitting some of the rubbish of Pike's Arithmetic, was soon in sight of this promised land of the Rule of Three, and it became a question of reviewing the book once more, when she should be through with it, so as to take rank among those who would certainly "do every sum in the book."

"Why not take up algebra?" said the teacher to her, during a long noon recess as they sat side by side at his desk poring over a slate full of figures.

"Do you think I could learn it?" she asked.

"You could learn anything," he said; and the assurance gave Barbara more pleasure than any commendation she had ever received. But she did not know what to reply. To go beyond the arithmetic would be, according to the standard of the country, to have a liberal education, and she was ambitious enough to like that. But where would she get the money to buy a text-book? She did n't wish to confess her scruple of economy. It was not that she was ashamed of her poverty, for poverty might be said to be the prevailing fashion in the Timber Creek country; but it would be bringing to Mason's attention her private affairs, and from that she shrank with an instinct of delicacy for which she could not have given any reason. Yet there sat Mason, leaning back and waiting for her to reply to his question. After a few moments she mustered courage to ask timidly:

"Would the book cost much?"

"I would n't buy any book just now," said the master, seeing the drift of her thoughts. He went to one corner of the school-room, and, standing on the bench, pushed aside one of the boards laid loosely over the joists above. It was here, in the dark loft, that he kept the few articles not necessary to his daily existence in boarding 'round. Reaching his hand up above the boards, he found a copy of a school text-book on algebra, and brought it down with him, rapping it against his hand and blowing the dust off it.

"Use that for a while," he said.

"Oh, thank you!" said Barbara, taking hold of the book with a curious sense of reverence, which was greatly increased as she turned the leaves and regarded the symbols, whose nature and use were quite inconceivable to her. Here was a knowledge beyond any that she had ever dreamed of looking into; beyond that of any schoolmaster she had ever known, except Mason. "It looks hard," she said, regarding him.

"Take it home and try it," he replied, as he took up his ruler to call the scholars to books.

A closer companionship now grew up between the master and the pupil. Both of them anticipated with pleasure the coming of recess time, when the new study could be discussed together. Henceforth the boys looked in vain for Mason to take a turn with them in playing soak-about.

To a man of high aims nothing is more delightful than to have a devoted disciple. Even the self-contained Mason could not be quite unmoved in contemplating this young girl, all of whose tastes and ambitions flowed in the same channel with his own, listening to him as to an oracle. If he had not been so firmly fixed in his resolve that he would not allow any woman to engage his affections before he had completed his college course, he might have come to fall in love with her. But all such thoughts he resolutely put aside. Of

course, teaching her was a delight; but who could help feeling delight in teaching such a learner? Moreover, he was particularly fond of algebra. But he could hardly lay all of his enjoyment to his liking for algebra, or his pleasure in teaching a quick-witted pupil. He could not make himself believe that it was his enjoyment of algebraic generalizations that made his hand tremble whenever he returned a slate or book to Barbara Grayson.

Barbara, for her part, was too intent on her work to think much about anything else. She had more than once caught sight of the furtive, inquiring glance of her teacher on her face before he could turn his eyes away; she was pleased to note that his voice had a tone in addressing her that it had not when he spoke to the others; and she took pleasure in perceiving that she was beyond question the favorite pupil. But Barbara was averse to building any castles in the air which she had small chance of being able to materialize.

One evening, as she was going briskly toward home, she was overtaken by Mason, who walked with her up hill and down dale the whole long rough new-country road through the woods, carrying her books, and chatting about trivial things as he had never done before. He contrived, half in pleasantry but quite in earnest, to praise her diligence, and even her mind. She had hardly ever thought of herself as having a mind. That Tom had such a gift she knew, and she understood how important it was to cultivate his abilities. But she was only Tom's sister. It seemed to her a fine thing, however, this having a mind of her own, and she thought a good deal about it afterward.

When Hiram Mason reached the place where Barbara was accustomed to leave the main road, in order to reach her home by a shorter path through a meadow, he got over the fence first and gave her his hand, though he wondered afterward that he had had the courage to do it. Barbara had climbed fences, and trees too, for that matter, from her infancy, and she was in the habit of getting over this fence twice a day, without ever dreaming that she needed help. But a change had come over her in this two-miles' walk from school. For the first time, she felt a certain loneliness in her life, and a pleasure in being protected. She let Mason take her hand and help her to the top of the fence, though she could have climbed up much more nimbly if she had had both hands free to hold by. Hiram found it so pleasant helping her up, by holding her hand, that he took both her hands when she was ready to jump down on the meadow side of the fence, and then, by an involuntary impulse, he retained her right hand in his left a bare moment longer than was necessary. A little ashamed, not so much of the feeling he had shown as of that he had concealed, he finished his adieux abruptly, and, placing his hands on the top rail, vaulted clean over the fence again into the road. Then he thought of something else that he wanted to say about Barbara's new study of algebra,— something of no consequence at all, except in so far as it served to make Barbara turn and look at him once more. The odd twinkling smile so habitual with him died out of his face, and he looked into hers with an eagerness that made her blush, but did not make her turn away. Then blaming himself for what seemed to him imprudence, he left her at last and started back, only stopping on the next high ground to watch her figure as she hurried along through the meadow grass, and across the brook, and then up the slope toward the house.

There were several other evenings not very different from this one. The master would wait until all the pupils had gone, and then overtake Barbara. He solaced his conscience by carrying a book in his pocket, so as to study on the way back; but he found a strange wandering of the mind in his endeavors to read a dead language after a walk with Barbara. He still held to his resolution, or to what was left of his resolution, not to entangle himself with an early engagement. What visions he indulged in, of projects to be carried out in a very short time after his graduation, belong to the secrets of his own imagination; all his follies shall not be laid bare here. But to keep from committing himself too far, he drew the line at the boundary of Mrs. Grayson's farm,— the meadow fence. He gave himself a little grace, and drew the line on the inside of the fence. He was firmly resolved never to go quite home with his pupil, and never to call at her house. So long as he stopped at the fence, or within ten, or say twenty, or perhaps thirty, feet of it, he felt reasonably safe. But he could not, in common civility, turn back until he had helped her to surmount this eight-rail fence; and indeed it was the great treat to which he always looked forward. There was a sort of permissible intimacy in such an attention. He guarded himself, however, against going beyond the limits of civility — of kindly politeness — of polite friendship; that was the precise phrase he hit on at last. But good resolutions often come to naught because of its being so very difficult to reckon beforehand with the involuntary and the uncontrollable. The goodman of the house never knows at what moment the thief will surprise him. One evening Mason had taken especial pains to talk on only the most innocent and indifferent subjects, such as algebra. On this theme he was the schoolmaster, and he felt particularly secure against any expression

of feeling, for x, y, and z are unknown quantities that have no emotion in them. Though Barbara was yet in the rudiments of the study, he was trying to make her understand the general principles involved in the discussion of the famous problem of the lights. To make this clear he sat down once or twice on logs lying by the roadside, and wrote some characters on her slate showing the relation of a to b in any given case, while Barbara sat by and looked over his demonstrations. But in spite of these delays, they got to the fence before he had finished, and the rest was postponed for another time. It did n't matter so much about the lights after all, whether they were near together or far apart; it does not matter to lights, but there are flames much affected by proximity. As Mason helped Barbara down from the fence, his passion, by some sudden assault, got the better of his prudence, and looking intently into the eyes shaded by the sun-bonnet, he came out with:

"It's all the world to a fellow like me to have such a scholar as you are, Barbara."

The words were mild enough; but his eager manner and his air of confidence, as he stood in front of her sun-bonnet and spoke, with his face flushed, and in a low and unsteady voice, made his speech a half confession. Startled at this sudden downfall of his resolution, he got back over the fence and went straight away, without giving her a chance to say anything; without so much as uttering a civil good-bye. The precipitation of his retreat only served to lend the greater significance to his unpremeditated speech.

Mrs. Grayson complained that "there was no sense in a girl's studyin' algebra, an' tryin' to know more 'n many a good schoolmaster ever knowed when I was a girl. Ever since Barbary's been at that new-fangled study, it's seemed like as if she'd somehow 'r nuther clean lost her mind. She 'll say supper 's ready when they ain't knife nur fork on the table; an' she 's everlastin'ly losin' her knittin'-needles an' puttin' her thimble where she can't find it, or mislayin' her sun-bonnet. Ef her head was loose, she 'd be shore to leave that around somewheres, liker 'n not."

If Hiram Mason's half-involuntary love-making had not brought Barbara unmeasured pleasure she would not have been the normal young woman that she was. He filled all her ideals, and went beyond the highest standard she had set up before she knew him. She was not the kind of a girl that one meets nowadays; at least, that one meets nowadays in novels. She did not have a lot of perfectly needless and inconceivably fine-spun conscientious scruples to prevent the course of her fortune from running smoothly. She did find in herself a drawing back from the future which Mason's partiality had brought within the range of her vision. But her scruple was only one of pride; she exaggerated the superiority of an educated family, such as she conceived his to be, and she reflected that the Graysons were simple country people. She felt in herself that she could never endure the mortification she would feel, as Hiram's wife, if the Masons should look down on her good but unlettered mother, and say or feel that Hiram had "married below him." If, now, Tom should come to something, the equation would be made good.

But the very day after Mason had spoken so warmly of the comfort he found in such a pupil was that disagreeable Saturday on which Tom had come home plucked in gambling, to ask for money enough to pay the debt he had incurred in redeeming his clothes. Was it any wonder that Barbara spoke to him with severity when she found her cherished vision becoming an intangible illusion? Tom would make no career at all at this rate; and to yield to Hiram Mason's wooing would now be to bring to him, not only the drawback of a family of humble breeding and slender education, but the disgrace of a rash, unsteady, and unsuccessful brother, whose adventures with gamblers would seem particularly disreputable to a minister's family. There was no good in thinking about it any more. Her pride could never bear to be "looked down on" by the family of her husband. It would be better to give it up at once — unless — she clung to this possibility — unless Tom should turn out right after all. The necessity for surrendering so much imminent happiness did not surprise her. She had always had to forego, and no prospect of happiness could seem quite possible of realization to an imagination accustomed to contemplate a future of self-denial. None the less, the disappointment was most acute, for she must even give up the school, and try, by spinning yarn, by knitting stockings, and by weaving jeans and linsey, to make up the money taken out of their little fund by Tom's recklessness.

On the next Monday, and the days following, she staid at home without sending any word to the schoolmaster. She held to a lurking hope that Tom's affairs might mend, and she be able, by some good luck, to resume her attendance on the school for a part of the remainder of the quarter. But when on Wednesday Tom's haggard face appeared at the door, and she read in it that all her schemes for him had miscarried, she knew that she must give up dreaming dreams which seemed too good to be innocent. There was nothing for her but to give herself to doing what could be

done for Tom. It was lucky that the poor fellow did not suspect what it cost her to put a smooth face on his disasters.

IX.

BY THE LOOM.

On Monday, Mason saw with regret that Barbara was not at school. On Tuesday he felt solicitous, and would have made inquiry if it had not been for an impulse of secretiveness. By Wednesday he began to fear that his words spoken to her at the meadow fence had something to do with her absence. He questioned the past. He could not remember that she had ever repelled his attentions, or that she had seemed displeased when he had spoken his fervent and unpremeditated words. Conscious that his bearing toward Barbara had attracted the observation of the school, he did not summon courage to ask about her until Thursday. Then when the voluble Mely Davis came to him before the beginning of the afternoon session, to ask him how she should proceed to divide 130 by 9, he inquired if Barbara was ill.

"No, I don't 'low she's sick," responded Mely. "I sh' d 'a' thought she'd tole you, 'f anybody, what 't wuz kep' 'er"; and Mely laughed a malicious little snicker, which revealed her belief that the master was in confidential relations with his algebra scholar. "She thinks the worl' 'n' all of the school an' the master." Mely gasped a little as she ventured this thrust, and quickly added, "An' of algebray — she's *that* fond of algebray; but I sh'd thought she'd tole *you* what kep 'er, ur 'a' sen' choo word. But I 'low it's got sumpin' to do weth the trouble in the family."

Mely made what the old schoolmasters called a "full stop" at this point, as though she considered it certain that Mason would know all about Barbara's affairs.

"Trouble? What trouble?" asked the master.

"W'y, I 'low'd you'd 'a' knowed," said the teasing creature, shaking her rusty ringlets with a fluttering, half-suppressed amusement at the anxiety she had awakened in Mason's mind. "Hain' choo hyeard about her brother?"

"No; which brother? The one that's in Moscow?"

"W'y, lawsy, don' choo know 't she hain't got nary nuther one? The res' 's all dead an' buried long ago. Her brother Tom lost 'is sitooation along of gamblin' an' the like. They say he lost the boots offviz feet an' the coat offviz back." Here Mely had to give vent to her feelings in a hearty giggle; Tom's losses seemed to her a joke of the best, and all the better that the master took it so seriously. "I 'low it 's cut Barb'ry up more 'n a little. She sot sech store by Tom. An' he *is* smart, the *smartest* feller you 'd find fer books an' the like. But what 's the use a-bein' so smart an' then bein' sech a simple into the bargain? *I* say."

Mason did not like to ask further questions about Barbara's family affairs. He could hardly bear to hear Mely canvass them in this unsympathetic way. But there was one more inquiry that he made about Tom.

"Does he drink?"

"Mighty leetle. I 'xpect he takes a drop ur two now an' then, jest fer company's sake when he 's cavortin' 'roun' weth the boys. But I 'low he hain't got no rale hankerin' fer the critter, an' he 's that fond of Barb'ry 'n' 'is mother, an' they 're so sot on 'im, that he wouldn' noways like to git reg'lar drunk like. But he 's always a-gittin' into a bad crowd, an' tryin' some deviltry 'r nuther; out uv one scrape an' into t' other, kinduh keerless like; head up an' never ketchin' sight 'v a stump tell he 's fell over it, kerthump, head over heels. His uncle 's been a-schoolin' 'im, an' lately he 's gone 'n' put 'im weth Squire Blackman to learn to be a lawyer; but now he 's gone 'n' sent him home fer a bad bargain. Ut 's no go 't the law, an' he won't never stan' a farm, yeh know. Too high-sperrited."

Possessed of a share of Mely Davis's stock of information about Barbara's troubles, Hiram Mason saw that his resolution against calling on his pupil at her own house would have to go the way of most of his other resolutions on this subject. He set himself to find arguments against keeping this one, but he was perfectly aware, all the time, that his going to the Graysons' would not depend on reasons at all. He reflected, however, that Barbara's trouble was a new and unforeseen condition. Besides, his regulative resolutions had been so far strained already that they were not worth the keeping. It is often thus in our dealings with ourselves; we argue from defection to indulgence.

Mely Davis felt sure of having the master's company after school as far as she had to go on the road leading to the Graysons'. But he went another way to Pearson's, where he was boarding out the proportion due for three pupils. Mrs. Pearson had intermitted the usual diet of corn-dodgers, and had baked a skilletful of hot biscuits, in honor of the master; she was a little piqued that he should absorb them, as he did, in a perfectly heartless way. As soon as the early supper was over he left the house, without saying anything of his destination. He took a "short cut"

across a small prairie, then through the woods, and across Butt's corn-field, until he came out on the road near the place at which he had several times helped Barbara over the fence. By her path through the meadow he reached the house just as the summer twilight was making the vault of the sky seem deeper and mellowing all the tones in the landscape. In that walk Mason's mind had completely changed front. Why should he try to maintain a fast-and-loose relation with Barbara? She was in need of his present sympathy and help. Impulses in his nature, the strength of which he had never suspected, were beating against the feeble barriers he had raised. Of what use was this battle, which might keep him miserable awhile longer, but which could end in but one way? As he walked through the narrow meadow path, in the middle of which the heavy overhanging heads of timothy grass, now ready for the scythe, touched one another, he cast away the last tatters of his old resolves. The dams were down; the current might go whither it listed. He would have it out with Barbara this evening, and end the conflict. It is by some such only half-rational process that the most important questions of life are usually decided — sometimes luckily; in other cases, to the blighting of the whole life. Is it not rather a poor fist of a world after all, this in which we live, where the most critical and irrevocable decisions must be made while the inexperienced youth is tossed with gusts of passion and blinded by traditional prejudices or captivated by specious theories? The selection of wives and vocations, the two capital elements in human happiness and success, is generally guided by nothing higher than the caprice of those whose judgments are in the gristle. Often the whole course of life of the strong, clear-seeing man yet to come is changed forever by a boy's whim. The old allegorists painted the young man as playing chess with the devil; but chess is a game of skill. What the young man plays is often a child's game of pitch and toss, cross or pile, heads or tails, for stakes of fearful magnitude. Luckily for Hiram, as you and I know from our present acquaintance with Barbara, nothing more disastrous than disappointment was likely to happen to him from his inability to keep his mortifying resolves. The abandonment of them had simplified his feelings and brought him present relief. When he knocked on the jamb of the open front door of the Grayson farm-house, and was invited to come in by the mother, there was a wholeness in his feelings and purposes to which he had been a stranger for weeks.

"Barb'ry," said Mrs. Grayson as she entered the kitchen, after giving Hiram a chair, "here 's the master come to see you. I 'low he thought you mought be sick ur sumpin'."

Barbara sat perched on the loom-bench, with her back to the web she had been weaving. Just now she was peeling, quartering, and coring summer apples to dry for winter stores. She untied her apron and went from the kitchen into the sitting-room, where Mason was looking about, as was his habit, in a quizzical, half-amused way. He had noted the wide stone fireplace, the blackness of whose interior was hidden by the bushy asparagus tops which filled it, and the wooden clock on the unpainted mantel-piece, which had a print of the death-bed of George Washington impaneled in its door. A stairway winding up in one corner gave picturesqueness to the room; diagonally across from this was a high post bed; there were some shuck-bottom chairs, and a splint-bottom rocking-chair, and a bureau with a looking-glass on top. The floor was covered with a new rag-carpet, and the comfortable homelike sentiment excited in Hiram's mind by the general aspect of the room was enhanced by a hearth cricket, which, in one of the crevices of the uneven flag-stones, was already uttering little chirps by way of tuning up for an evening performance.

The sight of Mason dissipated for the moment the clouds that darkened Barbara's thoughts; she saw blue sky for the first time since Tom's first return. It was a pleased and untroubled face that met his gaze when she extended her hand to him.

"Howdy, Mr. Mason!"

Mason fixed his eyes on her in his odd fashion, half turning his head aside, and regarding her diagonally.

"Well, Barbara, you 're the lost sheep," was his greeting. "I was afraid you would n't come back to the flock if I did n't come into the wilderness and look you up."

"There 's been such a lot of things to do this week," she answered hurriedly, "I did n't know how to get time to go to school."

This was truthful, but it was far from being frank, and it was not on these terms that Mason wished to meet her. His first thought was to put her more at ease.

"Can't we sit out on the porch?" he said; "I 'm warm with walking." And he lifted two of the chairs and carried them to the covered porch. There would soon be no light outside but what came from the night sky, and what a dim candle in the sitting-room, when it should be lighted, might manage to spare through the open door. Hiram had a notion that in this obscurity he could coax Barbara out of the diplomatic mood into the plain indicative. But before they had sat down he had changed his plan.

"Hold on," he said, more to himself than to her; and added, "What were you doing when I came?"

"Only peeling some apples to dry."

"Let me help you; we 'll have an apple-peeling all to ourselves."

"No," said Barbara, hesitatingly; but Mason went through the sitting-room and, opening the kitchen door, thrust his head through and said:

"May n't I sit out there and help Barbara peel apples, Mrs. Grayson?"

"You may do what you like, Mr. Mason," said the old lady, pleased with his familiarity; "but peelin' apples ain't jest the kind of work to set a schoolmaster at."

"Schoolmasters a'n't all of them so good for nothing as you think. Come on, Barbara; a little apple-peeling will make it seem like home to me; and this living 'round in other people's houses has made me homesick."

Barbara came out and took her old place on the loom-bench, beside the great three-peck basket of yellow apples. Her seat raised her considerably higher than Mason, who occupied a low chair. In front of Barbara was another chair, on which sat a pan to hold the quarters of apples when prepared for drying; on one of the rungs of this Barbara supported her feet. The candle which Mrs. Grayson lighted shed a dim yellow light from one end of the high smoke-blackened mantel-shelf, which extended across the chimney above the cavernous kitchen fireplace. The joists of the loft were of heavy logs, and these, and the boards which overlaid them, and all the wood-work about this kitchen, were softened and sombered by the smoke that had escaped from the great, rude chimney; for the kitchen was the original log-cabin built when Tom's father, fresh from Maryland, had first settled on the new farm; the rest of the house had grown from this kernel.

The mother, who had not dreamed of any relation between Barbara and Hiram Mason more friendly than that of master and pupil, was a little surprised at the apparently advanced stage of their acquaintance; but she liked it, because it showed that the schoolmaster was not "stuck up," and that he understood that "our Barb'ry" was no common girl. Tom looked in at the open outside door of the kitchen after a while, and was pleased. "Barb deserved a nice beau if ever anybody did," he reflected, and it might keep her from feeling so bad over his own failures. Not wishing to intrude, and wearied to exhaustion with his first day of farm-work since his return, he went around to the front door and through the sitting-room upstairs to bed. When the mother had finished "putting things to rights" she went into the sitting-room, and the apple-peelers were left with only the loom, the reel, and the winding-blades for witnesses.

They talked of school, of their studies, and of many other things until the great basket of apples began to grow empty while the basket of parings and corings was full. The pan of apple-quarters, having overflowed, had been replaced by a pail, which was also nearly full, when, after a playful scuffle of hands in the basket, Hiram secured the last apple and peeled it. Then laying down his knife, he asked:

"You 'll be back at school next week?"

Barbara had been dreading this inquiry. She wished Mason had not asked it. She had heartily enjoyed his society while they talked of things indifferent, but the question brought her suddenly and painfully back into the region of her disappointment and perplexities.

"I 'm afraid I can't come any more. Things have n't gone right with us." The wide spaces between her words indicated to her companion the effort it cost to allude to her affairs.

Mason was more than ever puzzled. By what means could he establish such a ground of confidence between them as would enable him to enter into her difficulties and give her, at the least, the help of his sympathy and counsel? There seemed no way so good as that by direct approach.

"Barbara," he said, drawing his chair nearer to the loom-bench and leaning forward toward her, "won't you please tell me about your affairs, if — if you can do it? I don't want to intrude, but why can't you let me be your best friend and — help you if I can?"

This speech had a different effect from what Mason had intended. Barbara's pride resented an offer of help from him. Of all things, she did not wish to be pitied by the man she was beginning to love. He would always think of her as lower than himself, and she had too much pride to relish anything like the rôle of King Cophetua's beggar maid.

"I can't do it, Mr. Mason; there 's nothing anybody can do." She spoke with her eyes downcast. Having ventured so much and gained nothing, Mason leaned back in his chair and turned his head about to what a photographer would call a "three-quarters position," and looked at Barbara from under his brows without saying anything more. He was like a pilot waiting for the fog to lift. This silent regard made Barbara uneasy. She could not help feeling a certain appreciation of his desire to help her, however disagreeable it might be to her feelings. Perhaps she was wrong to repel his confidence so abruptly.

"I suppose you know about poor Tom?" she said, making so much concession to his

kindness, but half swallowing the rapidly spoken words.

"Yes," said Hiram; "I heard he had got into a scrape such as many a bright boy gets into. A village like Moscow is a hard place for a boy raised in the country. But he 'll pull out of that."

It lifted a weight from Barbara's mind that Mason did not take a too serious view of Tom. She wished, however, that he would not look at her so long in that askance fashion.

"Did the trouble cost you much money?" he ventured to inquire after a while.

"Well, no, not much for some folks, but a good deal for us; we're rather poor, you know." There is a pride that conceals poverty; there is a greater pride that makes haste to declare it, feeling that only hidden poverty is shameful. "You know father was a smart man in some ways," Barbara continued, "but he had n't any knack. He lost most of his money before he came to Illinois; and then when he got here he made the mistake, that so many made, of settling in the timber, though very little of the prairie had been taken up yet. If he had n't been afraid of the winters on the prairie, we might have been pretty well off; but it 's been a hard struggle opening a farm in the woods. Then we have had nothing but misfortune. My father died of a congestive chill, and then my three brothers and my sister died, and Tom and I are all that 's left to mother. And there are doctor's bills to pay yet, and a little debt on the farm."

"Yes, yes," said Hiram, wounded in thinking of the pain he was giving Barbara in forcing her to speak thus frankly of the family troubles. "I know what it is. Poverty and I are old acquaintances; regular old cronies. She 's going to stand by my side till I graduate, anyhow; but as I have known her ever since I was born, I can afford to laugh in her face. There 's nothing like being used to a thing."

Barbara made no reply to this. Mason sat and looked at her awhile in silence. There was no good in trying to help her on his present footing. He leaned forward, resting his elbow on the loom-bench by her side.

"Look here, Barbara," he said, with abrupt decision, "let 's, you and me, go in partnership with our poverty some day, and see what 'll come of it. I suppose, so far as money is concerned, the equations would be about equal without the trouble of figuring it out."

Barbara looked toward the pan of cut apples in front of her with her eyes out of focus, and made no reply. After a while Hiram spoke again.

"Did I — make you mad, Barbara?" He used the word "mad" in the sense attached to it in that interior country, meaning angry.

"No, not mad," said Barbara. "Not that — but — I don't know what to say. I don't believe what you propose can ever be."

Mason waited for her to explain herself, but she did not seem to be able to get her own consent. At length he got up and went to the mantel-piece and took down Barbara's slate.

"Let 's talk about algebra awhile," he said.

Barbara was fond enough of algebra, but it seemed droll that Mason, with an unsettled proposition of marriage on hand, should revert to his favorite study. She could not see what he was writing, but when he passed the slate to her, she read:

a = another lover.
b = objections to H. Mason.
c = interfering circumstances.
$x = a + b + c$.

"Now," said Mason, when she looked up, "I 'd like you to help me to get the exact value of x in this little equation. It 's a kind of fortune-telling by algebra. We must proceed by elimination; you may strike out such of the letters on the right side of the last equation as do not count for anything.

But instead of proceeding as the master suggested, Barbara, whose reserve was partly dissipated by her amusement, took the pencil that he offered her, and after a moment's reflection wrote below:

$a = 0$
$b = 0$
$x = c$

"I never saw an equation more to my taste," said Hiram. "If it 's only circumstances, then circumstances and I are going to fight it out. You think there are things that will keep us from making an equation between Barbara and Hiram?"

"There would n't be any equation," she said, looking out of half-closed eyelids, as she always did when speaking with feeling. "Your family is an educated one, and your father and mother would n't approve of us. Mother never had any chance to learn, and her talk is very old-fashioned, but she 's just as good as good can be, all the same. Tom 's unsteady; I hope he 'll get over that yet; but your father and mother and your sisters would n't like it."

"Yes, they would, if they knew you," said Mason, with enthusiasm; "and, besides, I don't see that I 'm bound to get their consent."

"But that would n't change matters," persisted Barbara, despondingly. "If they did n't like it, it would n't be nice."

"Don't you bother about my happiness, Barbara. If I have you, do you think anything else will trouble me?" He got up and snuffed the candle with his fingers like the brave man that he was.



BARBARA AND HIRAM BY THE LOOM.

"I 'm not bothering about you at all," said Barbara. "I 'm not so good as you think I am. I let you take care of yourself in this matter; you 're strong, and such things won't worry you." She was picking at her dress as she spoke. "Ever since you said what you did when you helped me over the fence last," — Barbara took a long breath as she thought of that scene; she had often retraced all its details in her memory,— "I 've known that you felt so toward me that you would face anything. But *I* — I could n't bear it if your folks should look down on me and I be — your wife." It was hard to say the last words; they sounded strangely, and when they were uttered, the sound of them put her into a trepidation not altogether disagreeable.

"Look down on *you?*" said Hiram, with a vehemence Barbara had never known him to manifest before. "Do you think my folks are such idiots? They don't meet a person like you often enough to get the habit of looking down on such."

"But you don't know women folks," said Barbara.

"I know my family better than you do, and

you 've got mighty curious notions about them and about yourself. You 've always lived here in the woods, and you don't know what you 're worth."

He lifted the empty apple-basket out of the way and sat down by her.

"Now, Barbara, you say you know how I feel toward you. You are the girl of all girls in the world for me. And now you won't spurn me, will you?" he said entreatingly.

Barbara's lips quivered and she seemed about to lose control of herself. However, after a little period of silence and struggle, she suppressed her feelings sufficiently to speak:

"I could n't *spurn* you," she said. Then, after another pause: "Maybe you don't care any more for me than I do for you. But I 'm in such trouble — that I can't tell what to say. Won't you wait and give me a little time? Things may be better after a while."

"How long shall I stay away? A week?" Mason's voice had a note of protest in it.

"Don't be hurt," she said, lifting her eyes timidly to his. "But I 'm in such a hard place. Let me have two weeks or so to think about it, and see how things are going to turn." It was not that Barbara saw any chance for a change of circumstances, but that she could not resolve to decide the question either way, and wished to escape from her present perplexity by postponement.

"Just as you say," said Mason, regretfully; "but I tell you, Barbara, it 's two weeks of dead lost time."

Then he got up and held out his hand to her.

"Good-bye, Barbara."

"Good-bye, Mr. Mason."

"Oh, call me Hiram! It 's more friendly, and you call all the other young men by their first names."

"But you 're the master."

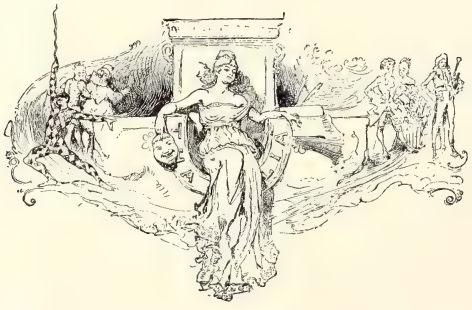
"I 'm not the master of you, that 's clear. Besides, you 've left school." He was holding her hand in gentle protest all this time.

"Well, good-bye — Hiram!" said Barbara, with a visible effort which ended in a little laugh.

Mason let go of her hand and turned abruptly and walked out of the door, and then swiftly down the meadow path. Barbara stood and looked after him as long as she could see his form; then she slowly shut and latched the kitchen door and came and covered with ashes the remaining embers of the fire, and took the candle from the mantel-piece and went through the now vacant sitting-room to her chamber above.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

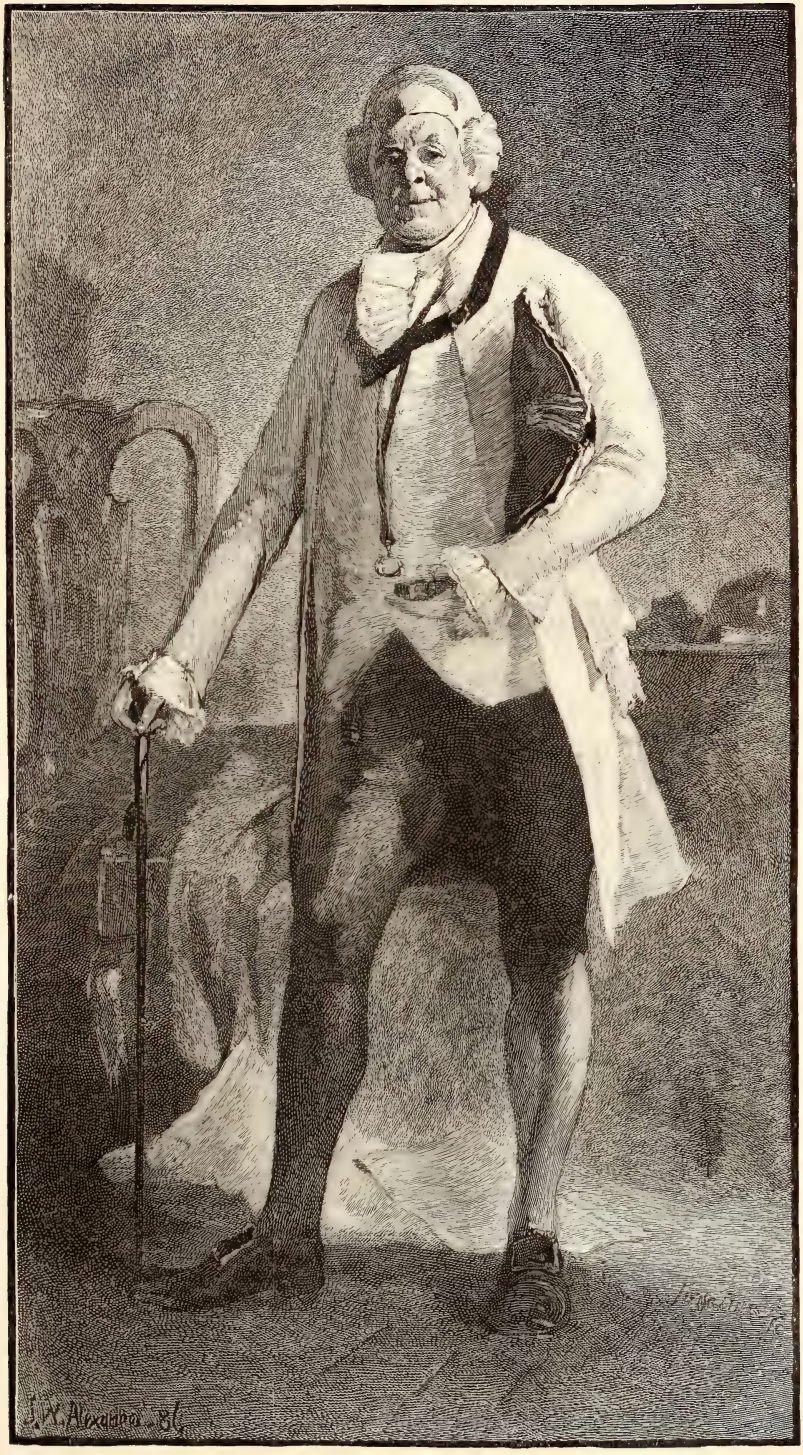


JOHN GILBERT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

OF all the men who have achieved fame upon the American stage during the last half century, a period which includes almost all that is important in the theatrical history of the country, no one probably ever gained a higher place in public esteem than that now occupied by the finished artist and fine old actor John Gilbert.

There have been players of greater genius and wider renown, whose names are known the world over, and whose brilliant careers mark the limits of dramatic eras, but none of them, it is safe to say, ever secured a firmer hold upon the popular heart, in the twofold capacity of actor and man, than the veteran who is the subject of this sketch. The position of Mr. Gilbert upon the stage of to-day is extraordinary in more ways than one. Although he can scarcely be said to be the most prominent figure in the American theatrical world, yet he is certainly the one man whose retirement from it would leave a void which nobody



JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR PETER TEAZLE."



JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR PETER TEAZLE."

now in sight could hope to fill. With him will vanish, for a time at least, if not forever, old comedy characters that have been beloved by play-goers for generations and have been regarded almost in the light of actual personages instead of mere creatures of the imagination. The remark that such or such a character will disappear with this or that actor is common enough, and is apt to be unfounded, but in the case of Mr. Gilbert it is, unhappily, only too true. It is by no means necessarily an irreparable loss to the stage when an eccentric conception, made vital by the peculiar powers of some particular actor, dies with its originator. *Paul Pry*, *Lord Dundreary*, *Solon Shingle*, and a host of others, admirable as they are in their respective classes, may all go to the limbo of forgotten plays and the condition of the theater will not be affected permanently; but it is altogether a more serious matter when the survival of a classic type seems to be dependent upon a single life. When Mr. Gilbert abandons the foot-lights — may the day be far distant! — he will take with him nearly all the famous old men of old English comedy, to say nothing of the comedy which is rapidly growing middle-aged. Who but he can give us *Sir Anthony* or *Sir Peter*, *Old Dornton* or *Mr. Hardcastle*, *Lord Duberly* or *Sir Francis Gripe?* It is surely a great good fortune for us all that has preserved his health and vigor for three-quarters of a century, and which leaves him in the full possession of physical and mental powers in his seventy-eighth year.

Many of the younger admirers of Mr. Gilbert doubtless think that he has never or rarely played in anything but comedy, whereas the truth is that his earliest efforts were in tragedy. The perfection of his present method, which appears to the careless observer so simple and natural a thing, is the result of long years of arduous labor and a strangely varied experience. He was born on the 27th of February, 1810, in Boston, next door to the house

in which Charlotte Cushman first saw the light. From his earliest youth, it is said, he was attracted to a theatrical life, and as a boy in the Boston High School was noted among his fellows for his skill and force in declamation. His aspirations were high, and his first recitations were selected from "The Iron Chest" and "Venice Preserved." This was before he was fourteen years old, at which age he was put behind the counter in his uncle's dry-goods store and doomed to ply the yard-stick and scissors. He was too young for open rebellion, but he had the courage, resolution, and industry which are more potent than genius itself. Always steadfast to the purpose of his life, he never for an instant ceased the study of elocution, and at last, when he was eighteen years old, he managed to obtain permission from the directors of the old Tremont Theater to make a public appearance there as *Jaffier*. This important step was taken without the knowledge either of his mother or his uncle, neither of whom had much reverence for the stage. He was announced simply as a young gentleman of Boston, and had the privilege of one rehearsal only. His performance proved so successful that he was allowed to try again, and this time he essayed the part of *Sir Edward Mortimer*, to the manifest approval of his audience. His triumph enabled him to overcome the opposition of his relatives, and he was allowed to leave the shop and enter definitely upon the career of an actor. His third part was *Shylock*, and there his ambition met with a severe shock. Boylike, he thought that the favorable reception accorded to him as a novice meant permanent fame for him, and he was greatly taken aback when he found that he had to begin again, like everybody else, at the bottom of the ladder. After playing two and three line parts for a time, he was glad to get an opportunity to go to New Orleans under the management of James H. Caldwell, although his salary was of the smallest. He made his first appearance there as *Sir Frederick Vernon* in "Rob Roy," and is reported to have failed completely on account of a bad attack of stage fright, pardonable enough in a lad of his inexperience. Immediately afterward he



JOHN GILBERT AS "JESSE RURAL."



JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE."

redeemed himself by the admirable manner in which he acted an old man, a very strong part, in a piece called "The May Queen"; and it was on this occasion that the natural bent of his talent was first displayed. Thereafter he appeared constantly in the characters of old men and made rapid advances in professional reputation. For five years he traveled in the South and South-west, undergoing discomforts and making shifts of which even the modern barn-stormer has but the faintest conception, but constantly adding to his experience and self-confidence, until he finally made his way back again to Boston and procured an engagement at the Tremont Theater. Here he played for another five years in a great variety of characters, many of which were old men — in tragedy, old and new comedy, melodrama, romantic-drama, and farce. He was associated in those days with a host of dead-and-gone celebrities,— Booth, Forrest, Hamblin, J. W. Wallack, Tyrone Power, Charlotte Cushman, Cooper, Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean), Mr. and Mrs. Keely, etc., — and doubtless learned something from each of them. The modern actor would call work of this kind drudgery, but to the true student of dramatic art it is more precious than all the rules of all the professors. At the end of his five years' term in Boston, Mr. Gilbert's position in his profession was assured, and he came to New York, where he at once procured an engagement in the Old Bowery Theater, then at the height of its fame. He played *Sir Edward Mortimer* and a number of other important characters with much success, and then returned for a brief season to Boston, acting in the Tremont and the National theaters. Being desirous of studying the methods of comedians trained amidst the old traditions, he made a trip to England, and was engaged by Mr. Walton, the manager of the Princess's Theater, and made his first appearance there in the character of *Sir Richard Bramble* in "The Poor Gentleman." His success was so emphatic that he was reëngaged for the whole of the ensuing season, and played the old men's parts in a number of standard English comedies, and also supported Macready and Charlotte Cushman. Whenever he had a chance he went to the Haymarket Theater, the home of legitimate comedy, where Mathews, Buckstone, Compton, Mrs. Nesbitt, and other famous actors could be seen, and he also paid a visit to Paris to study the best methods of the French school.

On his return to New York he joined the company of the Park Theater, then under the direction of Hamblin, and remained there until the house was burned in 1848. Then he went to Philadelphia, where he acted for five years, and next to Boston, to the new Boston Theater, managed by Thomas Barry, where he remained until 1857. During the ensuing five years he was once more in Philadelphia, but in 1862 he returned to New York for good, joining the company of Mr. Wallack, of which he was one of the chief ornaments to the very last. It is not possible within the limits of this sketch to attempt even the briefest summary of the work which he has accomplished in the last twenty-five years, but a hasty reference to some of his most important impersonations will give a good idea of its variety and scope. The fame of his *Sir Anthony Absolute* entitles it to be placed at the head of the list. It is difficult to believe that the choleric old Englishman ever had a better representative. To-day there is no actor who could presume to challenge comparison with him in it. Mr. William Warren, of Boston, has retired

upon his laurels. Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Phelps, and the original Warren are dead. All were celebrated in the character, but Mr. Gilbert is probably better than any of them. His figure, his face, and his voice fit the part exactly; the naturalness of his choleric outbursts is extraordinary; the dryness of his humor is perfect; and his whole carriage is an absolute reproduction of the old-time manner. The performance is — in one word — perfection. His *Sir Peter* is a companion-piece of almost equal merit, but is distinctly inferior. It is a little deficient in polish. The ideal *Sir Peter* ought to have an air a little more courtly than that which Mr. Gilbert imparts to him; but perhaps even this objection is open to the charge of hypercriticism. At all events, there is no other *Sir Peter* upon the English-speaking stage to compare with it, although the younger Farren in London and Mr. Charles Fisher here are both clever in the character. Their admitted excellence only emphasizes Mr. Gilbert's easy superiority. By way of contrast with the explosive *Sir Anthony*, take *Old Dornton* in the "Road to Ruin." No more perfect picture of probity, benevolence, and tenderness could be imagined. There is almost as much pathos in the old man's honest outbursts of indignation as in his moments of forgiveness and reconciliation. What a study of sturdy indignation and parental tenderness he furnished as *Job Thornberry* in "John Bull," and what a wealth of humor he infused into *Lord Duberly!* His *Lord Ogleby* is another instance of his wide versatility, as is his *Sir Francis Gripe* in "The Busy-body," which a year or two ago gave so much pleasure to lovers of genuine old comedy. Even more striking is the contrast between his *Master Walter* in "The Hunchback" and his *Mr. Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer," two characters with scarcely a point in common, yet played with almost equal truth and finish. The *Hardcastle* is the finer, of course, being a veritable masterpiece full of the rarest and homeliest humor; but what other actor capable of playing the one could play the other at all? *Dogberry*, *Adam*, *Sir George Thunder*, *Old Wilding*, *Sir William Fondlove*, *Justice Greedy*, *Paul Lafont*, in "Love's Sacrifice," and others innumerable,— what a splendid gallery of portraits they all make, and how long it is likely to be before any one man will be able to paint them again!

But even in these later days it is not only in old comedy that Mr. Gilbert has excelled; his *Sir Harcourt Courtly* is as finished a modern portrait as any of the old ones just enumerated. The external polish of this superannuated fop is a triumph of the most delicate and artistic acting, in which the broadest effects are secured by the most minute elaboration. Who would suppose that this exquisite was identical with the ruffianly *McKenna* in "Rosedale," the fussy old *Brisemouch* in "A Scrap of Paper," or the jealous old husband in "The Guv'nor"? The personal characteristics of Mr. Gilbert — his stature, voice, and face — are so marked that, until the list of his impersonations is examined, he often fails to receive credit for the uncommon versatility which he exhibits.



JOHN GILBERT AS "HARDCASTLE."

The personages named do not constitute one-tenth, perhaps, of those which he has enacted in New York, but they are sufficient for the present purpose, which is simply to show the strong foundation upon which his reputation rests. He is in every sense an honor to his profession. The stage was never more urgently in need of such men as he, who furnish irrefutable demonstration that labor and experience are the only sure means by which artistic perfection can be attained. Genius in acting, as in everything else, will always

assert itself; but it cannot be developed to its full extent without complete knowledge of the mechanical processes needed to create the desired impression, and mechanical — or, if the word be displeasing, executive — excellence can be reached by practice, and by practice only. The only real school of acting is the stage, and in this, as in every other school, the student must begin at the bottom and work his way up. Mr. Gilbert is a past-master of his art, who uses, with unerring precision, all the resources acquired in half a century of intelligent observation and laborious application. His skill is so complete that everything he does has the effect of intuition; but neither he nor any other expert in acting equal to him can impart the faculty which he possesses. He can tell how he does it, but that will not enable anybody else to do it off-hand in the same way. There was a glimmer of this truth in the mind of Mr. Squeers when he sent his students in practical philosophy to clean his windows. It will be a blessed day for the theater when the agile dolls who masquerade nowadays as comedians begin to comprehend that mimicry is not acting, and that, if it were, they would be inferior in this respect to many of the anthropoid apes.

J. Ranken Towse.





[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE DUSANTES.*

A SEQUEL TO "THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

II.

AFTER a second night spent in the stage-coach on that lonely and desolate mountain road where we were now snow-bound, I arose early in the morning and went into the forest to collect some fuel; and while thus engaged I made the discovery that the snow was covered with a hard crust which would bear my weight. After the storm had ceased the day before, the sun had shone brightly and the temperature had moderated very much, so that the surface of the snow had slightly thawed. During the night it became cold again, and this surface froze into a hard coating of ice. When I found I could walk where I pleased, my spirits rose, and I immediately set out to view the situation. The aspect of the road gave me no encouragement. The snow-fall had been a heavy one, but had it not been for the high wind which accompanied it, it would have thrown but moderate difficulties in the way of our rescuers. Reaching a point which commanded a considerable view along the side of the mountain, I could see that in many places the road was completely lost to sight on account of the great snow-drifts piled up on it. I then walked to the point where the two roads met, and crossing over, I climbed a slight rise in the ground which had cut off my view in this direction, and found myself in a position from which I could look directly down the side of the mountain below the road.

Here the mountain-side, which I had supposed to be very steep and rugged, descended in a long and gradual slope to the plains below, and for the greater part of the distance was covered by a smooth shining surface of frozen snow, unbroken by rock or tree. This snowy slope apparently extended for a mile or more, and then I could see that it gradually blended itself into the greenish-brown turf of the lower country. Down there in the valley there still were leaves upon the trees, and there were patches of verdure over the land. The storm which had piled its snows up here had given them rain down there and had freshened everything. It was like looking down into another climate, and on another land. I saw a little smoke coming up behind a patch of trees. It must be that there was a house there! Could it be possible that we were within a mile or two of a human habitation? Yet, what comfort was there in that thought? The people in that house could not get to us nor we to them, nor could they have heard of our situation, for the point where our road reached the lower country was miles farther on.

As I stood thus and gazed, it seemed to me that I could make a run and slide down the mountain-side into green fields, into safety, into life. I remembered those savage warriors who, looking from the summits of the Alps upon the fertile plains of Italy, seated themselves upon their shields and slid down to conquest and rich spoils.

An idea came into my mind, and I gave it glad welcome. There was no time to be lost. The sun was not yet high, but it was mounting in a clear sky, and should its rays become warm enough to melt the crust on which I stood, our last chance of escape would be gone. To plow our way to any place, through deep, soft snow, would be impossible. I hurried back to our coach, and found three very grave women standing around the fire. They were looking at a small quantity of food at the bottom of a large basket.

"That 's every crumb there is left," said Mrs. Aleshine to me, "and when we pass in some to them unfortunates on the other side of the drift,— which, of course, we 're bound to do,— we 'll have what I call a skimpy meal. And that 's not the worst of it. Until somebody gets up to us, it will be our last meal."

I took my poor Ruth by the hand, for she was looking very pale and troubled, and I said: "My dear friends, nobody can get up to this place for a long, long time; and before help could possibly reach us we should all be

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dead. But do not be frightened. It is not necessary to wait for any one to come to us. The snow is now covered with a crust which will bear our weight. I have thought of a way in which we can slide down the mountain-side, which, from a spot where I have been standing this morning, is no steeper than some coasting hills, though very much longer. In a few minutes we can pass from this region of snow, where death from cold and starvation must soon overtake us, to a green valley where there is no snow, and where we shall be within walking distance of a house in which people are living."

Ruth grasped my arm. "Will it be safe?" she exclaimed.

"I think so," I answered. "I see no reason why we should meet with any accident. At any rate, it is much safer than remaining here for another hour; for if the crust melts, our last chance is gone."

"Mr. Craig," said Mrs. Lecks, "me and Mrs. Aleshine is no hands at coastin' down-hill, havin' given up that sort of thing since we was little girls with short frocks and it did n't make no matter any way. But you know more about these things than we do; and if you say we can get out of this dreadful place by slidin' down-hill, we 're ready to follow, if you 'll just go ahead. We followed you through the ocean with nothin' between our feet and the bottom but miles o' water and nobody knows what sorts of dreadful fish, and when you say it 's the right way to save our lives, we 're ready to follow you again. And as for you, Mrs. Ruth, don't you be frightened. I don't know what we 're goin' to slide on, but, whatever it is, even if it 's our own selves, me and Mrs. Aleshine will take you between us, and if anything is run against, we 'll get the bumps, and not you."

I was delighted to see how readily my proposition was accepted, and we made a hasty breakfast, first sending in some of our food to the other party. The gentleman reported through the hole of communication that they were all fairly well, but a good deal stiffened by cold and want of exercise. He inquired, in a very anxious voice, if I had discovered any signs of approaching relief. To this I replied that I had devised a plan by which we could get ourselves out of our present dangerous situation, and that in a very short time I would come around to the door of his shed — for I could now walk on the crusted snow — and tell him about it. He replied that these words cheered his heart, and that he would do everything possible to coöperate with me.

I now went to work vigorously. I took the cushions from the coach, four of them altogether, and carried them to the brink of the slope down which I purposed to make our descent. I also conveyed thither a long coil of rawhide rope which I had previously discovered in the boot of the coach. I then hurried along the other road, which, as has been said before, lay at a somewhat lower level than the one we were on, and when I reached the shed I found the door had been opened, and the gentleman, with his tin pan, had scooped away a good deal of the snow about it, so as to admit of a moderately easy passage in and out. He met me outside, and grasped my hand.

"Sir, if you have a plan to propose," he said, "state it quickly. We are in a position of great danger. Those two ladies inside the shed cannot much longer endure this exposure, and I presume that the ladies in your party — although their voices, which I occasionally hear, do not seem to indicate it — must be in a like condition."

I replied that, so far, my companions had borne up very well, and without further waste of words proceeded to unfold my plan of escape.

When he had heard it the gentleman put on a very serious expression. "It seems hazardous," he said, "but it may be the only way out of our danger. Will you show me the point from which you took your observations?"

"Yes," said I, "but we must be in haste. The sun is getting up in the sky, and this crust may soon begin to melt. It is not yet really winter, you know."

We stepped quickly to the spot where I had carried the cushions. The gentleman stood and silently gazed, first at the blocked-up roadway, then at the long, smooth slope of the mountain-side directly beneath us, and then at the verdure of the plain below, which had grown greener under the increasing brightness of day. "Sir," said he, turning to me, "there is nothing to be done but to adopt your plan, or to remain here and die. We will accompany you in the descent, and I place myself under your orders."

"The first thing," said I, "is to bring here your carriage cushions, and help me to arrange them."

When he had brought the three cushions from the shed, the gentleman and I proceeded to place them with the others on the snow, so that the whole formed a sort of wide and nearly square mattress. Then, with the rawhide rope, we bound them together in a rough but secure net-work of cordage. In this part of the work I found my companion very apt and skillful.

When this rude mattress was completed I requested the gentleman to bring his ladies to the place while I went for mine.

"What are we to pack up to take with us?" said Mrs. Aleshine, when I reached our coach.

"We take nothing at all," said I, "but the money in our pockets and our rugs and wraps. Everything else must be left in the coach, to be brought down to us when the roads shall be cleared out."

With our rugs and shawls on our arms we left the coach, and as we were crossing the other road we saw the gentleman and his companions approaching. These ladies were very much wrapped up, but one of them seemed to step along lightly and without difficulty, while the other moved slowly and was at times assisted by the gentleman.

A breeze had sprung up which filled the air with fine frozen particles blown from the uncrusted beds of snow along the edge of the forest, and I counseled Ruth to cover up her mouth and breathe as little of this snow powder as possible.

"If I 'm to go coastin' at all," said Mrs. Aleshine, "I 'd as lief do it with strangers as friends; and a little liefer, for that matter, if there 's any bones to be broken. But I must say that I 'd like to make the acquaintance of them ladies afore I git on to the sled, which" — at that moment catching sight of the mattress — "you don't mean to say that that 's it?"

"Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks from underneath her great woolen comforter, "if you want to get your lungs friz, you 'd better go on talkin'. Manners is manners, but they can wait till we get to the bottom of the hill."

Notwithstanding this admonition, I noticed that as soon as the two parties met, both Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine advanced and shook hands with the ladies who had been their neighbors under such peculiar circumstances, and that Mrs. Lecks herself expressed a muffled hope that they might all get down safely.

I now pushed the mattress which was to serve as our sled as close as was prudent to the edge of the descent, and requested the party to seat themselves upon it. Without hesitation Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine sat down, taking Ruth between them, as they had promised to do. My young wife was very nervous, but the cool demeanor of her companions, and my evident belief in the practicability of the plan, gave her courage, and she quietly took her seat. The younger of the two strange ladies stepped lightly on the cushions, and before seating herself stood up for a good look at the far-extending bed of snow over which we were to take our way. The prospect did not appear to deter her, and she sat down promptly and with an air that seemed to say that she anticipated a certain enjoyment from the adventure. The elder lady, however, exhibited very different emotions. She shrank back from the cushions towards which the gentleman was conducting her, and turned her face away from the declivity. Her companion assured her that it was absolutely necessary that we should descend from the mountain in this way, for there was no other; and asserting his belief that our slide would be a perfectly safe one, he gently drew her to the mattress and induced her to sit down.

I now, for the first time, noticed that the gentleman carried under one arm, and covered by his long cloak, a large package of some sort, and I immediately said to him: "It will be very imprudent for us to attempt to carry any of our property except what we can put in our pockets or wrap around us. Everything else should be left here, either in your carriage or our coach, and I have no fear that anything will be lost. But even if our luggage were in danger of being molested if left here, we cannot afford to consider it under circumstances such as these."

"My dear sir," said the gentleman, speaking very gravely, "I appreciate the hazards of our position as keenly as yourself. Our valises, and all the light luggage which we had with us in our carriage, I have left there, and shall not give them another thought. But with the parcel I hold under this arm I cannot part, and if I go down the mountain-side on these cushions, it must go with me. If you refuse in such a case to allow me to be one of your party, I must remain behind, and endeavor to find a board or something on which I can make the descent of the mountain."

He spoke courteously but with an air of decision which showed me that it would be of no use to argue with him. Besides, there was no time for parleying; and if this gentleman chose to take his chances with but one arm at liberty, it was no longer my affair. I therefore desired him to sit down, and I arranged the company so that they sat back to back, their feet drawn up to the edge of the mattress. I then took the place which had been reserved for me as steersman, and having tied several shawls together, end to end, I passed them around the whole of us under our arms, thus binding us all firmly together. I felt that one of our greatest dangers would be that one or more of the party might slip from the mattress during the descent.

When all was ready I asked the gentleman, who, with the elder lady, sat near me, at the back of the mattress, to assist in giving us a start by pushing outward with his heels while I thrust the handle of my wooden shovel into the crust and thus pushed the mattress forward. The starting was a little difficult, but in a min-

ute or two we had pushed the mattress partly over the brink, and then, after a few more efforts, we began to slide downward.

The motion, at first slow, suddenly became quite rapid, and I heard behind me a cry or exclamation, from whom I knew not, but I felt quite sure it did not come from any of our party. I hoped to be able to make some use of my shovel in the guidance of our unwieldy raft or mattress-sled, but I soon found this impossible, and down we went over the smooth, hard-frozen slope, with nothing to direct our course but the varying undulations of the mountain-side. Every moment we seemed to go faster and faster, and soon we began to revolve, so that sometimes I was in front and sometimes behind. Once, when passing over a very smooth sheet of snow, we fairly spun around, so that in every direction feet were flying out from a common center and heels grating on the frozen crust. But there were no more cries or exclamations. Each one of us grasped the cordage which held the cushions together, and the rapidity of the motion forced us almost to hold our breath.

Down the smooth, white slope we sped as a bird skims through the air. It seemed to me as if we passed over miles and miles of snow. Sometimes my face was turned down the mountain where the snow surface seemed to stretch out illimitably, and then it was turned upward towards the apparently illimitable slopes over which we had passed.

Presently, my position now being in front of the little group that glanced along its glittering way, I saw at some distance below me a long rise or terrace which ran along the mountain-side for a considerable distance, and which cut off our view of everything below us. As we approached this hillock the descent became much more gradual and our progress slower, and at last I began to fear that our acquired velocity would not be sufficient to carry us up the side of this elevation, and so enable us to continue our descent. I therefore called to everybody in the rear to kick out vigorously, and with my shovel I endeavored to assist our progress. As we approached the summit of the elevation, we moved slower and slower. I became very anxious, for, should we slide backward, we might find it difficult or impossible to get ourselves and the mattress up this little hill. But the gentleman and myself worked valiantly, and as for Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, they kicked their heels through the frozen crust with such energy that we moved sidewise almost as much as upward. But in a moment the anxious suspense was over, and we rested on the ridge of the long hillock with the mountain-side stretching down to the plain, which lay not very far below us.

I should have been glad to remain here a few minutes to regain breath, and to give some consideration to the rest of our descent, but some of those behind continued to push — the mattress slid over the edge of the terrace, and down again we went. Our progress now was not so rapid, but it was very much more unpleasant. The snow was thinner; there was little or no crust upon it, and we very soon reached a wide extent of exposed turf over which we slid, but not without a good deal of bumping against stones and protuberances. Then there was another sheet of snow, which quickened our downward impetus; and, after that, the snow was seen only in occasional patches, and our progress continued over a long slope of short, partly dried grass, which was very slippery, and over which we passed with considerable quickness.

I wished now to bring our uncouth sled to a stop, and to endeavor to make the rest of the descent on foot. But although I stuck out my heels and tried to thrust the handle of my shovel into the ground, it was of no use. On we went, and the inequalities of the surface gave an irregularity of motion which was uncomfortable and alarming. We turned to this side and that, we bounced and bumped, and the rawhide ropes, which must have been greatly frayed and cut by the snow crust, now gave way in several places, and I knew that the mattress would soon separate into its original cushions, if indeed they still could be called cushions. Fearing increased danger should we now continue bound together in a bunch, I jerked apart the shawl knot under my arms, and the next moment, it seemed to me, there was a general dissolution of our connection with each other. Fortunately, we were now near the bottom of the slope, for while some of us stuck fast to the cushions, others rolled over, or slid, independent of any protection; while I, being thrown forward on my feet, actually ran down-hill! I had just succeeded in stopping myself, when down upon me came the rest of the company, all prostrate in some position or other.

And now from an unwieldy mass of shawls came a cry:

"O Albert Dusante! Where are you? Lucille! Lucille!"

Instantly sprang to one foot good Mrs. Aleshine, her other foot being entangled in a mass of shawls which dragged behind her. Her bonnet was split open and mashed down over her eyes. In her left hand she waved a piece of yellow flannel, which in her last mad descent she had torn from some part of the person of Mrs. Lecks, and in the other a bunch of stout dead weeds, which she had seized and pulled up by the roots as she had

passed them. Her dress was ripped open down her rotund back, and the earth from the weed roots had bespattered her face. From the midst of this dilapidation her round eyes sparkled with excitement. Hopping on one foot, the shawls and a part of a cushion dragging behind her, she shouted:

"The Dusantes! They are the Dusantes!"

Then pitching forward on her knees before the two strange ladies, who had now tumbled into each other's arms, she cried:

"Oh, which is Emily, and which is Lucille?"

I had rushed towards Ruth, who had clung to a cushion, and was now sitting upon it, when Mrs. Lecks, who was close beside her, arose to her feet and stood upright. One foot was thrust through her own bonnet, and her clothes gave evidence of the frenzy and power of Mrs. Aleshine's grasp, but her mien was dignified and her aspect stately.

"Barb'ry Aleshine!" she exclaimed, "if them Dusantes has dropped down from heaven at your very feet, can't you give 'em a minute to feel their ribs and see if their legs and arms is broken?"

The younger lady now turned her head towards Mrs. Aleshine. "I am Lucille," she said.

In a moment the good woman's arms were around her neck. "I always liked you the best of the two," she whispered into the ear of the astonished young lady.

Having found that Ruth was unhurt, I ran to the assistance of the others. The gentleman had just arisen from a cushion, upon which, lying flat on his back, he had slid over the grass, still holding under one arm the package from which he had refused to part. I helped him to raise the elder lady to her feet. She had been a good deal shaken, and much frightened, but although a little bruised, she had received no important injury.

I went to fill a leather pocket-cup from a brook near by, and when I returned I found the gentleman standing, confronted by Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and Ruth, while his own companions were regarding the group with eager interest.

"Yes," he was saying, "my name is Dusante, but why do you ask at this moment? Why do you show such excited concern on the subject?"

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Lecks. "I will tell you why, sir. My name is Mrs. Lecks, and this is Mrs. Aleshine, and if you are the Mr. Dusante with the house on the desert island, this is the Mrs. Craig who was married in that very house, and the gentleman here with the water is Mr. Craig, who wrote you the letter which I hope you got. And if that is n't reason enough for our wanting to know if you are Mr. Dusante, I 'd like to be told what more there could be!"

"It 's them! Of course it 's them!" cried Mrs. Aleshine. "I had a feelin' while we were scootin' down hill that they was near and dear to us, though exactly why and how, I did n't know. And she 's told me she 's Lucille, and of course the other must be Emily, though what relations —"

"Am I to understand," interrupted the gentleman, looking with earnest animation from one to the other of us, "that these are the good people who inhabited my house on the island?"

"The very ones!" cried Mrs. Aleshine. "And what relation are you to Emily? and Lucille to her?"

The gentleman stepped backward and laid down the package which he had held under his arm, and advancing towards me with outstretched hands, and with tears starting to his eyes, he exclaimed:

"And this man then, to whom I owe so much, is Mr. Craig!"

"Owe me!" I said. "It is to you that we owe our very lives, and our escape from death in mid-ocean."

"Do not speak of it," he said, shaking his head with a sorrowful expression on his face. "You owe me nothing. I would to Heaven it were not so! But we will not talk of that, now. And this is Mrs. Craig," he continued, taking Ruth by the hand,—"the fair lady whose nuptials were celebrated in my house. And Mrs. Lecks, and Mrs. Aleshine." As he spoke he shook hands with each. "How I have longed to meet you! I have thought of you every day since I returned to my island, and discovered that you had been — I wish I could say — my guests. And where is the reverend gentleman? And the three mariners? I hope that nothing has befallen them!"

"Alas! — for three of them at least," ejaculated Mrs. Aleshine; "they have left us, but they are all right. And now, sir, if you could tell us what relation you are to Emily, and what Lucille —"

"Barb'ry!" cried Mrs. Lecks, making a dash towards her friend, "can't you give the man a minute to breathe? Don't you see he 's so dumbflustered that he hardly knows who he is himself! If them two women was to sink down dead with hunger and hard slidin' right afore your very eyes while you was askin' what relation they was to each other and to him, it would no more 'n serve you right! We 'd better be seein' if anythin' 's the matter with 'em, and what we can do for 'em."

At this moment the younger of Mr. Dusante's ladies quickly stepped forward. "O Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Lecks, and Mrs. Aleshine!"

she exclaimed, "I 'm just dying to know all about you!"

"And which, contrariwise," cried Mrs. Aleshine, "is the same with us, exactly."

"And of all places in the world," continued the young lady, "that we should meet here!"

No one could have been more desirous than I was to know all about these Dusantes and to discuss the strange manner of our meeting, but I saw that Ruth was looking very pale and faint, and that the elder Dusante lady had sat down again upon the ground as though obliged to do so by sheer exhaustion, and I therefore hailed with a double delight the interruption of further explanations by the appearance of two men on horseback who came galloping toward us.

They belonged to the house which I had noticed from the road above, and one of them had seen our swift descent down the mountain-side. At first he had thought the black object he saw sliding over the snow slopes was a rock or mass of underbrush, but his keen eye soon told him that it was a group of human beings, and summoning a companion, he had set out for the foot of the mountain as soon as horses could be caught and saddled.

The men were much surprised when they heard the details of our adventure, but as it was quite plain that some members of our party needed immediate nourishment and attention, the questions and explanations were made very short. The men dismounted from their horses and the elder Dusante lady was placed upon one of them, one man leading the animal and the other supporting the lady. Ruth mounted the other horse, and I walked by her to assist her in keeping her seat, but she held fast to the high pommel of the saddle and got on very well. Mr. Dusante took his younger companion on one arm, and his package under the other, while Mrs. Lecks, having relieved her foot from the encircling bonnet, and Mrs. Aleshine, now free from the entangling shawls, followed in the rear. The men offered to come back with the horses for them if they would wait; but the two women declared that they were quite able to walk and intended to do no waiting, and they trudged vigorously after us. The sun was now high, and the air down here was quite different from that of the mountain-side, being pleasant and almost warm. The men said that the snows above would probably soon melt, as it was much too early in the season for snow to lie long on these lower sides of the mountain.

Our way lay over an almost level plain for about a mile. A portion of it was somewhat rough, so that when we reached the low house to which we were bound, we were all very glad indeed to get there. The house belonged to the two men who owned a small ranch here. One of them was married, and his wife immediately set herself to work to attend to our needs. Her home was small, its rooms few, and her larder very plain in quality; but everything she had was placed at our disposal. Her own bed was given to the elder Dusante lady, who took immediate possession of it; and after a quickly prepared but plentiful meal of fried pork, corn-bread, and coffee, the rest of us stretched ourselves out to rest wherever we could find a place. Before lying down, however, I had, at Ruth's earnest solicitation, engaged one of the men to ride to the railroad station to inquire about Mr. Enderton, and to inform him of our safety. By taking a route which ran parallel with the mountain chain, but at some distance from it, the station, the man said, could be reached without encountering snow.

None of us had had proper rest during the past two nights and we slept soundly until dark, when we were aroused to partake of supper. All of us, except the elder Dusante lady, who preferred to remain in bed, gathered around the table. After supper a large fire, principally of brush-wood, was built upon the hearth; and with the bright blaze, two candles, and a lamp, the low room appeared quite light and cheery. We drew up about the fire — for the night was cool — on whatever chairs, stools, or boxes we could find, and no sooner had we all seated ourselves than Mrs. Aleshine exclaimed:

"Now, Mr. Dusante, it ain't in the power of mortal man, nor woman neither, — an' if put the other way it might be stronger, — to wait any longer before knowin' what relation Lucille is to Emily, and you to them, an' all about that house of yours on the island. If I 'd blown up into bits this day through holdin' in my wantin' to know, I should n't have wondered! An' if it had n't been for hard sleep, I don't believe I could have held in nohow!"

"That 's my mind exactly," said Mrs. Lecks; "and though I know there 's a time for all things, and don't believe in crowdin' questions on played-out people, I do think, Mr. Dusante, that if I could have caught up with you when we was comin' over here, I 'd have asked you to speak out on these p'ints. But you 're a long-legged walker, which Mrs. Aleshine is not, and it would n't have done to leave her behind."

"Which she would n't 'a' been," said Mrs. Aleshine, "long legs or short."

Ruth and I added our entreaties that Mr. Dusante should tell his story, and the good ranchman and his wife said that if there was anything to be done in the story-telling line

they were in for it, strong; and quitting their work of clearing away supper things, they brought an old hair trunk from another room and sat down just behind Mrs. Lecks.

The younger Dusante lady, who, having been divested of her wraps, her veil, and the woolen shawl that had been tied over her head, now proved to be a very pretty girl with black eyes, here declared that it had been her intention at the very first opportunity to get us to tell our story, but as we had asked first, she supposed we ought to be satisfied first.

"I do not wish, my good friends," said Mr. Dusante, "to delay for a moment longer than necessary your very pardonable curiosity concerning me and my family; and I must say at the same time that, although your letter, sir, gave me a very clear account of your visit to my island, there are many things which naturally could not be contained within the limits of a letter, and about which I am most anxious to make inquiries. But these I will reserve until my own narration is finished.

"My name is Albert Dusante. It may interest you to know that my father was a Frenchman and my mother an American lady from New England. I was born in France, but have lived very little in that country, and for a great part of my life have been a merchant in Honolulu. For the past few years, however, I have been enabled to free myself in a great degree from the trammels of business, and to devote myself to the pursuits of a man of leisure. I have never married, and this young lady is my sister."

"Then what relation," began Mrs. Aleshine, "is she to — ? "

At this moment the hand of Mrs. Lecks, falling heavily into the lap of the speaker, stopped this question, and Mr. Dusante proceeded:

"Our parents died when Lucille was an infant, and we have no near blood relations."

At this, the faces of both Mrs. Aleshine and Mrs. Lecks assumed expressions as if they had each just received a letter superscribed in an unknown hand, and were wondering who it could possibly be from.

"The lady who is now resting in the adjoining room," continued Mr. Dusante, "is a dear friend who has been adopted by me as a mother."

"Upon my word!" burst from Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, in as much unison of time and tone as if the words had been a response in a church service, while Miss Lucille leaned back against the wall near which she sat, and laughed gleefully. Mr. Dusante, however, continued his statements with the same quiet gravity with which he had begun.

"This lady was a dear friend of my mother, although younger than she. I adopted her as a mother to my little orphan sister, and consequently placed her in the same maternal relation to myself, doing this with much earnest satisfaction, for I hoped to be able to return, as a son, something of the tender care and affection which she would bestow on Lucille as a daughter."

"And this is Emily ? " cried Mrs. Aleshine.

"She adopted our name," answered the speaker, "and she is Mrs. Emily Dusante."

"And she is your adopted *mother ?* " said Mrs. Aleshine.

"Adopted mother ! " ejaculated Mrs. Lecks.

"Yes," answered Mr. Dusante.

"And that is the only relation she is to you two ? " said Mrs. Lecks.

"And you to her ? " added Mrs. Aleshine.

"Most assuredly," answered Mr. Dusante.

Here Mrs. Lecks leaned back in her chair, folded her hands in her lap, and ejaculated: "Well, well ! " and then allowed her face to assume a rigid intention of having nothing more to say at the present moment.

"One thing is certain," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, in a tone which indicated that she did not care who heard her, "I always liked Lucille the best ! "

At this Ruth and I exchanged smiles with Miss Lucille, and Mr. Dusante proceeded:

"I do not wish to occupy too much of your time with our personal affairs, and will therefore state that the island on which you found refuge and where I wish, most heartily, I had been present to act as host, was bought by me as a retreat from the annoyances of business and the exactions of society. I built there a good house —"

"Which it truly was," said Mrs. Aleshine, "with fixtures in it for water and letting it off which I never saw in a house so far out of town."

"I furnished it suitably," said Mr. Dusante. "We had books and music, and for several years we passed vacations there which were both enjoyable and profitable. But of late my sister has found the place lonely, and we have traveled a good deal, making intermittent and often short visits to the island.

"As I never cared to leave any one on that lonely spot during our absences from it, I arranged a gateway of bars across the only opening in the reef, with the intention of preventing marauding visits from fishing-boats or other small craft which might be passing that way. As the island was out of the ordinary track of vessels, I did not imagine that my bars would ever prove an obstacle to unfortunate castaways who might seek a refuge there."

"Which they did n't," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, "for under we bobbed."

"I never exactly understood," said Mr. Dusante, "and I hope to have it explained to me in due time, how you passed my bars without removing them, and I have had a sore weight upon my conscience since I discovered that shipwrecked persons, fleeing to my house from the perils of the sea, should have found those inhospitable bars in their way —"

"Which is a weight you might as well cast off and be done with it," said Mrs. Lecks, her deep-set notions on the rights of property obliging her to speak; "for if a man has n't a right to lock up his house when he goes away and leaves it, I don't know what rights anybody has about anything. Me, or Mrs. Aleshine, or anybody else here who has a house, might just as well go off travelin' or to town visitin' and leave our front door unlocked and the yard gate swingin' on its hinges, because we was afraid that some tramp or other body with no house or home might come along and not be able to get in and make himself comfortable. Your business, sir, when you left that house and all your belongin's on that island was to leave everything tight and safe, and the business of people sailin' in ships was to go on their proper way and not be runnin' into each other. And if these last mentioned did n't see fit to do that and so got into trouble, they should have gone to some island where there were people to attend to 'em, just as the tramps should go to the poor-house. And this is what we would have done — not meanin' the poor-house — if we had n't been so over long-headed as to get into a leaky boat, which, I wish it understood, is sayin' nothin' against Mr. Craig."

"That 's true," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for nobody has got a right to complain that a fellow-bein' locks his own door after him. But it does seem to me, sir, that in such scattered neighborhoods as your island is in, it might be a good thing to leave something to eat and drink — perhaps in a bottle or in a tin pail — at the outside of your bars for them as might come along shipwrecked and not be able to get inside on account of bein' obliged to come in a boat, an' not as we did; an' so when they found they 'd have to go on, they might have somethin' to keep up their strength till they got to another house."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "when you start off on a journey to Japan or any other place an' leave mince-pies and buttered toast a-stickin' on the p'ints of your palin's for tramps that might come along and need 'em, you can do that kind of talkin'. But as that time has n't come, let 's hear the rest of Mr. Dusante's story."

"When I first visited my island this year," continued the narrator, "we made but a short stay, as we were all desirous of taking a somewhat extended sea voyage in my steam yacht. We visited several places of interest, and when we returned, just six weeks ago to-day —"

"Just one week, lackin' a day," exclaimed Mrs. Lecks, "after we left that spot!"

"If I 'd 'a' knowed," said Mrs. Aleshine, rising to her feet, "that you 'd be back so soon, I 'd 'a' made them sailor men live on fish, I 'd 'a' eat garden truck myself, and I 'd be bound I 'd 'a' made the flour hold out for six days more for the rest of 'em, if I 'd 'a' had to work my fingers to the skin and bone to do it!" Then she sat down solemnly.

"When we returned," continued Mr. Dusante, "I was pleased to find my bars intact; and when these were unlocked, and the boat from our yacht went through with ourselves and our servants, it was very agreeable to notice the good order which seemed to prevail everywhere. As we passed from the wharf to the house, not even fallen boughs or weeds were seen to indicate that we had been away from the place for more than two months. When we entered the house, my mother and sister immediately ascended to their chambers, and when the windows had been opened I heard them from above calling to each other and remarking upon the freshness and cleanliness of the rooms. I went to my library, and when I had thrown open the window I was struck with the somewhat peculiar air of order which seemed to obtain in the room. The books stood upon their shelves with a remarkable regularity, and the chairs and other furniture were arranged with a precision which impressed me as unusual. In a moment, sir, I saw your letter upon the table, addressed to me. Greatly astonished, I opened and read it.

"When I had finished it, my amazement was great indeed; but obeying an instant impulse, I stepped into the dining-room, which a servant had opened, and took the ginger-jar from the mantel-piece. When I lifted from it the little brown-paper parcel, and beneath it saw the money which had been mentioned in the letter, you may imagine the condition of my mind. I did not take out the money, nor count it; but covering it again with the paper parcel, which I believe contained fish-hooks, and with the jar in my hands, I returned to the library, where I sat down to ponder upon these most astounding revelations. While so doing, my mother and my sister hastily entered the room. Lucille declared in an excited manner that she believed that the brownies or some other fairies had been there while we were away and had kept the house in order. The whole place was actually cleaner, she said, than when

we left it. She had taken down a thin dress from her closet, and it positively looked as if it had just come from the hand of a laundress, with the ruffles ironed smoother and more evenly than they had ever been since it was first stitched together. 'Albert,' said my mother, her face a little pale, 'there has been somebody in this house!' Then she went on to say that the windows, which were left unwashed because we went away in somewhat of a hurry, were as bright and clean as if the maids had just been rubbing them; the floors and furniture were cleaner and freer from dust than they had ever been before; and the whole house looked as if we had just left it yesterday. 'In fact,' she said, 'it is unnaturally clean!'"

During this part of Mr. Dusante's story, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine sat very quiet, with an air of sedate humility upon their faces; but I could see by the proud light in their eyes that they felt their superiority to ordinary women, although they were properly resolved not to show such feeling.

"At that moment," continued Mr. Dusante, "a servant came hurrying into the room, and informed us that the flour was all gone, and that there was scarcely anything in the pantries to eat. At this my mother and my sister, who knew that an abundance of provisions had been left in the house, looked at each other aghast. But before they could express their consternation in words, I addressed them. 'My dear mother,' said I, 'and Lucille, there truly has been some one in this house. By this letter I am informed that for several weeks eight persons have lived here under this roof; a marriage has been solemnized, and the happy couple have gone forth from our doors. These persons have eaten our food, they have made use of our property, and this has been their temporary home. But they are good people, honest and true-hearted, for they have left the house in better order than they found it, and more than the price of all they have consumed is in that ginger-jar.' And, thereupon, I read them your letter, sir.

"I cannot undertake to describe the wonder and absorbing interest with which this letter filled our minds. All needful stores were brought ashore from the yacht, which lay outside the reef, and we began our usual life on the island; but none of the occupations or recreations in which we formerly employed our time now possessed any attractions for us. Our minds were filled with thoughts of the persons who had been so strangely living in our house; and our conversation was mainly made up of surmises as to what sort of people they were, whether or not we should ever see them again, and similar suppositions."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Lucille, "I thought of you by day and by night, and pictured you all in various ways, but never as you really are. Sometimes I used to think that the boat in which you went away had been sunk in a storm in which you were all drowned, and that perhaps your ghosts would come back and live in our house, and sleep in our beds, and clean our windows, and wash and iron our clothes, and do all sorts of things in the night."

"Goodnessful, gracious me!" cried Mrs. Aleshine, "don't talk that way! The idea of bein' a cold ghost, goin' about in the dark, is worse than slidin' down a snow mountain, even if you had to do it on the bare of your back."

"Barb'ry!" said Mrs. Lecks, severely.

"The idea is jus' as chillin'," replied her undaunted friend.

"Two things connected with this matter," continued Mr. Dusante, "weighed heavily on my mind. One of these I have already mentioned — the cruel inhospitality of the barred entrance."

I had refrained from adding to the interruptions to Mr. Dusante's narrative, but I now felt impelled to assure the gentleman, on behalf of myself and wife, that we shared the opinions of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and felt that he could in no way be blamed for thus protecting his private property.

"You are very good," said Mr. Dusante, "but I will say here that there are now no bars to that entrance. I have left some people on the island, who will take care of my property and succor any unfortunate castaways who may arrive there. The other matter to which I alluded was, however, the heavier load which oppressed me. This was the money in the ginger-jar. I could not endure to reflect that I had been paid actual money for the hospitality I would have been so glad to offer to you poor shipwrecked people. Every sentiment of my being rebelled against such a thing. I was grieved. I was ashamed. At last I determined I would bear no longer the ignominy of this brand of inhospitality, and that, with the ginger-jar in my hand, I would search over the world, if necessary, for the persons who in my absence had paid board to me, and return to them the jar with its contents uncounted and untouched. Your letter informed me of the island to which you were bound, and if I did not find you there I could discover to what port you had taken your departure. There I could make further inquiries, and so follow you. When I proposed this plan to my family they agreed to it instantly, for their interest in the matter was almost as great as mine; and in a day or two we started on our quest.

"I easily traced you to San Francisco, and found the hotel at which you had stopped. Here I obtained fresh news of you, and learned that you had started East, and that the destination of the party was believed to be Philadelphia. I had hoped that I should meet with you before you left California; but supposing that by that time you had reached your destination, or were, at least, far on your way, I yielded to the solicitations of my sister and made some excursions in California, intending then to follow you to Philadelphia and there to advertise for Mr. Craig, if he could not otherwise be found. However, by the rarest and most fortunate of chances, we have met thus early, and for this I can never be too devoutly thankful."

"Nor we," said I earnestly; "for our greatly desired acquaintance with you and your family could not have begun too soon."

"Now," said Mr. Dusante, "I will perform the duty for which my journey was undertaken, and I assure you it is a great pleasure to me to be able, so soon, to carry out this cherished purpose."

He then took up from the floor by his side the package which he had so safely guarded during his swift and perilous descent of the mountain-side, and which he had since kept close by him. Placing this upon his knee, he removed the light shawl in which it had been rolled, and then several pieces of wrapping-paper, revealing to our eyes the familiar fat little ginger-jar which had stood on the mantel-piece of the dining-room in the house on the island, and in which we had deposited our board-money.

"It would be simply impossible for me," said Mr. Dusante, "to consent to retain in my possession money paid for the aid which I involuntarily rendered to shipwrecked people. Had I been present on the island that aid would have been most heartily and freely given, and the fact of my absence makes no difference whatever in regard to my feelings on the subject of your paying for the food and shelter you found at my house. Having understood from Mr. Craig's letter that it was Mrs. Lecks who superintended the collection and depositing of the money, I now return to you, madam, this jar with its contents."

"And which," said Mrs. Lecks, sitting up very rigidly, with her hands clasped behind her, "I don't take. If it had been a day and a night, or even two nights and over a Sunday, it would n't have mattered; but when me and Mrs. Aleshine — and the rest of the party can speak for themselves — stays for weeks and weeks, without leave or license, in a man's house, we pay our board — of course, deductin' services. Good-night."

With that she arose, and walked very erect into the adjoining room.

"It was all very well, Mr. Dusante," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for you to try to carry out what you thought was right, but we have our ideas as to what our duty is, and you have your ideas as to what your duty is, an' consciences is even."

And she followed her friend.

Mr. Dusante looked surprised and troubled, and he turned towards me. "My dear sir," said I, "those two good women are very sensitive in regard to right and justice, and I think it will be well not to press this subject upon them. As for my wife and I, neither of us would consent to touch money which was placed in that jar by Mrs. Lecks with the expectation that no one but you or one of your family would take it out."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Dusante, replacing the wrapping-paper around the jar; "I will drop the subject for the present. But you will allow me to say, sir, that I also am very sensitive in regard to right and justice."

Early the next morning the man who had been sent to the railroad station came back bringing news that a four-horse wagon would shortly be sent for us, and also bearing a letter from Mr. Enderton to Ruth. In this that gentleman informed his daughter that he was quite well, but that he had suffered anxiety on account of her probable hardships in the abandoned stage-coach. He had hoped, however, that the snow which had precluded his return with assistance had fallen lightly in the elevated position in which she had been left; and he had trusted also that Mr. Craig had bethought himself to build a fire somewhere near the coach, where his daughter might be warmed; and that the provisions, of which he knew an ample quantity had been packed for the trip, had been properly heated for her and given to her at suitable intervals. This anxiety, he said, had added very much to his own mental disquietude occasioned by the violent vituperations and unjust demands of the driver of the stage-coach, who had seen fit to attack him with all manner of abuse, and might even have resorted to personal violence had it not been for the interference of bystanders and the locking of his room-door. He was now, however, much relieved by the departure of this driver, and by the news that his daughter had reached a place of safety, which, of course, he had supposed she would do, her detention having occurred on an ordinary route of travel.

While waiting for the arrival of the wagon, the adventures of Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and myself, as well as those of Ruth and her father, from the time the one party left Amer-

ica and the other China, were related at length to the Dusantes, who showed a deep interest in every detail and asked many questions.

Mrs. Dusante, whose nervous equilibrium had been fully restored by her night's rest, and who, although feeling a little stiff and bruised, now declared herself quite well, proved to be a very pleasant lady of fifty-five or thereabouts. She was of a quiet disposition, but her speech and manner showed that in former years, at least, she had been a woman of society, and I soon found out that she was much interested in the study of character. This interest was principally shown in the direction of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, whom she evidently looked upon as most remarkable women. If any of her sentiments were those of admiration, however, they were not returned in kind: Mrs. Lecks and Mrs Aleshine had but a small opinion of her.

"There 's mother-in-laws, and step-mothers, and real mothers, and grandmothers, and sometimes great-grandmothers livin'," said Mrs. Lecks to me apart; "but though Mr. Dusante may be a well-meanin' man — and I don't doubt he is — and wishin', I have n't the least reason to disbelieve, to do his whole duty by his fellow-men, still, I must say, bein' brought up as I was, he has n't any right to make a new kind of mother. To be sure, a man can adopt children, but that is n't goin' backward like this is, which is agen nat'ral law, and gospel."

"I expect," said Mrs. Aleshine, who was with us, "that them French has got fashions that we don't know about, and thankful we ought to be that we don't! I never had no patience with French heels an' French arsenic-green beans, an' now if there 's to be adoptin' of mothers in this country, the next thing will be gullotynes."

"I don't see," said I, "why you look upon the Dusantes as French people. They are just as much American as French."

"Well," said Mrs. Lecks, "it 's not for me and Mrs. Aleshine to set ourselves up to judge other people. In our part of the country we don't adopt mothers, but if they do it in France, or the Sandwich Islands, or down East, I don't know that we ought to have anythin' to say."

"He might as well have adopted a father at the same time," said Mrs. Aleshine, "although, to be sure, he would 'a' had to been particular to take one that was acquainted with Mrs. Dusante, and not had 'em strangers to each other, though parents to him."

"If I was you, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "I 'd adopt some sort of rag to the top of my head to serve for a bonnet, for here comes the wagon, and I suppose now we 'll be off."

We took leave of the kind-hearted ranch people, who looked upon us as a godsend into their lonely life, and disposed ourselves as comfortably as we could in the large wagon. Our journey of seven or eight miles to the railroad station was slow, and over ways that were rough. Mrs. Dusante was a delicate woman and not used to hardship, whereas Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine were exceedingly vigorous and tough. The consequence of this difference was that the kindly hearts of the latter prompted them to do everything they could to prevent Mrs. Dusante feeling the bumps and jolts, and to give her such advantages of wraps and position as would help her to bear better the fatigues of the journey.

In doing this these good women gradually forgot the adopted mother and came to think only of the very pleasant lady who needed their attentions, and who took such a lively and agreeable interest in their family histories, their homes, their manner of living, and everything that pertained to them; and before we reached the end of our trip, these three were talking together like old friends. Ruth and Miss Lucille had also struck up a warm acquaintance, while I found Mr. Dusante a very entertaining man,— of sedate and careful speech, ingenious ideas, and of a very courteous disposition.

When we arrived at the railroad station we were met by Mr. Enderton, who showed a moderate degree of pleasure at seeing us and an immoderate amount of annoyance, exhibited principally to me, in being obliged to give up to the women of our party the large room he had occupied in the only lodging-house in the little settlement.

When I informed him that the strangers with us were the Dusantes, on whose island we had been staying, he at first listened vaguely. He had always looked upon the Dusante family as a sort of fable used by Mrs. Lecks to countenance her exactions of money from the unfortunate sojourners on the island. But when I told him what Mr. Dusante had done, and related how he had brought the board-money with him, and had offered to pay it back to us, an eager interest was aroused in him.

"I do not wonder," he exclaimed, "that the conscience-stricken man wishes to give the money back, but that any one should refuse what actually belongs to him or to her is beyond my comprehension! One thing is certain — I shall receive my portion. Fifteen dollars a week for my daughter and myself that woman charged me, and I will have it back."

"My dear sir," I said, "your board was reduced to the same sum as that paid by the rest of us,— four dollars a week each."

"I call to mind no reduction," said Mr.

Enderton. "I remember distinctly the exorbitant sum charged me for board on a desert island. It made a deep impression upon me."

"I do not care to talk any further on this subject," I said. "You must settle it with Mrs. Lecks."

Mr. Enderton gave a great sniff, and walked away with dignity. I could not but laugh as I imagined his condition two minutes after he had stated his opinions on this subject to Mrs. Lecks.

When Mr. Dusante had started from San Francisco on his search for us he had sent his heavy baggage ahead of him to Ogden City, where he purposed to make his first stop. He supposed that we might possibly here diverge from our homeward route in order to visit the Mormon metropolis; and, if we had done so, he did not wish to pass us. It was therefore now agreed that we should all go to Ogden City, and there await the arrival of our effects left in the snowed-up vehicles on the mountain-side. We made arrangements with the station-master that these should be forwarded to us as soon as the stage-coach and the carriage could be brought down. All the baggage of my party was on the coach, and it consisted only of a few valises bought in San Francisco, and a package containing two life-preservers, which Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine said they would take home with them, if they took nothing else.

On the morning after our arrival at Ogden City, Mr. Dusante took me aside. "Sir," he said, "I wish to confide to you my intentions regarding the jar containing the money left by your party in my house, and I trust you will do nothing to thwart them. When your baggage arrives, you, with your party, will doubtless continue your eastern way, and we shall return to San Francisco. But the jar, with its contents, shall be left behind to be delivered to Mrs. Lecks. If you will take charge of the jar and hand it to her, sir, I shall be obliged greatly."

I promised Mr. Dusante that I would not interfere with his intentions, but asserted that I could, on no account, take charge of the jar. The possession of that piece of pottery, with its contents, was now a matter of dispute between him and Mrs. Lecks, and must be settled by them.

"Very well, then, sir," he said. "I shall arrange to depart before you and your company, and I shall leave the jar, suitably packed, in the care of the clerk of this hotel, with directions to hand it to Mrs. Lecks after I am gone. Thus there will be nothing for her to do but to receive it."

Some one now came into the smoking-room, where we were sitting, and no more was said on this subject. Mr. Dusante's statement of his intention very much amused me, for Mrs. Lecks had previously taken me into her confidence in regard to her intentions in this matter. "Mr. Dusante," she had said, "has n't dropped a word more about the money in that ginger-jar, but I know just as well as he does what he is goin' to do about it. When the time comes to go, he 's goin' to slip off quietly, leavin' that jar behind him, thinkin' then I 'll be obliged to take it, there bein' nobody to give it back to. But he 'll find me just as sharp as he is. I 've got the street and number of his business place in Honolulu from his sister,—askin' about it in an off-hand way, as if it did n't mean anythin',—an if that jar is left for me, I 'll pack it in a box, money and all, and I 'll express it to Mr. Dusante; and when he gets to Honolulu he 'll find it there, and then he 'll know that two can play at that sort of game."

Knowing Mr. Dusante, and knowing Mrs. Lecks, I pictured to myself a box containing a ginger-jar, and covered with numerous half-obliterated addresses, traveling backward and forward between the Sandwich Islands and Pennsylvania during the lifetime of the contestants, and, probably, if testamentary desire should be regarded, during a great part of the lifetime of their heirs. That the wear and tear of the box might make it necessary to inclose it in a keg, and that, eventually, the keg might have to be placed in a barrel, and that, after a time, in a hogshead, seemed to me as likely as any other contingencies which might befall this peregrinating ginger-jar.

We spent three days in Ogden City, and then, the weather having moderated very much, and the snow on the mountains having melted sufficiently to allow the vehicles to be brought down, our effects were forwarded to us, and my party and that of Mr. Dusante prepared to proceed on our different ways. An eastward-bound train left that evening an hour after we received our baggage, but we did not care to depart upon such short notice, and so determined to remain until the next day.

In the evening Mr. Dusante came to me to say that he was very glad to find that the westward train would leave Ogden City early in the morning, so that he and his family would start on their journey some hours before we left. "This suits my plans exactly," he said. "I have left the ginger-jar, securely wrapped, and addressed to Mrs. Lecks, with the clerk of the hotel, who will deliver it to-morrow immediately after my departure. All our preparations are made, and we purpose this evening to bid farewell to you and our other kind friends, from whom, I assure you, we are most deeply grieved to part."

I had just replied that we also regretted extremely the necessity for this separation, when a boy brought me a letter. I opened it, and found it was from Mr. Enderton. It read as follows:

My Dear Sir: I have determined not to wait here until to-morrow, but to proceed eastward by this evening's train. I desire to spend a day in Chicago, and as you and the others will probably not wish to stop there, I shall, by this means, attain my object without detaining you. My sudden resolution will not give me time to see you all before I start, but I have taken a hurried leave of my daughter, and this letter will explain my departure to the rest.

I will also mention that I have thought it proper, as the natural head of our party, both by age and position, to settle the amicable dispute in regard to the reception and disposition of the money paid, under an excusable misapprehension, for our board and lodging upon a desert island. I discovered that the receptacle of this money had been left in the custody of the clerk, addressed to Mrs. Lecks, who has not only already refused to receive it, and would probably do so again, but who is, in my opinion, in no wise entitled to hold, possess, or dispose of it. I, therefore, without making any disturbance whatever, have taken charge of the package, and shall convey it with me to Chicago. When you arrive there, I will apportion the contents among us according to our several claims. This I regard as a very sensible and prudent solution of the little difficulty which has confronted us in regard to the disposition of this money. Yours hurriedly,

David J. Enderton.

P. S. I shall stop at Brandiger's Hotel, where I shall await you.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Frank R. Stockton.

RUSSIAN PROVINCIAL PRISONS.*

THERE are in Russia outside of the city of St. Petersburg no prisons intended primarily for political offenders and devoted exclusively to that class of criminals. Persons arrested upon political charges in the provinces await trial in prisons which were originally built for the detention of common vagrants, thieves, forgers, burglars, and murderers, and which are always filled to overflowing with felons of that class. Although the politicals are separated by cell partitions from the common criminals, they necessarily share with the latter all the evils and miseries that result from the overcrowding, bad management, and bad sanitary condition of the prison buildings. How terrible and sometimes intolerable such evils and miseries are, only those who have had an opportunity to inspect Russian prisons can imagine, and only those who have been shut up in them can fully understand. Attempts — and apparently earnest and sincere attempts — have been made again and again by the Ministry of the Interior and the Central Prison Administration to improve the condition of the penal institutions of the empire, but with very little success.

As long ago as 1867 Baron Velio, Chief of the Department of Executive Police, made a report to the Minister of the Interior based on an inspection of forty-nine provincial prisons, in which he said that in every one of the institutions visited he found violations of law of a more or less flagrant character. He reported, for example, that little attention was paid to the classification and separation of prisoners — insolvent debtors being shut up with hardened criminals of the worst type; prisoners were not properly supplied with clothing, and many of them were barefooted and in rags; men and women sick with contagious diseases were allowed to remain for days without care in crowded "kameras";† the hospitals were in a "very unsatisfactory condition," and the medical authorities failed properly to discharge their duties; prisoners were illegally detained beyond the periods of confinement to which they had been sentenced, and the prison wardens, with rare exceptions, were negligent, incompetent, and unfit for their places.‡

In 1869 — two years later — Actual State Councilor Kossagofski made another inspection of provincial prisons, which resulted in "the discovery of many disorders, abuses, and violations of law," which are set forth with specifications in a circular letter to provincial governors. The Minister of the Interior "observes," he says, "with regret that most of the prison disorders found by State Councilor Kossagofski to exist in 1869 were the same which had been reported upon by Baron Velio in 1867." In other words, there had been no improvement.§

In 1872 the Minister of the Interior again earnestly called the attention of provincial governors to the disorders and violations of law which continued to prevail in the prisons subject to their control, and referred "with regret" to the fact that although seven previous circulars had been issued on the same subject, there had been little if any change for the better.‖

* [These articles are prefatory to Mr. Kennan's illustrated papers on "Siberia and the Exile System." —The Editor.]

† A "kamera" is a large room or cell in which from twenty to a hundred and sixty prisoners are shut up.

‡ Circular letter of the Minister of the Interior to provincial governors, No. 151, July 8th, 1867.

§ Circular letter No. 220, August 18th, 1869.

‖ Circular letter No. 84, August 27th, 1872.

The evils complained of were evidently too deeply-rooted and had existed too long to be eradicated by Ministerial circulars, however mandatory their tone.

In 1879 the Ministry of the Interior sent still another letter to provincial governors, based on a report from Senator Grote calling attention once more to the glaring defects of the prison system, and urging the adoption of measures to remedy them and to secure a more rigid enforcement of the laws.*

Most of the circular letters above cited related to disorders which were the direct result of bad management and incompetent supervision;† but coincident with them there was issued another series, devoted more particularly to the overcrowding and bad sanitary condition of the prison buildings. From the letters comprised in this latter series it appears that "most of the prisons of the empire" were overcrowded, many of them containing twice or three times the number of prisoners for which they were intended.‡ In a report made by the Chief of the Central Prison Administration to the Minister of the Interior in 1883, it was stated that in the province of Sedlets there were 484 persons in a prison intended for 207; in the province of Suvalki there were 433 in a prison built for 165; and in the province of Petrokof there were 652 in a prison designed for 125.

In the annual report of the Central Prison Administration for 1882 it was admitted that there was not a prison in the empire which afforded its occupants one cubic fathom of air space per capita;§ that in more than half the prisons the per capita air space was little more than a third of a cubic fathom, and that in some cases the overcrowding went to such an extent as to reduce the per capita air space to one-fifth of a cubic fathom. In other words, there were prisons where five human beings lived together and tried to breathe, in a volume of air which might have been contained in a packing-box seven feet square and seven feet high.‖

Much of this overcrowding is due to the slowness of judicial procedure in Russia, and still more, perhaps, is attributable to the provision of law which makes it a criminal offense to be without a passport or to allow one's passport to lapse. In some parts of the empire twenty-five and even thirty per cent. of the so-called "criminals" in the jails are mere vagrants and "bezpassportni"—persons not provided with the papers necessary to prove their identity.¶

792,933 persons were received into the prisons of the empire in 1884 and 698,418 were discharged therefrom, leaving 94,515 in prison on the first of January, 1885. Of this last number 26,307 were awaiting trial.**

It further appears from the series of circular letters above referred to, that in many prisons women were not adequately separated from the men, and male overseers were allowed to search the persons of female prisoners;†† officials took bribes from the criminals in their custody and furnished them secretly with intoxicating liquor;‡‡ the sanitary condition of the prison buildings was almost everywhere bad, the wells being poisoned by leakage from neglected and improperly constructed privies, and the air in the overcrowded cells being polluted and rendered unfit for respiration by miasmatic exhalations from the same sources;§§ the prison hospitals were in an "extremely unsatisfactory condition," and many of them were so small and so ill provided with medicines as to be of little use to the sick;‖‖ and the hospital officers sometimes neglected their duties to such an extent as to render themselves liable to criminal prosecution. In one case, cited by the Minister of the Interior as an illustration, a prison surgeon in a provincial town, wishing to get rid of a troublesome patient who had been left there sick by a passing criminal party, ordered the man to be sent forward to his destination, notwithstanding the fact that he was in a dying condition. The unfortunate prisoner lived only long enough to reach the first etape, fifteen or twenty miles away.¶¶

The condition of the provincial prisons, as it appears from these circulars, is, to adopt the words of the Minister of the Interior, "an extremely unsatisfactory" one; but the picture thus outlined still falls far short of a full and true representation of the real state of affairs. Prison inspectors like Baron Velio and State Councilor Kossagofski necessarily see the penal institutions of the empire at their best. The provincial governors and the prison officials

* Circular letter No. 33, March 6th, 1879.

† Thirteen such letters were sent to provincial governors between 1859 and 1879, besides seventeen other circular letters aimed at specific abuses.

‡ Circular letters No. 9650, Nov. 5th, 1864; No. 33, March 6th, 1879; No. 4560, Nov. 28th, 1879; and No. 8, April 6th, 1883.

§ The Russian fathom is seven English feet.

‖ Abstract of the Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1882. Newspaper "Sibir," May 1st, 1883.

¶ Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884, p. 17.

** Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884, pp. 5–8.

†† Circular letter of the Minister of the Interior, No. 33, March 6th, 1879.

‡‡ Circular letter No. 266, Dec. 20th, 1866.

§§ Circular letter No. 21, July 30th, 1882.

‖‖ Circular letters No. 151, July 8th, 1867; and No. 33, March 6th, 1879.

¶¶ Circular letter No. 151, July 8th, 1867.

are always forewarned of their coming and have ample time to put the prisons into a temporary and deceptive state of comparative order; the inspection is generally a formal and perfunctory one, taking note only of irregularities and abuses which, to use a Russian expression, "throw themselves into the eyes"; and, finally, the stereotyped phrases, "violation of law," "extremely unsatisfactory condition," and so forth, in which the results of the inspection are set forth by the Minister of the Interior, convey to the mind of the reader no definite idea of the state of facts to which such euphemistic expressions refer.

A RUSSIAN PRISON AND ITS LIFE.

WITHOUT, however, going behind official sources of information, it is possible to obtain a much clearer view of Russian prison life than that afforded by ministerial circulars. Now and then a fearless and honest prison official, shocked by the disorder, wretchedness, and misery which he is forced to witness but is powerless to remedy, and convinced of the futility of formal report and remonstrance, prints in some Russian periodical as much of the results of his prison experience as the censor will allow him to print. In 1885 Mr. I. Reve, an official connected with a provincial prison in one of the northern provinces of European Russia, published in the "Juridical Messenger," the organ of the Moscow Bar Association, two long and carefully prepared papers entitled "A Russian Prison and its Life," in which there is drawn a much darker picture of prison disorder and demoralization than that outlined in the ministerial circulars above cited. The author does not hesitate to assert that the laws which are supposed to regulate Russian prisons bear hardly a semblance of relation to the real facts of prison life. "Nine-tenths of such laws," he says, "are not enforced at all, and the remaining tenth is enforced in a way very different from that which the statutes themselves contemplate." He recites at length the regulations for the government of prisons contained in the fourteenth volume of the Russian collection of laws, and shows that in the prison to which his observations relate hardly a pretense was made of observing any one of them. And this, he maintains, is not a state of affairs which exists in a single prison only, but a state of affairs which, with slight and inconsiderable variations, prevails everywhere. In 1880 the prison described by Mr. Reve was, he says, "a little tsardom, where the highest law was the will of the warden, and where the superior officials of the province either did not dare or did not care to show their faces." The procureur, who was required by law to visit the prison every Friday, came thither once or twice a year. The prison surgeon paid no attention whatever to the sanitary condition of the buildings, nor to the food, clothing, or habits of the prisoners, but contented himself with visiting the hospital for a few moments once a week. The priest, whose duty it was to go to the prison "not less than twice a week," for the purpose of instructing ignorant prisoners and ministering to the spiritual welfare of the whole prison population, did not appear there at all. The prison workshop was in chaotic disorder, and the prisoners, instead of working in it, spent a large part of their time in smoking, gambling, quarreling, or fighting. Hardly a pretense was made of feeding them decently or regularly; but as most of them were allowed to wander about the town and seek work during the day-time they earned money enough to feed themselves, and shared the remainder of their wages with the warden who allowed them the privilege. The trade in intoxicating liquor was an organized system, and the warden himself set the example of drunkenness. Disciplinary punishment was inflicted at his caprice, and he executed his own sentences by beating the prisoners in the face with his fists. The prison committee, which should have supervised and controlled the whole domestic economy of the prison, was absolutely dead and inert. "It was not," Mr. Reve says, "a living institution, but a mere bureaucratic fiction."

It seems almost incredible that such a state of things as this should have been allowed to exist in any prison in European Russia, but the statements of fact are made by an official over his own signature, and the articles were printed in the most influential legal journal of the empire, presumably with the consent of the Moscow censorial committee. It must not be inferred, however, that no attempt was made by the higher authorities of the province to remedy the evils above set forth. Such attempts were made, but as they had their origin in official caprice rather than in a serious determination to enforce the existing laws, their results were far from satisfactory. Every official who stands at the head of a provincial government has his own peculiar character and his own peculiar views, and such character and views are reflected in the administration of prison affairs within the limits of his province. As the result of successive changes of provincial governors, the prison above described had, between 1880 and 1885, three different wardens and was subjected to five abrupt and radical changes of administrative policy. "What can be expected," Mr. Reve asks, "under such circumstances, except complete disorder and disorganization? A prison

so managed is like the proverbial child with seven nurses which always grows up crooked."*

Mr. Reve does not state what efforts he made, if any, to improve the condition of the prison which he describes; but in 1882 another official, Associate Procureur N. Timofeief, published through the same medium a long and instructive account of his attempts to remedy the horrible state of things which he found to exist in another provincial prison which it was a part of his official duty to visit and inspect.

The prison, he says, was an old, badly constructed, badly ventilated building with dark entries and corridors, and was so saturated with offensive odors, disease germs, and miasmatic exhalations from neglected privies that its atmosphere was to an unaccustomed person almost insufferable. During the time that Mr. Timofeief had official relations with this prison it rarely contained less than twice the number of occupants for which it was intended, and often held three times that number. Two-thirds of the prisoners, unable to find room on the "nares," or sleeping-benches, slept under them on the bare, filthy floor without bedding, blankets, or pillows. As the result of this overcrowding and of the bad sanitary condition of the building, from ten to twenty per cent. of the prisoners were constantly in the hospital, and there were two epidemics of typhus fever in one summer. The bath-house attached to the prison was in such a ruined and tumble-down condition that the warden would not allow the prisoners to use it, and in such washing as they could give their bodies in the overcrowded cells, they were compelled to use clay in the place of soap. Clothing was furnished to the prison upon the basis of the number of prisoners which it was intended to hold; but as the real number was always twice and sometimes three times the estimated number, one-half to two-thirds of the prisoners were dressed in filthy rags swarming with vermin, and had neither shoes nor a change of underclothing. At three different times in the course of one winter they were ordered to work out-of-doors barefooted, in a temperature of minus twenty degrees Réaumur. The mayor of the town was official purveyor for the prison, and as he was also a dealer in provisions, he found it convenient and profitable to feed the prisoners with spoiled products for which there was no market. The members of the prison committee rarely assembled oftener than once in six months, and ignored entirely the duties imposed upon them by law. The provincial prison bureau held one or two sessions a year, but committed the supervision of prison affairs to an indifferent and incompetent clerk. The priest, whose legal duty it was to look after the moral training of the prisoners and to conduct religious services every Sunday for their benefit, made but one visit to the prison in the course of twelve months, and went there then only at the urgent solicitation of the ispravnik, "for the sake of form and decency." The prison turnkeys, who received salaries of from $3.50 to $4.50 a month, acted as purchasing agents for prisoners who had money, and supplied them with intoxicating liquor. One of the overseers — a renegade Jew — hired a degraded courtesan by the month, brought her every night to the prison, and received the wages of her prostitution.

* "A Russian Prison and its Life," by I. Reve. "Juridical Messenger," No. 5, May, 1885, pp. 120-142; and Nos. 6 and 7, June and July, 1885, pp. 389-490.

ATTEMPTS AT REFORM.

If Mr. Timofeief had been a weak man, a selfish man, or a timid man, he would have dealt with this cesspool of misery and vice as many weak, selfish, and timid men had dealt with it before — that is, he would have visited it as rarely as possible, would have characterized it in his annual report as "very unsatisfactory," and would have quieted his conscience with the reflection that his responsibility for the existing state of affairs was much less than that of the warden, the prison surgeon, the priest, the prison committee, the mayor, the provincial prison bureau, the ispravnik, the procureur, the governor, and the governor's council. Fortunately, however, Mr. Timofeief was not a man of that character. As soon as it became his official duty to visit the prison he did visit it, and, shocked by its terrible sanitary condition, he made a report thereupon to the prison administration. No attention, however, was paid to his representations. He made another report, with the same result. Finally, during one of the epidemics of typhus fever in the prison, he succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the district surgeon, and with the aid of the latter prevailed upon the prison authorities to put ventilators in some of the cell windows, and induced the district assembly to authorize the district apothecary to furnish him with thirty-six pounds of copperas for use as a disinfectant. This was a very moderate measure of success, but it was probably more than had been done for that prison in the previous decade.

Mr. Timofeief then turned his attention to the ruined bath-house, and after an official correspondence which lasted more than a year, after three successive sets of plans and estimates for a new bath-house had been drawn up and sent back and forth to and from St. Petersburg, and after the provincial architect had made four journeys of three hundred versts each to inspect the old bath-house,— spending in mileage more than half enough

to put up a new building,—the persistent associate procureur succeeded in getting an appropriation for a small quantity of lumber, and permission to employ the idle prisoners in the work of repair. The bath-house was then put in usable condition in two weeks.

The next reform in order was that relating to clothing. Soon after Mr. Timofeief's appointment, a number of prisoners, pale and emaciated from sleeplessness and partial asphyxia, came to him "almost in desperation," showed him their foul and ragged clothing, which was alive with vermin, and which they had worn night and day without change for months, and said to him in the graphic metaphorical language of the Russian peasant that "all their strength had been eaten up by beasts." The quantity of parasites on their bodies was, Mr. Timofeief says, "something astounding." He sent complaint after complaint to his immediate superior, the procureur of the circuit court, setting forth the intolerable sufferings of the prisoners and asking that they be supplied with the clothing to which they were legally entitled. The procureur replied that the letters of complaint had been "appropriately referred for suitable action, in accordance with law," and that ended it. Mr. Timofeief then went personally to the higher authorities of the province and urged them to make at least an effort to remedy what seemed to him the shameful and insufferable condition of things in one of their own prisons. The high officials said to him, "My dear sir, the evils of which you complain are not exceptional; they are common to all of our prisons, and they can not be remedied by temporary and exceptional measures." Determined that his superiors should fully understand, even if they would not remedy, the sufferings of the "beast"-tormented prisoners, Mr. Timofeief caused one of the latter to be stripped naked, made a package of his ragged, filthy clothing, loaded as it was with "a mass of parasites" and indescribably offensive to every sense, sewed it up in stout linen cloth, and sent it under seal, without a word of explanation, to the procureur of the circuit court. This heroic measure brought the desired clothing; but it brought also a reprimand from the procureur, who regarded such action on the part of a subordinate as impertinent and "out of place." In concluding his recital, Mr. Timofeief says that an associate procureur who attempts conscientiously to perform the duties laid upon him by the prison reform law of 1864 simply "makes for himself personal enemies, and earns the reputation of being a troublesome man."*

I have summarized Mr. Timofeief's paper, not for the purpose of calling attention to one particular drop of suffering in an ocean of human misery, but for the purpose of illustrating some of the defects of a hopelessly bad system. The evils against which Mr. Timofeief bravely but vainly struggled are, as the provincial officials frankly said to him, common to all Russian prisons, and can not be remedied by local, temporary, and exceptional measures. It would, of course, be hasty and unfair to say that all provincial prisons in Russia are so bad as the one above described; but that there are scores, if not hundreds, which resemble this one to a greater or less extent can, I think, be shown beyond the possibility of doubt. The statistics furnished by the Government itself are fully adequate to prove that Mr. Timofeief's prison was not an exceptional nor an unusual phenomenon.

According to the report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884 there were in the empire 144 prisons in which the sick-rate for the year exceeded twenty per cent. of the whole number of prisoners therein confined; in 52 prisons it was more than thirty per cent.; in 25 prisons it exceeded forty per cent.; in 8 prisons it was more than fifty per cent.; and in the prison of Kutais it reached seventy-two per cent.† That in computing these sick-rates the officials did not take into account trifling ailments is shown by the fact that in 55 places of confinement the average period of sickness per capita was more than forty days, and in some prisons the patients were sick on an average seventeen weeks.‡ Scurvy— a preventable disease —was reported from 223 prisons, and in 19 of them it constituted more than ten per cent. of the whole aggregate of sickness.§ There were in the course of the year 391 scorbutic cases in the prisons of St. Petersburg alone, not taking into account the two fortresses of Petropavlovsk and Schlüsselburg.‖ In explanation of this extraordinary prevalence of scurvy in the penal institutions of the capital itself, the prison physicians maintained first that the scorbutic patients had the disease in an incipient form when they were admitted to the prisons, and second that scurvy is infectious!¶ Typhus fever— another preventable disease, due chiefly to filth and overcrowding — was reported from 336 prisons, but in only 45 of them did the number of cases exceed 20. In

* "Prison Methods," by N. Timofeief, Associate Procureur.—"Juridical Messenger," No. 6, pp. 284–305. Moscow, June 1st, 1882.

† Report, Central Prison Administration for 1884, pp. 216–218; St. Petersburg: Ministry of the Interior, 1886.

‡ Ibid., p. 221.

§ Ibid., p. 222, and Appendix, pp. 1–129.

‖ Ibid., Appendix, pp. 69–117, 124.

¶ Ibid., pp. 234–236.

Odessa, however, there were 58 cases; in Kharkoff, 73; in Saratoff, 121; in St. Petersburg, 158; in Warsaw, 261; in Perm, 484; and in Moscow, 1206. The malady was epidemic in 17 prisons, and in one of them constituted ninety-four per cent. of the total aggregate of disease.* The whole number of sick patients treated in prison hospitals during the year was 89,523, not including 700 insane, and the whole number of "hospital days" was 2,055,524. Every prison in the empire had therefore on an average 101 cases of serious sickness and 2325 "hospital days" in the course of the year.† In the face of official statistics like these it seems to me impossible to maintain or to believe that the condition of the prison described by Associate Procureur Timofeief was either exceptional or unusual.

SUFFERINGS OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

THE feeling of apprehension, humiliation, and misery which educated and sensitive human beings must endure in such prisons as these while awaiting trial is still further intensified by imperfect separation from common criminals of the worst class. The solitary-confinement cells which political offenders occupy were originally intended for felons whose depraved character or boisterous behavior made it necessary to isolate them from the rest of the prison population. Such cells are still partly used for that purpose, and the result is that innocent young women arrested upon suspicion of political "untrustworthiness" are sometimes imprisoned side by side with the most degraded and foul-mouthed criminals of their sex, and are compelled to hear things which to a refined and pure-minded young girl are inexpressibly shocking and terrible. I met in Siberia many young women who told me that they had had this experience, and there were doubtless many more who were too shy and timid to suggest to a man and a stranger some phases of their prison life.

The solitary-confinement cells are also used for the purpose of isolating common felons sick with small-pox or other contagious diseases. In many, if not in most, Russian prison hospitals all the patients occupy what is practically one large room or a series of intercommunicating rooms, where there are no facilities for the separate treatment of infectious disorders. Small-pox patients are therefore put into solitary-confinement cells side by side with politicals and on the same corridor, and the same attendants serve both.

In the hospitals and lazarets politicals suffering from nervous affections, or sick with brain-fever brought on by intense anxiety and solitude, are often put into the same ward with insane criminals who are undergoing what is known as "ispitanie" or "probation." The effect produced by the incessant babbling or raving of a lunatic upon the disordered nerves of a sick political prisoner, who perhaps feels conscious that his own mind is already breaking, and who is compelled to see and hear continually in another that which he most dreads for himself, can be imagined. The results of such experience were described to me as particularly disastrous and terrible in the cases of young and nervous women who had been reduced to a chronic hysterical condition by solitary confinement.

In addition to all of the sufferings and privations which political offenders must inevitably endure in such prisons as those described by Mr. Reve and Associate Procureur Timofeief, they are not infrequently subjected to cruel and illegal personal treatment at the hands of brutal or hot-tempered wardens.

In the year 1879 there were confined in the provincial prison of Kiev two political offenders named Izbitski and Beverly — the latter a young man of English descent on his father's side, but of Russian birth. In the summer of that year these two young men, seeing no prospect of an early trial, made an attempt to escape by digging a tunnel under the prison wall. For many weeks they labored hard with tin cups, pieces of board, and such rude implements as they could fashion for themselves out of the materials at their command, and by working at night, depositing the earth from the tunnel in vacant spaces under their cells, and carefully replacing the floors every morning, they succeeded in wholly concealing their operations from the eyes of the prison officials. At last the tunnel was completed. Its outer end was only a few feet below the surface of the ground, at a sufficient distance from the prison wall to render flight from it reasonably safe, and the young men were only waiting for a dark night to carry their plan of escape into execution. At this critical moment the prison officials, visiting the cell of one of the young men during the latter's temporary absence, discovered and explored the tunnel. In view of the fact that within a short time there had been several daring and successful escapes from the Kiev prison, the warden determined to make such an example of these young men as would deter others from following in their footsteps. Instead, therefore, of removing them to other cells and thus frustrating their plan of escape, the warden allowed them to suppose that no discovery had been made, and then prepared an ambush for them at the end of the tunnel.

* Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884, pp. 222–225.

† Ibid., p. 213.

When, on the first dark night, the fugitives came up through the ground outside the prison wall they were fired upon by a squad of soldiers, who had been stationed there by the warden with instructions to shoot the prisoners as soon as they should make their appearance. Beverly was killed outright, and Izbitski, who was dangerously wounded, was carried back into the prison. Beverly's blood-stained body was allowed to lie on the ground where it had fallen in plain sight of the prison windows until late the following day, as a sort of ghastly object-lesson for the instruction of the other prisoners. The exile who gave me these facts, and who was Beverly's dearest friend, left the Kiev prison for Siberia on the morning after the tragedy, and was compelled to march past the dead body of the man whom he loved, as he told me, "better than a brother." There can, I think, be no question that the deliberate and coolly planned assassination of Mr. Beverly under such circumstances was as truly a treacherous and shameful murder as it would have been had the warden shot him while asleep in his cell.

Such occurrences as this are, of course, not common even in the worst of Russian prisons, but that even this is not an isolated case appears from a ministerial circular sent to provincial governors on the 9th of February, 1870, in which a precisely similar occurrence is narrated and in which the prison officials are mildly rebuked for "permitting and even organizing crime." The minister declares that "such methods are not consistent with the conditions of prison life, nor with the objects of prison discipline, nor with the dignity of prison officials, and that they interfere with the moral reformation of the prisoners!"

The bearing of this whole series of facts upon the life of political offenders who have the misfortune to be arrested in the provinces hardly needs to be pointed out. Mr. Timofeief, in the article from which I have quoted, says very justly that when the executive power "deprives an individual of his liberty, paralyzes his volition, and subjects him to the restraints of a rigid system of prison discipline, it is bound to guarantee to him all the rights which are still his by virtue of law. The most important of such rights — the right to an endurable human existence, the right to live without danger of losing health and strength — is not guaranteed in most of our prisons, particularly in those remote, abandoned, almost forgotten places of confinement where the face of a high official is never seen and where the prisoners do not live, but merely languish in filth, and corruption, and hunger, and cold."*

If the right to "an endurable human existence" ought to be guaranteed to a burglar or a murderer,— to a common felon of low intelligence and coarse fiber, who has been duly tried and found guilty of crime,— how much more should that right be guaranteed to an educated, sensitive young man or woman who has never been tried nor confronted by a witness, and against whom there is no other charge than "an intent to change the existing form of government . . . . at a more or less remote time in the future."

* "Prison Methods," before cited, p. 305.

METHODS OF INTERCOMMUNICATION.

The hardships, humiliations, and petty miseries innumerable of life in a Russian provincial prison are alleviated to some extent by the possibility of secret communication between prisoners who occupy adjacent cells. Although such intercommunication is strictly forbidden by law, and renders the prisoners who attempt it liable to "disciplinary punishment," it prevails to a greater or less extent in all the prisons of the empire, with the single exception, perhaps, of the castle of Schlüsselburg. Every possible measure of prevention has been tried again and again by the prison authorities, but the ingenuity, patience, and persistence of the political prisoners have triumphed over all difficulties, and have virtually set official prohibition at defiance. Even in the gloomy and closely guarded casemates of the Petropavlovski fortress, it has been found impossible wholly to deprive the prisoners of this much-prized source of encouragement, support, and consolation.

The methods of intercommunication commonly resorted to by political prisoners in solitary confinement are based upon what is known as the "knock alphabet"— an ingenious combination of letters and figures so arranged that the letters have numerical values and the figures alphabetical equivalents. This inarticulate language of knocks has recently become familiar to a large number of people in Russia, including probably four-fifths of the whole "untrustworthy" class; but in the early days of the revolutionary movement, before "neblagonadezhnost" or "the-condition-from which-nothing-good-is-to-be-hoped" became a crime, the ability to transmit intelligence through a solid brick wall was a rare accomplishment, and was confined chiefly to wily recidivists of a vulgar type, who, to use their own expression, had "been through fire, water, and a copper tube," and had received the degree of "Artium Magister" from half the penal institutions in the empire.

THE "KNOCK ALPHABET."

The talented Russian novelist X——, who has been twice exiled to Siberia and half a dozen times imprisoned, told me last summer

that when he was arrested for the first time he had never even heard of the "knock alphabet"; and that when, during the second day of his imprisonment, he noticed a faint tapping on the other side of the wall, he regarded it merely as an indication that the adjoining cell was occupied, and gave it no particular attention. As the knocking continued, however, and as the faint taps seemed to be definitely segregated into groups by brief intervals of silence, he became convinced that his unknown neighbor was endeavoring to communicate with him. Upon what principle or plan the knocks were grouped he did not know, but he conjectured that the number of taps between two "rests" might correspond with the serial number of a letter in the alphabet,—one knock standing for "a," two for "b," three for "c," and so on up to twenty-six for "z." Upon putting this conjecture to the test he was delighted to find that the knocks resolved themselves into the letters "D-o-y-o-u-u-n-d-e-r-s-t-a-n-d?" He replied with forty-nine knocks, so grouped and spaced as to make "Y-e-s"; but long before he had finished this short word he became mournfully conscious that, at the rate of forty-nine knocks for every three letters, he and his unknown correspondent would not be able to exchange more than half a dozen ideas a week. The invisible prisoner on the other side of the wall did not seem, however, to be at all discouraged, and began at once another long series of knocks, which extended to two hundred and ninety-six, and which, when translated, made the words "Teach you better way—listen!" Mr. X—— then heard one loud tap near the corner of the cell, followed by a sound of scratching, which proceeded from that point towards the door at about the height of a man's head, as if the unknown were drawing a long horizontal line with some hard substance on the other side of the wall. After a brief interval of silence there came two staccato taps and the noise made by the scratching of a second line parallel with the first one, but a little lower down. When seven of these invisible lines had been drawn under one another about a foot apart, with a group of knocks at the beginning of each one to denote its number, the unseen artist went back to one knock, and proceeded to draw six perpendicular lines crossing the first series at right angles, so as to make a huge audible checker-board. As soon as Mr. X—— heard this invisible diagram, the purpose for which it was intended flashed upon his mind, and before the unknown instructor had finished knocking out the words, "Put alphabet in squares," the quick-witted pupil had scratched upon the floor of his cell a reduced copy of the audible tracing, and was numbering its lines and columns. His diagram when finished looked something like this:

	1	2	3	4	5
1	a	b	c	d	e
2	f	g	h	i	j
3	k	l	m	n	o
4	p	q	r	s	t
5	u	v	w	x	y
6	z				

After giving Mr. X—— time to construct the figure, the unknown prisoner began another series of knocks so grouped and spaced as to indicate the lines and columns in which the required letters were to be found. Five knocks followed by three knocks meant that the equivalent letter would be found at the intersection of the fifth line and third column; two knocks followed by one knock indicated letter "f," at the intersection of line two and column one; and five knocks followed by four knocks meant letter "x," at the intersection of line five, column four. The first question asked by the unknown was 53 23 35 11 43 15 55 35 51: "Who are you?" The prisoners then exchanged brief biographies, and Mr. X—— discovered that he had learned his a b c's and taken his first lesson in prison telegraphy from a common criminal,—a burglar, if I remember rightly,—who was awaiting exile to Siberia.

THE "CHECKER-BOARD CIPHER."

THE object of the "checker-board cipher" is, first, to facilitate the transmission of letters and words, and, second, so to disguise them as to make them unrecognizable to persons who have not the key. The cipher in the form above shown is an extremely simple one; but it reduces from 351 to 157 the number of knocks necessary to represent the English alphabet, and it is susceptible of variation and complication to an almost unlimited extent. The letters of the alphabet, for example, may be arranged in the square in twenty-four different symmetrical ways, and every such alphabetical scheme can be combined with two variations in the order of the figures and four in their arrangement, making 192 different ciphers. This, however, is only the beginning of the varied and complex system of secret intercommunication which the political prisoners have

built up on the corner-stone of the lettered square. By combining an understood key-word with the alphabetical checker-board, they have made a number-cipher which has thus far defied the ingenuity of the "cipher bureau" of the "gendarmerie" and which seems to me to be absolutely inscrutable.

Suppose that the message to be put into cipher is "Nicholas arrested," and that the understood key-word is "prison." The letters of the key-word are first written under the letters of the message as many times as may be necessary to fill out the space. The numerical equivalents of the two series of letters are then found in the lettered and numbered square and are added together to make a new series:

N	i	c	h	o	l	a	s	a	r	r	e	s	t	e	d
P	r	i	s	o	n	p	r	i	s	o	n	p	r	i	s
34	24	13	23	35	32	11	44	11	43	43	15	44	45	15	14
41	43	24	44	35	34	41	43	24	44	35	34	41	43	24	44
75	67	37	67	70	66	52	87	35	87	78	49	85	88	39	58

The last series constitutes the cipher, and its peculiar merit is that the same number never stands twice for the same letter. "A" in "Nicholas" is represented by "52"; "a" in "arrested" is represented by "35"; "e," the first time it occurs, is "49"; and the next time, "39"; the number "67," in the cipher message, stands in one place for "i" and in another for "h"; while "87" stands once for "s" and once for "r." In deciphering the cryptograph the numerical equivalents of the letters of the key-word are, of course, to be subtracted from the cipher-numbers, and then the letters which correspond with the figures of the remainder are to be sought in the alphabetical square.

It is apparent at a glance that a cryptograph of this kind, which can be indefinitely varied, and in which the same number never stands twice for the same letter, cannot be deciphered by any of the ordinary methods.

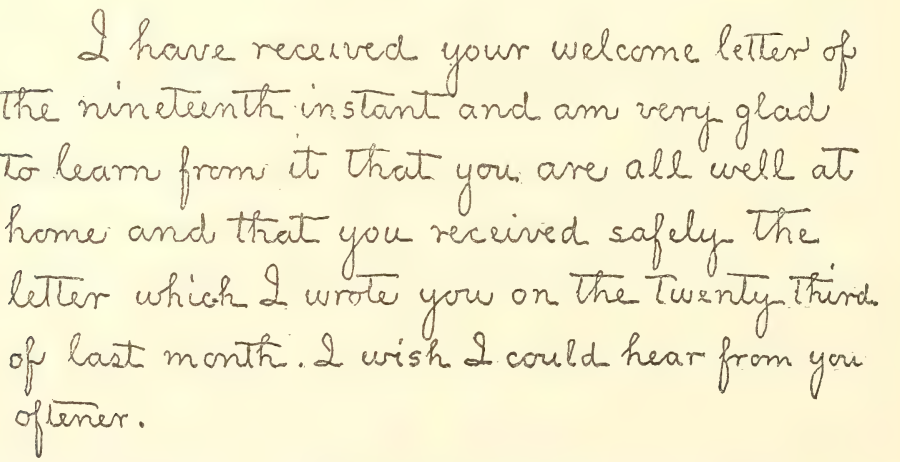
VARIOUS APPLICATIONS OF THIS CIPHER.

ANOTHER merit of the "checker-board cipher" is the wide range of its applicability. It can be used not only as a knock alphabet, but as an oral language, as a signal-code based on vision, and as a method of secret intercommunication by means of almost imperceptible dots or indentations in paper, sand, dust, or the leaf of a tree. Any substance which can be dotted, indented, or pierced may serve as a medium for the conveyance of the cipher numbers. The use of the alphabetical square in the form of an oral language is not common, but it is frequently resorted to in prisons where the number of politicals is so large that they can safely defy control. In such cases they do not restrict themselves to secret intercommunication by means of knocks, but shout the cipher-numbers to one another openly from their cell windows. It is not possible to punish a hundred or more people for this offense by putting them all into dark cells,— the capacity of an already overcrowded prison will not admit of such a method of dealing with the evil,— and if the authorities resort to physical violence the prisoners meet it with an organized "hunger-strike." This desperate form of protest creates an excited state of public feeling in the town where the prison is situated; it exasperates the friends of the sufferers to such a degree as to endanger the lives of the prison officials; it is an occurrence which the warden must report to the Minister of the Interior, and it is almost certain to be followed by an investigation of the prison management, which may bring to light the illegal practices from which the warden, overseers, and turnkeys derive pecuniary profit. These inevitable consequences of a hunger-strike are greatly dreaded by the prison authorities, and it often happens that a warden, in order to avoid what is known in the prison world as a "skandal," winks at relatively trivial infractions of prison discipline. In this way a *modus vivendi* is established, by virtue of which the warden permits oral communication between the political prisoners, and the latter tacitly agree not to create a disturbance prejudicial to the interests of the warden. Such a state of things existed in the Kiev prison in 1883, and at almost any hour of the day or night a pedestrian passing the prison wall might have heard the voices of the politicals calling out in a steady monotone from their cell windows, "Twelve, fifteen, fifty-four, twenty-four, thirty-two, fifteen, fourteen." Nearly all of the political exiles whom I met in Siberia were skilled in the use of the checker-board cipher, and could transmit intelligence either by knocks or by calling the equivalent numbers at the rate of from ten to fifteen words a minute.

The use of this cipher as a signal code by prisoners who are so situated that they can see one another is more common, the numbers being made by visible motions of the hand instead of by audible knocks. At night the prisoner, if allowed to have a candle, makes the numbers by moving a book or a towel back and forth in front of the light so as to alternately hide it and reveal it. In this way conversations are sometimes carried on between politicals at their cell windows and friends in houses standing outside the prison wall and at a considerable distance.

One of the most ingenious and successful adaptations of the checker-board cipher to the peculiar conditions and necessities of prison

life is the method by which the politicals convey secret intelligence to their relatives and friends in open letters forwarded through official hands. When a political offender has been subjected to final examination and the papers in his case are ready for submission to the Department of Justice, he is generally allowed to exchange letters with his relatives. All such letters, however, must be sent to the procureur or the local chief of gendarmes for examination, and they are not only carefully scrutinized, but are often subjected to heat and to the action of chemical re-agents, in order to ascertain whether or not they contain invisible writing in sympathetic ink. In spite, however, of such measures of precaution, the political prisoners manage, with the aid of the checker-board cipher, to transmit contraband information through the hands and under the very eyes of the most subtle and experienced officials. As an illustration of the way in which this is accomplished, take the following extract from the letter of a prisoner:


I have received your welcome letter of the nineteenth instant and am very glad to learn from it that you are all well at home and that you received safely the letter which I wrote you on the Twenty-Third of last month. I wish I could hear from you oftener.

There is apparently nothing unusual or suspicious either in the language or in the chirography of this letter,—it would probably be approved and passed by nine officials out of ten,—and yet it contains the words, "Tell Alexe to fly—arrest threatened." A close and careful examination of the writing will show that the letters are segregated into groups by minute and almost imperceptible spaces. The first words are spaced as follows: "Ihav-erece-i-vedyo-urw-el-com-el." The number of letters in each group is regarded as a figure and every two figures constitute a number, whose alphabetical equivalent is to be found in the cipher square. The numbers in the above groups are 45 15 32 32, which the checker-board resolves into the letters, "T-e-l-l." The embarrassment which would be caused by the word-spaces is obviated by a rule that such spaces shall be disregarded unless the final stroke of the terminal letter is upward, as in the word "of" in the first line of the foregoing illustration. That sign indicates that the word-space which follows it is also a cipher-space and is to be taken into account in determining the limits of the cipher-groups. This method of conveying information is now known to the "cipher bureau" of the gendarmerie, but for a long time it was practiced successfully, and it is still resorted to occasionally in remote provincial prisons.

Nothing has done more than this sort of intercommunication to prevent suicide and insanity among political prisoners in solitary confinement. Complete isolation is perhaps the most terrible punishment that can be inflicted upon an educated human being, and when to such isolation are added perfect stillness, limitation of vision by four bare walls, and deprivation of all means of employment for the intellectual powers, life soon becomes unendurable and the prisoner either commits suicide, goes insane, or sinks into an apathetic stupor which terminates in dementia. The possibility of intercommunication—of sharing one's thoughts and emotions with another—lends some interest even to the dreariest existence, and the contrivance of schemes to baffle official vigilance and secure such intercommunication affords the mental faculties exercise enough to keep them from decay. Scores of political offenders have gone insane in Russian prisons, but the number of lives thus wrecked is much smaller than it would have been if the imprisoned revolutionists had not contrived, by ingenious methods of intercommunication, to support, encourage, and comfort one another in hours of despair.

George Kennan.

POST-MERIDIAN.

I. AFTERNOON.

WHEN in thy glass thou studiest thy face,
Not long, nor yet not seldom, half repelled
And half attracted; when thou hast beheld
Of Time's slow ravages the crumbling trace
(Deciphered now with many an interspace
The characters erewhile that Beauty spelled),
And in thy throat a choking fear hath swelled
Of Love, grown cold, eluding thy embrace:
Could'st thou but read my gaze of tenderness —
Affection fused with pity — precious tears
Would bring relief to thy unjust distress;
Thy visage, even as it to me appears,
Would seem to thee transfigured; thou would'st bless
Me, who am also, Dearest, scarred with years!

II. EVENING.

Age can not wither her whom not gray hairs
Nor furrowed cheeks have made the thrall of Time;
For Spring lies hidden under Winter's rime,
And violets know the victory is theirs.
Even so the corn of Egypt, unawares,
Proud Nilus shelters with engulfing slime;
So Etna's hardening crust a more sublime
Volley of pent-up fires at last prepares.
O face yet fair, if paler, and serene
With sense of duty done without complaint!
O venerable crown! — a living green,
Strength to the weak, and courage to the faint —
Thy bleaching locks, thy wrinkles, have but been
Fresh beads upon the rosary of a saint!

Wendell P. Garrison.

INLET AND SHORE.

HERE is a world of changing glow,
Where moods roll swiftly far and wide!
Waves sadder than a funeral's pride,
Or bluer than the harebell's blow!

The sunlight makes the black hulls cast
A firefly radiance down the deep;
The inlet gleams, the long clouds sweep;
The sails flit up, the sails drop past.

The far sea-line is hushed and still;
The nearer sea has life and voice;
Each soul may take his fondest choice,—
The silence, or the restless thrill.

O little children of the deep,
The single sails, the bright, full sails,
Gold in the sun, dark when it fails,
Now you are smiling, then you weep!

O blue of heaven, and bluer sea,
And green of wave, and gold of sky,
And white of sand that stretches by
Toward East and West away from me;

O shell-strewn shore that, silent, hears
The legend of the mighty main,
And tells to none that lore again,—
We catch one utterance, only,—"Years!"

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

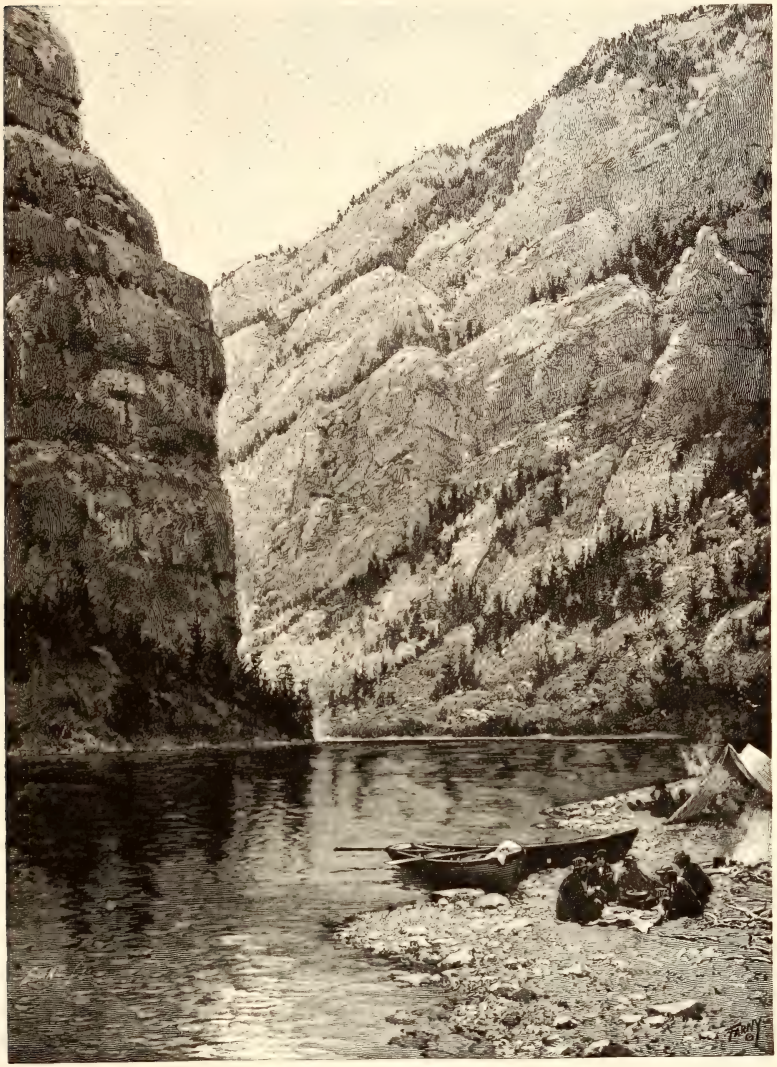
THE UPPER MISSOURI AND THE GREAT FALLS.

IT was a CENTURY expedition in its plan, and its object was to descend the Missouri River in a skiff from some point near Helena, Montana, to the Great Falls, to make a portage around the falls and follow the river down to Fort Benton, and thence, by some sort of land transportation, to cross the country to the Yellowstone through the cattle and sheep ranges. When it came to start from Helena, however, a number of citizens joined it for the purpose of making the trip to the falls, so that there were two skiff-loads instead of one. The pilot, whose old title of colonel had lately been changed to commodore by the Helena newspapers, by reason of his having seven times braved the perils of the rapids and the passage through the Gate of the Mountains, was a man of resources. He had provided but one boat, and, in the free Western fashion, he laid hands upon a small craft that the governor of the Territory had constructed with the view of making a voyage, put it on wheels, and started it for the river in the wake of the larger skiff. The governor was to have gone with the expedition, but was hindered by some public duties. If he could not go his boat could, the commodore reasoned; and go it did, never to return, for there is no such thing as getting up the river with any sort of craft.

Now, Helena, where the boats were built, is some twelve miles from the Missouri, and the departure of the expedition was not so impressive an affair as its members might have wished. The appearance of the two skiffs on wheels, loaded with provisions and camp equipage, with the company following, some on foot and some in a "jerky," was by no means heroic. Nevertheless, the people of the town, accustomed to seeing all sorts of queer "outfits," witnessed our departure without any vociferous demonstrations of hilarity, restrained, perhaps, by the blue pennant which the commodore had set up on the prow of his flagship.

The day was the 16th of September, and though the high mountains of the main divide of the Rockies were white with new snow, the oats were not yet harvested on the ranches in the Valley of the Prickly Pear, through which we passed, so late is the maturing of grain in the high latitudes and on the high altitudes of Montana. At Stubbs's Ferry we put the boats into the water. Stubbs seemed to keep a ferry chiefly for getting his hay across to his barns from his fields on the farther side of the river. There was a road that ran up into the foot-hills of the Belt Range, but no one could tell where it went to or why anybody should travel it. Stubbs's Ferry is about a hundred miles below the junction of the three rivers which form the Missouri — the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin. For much of that distance a railroad follows the course of the stream and the banks are sparsely inhabited by ranchmen, but below the ferry the river rushes through a series of profound cañons, and until it gets out of the Belt Range and into the great plains of eastern Montana, the country it traverses is singularly savage and desolate.

In the division of the party between our two boats, the artist and the writer took the smaller one, which had been pirated from the governor, and recruited for its crew a wandering Californian and a Helena journalist. The artist took the steering-oar, reassuring his companions as to his ability to run rapids successfully with the information that in his younger days he had navigated lumber-rafts on the Alleghany River; the writer sat in the bow, to give warning of breakers ahead and shove the boat off when she grounded on shoals; the Californian proved almost a Hanlan at the oars, and the Helena journalist was detailed to work the pumps, which consisted of an old tin can and a cup. The remainder of the party, numbering eight, embarked in the long-boat, and as they had with them the cook, the "grub-stake," and the tents, their craft was an object of much interest, about meal-times and at nightfall, to the occupants of the smaller skiff. At other times each of the boats kept its own course, and the skill of the commodore was only required to manage his own craft. By the camp-fire, however, when the day's run was over, the tents were pitched, and the supper was eaten, he came out strong with tales of Indian fights, of Vigilante hangings, and of all manner of wild frontier adventures. He had been through the civil war and numerous Indian campaigns, and carried two bullets in his body. At one time he had held a prominent Federal office in Montana. In later years he has taken a great fancy to the wild rapids and gorges of the Upper Missouri and delights to conduct parties of adventurous travelers through them. The business cannot be profitable, but there is lots of fun in it for the old gentleman; and his bronzed face, sil-



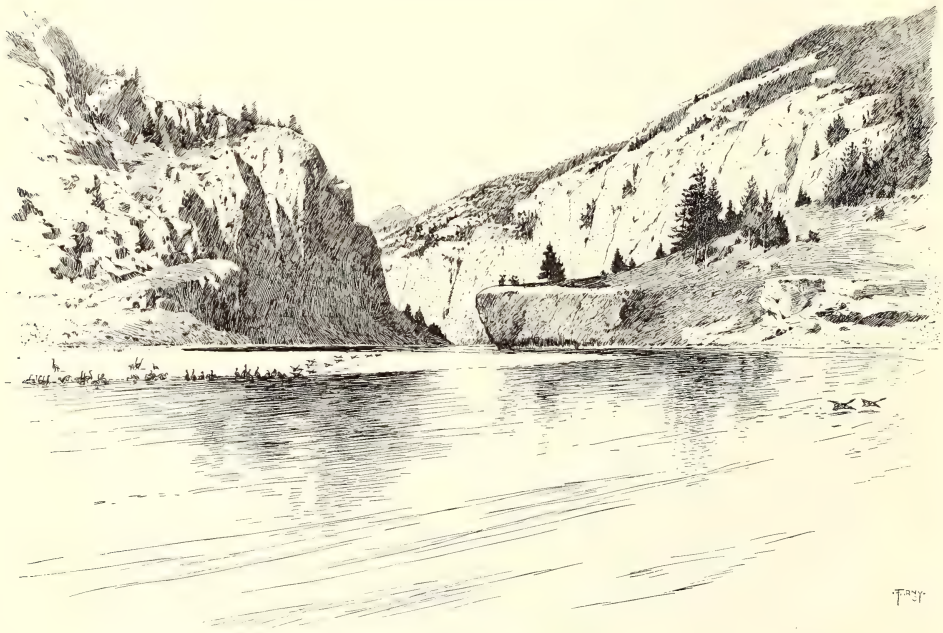
THE CAMP IN WHITE ROCK CAÑON.

very hair and whiskers, and scarlet handkerchief light up the dark cañons of the river two or three times every season.

In floating down the stream there was a quiet exhilaration which grew upon the travelers as they became accustomed to the moods and ways of the strong green river, and were convinced that it meant no harm when it whirled them around a rocky promontory or swept them swiftly through a seething rapid; convinced, too, that with stout arms and oars they were the masters in any case, and could keep off from half-hidden rocks and away from dangerous shores. The water was clear and cold, and as good to drink as any spring water. Occasionally there was a little stretch of grassy bottom along one or the other bank, fringed with a thicket of wild-rose bushes, the branches all beaded with coral-red berries; but most of the way huge cliffs of reddish rock or steep mountains, thinly clad with pines, rose abruptly from the water's edge. The strata in the cliffs were bent and twisted in curious ways. Occasionally broad green bands ran through the gray or red rocks, indicating the presence of copper. A solitary ranch was passed the first day of the voyage, and for many miles there was a vestige of former human occupancy in the shape of a long-abandoned flume, that once furnished water for placer-mining. It had cost

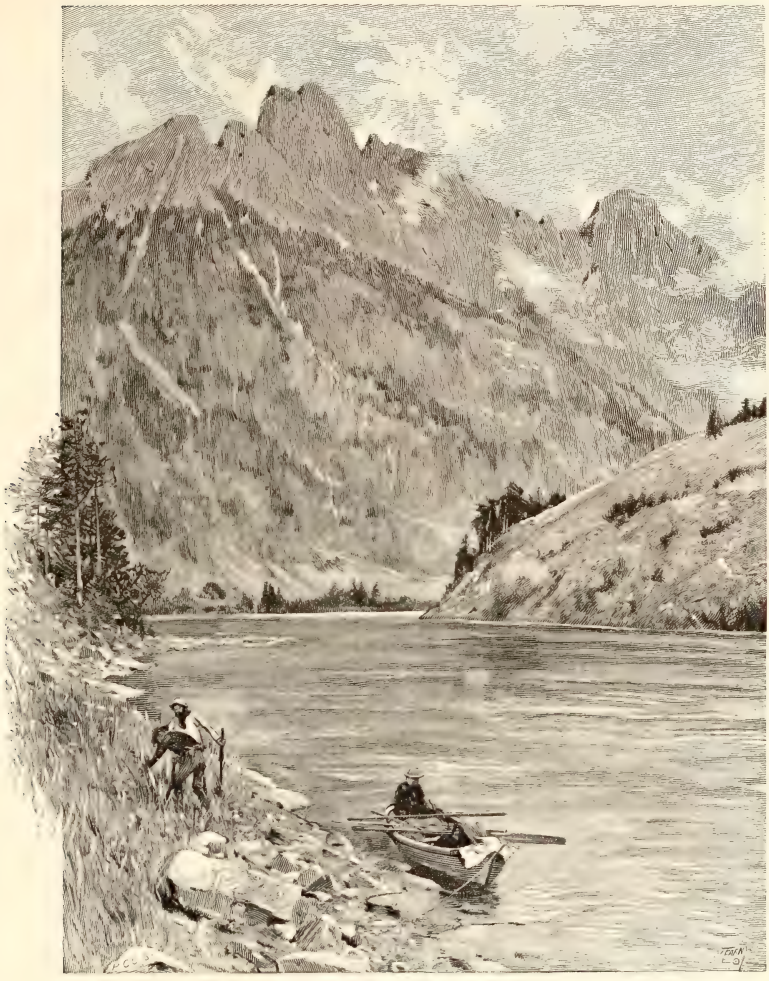
a hundred thousand dollars, the commodore said, and had never paid back the money. Montana, and all the mining Territories, abound in such monuments of misplaced enterprise. The old adage about mining for the precious metals, that more money is put into the ground than is taken out, would probably not hold good for universal application, but it fits most mining districts. The solitude and silence on the river grew oppressive as twilight began to fall. There was no sound save the rippling and gurgling of the water. The boat slipped along as quietly as the funeral barge in Tennyson's "Lancelot and Elaine." Weird profiles and masks looked down from the rocky walls. The talk and laughter, and the shouting for echoes, that had made the voyage a merry one so long as the sun shone, had ceased, and there came upon the wanderers a sense of loneliness and mystery, as though they had set out to penetrate an unknown wilderness. It was a relief to all to tie up to the bank at dark, to light a camp-fire, pitch the tents, and unload the boats; and the efforts of the party to eat supper on the ground, in darkness made visible by the flickering fire, were amusing enough to restore good humor all around.

Nick, the cook, was a droll frontier character. For twelve years he had cooked for exploring parties, engineers, and railway builders all the way from Minnesota to Oregon. When enlisted for THE CENTURY expedition he was newly out of jail, a fact that did not in the least put him out of countenance. He regarded himself as a victim of Chinese cheap labor. When in Missoula, cooking in a hotel, he could not get on well with the Chinese assistant in the kitchen, and therefore knocked him down. The landlord took the Chinaman's part, which so enraged Nick against the Mongolian element in general, that he rushed into the street and proceeded to run amuck against all the Celestials he met. Before the police could secure him, he had prostrated three or four by vigorous kicks and fisticuffs. He was an amiable fellow in the main, however. His coffee was good, but his views on the Chinese question were a little too aggressive.



THE GATE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The second day's run took the boats through the Gate of the Mountains, a narrow cleft in the Belt Range, through which the river runs at moderate velocity after the preliminary rush of a rapid. The precipices are of grayish rock, about fifteen hundred feet high, and the riven mountains are covered with pines. The sheer cliffs and the warped strata show that the passage has not been worn by the action of the water, but was opened by some great convulsion which tore the solid mountains apart. Very grand and impressive is this deep cañon, but with the bright blue sky above and the sunlight on the pea-green river below, it did not



BEAR'S TOOTH MOUNTAIN.

seem gloomy, like the two smaller cañons we had passed the day before. All through Montana people talk of the Gate of the Mountains, but very few have visited it, from the fact that it is inaccessible by road or bridle-path and can be seen only from a boat. The name was bestowed by Lewis and Clarke, the explorers, who passed through it in canoes on the 19th of June, 1805, on their way to the Pacific coast. They also gave it the alternative designation of the Great White Rock Cañon. Two sons of the Chevalier Vendrye, the French explorer, passed through it as early as 1742, and were probably the first white men to gaze upon its frowning precipices.

Tying up the boats that day for the noon lunch of ham and bread, we found upon a grassy plateau some relics of former occupancy that seemed to indicate that the spot had been the scene of a tragedy. There were two "foundations," a few rods apart. A "foundation" in Montana means four logs laid across each other so as to form a square, and is a legal notification of intent to build a cabin and take up a claim. The two "foundations" so near together were evidences of a dispute about the title to the little strip of meadow land, on which the occupants perhaps expected to find gold. Within one of the log quadrangles we found bloody clothing, sodden and mildewed, a rusty ax, a camp-kettle and a coffee-pot, some blankets, and many other articles. The imaginative members of our party speedily constructed from these materials a story of murder — the victim thrown into

the river, and the guilty man fleeing horror-stricken from the scene of his crime.

Below the mountain gateway a boiling rapid carried us swiftly past one of the great landmarks of northern Montana — the Bear's Tooth Mountain. It rises in a series of cliffs some two thousand feet above the river channel, and on its forest-covered summit stands a huge irregular, turret-like rock with broken crest. This rock, possibly three hundred feet high, gives the mountain its name. It is plainly seen from Helena, which must be at least forty miles away as the crow flies.

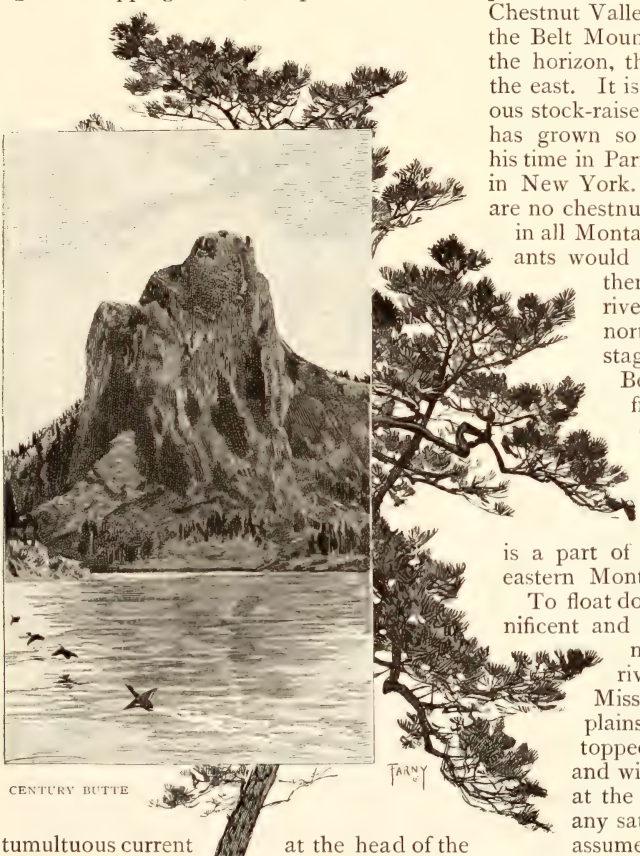
Below the Bear's Tooth the character of the shores of the river changes. The great chasms of distorted strata cease, and though there are numerous cliffs and pinnacles, they are of soft brown rock, much worn by the action of wind and rain. Profiles and faces become so numerous that only the most striking are remarked. I remember the Egyptian mummies suspended high above the water; a strongly marked, majestic, and serene face with beard washed by the waves, which I called the River God; and two gigantic statues known as the Old Man and the Old Woman. Of ruined castles, broken towers and battlements, huge archways, and other familiar effects of fantastic rock-work, there were too many specimens to name or notice at length. The mountains gradually broke away into steep hills, between which were grassy valleys running down to the river's brink. This region of singular rock effects extends for about forty miles below the Gate of the Mountains and ends abruptly. Beyond, stretch out the great plains. A huge wall, beginning at the river and running up an acclivity for three or four hundred yards, marks the boundary between the two regions, and is the last outwork of the Rocky Mountain system in this direction.

In the afternoon of the third day of the voyage the crew of the small boat, having gotten some miles in advance of the commissariat in the big skiff, determined to forage on the country for supplies. A pair of horses grazing on the bank indicated that there must be a ranch near at hand. In Montana every human habitation outside of the towns is a ranch. There are hay ranches, grain ranches, milk ranches, horse ranches, cattle ranches, and chicken ranches. The word has traveled all the way from northern Mexico to the British possessions, amplifying its application as it advanced. The ranch which we found, after scrambling through the thicket of rose-bushes and willows that formed a stout natural hedge all along the shore, defied classification under any of the above terms. It displayed a little of everything that could be done in the way of Montana agriculture. On a broad bench, surrounded by mountains, were small fields of hay and grain, and a big irrigated vegetable garden, where potatoes, corn, beets, turnips, tomatoes, and watermelons were growing. A log cabin with one door and one window, and a log barn flanked by hay and straw stacks, stood far back from the river. A man clad in a brown canvas suit and a wide-brimmed felt hat, which is the universal costume of all who do outdoor work in Montana, was digging potatoes. He leaned on his hoe and very closely scanned the four men approaching him, as if to satisfy himself whether their intentions were hostile or peaceable. When told that we were well-disposed travelers floating down the river, at that moment bent only on getting something to eat, he became quite friendly. "You 're welcome to the best I 've got," he said. "Pick an armful of roasting-ears, and I 'll rustle up a fire." He limped on to the house while we hunted for tender ears on the dry stalks. He proved to be the only occupant of the place, and his cabin of one room was kitchen, dairy, granary, and bedroom combined. Its only decorations were a huge rude painting of a four-horned goat, and a singular robe of some strange fur. He explained the possession of these treasures by saying that some years ago he went to South Africa to dig for gold. The robe he bought from a native chief, and the picture represented a goat he had brought back and exhibited in "the States," with small financial success. He came to Montana from Ohio as a young man in the early days of the gold migration, and after his African adventures he had returned to these wild mountains, concluding that this country suited him as well as any he had seen. "Lonesome? Well, not particularly." He had always "bached it" (lived as a bachelor). Next winter his nephew was coming to live with him. A raft went down the river once a month. Once a year he went to Helena for his supplies. There was no wagon road to his place, and bacon was the only thing he could pack out to sell. He fed his milk and vegetables to his hogs.

The prospect for a square meal did not look favorable at first view of the cabin, but we underrated our host's resources. He roasted potatoes under the embers in his little box-stove and corn above them, and upon it he fried bacon and made coffee; with plenty of milk and cream, with tomatoes for salad and watermelons for dessert, we made a capital dinner. There was room at the rough board table for only two, so the others took their plates and cups to the wood-pile outdoors. Our host refused to take money, invited us to come again, and following us to our boat, as a last

act of hospitality he gathered for us some choke-cherries in a thicket near the river.

That afternoon we ran the Half Breed Island rapids, the only formidable obstacle to steamboat navigation on the Missouri above the falls. The gunwales of the boats were raised by nailing on boards, canvas was stretched over the bows, and thus protected against shipping water, we pushed into the tumultuous current at the head of the island — a little nervous at first, but quite jubilant when we found how lightly our craft danced over the waves and how easy it was, with steady rowing, to give her steerage-way and thus avert the only danger, that of drifting broadside to the current and being rolled over like a log. The first plunge of the rapids is about half a mile in length; then comes a little stretch of quiet water, and then a second descent, of a quarter of a mile. To sweep along with the swift rush of the seething waves, past the fast-receding shores, was wonderfully exhilarating.



CENTURY BUTTE

By dint of some hard rowing, with the aid of a rather sluggish current, we that night reached the only place between our point of embarkation and the Great Falls that is accorded a name and the round dot on the map which indicates a town. The name was Ulidia, and the town consisted of a store and post-office, a hotel, a saloon, and two dwellings. The hotel had but three rooms, and its single bedroom was occupied by the landlady. Guests were lodged in a lean-to attached to the store on the opposite side of the road. South of Ulidia the Chestnut Valley stretches out at the foot of the Belt Mountains in brown undulations to the horizon, the Little Belts bounding it on the east. It is sparsely inhabited by prosperous stock-raisers, mostly from Missouri. One has grown so rich that he spends most of his time in Paris; another passes his winters in New York. I need hardly say that there are no chestnut-trees in the valley, or indeed in all Montana. If there were, the inhabitants would have found another name for them. A current ferry crosses the river at Ulidia, and a road leads north-west to Fort Shaw and the stage road from Helena to Fort Benton, which keeps far back from the river to avoid the cañons and broken mountain ranges. The country is open and grassy, consisting of rolling plains diversified by buttes and rock-crested ridges, and is a part of the great grazing ranges of eastern Montana.

To float down a rapid river through magnificent and varied scenery is a pleasant mode of travel, but when the river grows lazy, as does the Missouri after it gets out into the plains, and its banks are mud walls topped by screens of cottonwoods and willows, and you must pull hard at the oars under a hot sun to make any satisfactory progress, the business assumes quite a different aspect. After five or six hours of this sort of navigation, leaving Ulidia on the fourth day of the journey, we tied the boat up to the bank for the main body of the expedition to pick up, and engaged a ranchman to take us across country in his wagon to Sun River. This ranchman lived in a log house of two rooms, and had a homestead of 160 acres, on which he cut hay to feed the horses of the cavalry at Fort Shaw. He got six dollars a ton for the hay, and had cut about two hundred tons. His girlish wife — she was only eighteen — put the baby in a hammock made from an old piece of bagging, and cooked for us an excellent dinner of prairie chickens shot that morning from the kitchen window. In the living-room of the cabin the log walls and the rafters which supported the

dirt roof were hidden by cotton sheeting, and there was a sewing-machine, a rocking-chair, a canary bird, a white counterpane on the bed, and a few pictures. The husband had saved enough from his wages as a teamster to buy a team and wagon and build a cabin. In a few years he will be an independent ranchman with money in the bank, and will undoubtedly take his family back to Illinois to visit the old folks and show them how young people can prosper in Montana. He represents the new element in the population of Montana, and the hermit who entertained us the day before was a type of the old element.

stream, with an occasional clump of cottonwoods on its banks. At the place where we forded it the bottom was paved from side to side with large square rocks as smooth as flagstones. Far to the northward could be seen the snowy peaks of the main chain of the Rockies, where the river has its sources. Southward, towards the Missouri, was a white speck on the horizon, which was the goal of our day's journey. It was after dark before the little speck had grown to a house and we had found shelter for the night at the ranch of the Montana Cattle Company. The fall round-up for the Sun River district was in progress at the time, but



GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.

The agricultural valleys and the great grazing ranges of this enormous Territory are fast being occupied by active young men who refuse to lead the lonesome bachelor life of the old times, and who wisely lay the sure foundations of success by marrying, and creating for themselves homes, however humble they may be at the start.

We drove across rolling plains covered with dry bunch-grass. An enormous square-topped butte on the northern horizon gave character to the landscape. The surface of the country dipped suddenly into a narrow valley through which ran Sun River, the Medicine River of Lewis and Clarke's map — a clear, shallow

the cattle were sixty or seventy miles distant on the Teton River. The beeves were to be driven northward to the Canadian Pacific Railway for shipment to the Eastern markets. All the cattle transportation for the country north of the Missouri and that immediately south of the river is now done by the new Canadian road. The drive is not so long as that to the Northern Pacific in the Yellowstone Valley, and the grazing on the way is said to be better.

From comfortable quarters in the dwelling of the cattle ranch we drove down the Sun River Valley to a ferry that led to the site of a prospective town just above the upper fall of the Missouri, called Great Falls City.

Placid as a Minnesota lake in summer-time, the Missouri glides along between banks shaded by cottonwoods. Its waters are ruffled only by flocks of wild ducks and geese. There are no indications that it is about to plunge over a series of cataracts and rapids and make an aggregate fall of five hundred feet in a distance of about twelve miles. So hemmed in by steep banks are the cataracts, that their roar is muffled and is scarcely heard until one is close upon them. The first leap, succeeding a long rapid, is twenty-six feet in perpendicular descent. This is called the Black Eagle Fall, and was so named by Lewis and Clarke from the circumstance of an eagle having her nest on an island below the fall. Viewed from the high bank above, this cataract is not very impressive. It has too much the look of a great mill-dam. The eye soon wanders from the fall to the stately landscape, spread out to the north and west — to the billowy brown plains, the black masses of the Belt Mountains, and the white pinnacles of the Rockies, far up towards the Canadian line. The appearance of the Black Eagle Fall suggests its future use. Some day it will drive saws, spindles, and mill-stones. About four miles below is a nameless fall, of fourteen feet — nameless, no doubt, because hardly noticeable from its proximity to the beautiful Rainbow Fall, a sheer descent of forty-seven feet. The water is nearly equally distributed over the whole breadth of this superb fall, and its curve of white and light green, tinted with rainbow hues, is wonderfully symmetrical. Only in one place is it broken a little by an indentation in the ledge which gives to the plunging flood a deeper hue of green. Otherwise the fall might be criticised as "faultily faultless." The best view is from the bottom of the gorge. On the south bank of the river there is a break-neck path that leads down to the foot of the cataract. Here the spray clouds and rainbows, and the lovely aqua-marine tints of the water, show to best advantage.

Below the Rainbow Fall is the Crooked or Horse Shoe Fall, which has a perpendicular descent of nineteen feet. This fall, the Rainbow, and the smaller fall above can be seen at once from a projecting bluff. Not far off is an enormous spring, shaped like an open fan with an outer radius of three hundred feet, which discharges into the river, over a series of wide, low terraces, an enormous quantity of pure, cold water. This tremendous outpouring seems to be rather the mouth of a hidden river than a simple spring. Various names were suggested by the visiting party, for it had hitherto borne no other name than the "big spring." Finally all agreed to christen it the Giant's Fountain.

Eight miles below the Rainbow are the Great Falls. Perhaps a third of the river's volume plunges down a precipice eighty-seven feet high, the rest descending over broken shelves of rock, in a multitude of cascades. After Niagara this fall must rank as the greatest cataract on the American continent. We could only see the entire breadth of the fall from a single point on the extreme verge of a crag jutting over the cañon. There was no way of getting down into the gorge to the water's edge, which is about four hundred feet below the general level of the country. The deep crease in which the river runs is entirely lost to view a quarter of a mile away. Its lips seem to close up, and appear like the many modulations in the grassy plain, so that a traveler riding across country might come almost to the sheer verge of the cañon before he would suspect that he was approaching one of the great rivers of the world.

We returned to the new town to spend the night, and late in the morning we were joined by the party in the boats. We had gained a day's time by striking across the country to Sun River and following its valley to the Missouri.

We portaged the boats around the falls the next day, getting them out of the water and upon wagons by dint of much tugging and lifting, with the assistance of the entire population. By the time we had traveled twelve miles of rolling country and had gotten the wagons down the precipitous banks of a *coulé* leading to the river and launched the boats it was 2 o'clock, and we were still twenty-four miles from Benton.

The stream was shut in between Bad Land bluffs — miniature mountains of blue clay and brown mud with streaks of lignite coal and strata of soft sandstone, all worn and seamed by the weather and showing many fantastic shapes. The aspect of these queer formations was dreary and sinister. "If this is God's country," remarked the Californian, "it must be because he is still at work on it."

Night fell long before we reached the town. There was no moon, and it was impossible to see the shores, the shallows, or the rapids. Nothing was visible but a little gleam on the water a few yards around the boat, and the black bulk of the tall cliffs. Then came the welcome sight of lights ahead. Soon we were safely ashore and sitting down to supper in a comfortable hotel, very tired and very happy.

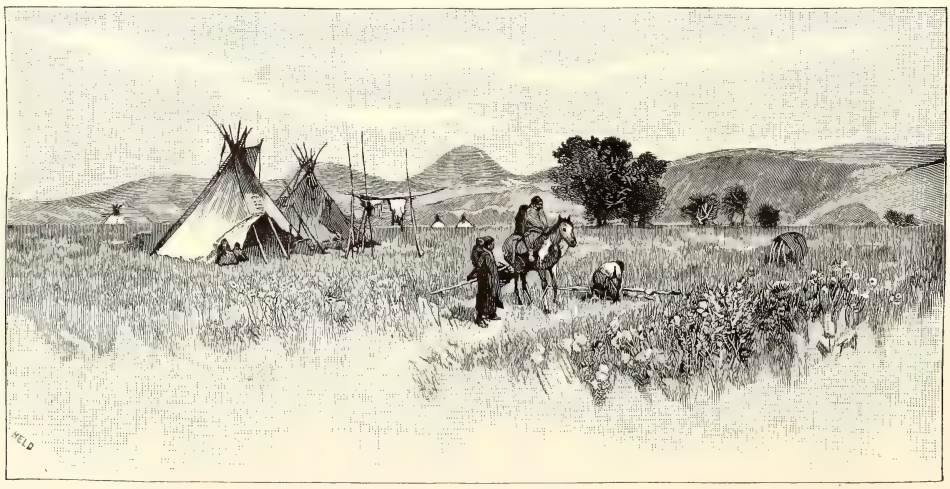
The town of Fort Benton has played a part in the commerce of the far North-west out of all proportion to its size. In its best days it had a scant thousand of settled inhabitants, but twice that number of transient sojourners



RUINS OF FORT BENTON.

were often domiciled in its log and adobe buildings. Probably it has now a stable population of fifteen hundred at least, but the wild throng of buffalo-hunters, wolfers, teamsters, French-Canadian half-breeds, boatmen, and miners that once filled the streets has departed, leaving a peace and serenity behind that is not at all enjoyed by the citizens. Formerly the trade of Benton extended far up into the British territory, reached westward and south-westward for five hundred miles, and to the southward embraced all the country as far as the Yellowstone. Goods were brought up the Missouri by steamboat from St. Louis, 2500 miles distant, until the railroad reached Bismarck, in Dakota, when that place became the point of departure for the fleet of flat-bottomed, light-draught boats. The season of navigation was short, lasting only from May to midsummer, though sometimes two or three boats went up after the autumn rise in the river. A few years ago the boats had to run the gauntlet of hostile Indians, and every wood-yard was a stockade. Old captains tell of the days when they had to stop and wait for enormous herds of buffalo to swim the stream. The boats brought the year's supplies for the mining-camps in the Rocky Mountains, for the Indian agencies and the military posts, for the cattle ranches, and for the Canadian mounted police. Long trains of wagons, drawn by mules or bullocks, transported the goods over vast desolate plains and through lonesome mountain gorges. The arrival of the first boat in the spring was a great event in the little frontier hamlet which had been cut off from the world for eight months. The necessity of laying in a year's stock at once caused the trade of Benton to fall into the hands of a few strong firms controlling large capital, having branch stores, and owning the freighting teams that distributed the goods over all the immense tributary territory. Each of these firms had a motley army of retainers and dependents—teamsters, trappers, hunters, and Indians. Their big stores survive the trade that once filled them with customers.

The channels of commerce in the Northwest have changed of late, and Fort Benton is left stranded between two railroads. On the south and west the Northern Pacific has



PIEGAN CAMP ON TETON RIVER.

cut off the business of nearly all the mining country and much of the cattle country, and on the north the Canadian Pacific has taken away the traffic of all the Dominion posts, agencies, and police, and of the fur-trapping Indians and half-breeds over the line. There is nothing left for the town to live upon but the trade of the cattle and sheep ranches in the country close at hand. Most of the boats that used to come up the river have been withdrawn, and those that arrived last season with light freights could get no return cargoes, there being no more buffalo skins to carry. It would not be appropriate to say that in Benton all the week seems like Sunday, for in prosperous times Sunday was the busiest and noisiest day. There used to be a saying in the Yellowstone country that "West of Bismarck there is no Sunday, and west of Miles City there is no God." Benton was probably never so good as now. In time the town will rebound from its present depression, and with the development of the resources of the neighboring farming and grazing country will again be prosperous, but in a different way. The dramatic features of its old life as a remote outpost of civilization are gone forever.*

The town is built on a bank by the riverside surrounded by grassy hills. Climb the hills, or cross the river by the current ferry and scramble to the top of the lone mud cliffs, and you see that the stream runs some hundreds of feet below the general level of the country, which is a rolling plateau. The town is a queer conglomeration of handsome new brick structures and old cotton-wood log huts, with a few neat frame houses painted in the fashionable olives and browns. One is astonished at the size of the hotel, of the mercantile establishments, of the court-house, and of the buildings of the two newspapers.

Near the town, we visited the camp of a dozen lodges of Piegan Indians, who had come to stay all winter for the sake of such subsistence as they could get from the garbage-barrels of the citizens. A race of valorous hunters and warriors has fallen so low as to be forced to beg at back doors for kitchen refuse. In one of the *tepees* in the Piegan camp there was an affecting scene. A young squaw lay on a pile of robes and blankets, hopelessly ill and given up to die. In the lines of her face and the expression of her great black eyes there were traces of beauty and refinement not often seen in Indian women. Crouched on the ground by her side sat her father, an old blind man with long white hair and a strong, firm face clouded with an expression of stolid grief.

* Benton is on the line of the new railroad, and expects a new season of prosperity.

The Piegans and the Blackfeet, who inhabit the great reservation north and east of Fort Benton, have suffered grievously of late for want of food, and hundreds have died from scrofula and other diseases induced by insufficient nourishment. In fact, the Government has kept them in a state of semi-starvation. It is a long way from the Upper Missouri to the halls of Congress, where the money is voted for Indian supplies, and it is not easy to place on the proper shoulders the blame for the barbarity of issuing for a week's rations barely enough food for two days. The appropriations for these Indians have hitherto been based on estimates for their winter support only. In the season of roaming and hunting it was supposed they could pick up their own living, as they used to do with ease before the white buffalo-hunters exterminated the game which was their main dependence. Now, the buffaloes which used to roam these plains in great herds are gone. Occasionally a solitary animal is found, or perhaps a little "bunch" of half a dozen, lurking in a ravine among the Bad Lands, but an Indian might starve to death before he had the luck to find one. Knowing how desperate are the chances of killing game, the Indians crowd around the agencies and try to subsist on the scanty rations issued by the Government. A few, up at Fort Belknap, raise little patches of grain; but of the five or six thousand on the reservation north of the Missouri, probably there are not five hundred who can be called self-supporting. One of the Jesuit fathers from Flathead Mission visited the Blackfeet lately and prevailed upon them to let him take fifty of their children to be reared and educated at the Mission. Indians are strongly attached to their children in a passionate, unreasoning way, and as they are but children of larger growth themselves, living only in the present and incapable of much thought for the future, it is very hard to persuade them to part with the little ones. In this case the only consideration that moved them was the fear that the children would die for want of food, as many had already done. Father Palladimi told me that the speeches of the Indian chiefs at the council, where they told of the sufferings of the tribe and bared their emaciated arms and breasts to show to what a condition they had been brought by hunger, were thrilling bursts of savage oratory, even affecting listeners who could not, as he did, understand the spoken words. There seems to be but one humane and sensible course for the Government to take with these Indians. Their enormous reservation, now useless to them for the purposes of the chase, should be abolished,

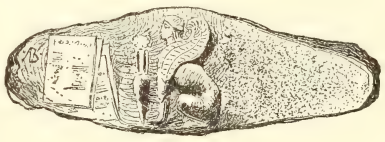
and smaller ones containing good agricultural and grazing lands established, and they should be fed until they could be put in a way of raising crops and cattle. This course has lately been recommended by a commission sent out to examine into their condition.

The old adobe fort erected in 1846 by the American Fur Company, which served as a nucleus to the town of Fort Benton and gave it its name, is still in existence, though much dilapidated. The four towers at the corners of the quadrangle are in a good state of preservation, but portions of the connecting walls have fallen. The rooms where the trappers and traders used to count their profits and make merry are now a rookery of poor homeless people, and the court looks like the backyard of a block of New York tenement houses.

In one of the towers an embrasure is shown from which a cannon was once turned with terrible effect upon a party of peaceable Indians gathered outside the walls of the fort for traffic. The story is that a hunting party of Blackfeet drove off some cattle belonging to the fort, and killed a negro who followed them to recover the animals. The burgess (the title borne by the commander of the fur-trading station) was a man of violent and revengeful disposition. When the Blackfeet failed to give up the murderer, he determined to punish them Indian fashion, and waited until all apprehension of reprisals had been allayed in their minds and they had brought in their furs to barter for goods. Then he loaded his cannon to the muzzle with slugs and musket-balls, and, his men all refusing to put a match to it, fired it himself into a group of the unsuspecting savages.

The original trading fort on the Upper Missouri stood at the mouth of the Maria's River, twenty miles below Benton, and was built in 1828. This was abandoned in 1849, and old Fort Benton was erected eight miles above the present town and occupied for fourteen years. In 1843 the traders went down to the mouth of the Judith and built Fort Shagran. In 1846 they began work on the existing adobe fort and transferred to it the name of Benton. The American Fur Company sold the fort in 1865 to the North-west Fur Company, and in 1877 the Government leased it for a military post and occupied it four years. The town grew up slowly under the protection of the walls of the fort. These are the outlines of the history of a place whose trade extended over an area as great as that of all New England and the Middle States when it was itself only a collection of mud-roofed log huts and warehouses.

Eugene V. Smalley.



A SONG OF CHEER.

THE winds are up, with wakening day
And tumult in the tree.
Across the cool and open sky
White clouds are streaming free.
The new light breaks o'er flood and field,
Clear, like an echoing horn;
While in loud flight the crows are blown
Athwart the sapphire morn.

What tho' the maple's scarlet flame
Declares the summer done;
Tho' finch and starling voyage south
To win a softer sun;
What tho' the withered leaf whirls by
To strew the purpling stream,—
Stretched are the world's glad veins with strength;
Despair is grown a dream!

The acres of the golden-rod
Are glorious on the hills;
Tho' storm and loss approach, the year's
High heart upleaps and thrills.
Dearest, the cheer, the brave delight,
Are given to shame regret,
That, when the long frost falls, our hearts
Be glad, and not forget!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

THE FORMATION OF THE CABINET.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN'S CABINET.

THERE is distinguished authority † for the statement that the work of framing the new Cabinet was mainly performed on the evening of the presidential election. After the polls were closed on the 6th of November (so Mr. Lincoln related a year or two later), the superintendent of the telegraph at Springfield invited him to come and remain in his office and read the dispatches as they should come in. He accepted the offer; and, reporting himself in due time at the telegraph office, from which all other visitors were excluded at 9 o'clock, awaited the result of the eventful day. Soon the telegrams came thick and fast — first from the neighboring precincts and counties; then from the great Western cities, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; and finally from the capitals of the doubtful States, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the Empire State of New York. Here in this little room, in the company of two or three silent operators moving about their mysteriously clicking instruments, and recording with imperturbable gravity the swift-throbbing messages from near and far, Mr. Lincoln read the reports as they came in, first in vague and fragmentary dribblets, and later in the rising and swelling stream of cheering news. There was never a nicer or closer calculator of political probabilities than himself. He was emphatically at home among election figures. All his political life he had scanned tables of returns with as much care and accuracy as he analyzed and scrutinized maxims of government or platforms of parties. Now, as formerly, he was familiar with all the turning-points in contested counties and "close" districts, and knew by heart the value of each and every local loss or gain and its relation to the grand result. In past years, at the close of many a hot campaign he had searched out the comforts of victory from a discouraging and adverse-looking column of figures, or correctly read the fatal omen of defeat in some fragmentary announcement from a precinct or county. Silently, as they were transcribed, the operators handed him the messages, which he laid on his knee while he adjusted his spectacles, and then read and re-read several times with deliberation. He had not long to wait for indications. From a scattering beginning, made up of encouraging local fragments, the hopeful news rose to almost uninterrupted tidings of victory. Soon a shower of congratulatory telegrams fell from the wires, and while his partisans and friends from all parts of the country were thus shaking hands with him "by lightning" over the result, he could hear the shouts and speeches of his Springfield followers, gathered in the great hall of the State-house across the street, and fairly making that building shake with their rejoicings.

Of course his first emotions were those of a kindling pleasure and pride at the sweeping completeness of his success. But this was only a momentary glow. He was indeed President-elect; but with that consciousness there fell upon him the appalling shadow of his mighty task and responsibility. It seemed as if he suddenly bore the whole world upon his shoulders, and could not shake it off; and sitting there in the yet early watches of the night, he read the still-coming telegrams in a sort of absent-minded mechanical routine, while his "inner man" took up the crushing burden of his country's troubles, and traced out the laborious path of coming duties. "When I finally bade my friends good-night and left that room," said Lincoln, "I had substantially completed the framework of my Cabinet as it now exists."

If the grouping and combining of the new President's intended councilors occurred at this time, it is no less true that some of them were selected at a much earlier date. In the mean time no one was informed of his intentions in this regard. For a full month after the election he gave no intimation whatever of his purpose. Cabinet-making is at all times difficult, as Mr. Lincoln felt and acknowledged, even though he had already progressed thus far in his task. Up to the early days of December he followed the current of newspaper criticism, daily read his budget of private letters, gave numerous interviews to visiting pol-

† Hon. Gideon Welles, conversation. J. G. N., personal memoranda. MS.

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iticians of prominence and influence from other States, and, on the occasion of a short visit to Chicago, met and conferred with Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President-elect, — all constituting, most probably, little else than a continued study of the Cabinet question. Never arbitrary nor dictatorial in the decision of any matter, he took unusual care on this point to receive patiently and consider seriously all the advice, recommendations, and objections which his friends from different States had to offer.

His personal experience during his service as a member of Congress had given him an insight into the sharp and bitter contentions which grow out of office-seeking and the distribution of patronage. It was therefore doubtless with the view to fortify himself in his selections, that he now determined to make definite offers of some at least of the Cabinet appointments. The question of taking part of his constitutional advisers from among his political opponents, and from the hostile or complaining Southern States, had been thoroughly debated in his own mind. The conclusion arrived at is plainly evinced by the following, written with his own hand, and inserted as a short leading editorial in the Springfield "Journal" on the morning of December 12th (or 13th), 1860:

"We hear such frequent allusions to a supposed purpose on the part of Mr. Lincoln to call into his Cabinet two or three Southern gentlemen from the parties opposed to him politically, that we are prompted to ask a few questions.

"*First.* Is it known that any such gentleman of character would accept a place in the Cabinet?

"*Second.* If yea, on what terms does he surrender to Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Lincoln to him, on the political differences between them, or do they enter upon the administration in open opposition to each other?"

The high authorship of these paragraphs was not announced, but the *reductio ad absurdum* was so complete that the newspapers were not amiss in guessing whence they emanated.

The selection of enemies being out of the question, Mr. Lincoln, in execution of long-matured plans, proceeded to choose his friends, and those of the best and ablest. On the morning of December 8th, 1860, he penned the following letters:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., December 8th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: With your permission I shall at the proper time nominate you to the Senate for confirmation as Secretary of State for the United States. Please let me hear from you at your own earliest convenience.

Your friend and obedient servant,
A. LINCOLN.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Washington, D. C.*

(Private and confidential.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., December 8th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: In addition to the accompanying and more formal note, inviting you to take charge of the State Department, I deem it proper to address you this. Rumors have got into the newspapers to the effect that the Department named above would be tendered you as a compliment, and with the expectation that you would decline it. I beg you to be assured that I have said nothing to justify these rumors. On the contrary, it has been my purpose, from the day of the nomination at Chicago, to assign you, by your leave, this place in the Administration. I have delayed so long to communicate that purpose, in deference to what appeared to me a proper caution in the case. Nothing has been developed to change my view in the premises; and I now offer you the place in the hope that you will accept it, and with the belief that your position in the public eye, your integrity, ability, learning, and great experience all combine to render it an appointment preëminently fit to be made.

One word more. In regard to the patronage sought with so much eagerness and jealousy, I have prescribed for myself the maxim, "Justice to all"; and I earnestly beseech your coöperation in keeping the maxim good.

Your friend and obedient servant,
A. LINCOLN.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Washington, D. C.*

This letter, so full of frankness and delicate courtesy, together with the brief note preceding it, was sent to two intimate friends of the President-elect at Washington, with the request, if their judgment concurred in the step, to hand them to Mr. Seward. They were at once delivered, and the recipient wrote the following equally courteous and characteristic answer:

WASHINGTON, December 13th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: I have had the honor of receiving as well your note which tenders to me a nomination to the Senate for the office of Secretary of State, as also your private and confidential letter on the same subject.

It would be a violation of my own feelings, as well as a great injustice to you, if I were to leave occasion for any doubt on your part that I appreciate as highly as I ought the distinction which, as the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, you propose to confer upon me, and that I am fully, perfectly, and entirely satisfied with the sincerity and kindness of your sentiments and wishes in regard to my acceptance of it.

You will readily believe that, coming to the consideration of so grave a subject all at once, I need a little time to consider whether I possess the qualifications and temper of a minister, and whether it is in such a capacity that my friends would wish that I should act if I am to continue at all in the public service. These questions are, moreover, to be considered in view of a very anomalous condition of public affairs. I wish, indeed, that a conference with you upon them were possible. But I do not see how it could prudently be held under existing circumstances. Without publishing the fact of your invitation, I will, with your leave, reflect upon it a few days, and then give you my definite answer, which, if I know myself, will be made under the influence exclusively of the most earnest desire for the success of your administration, and through it for the safety, honor, and welfare of the Union.

Whatever may be my conclusion, you may rest assured of my hearty concurrence in your views in regard to the distribution of the public offices as you have communicated them.

Believe me, my dear sir, most respectfully and most faithfully your friend and humble servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President-elect of the United States.*

* Unpublished MS.

Before the end of the month, Mr. Lincoln received a short and simple note from Mr. Seward signifying his acceptance. Meanwhile he had sent (December 13th) a verbal message to Hon. Edward Bates, at St. Louis, Mo., that he would come down there the next day to see and consult him about some points connected with the formation of his Cabinet. "I thought I saw an unfitness in his coming to me, and that I ought to go to him,"* writes Mr. Bates with his old-school politeness. Accordingly, the following Saturday (December 15th) found him at Mr. Lincoln's office in Springfield.

They had had a personal acquaintance of some eight years; and after cordial greetings the President-elect proceeded without further prelude to tell him that since the day of the Chicago nomination it had been his purpose to tender him one of the places in his Cabinet. Some of his friends had asked the State Department for him. He could not now offer him this, which was usually considered the first place in the Cabinet, for the reason that he should offer that place to Mr. Seward, in view of his ability, his integrity, his commanding influence, and his fitness for the place. He did this as a matter of duty to the party and to Mr. Seward's many and strong friends, while at the same time it accorded perfectly with his own personal inclinations, notwithstanding some opposition on the part of sincere and warm friends. He would, therefore, offer Mr. Bates what he supposed would be more congenial, and for which he was certainly in every way qualified,— the Attorney-Generalship.†

Within a few days it was announced by authority that Mr. Bates had been tendered and had accepted a place in the new Cabinet. His adhesion was looked upon as a sure indication of a moderate and constitutional policy by the incoming Administration.

The choice of Mr. Seward as the head of the Cabinet, as well as his probable acceptance, was also soon whispered about among leading Republicans in Congress, rumored in the public press, and in due time confirmed by a semi-official statement in the Albany "Evening Journal," the organ of Mr. Seward's friend Thurlow Weed. This action of Mr. Lincoln also gave the party at large general gratification, since up to the Chicago convention Mr. Seward had been its chief favorite. Whatever of antagonism existed between pronounced and conservative Republicans was thus happily neutralized, and the respective partisans of Mr. Seward and Mr. Bates each felt themselves bound to the new Administration through the presence of an acknowledged and trusted leader in Mr. Lincoln's councils.

To these two selections a third had in the mean time been virtually added. As the individual held a less prominent position in the nation, and as the choice was merely provisional, it provoked no immediate attention or contest. On December 11th, three days after writing his letter to Mr. Seward, two gentlemen called upon the President-elect to present the claims of Hon. Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, one of the "pivotal States" in the November election, to a seat in the Cabinet. After a very short talk, showing that the question had already gone through the crucible of his judgment, Mr. Lincoln replied, that, being determined to act with caution and not embarrass himself with promises, he could only say that he saw no insuperable objections to Indiana's having a place, or to Smith being the man.† To this decision Mr. Lincoln held firm, though, later on, very considerable pressure came upon him in behalf of another citizen of Indiana, already then distinguished and destined to attain still greater eminence. A letter which Mr. Lincoln wrote him, explaining why he adhered to his original choice, will be of interest in this connection as illustrating one of his rules of conduct which contributed so much to his popular strength; namely, neither to forget a friendship nor remember a grudge.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 8th, 1861.

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 6th has just been handed me by Mr. Baker of Minnesota. When I said to you the other day that I wished to write you a letter, I had reference, of course, to my not having offered you a Cabinet appointment. I meant to say, and now do say, you were most honorably and amply recommended; and a tender of the appointment was not withheld, in any part, because of anything happening in 1858. Indeed, I should have decided as I did easier than I did, had that matter never existed. I had partly made up my mind in favor of Mr. Smith — not conclusively, of course — before your name was mentioned in that connection. When you were brought forward I said, "Colfax is a young man, is already in position, is running a brilliant career, and is sure of a bright future in any event — with Smith it is now or never." I considered either abundantly competent, and decided on the ground I have stated. I now have to beg that you will not do me the injustice to suppose for a moment that I remember anything against you in malice.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN. ‡

The next step in Cabinet-making was much more complex as a political and personal adjustment, and proved for the present too difficult of execution. Mr. Lincoln had frequently and without reserve expressed his decided preference for Governor Salmon P. Chase of

* Bates, diary. Unpublished MS.

† J. G. N., personal memoranda. MS.

‡ Unpublished MS. Also partly printed in Hollister, "Life of Colfax."

Ohio as his Secretary of the Treasury,— not only on account of his acknowledged executive talent, but above all because his spotless integrity of character would at once impart tone to and confidence in the national credit, greatly impaired by recent maladministration and now liable to be lost in the convulsions of civil war. There seemed, too, an eminent fitness in this selection. He was looked upon as the most prominent and able representative of the second great constituent element of the Republican party,— the former Democrats of the Northern States whose anti-slavery convictions had joined them to the new party of freedom.

But against this personal preference of the President-elect, to this particular office there rose up the local claim of the State of Pennsylvania and of Senator Simon Cameron as her most prominent citizen. The manufacturing industry of the State created a local sentiment in behalf of a protective tariff stronger than all other party issues. Protection had not, indeed, been a prominent question in the late election, yet the Republican platform proclaimed that the "industrial interests" should be encouraged; the bulk of the new party were former tariff men; Mr. Lincoln himself had been an avowed protectionist in other political campaigns, and was known not to have changed his convictions on this point. Stronger than all was the implied understanding in favor of protection,— unwritten, indeed, but none the less relied upon by politicians and parties. Now that the election was won, Pennsylvania claimed control of the Treasury Department as that branch of the Government which could wield the greatest influence, both upon legislation and administration, for the promotion of her industrial prosperity. Governor Chase had a wider national reputation than Senator Cameron, but each was an unrivaled leader in his own State, each had received the almost unanimous complimentary vote of his own State in the Chicago convention.

In view of these conflicting motives and interests, the President invited Mr. Cameron to visit him at Springfield, and interviews took place between them on the 30th and 31st of December. Their conversations were undoubtedly intended to be frank and explicit, and yet it would appear that a temporary misunderstanding grew out of them, the precise nature of which has never become public history. When Mr. Cameron returned to his home, he bore with him the following note:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., December 31st, 1860.

HON. SIMON CAMERON.

MY DEAR SIR: I think fit to notify you now, that by your permission I shall at the proper time nominate you to the U. S. Senate for confirmation as Secretary of the Treasury, or as Secretary of War — which of the two I have not yet definitely decided. Please answer at your earliest convenience.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.*

The purpose of the President-elect, evidently formed with deliberation, was suddenly changed, but, as the sequel proved, for a time only. If he ever explained his full reason for so doing, it was to witnesses who are long since dead. One of the secondary causes he has himself left on record. It happened that just at this juncture he received, both by letter and through personal visits from Pennsylvania politicians, the indications of a bitter hostility to Cameron from an influential and very active minority in that State, headed by the newly elected governor and the chairman of the State central committee, who protested in harsh and severe terms against Cameron's appointment. The situation required prompt action, and keeping his own counsel, Mr. Lincoln wrote:

(Private.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 3d, 1861.

HON. SIMON CAMERON.

MY DEAR SIR: Since seeing you, things have developed which make it impossible for me to take you into the Cabinet. You will say this comes of an interview with McClure; and this is partly, but not wholly, true. The more potent matter is wholly outside of Pennsylvania; and yet I am not at liberty to specify it. Enough that it appears to me to be sufficient. And now I suggest that you write me declining the appointment, in which case I do not object to its being known that it was tendered you. Better do this at once, before things so change that you cannot honorably decline, and I be compelled to openly recall the tender. No person living knows or has an intimation that I write this letter.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

P. S. Telegraph me instantly on receipt of this, saying, "All right."— A. L.*

It will be seen from this that Mr. Lincoln did not offer any explanation of his course; also that he had so well kept his secret, both of the tender and the recall, that, since his judgment so dictated, he could reverse his own action and the world be none the wiser. Still further does it appear from this letter that he had either enjoined or expected an equal discretion on the part of Mr. Cameron. But the latter, in haste to control the party politics of Pennsylvania, and dictate who from that State should succeed him in the Senate, had shown Mr. Lincoln's first note. Mr. Cameron was, therefore, not only unable to telegraph "All right," but was in a measure compelled also to show the recall to a few special friends; and thus the incident, though the correspondence and the actual details were carefully kept out of the newspapers, was more or less understood in the confidential circles of politics.

* Unpublished MS.

As might have been expected, Mr. Cameron's nearest personal friend came at once to Springfield; and the conferences on the subject may be sufficiently inferred from a letter and its inclosure which he carried back to Mr. Cameron:

(Private and confidential.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 13th, 1861.

HON. SIMON CAMERON.

MY DEAR SIR: At the suggestion of Mr. Sanderson and with hearty good-will besides, I herewith send you a letter dated Jan. 3d — the same in date as the last you received from me. I thought best to give it that date, as it is in some sort to take the place of that letter. I learn, both by a letter of Mr. Swett and from Mr. Sanderson, that your feelings were wounded by the terms of my letter really of the 3d. I wrote that letter under great anxiety, and perhaps I was not so guarded in its terms as I should have been; but I beg you to be assured I intended no offense. My great object was to have you act quickly, if possible before the matter should be complicated with the Penn. senatorial election. Destroy the offensive letter or return it to me.

I say to you now I have not doubted that you would perform the duties of a Department ably and faithfully. Nor have I for a moment intended to ostracize your friends. If I should make a Cabinet appointment for Penn. before I reach Washington, I will not do so without consulting you, and giving all the weight to your views and wishes which I consistently can. This I have always intended.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

[Inclosure.]

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 3d, 1861.

HON. SIMON CAMERON.

MY DEAR SIR: When you were here, about the last of December, I handed you a letter saying I should at the proper time nominate you to the Senate for a place in the Cabinet. It is due to you and to truth for me to say you were here by my invitation, and not upon any suggestion of your own. You have not as yet signified to me whether you would accept the appointment, and with much pain I now say to you that you will relieve me from great embarrassment by allowing me to recall the offer. This springs from an unexpected complication, and not from any change of my view as to the ability or faithfulness with which you would discharge the duties of the place.

I now think I will not definitely fix upon any appointment for Pennsylvania until I reach Washington.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.*

Before further describing this Cameron dilemma, we must look at another complication which was added to it. On the day on which Mr. Lincoln had given Mr. Cameron his written tender of a place (December 31st), he had also telegraphed to Governor Chase, "In these troublous times I would like a conference with you. Please visit me here at once."† By a curious coincidence, Mr. Chase arrived in Springfield on the very day (January 3d) on which Mr. Lincoln wrote the recall of the tender to Mr. Cameron. As in other instances, the President-elect waived all ceremony and promptly called on Mr. Chase at his hotel. "I have done with you," said he, "what I would not perhaps have ventured to do with any other man in the country,— sent for you to ask you whether you will accept the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury, without, however, being exactly prepared to offer it to you."‡ He was also informed of the selection of Mr. Seward and Mr. Bates, which he heartily approved. Nothing was, of course, said of the tender to Cameron or its recall; but the opposition of the anti-Cameron minority in Pennsylvania and their urging the selection of Mr. Dayton of New Jersey instead, the apparent acquiescence of all in the choice of Mr. Chase, and the threatening affairs of the nation as well as the strife among Republican factions, were fully talked over during his visit, which lasted two days. Mr. Chase stated that he "was not prepared to say that he would accept that place if offered."† Neither did he positively decline. He valued the trust and its opportunities, but he was reluctant to leave the Senate. It was resolved to ask the advice of friends, and abide the course of events. "A good deal of conversation," writes Mr. Chase, "followed in reference to other possible members of the Cabinet, but everything was left open when we parted."

All these important visits to Springfield were heralded in the newspapers, and the rumors connected therewith proportionately magnified. Particularly did the statement of Mr. Cameron's selection, and its quick contradiction, put both his friends and opponents on the alert. Pennsylvania politics were for the moment at a white heat, and letters showered into Springfield. Politicians are but human, and Mr. Cameron was sorely wounded in pride and weakened in prestige. He felt hurt at the form as well as the substance of the recall, which, being intended to remain secret, was more explicit than conventional. While he did not conceal his chagrin, on the whole he kept his temper, taking the ground that he neither originally solicited the place, nor would he now decline it. His enemies, seeing him at bay, redoubled their efforts to defeat him. They charged him with unfitness, with habitual intrigue, with the odium of corrupt practices. Mr. Lincoln, however, soon noticed that these allegations were vaguely based upon newspaper report and public rumor, and that, when requested to do so, no one was willing to make specific charges and furnish tangible proof.

While the opponents of Mr. Cameron hastened to transmit to Springfield protests against his appointment, his friends were yet more

*Unpublished MS.

† Warden, "Life of Salmon P. Chase."

‡ Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase."

active in forwarding recommendations in his behalf. All through the month of January this epistolary contest seemed the principal occupation of the Pennsylvania Republicans, and to some extent it communicated itself to other localities. Sharp as were the assaults, the defense was yet more earnest, and testimonials came from all ranks and classes,—citizens, clergymen, editors, politicians, and officials of all grades, and in numbers fully as three to one,—indorsing his private and personal worth, his public services, his official uprightness. Astute Washington politicians were nonplused, and frankly confessed that his vindication from aspersion was complete and overwhelming and that they could not account for it,—attributing it, as usual, to his personal intrigue. Reasons aside, it was evident that Pennsylvania demanded Cameron, and in the same connection protested against Chase, in the Treasury Department, insisting that the latter, through his Democratic teachings and party affiliations, was necessarily wedded to the doctrines of free trade, and hence inimical to the manufacturing prosperity of that State, which was anxiously looking forward to protective legislation. Mr. Cameron was highly gratified at this manifestation from his own State, as he had a right to be, and was thereby able to declare himself entirely satisfied with the situation as thus left, and to express his continued good-will towards the President-elect.*

Pending this incident, still another phase of the Cabinet question had more fully developed itself at Washington. The proposition to appoint at least one distinctly Southern man continued from time to time to be urged upon Mr. Lincoln, notably by some of the most prominent and, it may be added, most radical Republican senators and representatives in Congress. To the policy of such a step the President-elect cordially assented; but the real question was, as he had already so sharply defined it, Would any Southern man of character and influence accept such a place? Since Mr. Seward's selection, he too joined in the current suggestion. "I feel it my duty," he wrote, December 25th, "to submit for your consideration the names of Colonel Frémont for Secretary of War, Randall Hunt of Louisiana, and John A. Gilmer or Kenneth Raynor of North Carolina, for other places. Should you think that any of these gentlemen would be likely to be desirable in the Administration, I should find no difficulty, I think, in ascertaining whether they would accept, without making the matter public."† In another note, of December 28th, he added the name of Hon. Robert E. Scott of Virginia to his list of Southern candidates. Thereupon Mr. Lincoln sent him authority to make the inquiry, while he himself wrote directly to John A. Gilmer asking him to come to Springfield. Mr. Seward's letters had also urged, in this connection, that in view of the threatened revolution Mr. Lincoln should come to Washington somewhat earlier than usual, and should at once select his Secretaries of War and Navy, that they might begin to devise measures of safety. To all these suggestions Mr. Lincoln sent the following reply:

(Private.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 3d, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours without signature was received last night. I have been considering your suggestions as to my reaching Washington somewhat earlier than usual. It seems to me the inauguration is not the most dangerous point for us. Our adversaries have us now clearly at disadvantage. On the second Wednesday of February, when the votes should be officially counted, if the two houses refuse to meet at all, or meet without a quorum of each, where shall we be? I do not think that this counting is constitutionally essential to the election; but how are we to proceed in absence of it?

In view of this, I think it best for me not to attempt appearing in Washington till the result of that ceremony is known. It certainly would be of some advantage if you could know who are to be at the heads of the War and Navy Departments; but, until I can ascertain definitely whether I can get any suitable men from the South, and who, and how many, I cannot well decide. As yet, I have no word from Mr. Gilmer, in answer to my request for an interview with him. I look for something on the subject, through you, before long.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.‡

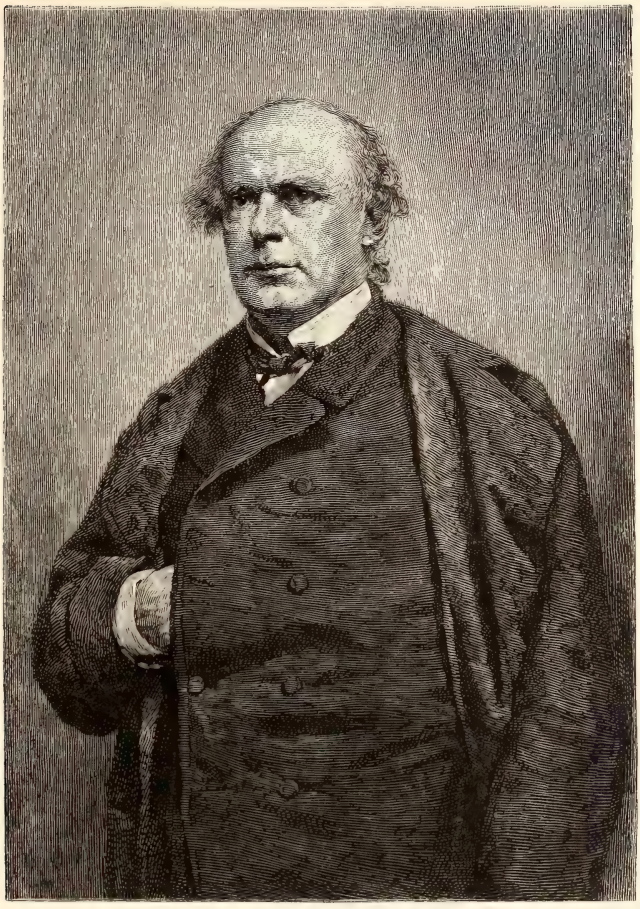
The result of Mr. Seward's inquiries soon came, and revealed precisely the hesitation and difficulty which the President-elect had foretold. "Mr. G. of N. C. says he will consider of the proposition, and that he trusts that before giving an answer he will be able to name a person better calculated than himself for the purpose indicated. I do not think he will find such a person. He will not reply further, until required to do so by you, directly or indirectly. I will communicate with him if you wish. I think he would not decline. I have tried to get an interview on my own responsibility with Mr. Scott, but he has not yet come, though he has promised to do so. . . I still think Randall Hunt of Louisiana would be well chosen."§ And again: "Mr. Gilmer has written home confidentially, and will give me an answer in a few days. He is inquiring

*Morehead to Lincoln, Jan. 27th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

†Seward to Lincoln, Dec. 25th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

‡Unpublished MS.

§Seward to Lincoln, Jan. 4th, 1861. Unpublished MS.



SALMON P. CHASE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENDANN.)

about Randall Hunt. What do you know of Meredith P. Gentry of Tennessee?"* To this Mr. Lincoln answered:

(Private.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 12th, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 8th received. I still hope Mr. Gilmer will, on a fair understanding with us, consent to take a place in the Cabinet. The preference for him over Mr. Hunt or Mr. Gentry is that, up to date, he has a living position in the South, while they have not. He is only better than Winter Davis in that he is farther South. I fear if we could get, we could not safely take, more than one such man — that is, not more than one who opposed us in the election, the danger being to lose the confidence of our own friends.

Your selection for the State Department having become public, I am happy to find scarcely any objection to it. I shall have trouble with every other Northern Cabinet appointment, so much so that I shall have to defer them as long as possible, to avoid being teased to insanity to make changes.

Your obedient servant, A. LINCOLN.†

This quest after a loyal member from the South soon terminated. Under date of January 15th Mr. Seward sent an additional report on the subject. "I think," wrote he, "Mr. Scott has been terrified into dropping the subject about which I wrote to you. He has not come to see me; so we will let him pass, if you please. I still think well and have hopes of Gilmer."‡ But Mr. Lincoln was by that time thoroughly satisfied that this last hope would also prove idle; for he himself had a second letter from Mr. Gilmer (dated January 29th) in which that gentleman declined his invitation to come to Springfield, and in which, having missed receiving Mr. Lincoln's former reply, he still pathetically insisted that the President-elect should save the country by writing a letter to satisfy the South.

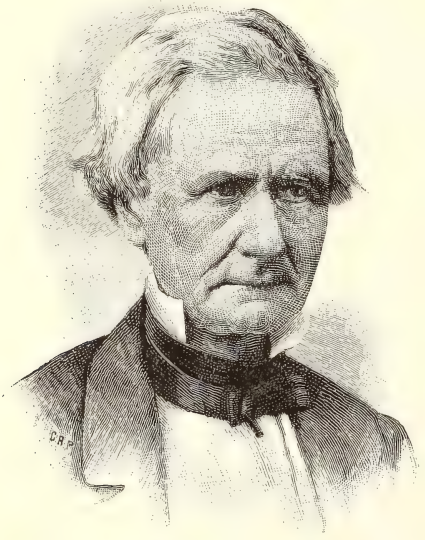
In this attitude matters remained until towards the end of February, when Mr. Lin-

* Seward to Lincoln, Jan. 8th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† Unpublished MS.

‡ Seward to Lincoln, Jan. 15, 1861. Unpublished MS.

coln arrived in Washington; namely, Mr. Seward of New York and Mr. Bates of Missouri had positively accepted definite places in the Cabinet. Mr. Chase of Ohio and Mr. Smith of Indiana had been virtually chosen, but were yet held under advisement; a tender had been made to Mr. Cameron of Pennsylvania, and recalled but not declined; and distinctively Southern men, like Gilmer of North Carolina and Scott of Virginia, had not the courage to accept. In addition to these, Mr. Lincoln had



SIMON CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

by this time practically settled in his own judgment upon Hon. Gideon Welles of Connecticut as the New England member, though no interview had been held nor tender made. But as early as the meeting (November 22d) between the President and Vice-President elect at Chicago, this name had been the subject of special consultation; and a friend had obtained from Mr. Welles the latter's written views upon current political questions, especially the fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution. A great number of letters and formal recommendations since received had but confirmed Mr. Lincoln's first impressions as to his fitness, availability, and representative character.

Washington was thronged with politicians, called there by the proceedings of Congress; by the Peace Convention, just closing; by the secession excitement; and especially by the advent of a new and yet untried party in administration. Willard's, then the principal hotel, was never in its history more busy nor more brilliant. Here Mr. Lincoln and his suite had spacious and accessible rooms, and here during the six or eight working-days which intervened between his arrival and the inauguration was the great political exchange, where politicians, editors, committee-men, delegations, Congressmen, governors, and senators congregated, and besieged the doors of the coming power from morning till midnight.

Mr. Lincoln had a sincere respect for great names in politics and statesmanship, the more so because his own life had in the main been provincial. Nevertheless, he quickly noted that here at the center, as well as in lesser and more distant circles, there was present harmony in the chief party tenets, but that great diversity and cross-purpose, even serious antagonism, as to men and measures in detail were likely to arise in the future; that the powerful cross-lights of the capital only intensified the factional contests, local jealousies, or the national difficulties and dangers he had already viewed more remotely but quite as accurately from Springfield; that the wisdom of trained actors in the political drama was as much beclouded by interest or prejudice as was his own by inexperience and diffidence.

After a week's patient listening he found his well-formed judgment about the composition of his Cabinet unshaken. He had by this time finally determined to place Cameron in the War Department, and Chase was understood to have accepted the Treasury. Hence the East and the West, the great "pivotal States," the Whig and Democratic elements of the Republican party, each by three members were all believed to be fairly and acceptably represented. The slave States too, through Mr. Bates of Missouri, had a voice in the new council; but the charge of sectionalism had been so persistently iterated by the South, that it was thought best to give the single remaining place to Maryland, even then balancing between loyalty and open secession; and the final controversy was whether that choice should fall upon Montgomery Blair, a Democrat, and member of a historic and influential family, or upon Henry Winter Davis, a young Whig of rising fame.

Something of the obstinacy and bitterness of the entire contest was infused into this last struggle over a really minor place. This was partly because so little remained to quarrel about, but mainly because it was supposed to be the casting vote of the new Cabinet, which should decide the dominancy of the Whig Republicans or Democratic Republicans in Mr. Lincoln's administration. In the momentary heat and excitement this phase of the matter expanded beyond any original design, until Mr. Lincoln began to realize that it was

no longer a mere local strife between Blair and Davis in Maryland, but the closing trial of strength and supremacy between Whigs and Democrats of the new party throughout the Union, headed respectively, though perhaps unconsciously, by Seward and Chase. This contingency, too, had been foreseen by the President-elect, and he had long ago determined not to allow himself to be made the football between rival factions. Carrying out, therefore, his motto of "Justice to all," as formulated in his tender to Seward, he now determined to appoint Mr. Blair. When reminded that by this selection he placed four Democrats and only three Whigs in his Cabinet, he promptly replied that "he was himself an old-line Whig, and he should be there to make the parties even." This declaration he repeated, sometimes jocularly, sometimes earnestly, many times afterward. Heated partisans from both factions doubtless found it difficult to persuade themselves that this inexperienced man would persist in attempting to hold an even and just balance between the two. But he had already made up his mind that if the quarrel became irrepressible it should be carried on by both factions outside of his Administration. During the two or three days which elapsed after his selections were finally determined upon and their actual transmission to the Senate for confirmation there were interminable rumors of changes, and, of course, a corresponding rush to influence new combinations. Late one night a friend gained access to him, and in great excitement asked, "Is it true, Mr. Lincoln, as I have just heard, that we are to have a new deal after all, and that you intend to nominate Winter Davis instead of Blair?" "Judd," replied he, "when that slate breaks again, it will break at the top."*

These plottings at last bore mischievous fruit. Superserviceable friends doubtless persuaded Seward that the alleged ascendency of the Chase faction in the Cabinet was real and ominous. Hence, possibly, the subjoined note:

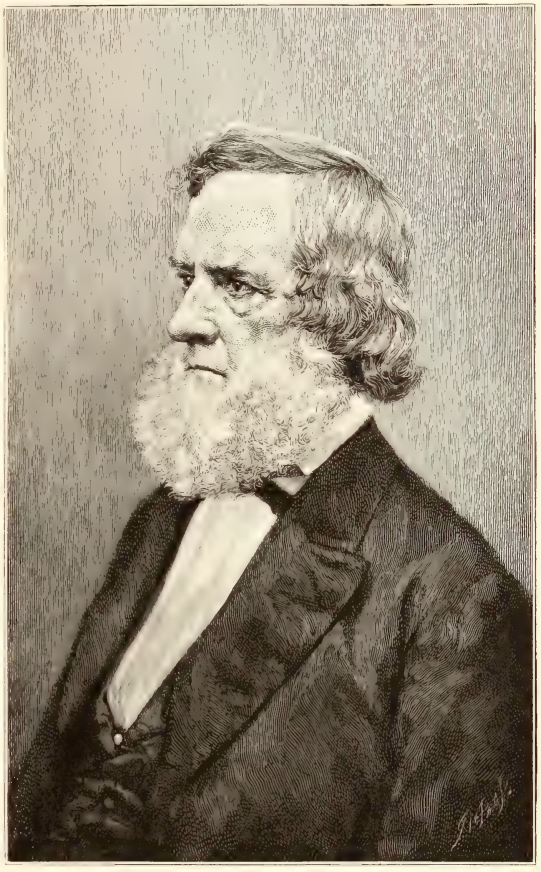
WASHINGTON, March 2d, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Circumstances which have occurred since I expressed to you in December last my willingness to accept the office of Secretary of State, seem to me to render it my duty to ask leave to withdraw that consent.

Tendering to you my best wishes for the success of your administration, with my sincere and grateful acknowledgments of all your acts of kindness and confidence towards me, I remain very respectfully and sincerely,

Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President-elect. †



GIDEON WELLES, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

This, from the man who now for several months had held intimate counsel with him, had taken active part in the formation of the Cabinet, and had read and partly revised the inaugural, was unexpected. Did it mean that he would now withdraw and complain that he was forced out because a preponderating influence was given to his rival? The note was received on Saturday, and Mr. Lincoln pondered the situation till Monday morning. While the inauguration procession was forming in the streets, he wrote the following and handed it to his private secretary to copy, with the remark, "I can't afford to let Seward take the first trick."

* Hon. N. B. Judd, conversation. J. G. N., personal memoranda. MS.

† Unpublished MS.



CALEB B. SMITH, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

It is dated, for form's sake, at the Executive Mansion, though it was written and copied at Willard's:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 4th, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Your note of the 2d instant, asking to withdraw your acceptance of my invitation to take charge of the State Department, was duly received. It is the subject of the most painful solicitude with me; and I feel constrained to beg that you will countermand the withdrawal. The public interest, I think, demands that you should; and my personal feelings are deeply enlisted in the same direction. Please consider and answer by 9 o'clock A. M. to-morrow.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.*

When the inauguration pageant was ended, and the usual public reception and hand-shaking were concluded, Mr. Seward called upon the President at the Executive Mansion, and the two men once more had a long, frank, and confidential talk, in which Seward's answer, sent the following morning, had, perhaps, already been foreshadowed:

March 5th, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Deferring to your opinions and wishes as expressed in your letter of yesterday, and in our conversation of last evening, I withdraw my letter to you of the 2d instant, and remain, with great respect and esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.*

Whereupon, at 12 o'clock, the Senate being convened in extra session, the President sent to that body the names of his proposed Cabinet, as follows:

For Secretary of State, William H. Seward of New York.

For Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase of Ohio.

For Secretary of War, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania.

For Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles of Connecticut.

For Secretary of the Interior, Caleb B. Smith of Indiana.

For Attorney-General, Edward Bates of Missouri.

For Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair of Maryland.

The Senate confirmed all these nominations without delay; and on the day after, March 6th, most of the appointees were formally inducted into office. That evening occurred the first Cabinet meeting, being, however, merely for mutual introduction and acquaintance; and the new President greeted his Cabinet at the Executive Mansion in composition and membership substantially as he had planned and arranged it, on the night of the November election, in the little telegraph office at Springfield.

Carping critics might indeed at the moment have specified defects, incongruities, jealousies, and seeds of possible discord and disaster in the new Cabinet, but we can now understand that they neither comprehended the man who was to dominate and govern it, nor the storms of State which, as captain and crew, he and they were to encounter and outride. He needed advisers, helpers, executive eyes and hands, not alone in department routine, but in the higher qualities of leadership and influence; above all, his principal motive seems to have been representative character, varied talent,—in a word, combination. Statesmanship implies success; success demands coöperation, popular sympathy and support. He wished to combine the experience of Seward, the integrity of Chase, the popularity of Cameron; to hold the West with Bates, attract New England with Welles; please the Whigs through Smith, and convince the Democrats through Blair. Mr. Lincoln possessed a quick intuition of human nature and of the strength or weakness of individual character. His whole life had been a practical study of the details and rivalries of local partisanship. He was, moreover, endowed in yet unsuspected measure with a comprehensive grasp of great causes and results in national politics. He had noted and heralded the alarming portent of the slavery struggle. With more precision than any

* Unpublished MS.

contemporary, he had defined the depth and breadth of the moral issues and rights it involved; he had led the preliminary victory at the November polls. Now that the hydra of secession was raising a threatening head in every cotton-State, his simple logic rose above minor considerations to the peril and the protection of the nation, to the assault on and the defense of the Constitution. He saw but the ominous cloud of civil war in front, and the patriotic faith and enthusiasm of the people behind him. The slogan of a Seward committee, a Chase delegation, or a Cameron clan was but the symbol and promise of a Wide-Awake club to vote for freedom, or of an armed regiment on the battle-field to maintain it. Neither did any one yet suspect his delicate tact in management, strength of will, or firmness of purpose. In weaker hands such a Cabinet would have been a hot-bed of strife; under him it became a tower of strength. He made these selections because he wanted a council of distinctive and diverse, yet able, influential, and representative men, who should be a harmonious group of constitutional advisers and executive lieutenants,—not a confederated board of regents holding the great seal in commission and intriguing for the succession.



EDWARD BATES, ATTORNEY-GENERAL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

THE QUESTION OF SUMTER.

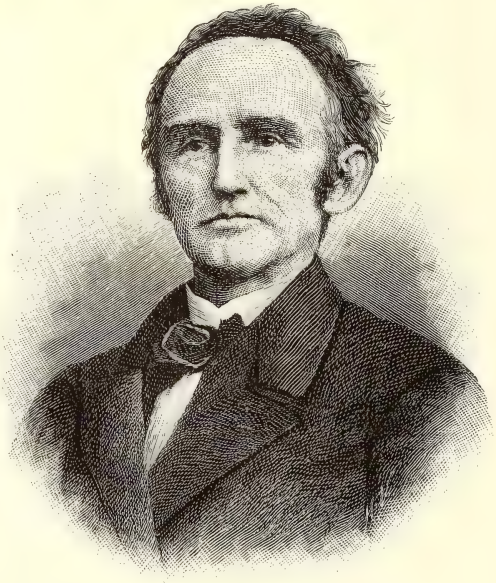
In his letter of January 4th, General Scott had promised Mr. Lincoln that from time to time he would keep him informed of the situation of military affairs. This promise the General failed to keep; probably not through any intentional neglect, but more likely because in the first place Buchanan's policy of delay, indecision, and informal negotiation with the conspirators left everything in uncertainty; and, secondly, because the attention of the Administration (and measurably of the whole country) was turned to the vague hope of compromise, especially through the labors of the Peace Convention. The rebels, on their part, were absorbed in the formation of the provisional government at Montgomery; Lincoln was making his memorable journey from Springfield to Washington by way of the chief cities of the North; the Fort Pickens truce was practically kept a secret; and thus the military status was for the time being lost sight of beyond the immediate neighborhood of Charleston. Since the reorganization of Buchanan's cabinet on December 31st, and the expulsion or defection of traitors from the departments and from Congress, the whole North had breathed somewhat easier. The firing on the *Star of the West* had indeed created a storm of indignation; but this, too, quickly subsided, and by a sort of common consent all parties and sections looked to the incoming Administration as the only power which could solve the national crisis.

The key-note of such a solution was given in the inaugural of the new President. This announced a decided, though not a violent, change of policy. Buchanan's course had been one professedly of conciliation, but practically of ruinous concession. By argument he had almost justified the insurrection; he had acknowledged the doctrine of non-coercion; he had abdicated the rightful authority and power of the Executive; he had parleyed and stipulated with treason; he had withheld reënforcements. Lincoln, receiving from his hands the precious trust of the Government,—not in its original integrity, but humbled, impaired, diminished, and threatened,—announced his purpose of conciliation and not concession,

but conservation and restoration. "The policy chosen," said he, "looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to any stronger ones. It sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the Government, and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion, and the ballot-box. It promised a continuance of the mails at Government expense to the very people who were resisting the Government, and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbance to any of the people or any of their rights. Of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case, everything was forborne without which it was believed possible to keep the Government on foot."*

This pacific purpose was now, however, destined to receive a rude shock. When on the morning of the 5th of March Lincoln went to his office and council chamber in the Executive Mansion, he found a letter from Mr. Holt, still acting as Secretary of War, giving him news of vital importance received on the morning of the inauguration,— namely, that Fort Sumter must, in the lapse of a few weeks at most, be strongly reënforced or summarily abandoned. Major Anderson had in the previous week made an examination of his provisions. There was bread for twenty-eight days; pork for a somewhat longer time; beans, rice, coffee, and sugar for different periods from eight to forty days. He had at the same time consulted his officers on the prospects and possibilities of relief and reënforcement. They unanimously reported that before Sumter could be permanently or effectively succored a combined land and naval force must attack and carry the besieging forts and batteries, and hold the secession militia at bay, and that such an undertaking would at once concentrate at Charleston all the volunteers, not alone of South Carolina, but of the adjacent States as well. "I confess," wrote Anderson, transmitting the reports and estimates of his nine officers, "that I would not be willing to risk my reputation on an attempt to throw reënforcements into this harbor within the time for our relief rendered necessary by the limited supply of our provisions, and with a view of holding possession of the same with a force of less than twenty thousand good and well-disciplined men."† Mr. Holt, quoting from previous instructions to and reports from the major, added that this declaration "takes the Department by surprise, as his previous correspondence contained no such intimation."

Retrospective criticism as to why or how such a state of things had been permitted to grow up was, of course, useless. Here was a most portentous complication, not of Lincoln's own creating, but which he must nevertheless meet and overcome. He had counted on the soothing aid of time: time, on the contrary, was in this emergency working in the interest of rebellion. General Scott was at once called into council, but his sagacity and experience could afford neither suggestion nor encouragement. That same night he returned the papers to the President with a somewhat lengthy indorsement reciting the several events which led to, and his own personal efforts to avert, this contingency, but ending with the gloomy conclusion, "Evacuation seems almost inevitable, and in this view our distinguished Chief Engineer (Brigadier Totten) concurs — if indeed the worn-out garrison be not assaulted and carried in the present week."



MONTGOMERY BLAIR, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

This was a disheartening, almost a disastrous, beginning for the Administration. The Cabinet had only that same day been appointed and confirmed. The presidential advisers had not yet taken their posts — all had not even signified their acceptance. There was an impatient multitude clamoring for audience, and behind these swarmed a hungry army of office-seekers. Everything was urgency and confu-

* Lincoln, Message to Congress, July 4th, 1861.

† Anderson to Cooper, Feb. 28th, 1861. MS. Partly printed in War Records.

sion, everywhere was ignorance of method and routine. Rancor and hatred filled the breasts of political opponents departing from power; suspicion and rivalry possessed partisan adherents seeking advantage and promotion. As yet, Lincoln virtually stood alone, face to face with the appalling problems of the present and the threatening responsibilities of the future. Doubtless in this juncture he remembered and acted upon a biblical precedent which in after days of trouble and despondency he was wont to quote for justification or consolation. When the children of Israel murmured on the shore of the Red Sea, Moses told them to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Here then, at the very threshold of his presidential career, Lincoln had need to practice the virtue of patience,—one of the cardinal elements of his character, acquired in many a personal and political tribulation of his previous life.

He referred the papers back to General Scott to make a more thorough investigation of all the questions involved. At the same time he gave him a verbal order, touching his future general public policy, which a few days later was reduced to writing, and on the installation of the new Secretary of War transmitted by that functionary to the General-in-chief through the regular official channels, as follows:

"I am directed by the President to say he desires you to exercise all possible vigilance for the maintenance of all the places within the military department of the United States, and to promptly call upon all the departments of the Government for the means necessary to that end." *

On the 9th of March, in written questions Lincoln in substance asked General Scott to inform him: 1st. To what point of time can Anderson maintain his position in Sumter? 2d. Can you, with present means, relieve him within that time? 3d. What additional means would enable you to do so? † This was on Saturday following the inauguration. The chiefs of the several departments, with the exception of Cameron, Secretary of War, had been during the week inducted into office. That night the President held his first Cabinet council on the state of the country; and the crisis at Sumter, with the question of relieving the fort, was for the first time communicated to his assembled advisers. The general effect was one of dismay if not consternation. For such a discussion all were unprepared. Naturally all decision must be postponed, and the assistance of professional advice be sought. What followed has been written down by an eye-witness and participant.

"March 9th, 1861, Saturday night.—A Cabinet council upon the state of the country. I was astonished to be informed that Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, must be evacuated, and that General Scott, General Totten, and Major Anderson concur in opinion, that as the place has but twenty-eight days' provision, it must be relieved, if at all, in that time; and that it will take a force of 20,000 men at least, and a bloody battle, to relieve it!

"For several days after this, consultations were held as to the feasibility of relieving Fort Sumter, at which were present, explaining and aiding, General Scott, General Totten, Commodore Stringham, and Mr. Fox, who seems to be *au fait* in both nautical and military matters. The army officers and navy officers differ widely about the degree of danger to rapid-moving vessels passing under the fire of land batteries. The army officers think destruction almost inevitable, where the navy officers think the danger but slight. The one believe that Sumter cannot be relieved — not even provisioned — without an army of twenty thousand men and a bloody battle. The other (the naval) believe that with light, rapid vessels they can cross the bar at high tide of a dark night, run the enemy's forts (Moultrie and Cumming's Point), and reach Sumter with little risk. They say that the greatest danger will be in landing at Sumter, upon which point there may be a concentrated fire. They do not doubt that the place can be and ought to be relieved.

"Mr. Fox is anxious to risk his life in leading the relief, and Commodore Stringham seems equally confident of success.

"The naval men have convinced me fully that the thing can be done, and yet as the doing of it would be almost certain to begin the war, and as Charleston is of little importance as compared with the chief points in the Gulf, I am willing to yield to the military counsel and evacuate Fort Sumter, at the same time strengthening the forts in the Gulf so as to look down opposition, and guarding the coast with all our naval power, if need be, so as to close any port at pleasure.

"And to this effect I gave the President my written opinion on the 16th of March." ‡

This extract from the diary of Edward Bates, the Attorney-General in the new Administration, shows us the drift and scope of the official discussions on the Sumter question. To understand its full bearings, however, we must examine it a little more specifically. The idea of the evacuation and abandonment of the fort was so repugnant that Mr. Lincoln could scarcely bring himself to entertain it: we have his own forcible statement of how the apparently crushing necessity presented itself to his mind. General Scott, on March 11th and 12th, made written replies to the questions the President had propounded, and submitted the draft of an order for evacuation.

He believed Anderson could, in respect to provisions, hold out some forty days without much suffering, but that the assailants, having overpowering numbers, could easily wear out the garrison by a succession of pretended night attacks, and, when ready, take it easily by a single real assault. To supply or reënforce the fort successfully, he should need a fleet of war vessels and transports which it would take

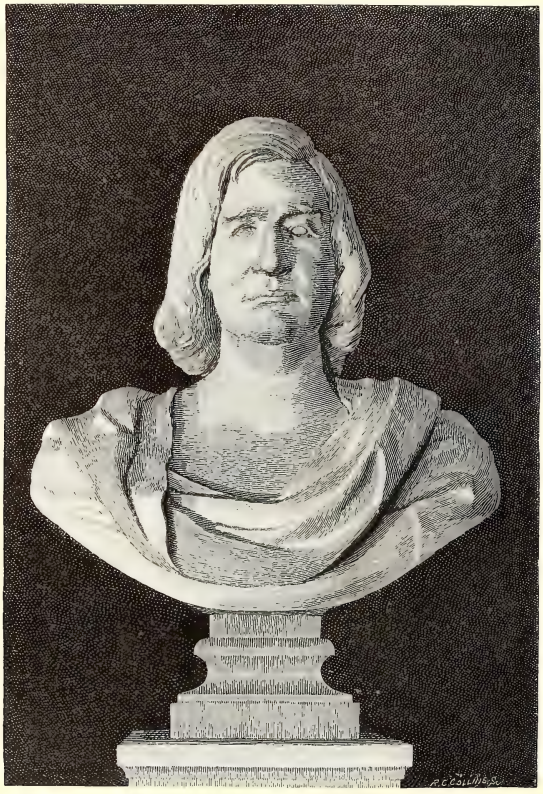
* Cameron to Scott (written by Lincoln). Unpublished MS.

† Unpublished MS.

‡ Bates, diary. Unpublished MS.

four months to collect; and, besides, 5000 regulars and 20,000 volunteers, which it would require new acts of Congress to authorize and from six to eight months to raise, organize, and discipline. "It is therefore my opinion and advice," writes Scott, "that Major Anderson be instructed to evacuate the fort so long gallantly held by him and his companions, immediately on procuring suitable water transportation, and that he embark with his command for New York."* "In a purely military point of view," says Lincoln, "this reduced the duty of the Administration in the case to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort. It was believed, however, that so to abandon that position, under the circumstances, would be utterly ruinous; that the necessity under which it was to be done would not be fully understood; that by many it would be construed as a part of a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that in fact it would be our national destruction consummated. This could not be allowed."†

The dire alternative presented caused a thorough reëxamination and discussion of the various plans of relief which had been suggested; and since the army and the navy showed some considerable disagreement in opinions, these discussions were held in the presence of President and Cabinet in the executive council chamber itself. General Scott's first impulse had been to revive and reorganize the Ward expedition, prepared about the middle of February, which was to have consisted of several small Coast Survey steamers. To this end he called Captain Ward to Washington and again discussed the plan. This, however, considering the increase of batteries and channel obstructions, was now by both of them pronounced impracticable. But one other offer seemed worthy of consideration. This was the plan proposed by Gustavus V. Fox, a gentleman thirty-nine years of age, who had been nineteen years in the United States Navy, had been engaged in the survey of the



BUST OF JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU, PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF CHARLESTON BY MAYOR WILLIAM A. COURTENAY.

* Unpublished MS.

† Lincoln, Message to Congress, July 4th, 1861.

Southern coast of the United States, had commanded United States mail steamers, and had resigned from the navy in 1856 to engage in civil pursuits. He was a brother-in-law of the new Postmaster-General, Blair, who seconded his project with persistence. He had made his proposal to General Scott early in February, and, backed by prominent New York merchants and shippers, urged it as he best might through the whole of that month.

In his various communications Captain Fox thus described his plan:

"I propose to put the troops on board of a large, comfortable sea-steamer, and hire two [or three] powerful light-draught New York tug-boats, having the necessary stores on board; these to be convoyed by the United States steamer *Pawnee*, now at Philadelphia, and the revenue cutter *Harriet Lane*. . . . Arriving off the bar [at Charleston], I propose to examine by day the naval preparations and obstructions. If their vessels determine to oppose our entrance (and a feint or flag of truce would ascertain this), the armed ships must approach the bar and destroy or drive them on shore. Major Anderson would do the same upon any vessels within the range of his guns, and would also prevent any naval succor being sent down from the city. Having dispersed this force, the only obstacles are the forts on Cumming's Point and Fort Moultrie, and whatever adjacent batteries they may have erected, distant on either hand from mid-channel about three-quarters of a mile. At night, two hours before high water, with half the force on board of each tug, within relieving distance of each other, I should run in to Fort Sumter.*

"These tugs are sea-boats, six feet draught, speed fourteen knots. The boilers are below, with three and a half feet space on each side, to be filled with coal. The machinery comes up between the wheel-houses, with a gangway on either hand of five to six feet, enabling us to pack the machinery with two or three thicknesses of bales of cotton or hay. This renders the vulnerable parts of the steamer proof against grape and fragments of shells, but the momentum of a solid shot would probably move the whole mass and disable the engine. The men are below, entirely protected from grape — provisions on deck. The first tug to lead in empty, to open their [the enemy's] fire. The other two to follow, with the force divided, and towing the large iron boats of the *Baltic*, which would hold the whole force should every tug be disabled, and empty they would not impede the tugs."†

The feasibility of Captain Fox's plan thus rested upon his ability to "run the batteries," and on this point the main discussion now turned. As recorded in the diary we have quoted, the army officers believed destruction almost inevitable, while the naval officers thought a successful passage might be effected. Captain Fox, who had come to Washington, finally argued the question in person before the President, Cabinet, and assembled military officers, adducing the recorded evidence of examples and incidents which had occurred in the Crimean war, and the results of Dahlgren's experiments in firing at stationary targets; maintaining that there was no certainty whatever, and even only a minimum of chance, that land batteries could hit a small object moving rapidly at right angles to their line of fire at a distance of thirteen hundred yards, especially at night.

So far as mere theory could do it, he successfully demonstrated his plan, convincing the President and at least a majority of his Cabinet against all the objections of General Scott and his subordinate officers.

The scheme of Captain Fox presented such favorable chances that the military problem seemed in fair way of solution; nevertheless, as the more important of the two, the political question yet remained to be considered. Resolved on prudent deliberation, President Lincoln now, on March 15th, asked the written answer of his constitutional advisers to the following inquiry:

"Assuming it to be possible to now provision Fort Sumter, under all the circumstances is it wise to attempt it?"

As requested, the members of the Cabinet returned on the next day a somewhat elaborate reply, setting forth their reasons and conclusions. Two of them, Chase and Blair, agreeing with the President's own inclinations, responded in the affirmative; the five others, Seward, Cameron, Welles, Smith, and Bates, advised against the measure.

"I have not reached my own conclusion," wrote Chase, "without much difficulty. If the proposed enterprise will so influence civil war as to involve an immediate necessity for the enlistment of armies and the expenditure of millions, I cannot, in the existing circumstances of the country and in the present condition of the national finances, advise it."‡

He argued, however, that an immediate proclamation of reasons, and the manifestation of a kind and liberal spirit towards the South, would avert such a result, and he would therefore return an affirmative answer.

Blair had been from the first in favor of prompt and vigorous measures against the insurrection. A Democrat of the Jackson school, he would repeat Jackson's policy against nullification. He had brought forward and urged the scheme of Captain Fox. By the connivance of Buchanan's administration, he argued, the rebellion had been permitted unchecked to grow into an organized government in seven States. It had been practically treated as a lawful proceeding; and, if allowed to continue, all Southern people must become reconciled to it. The rebels believe Northern men are deficient in courage to maintain the Government. The evacuation of Sumter will convince them that the Administration lacks firmness. Sumter reënforced becomes invulnerable, and will

* Fox, memorandum, Feb. 6th, 1861. War Records.
† Fox to Blair, Feb. 23d, 1861. War Records.
‡ Chase to Lincoln, March 16th, 1861.

completely demoralize the rebellion. No expense or care should be spared to achieve this result. The appreciation of our stocks would reimburse the most lavish outlay for this purpose.

"You should give no thought for the commander and his comrades in this enterprise. They willingly take the hazard for the sake of the country, and the honor, which, successful or not, they will receive from you and the lovers of free government in all lands."*

Seward, in the negative, argued the political issue at great length. To attempt to provision Sumter would provoke combat and open civil war. A desperate and defeated majority in the South have organized revolutionary government in seven States. The other slave States are balancing between sympathy for the seceders and loyalty to the Union, but indicate a disposition to adhere to the latter. The Union must be maintained, peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must, to every extremity. But civil war is the most uncertain and fearful of all remedies for political disorders. He would save the Union by peaceful policy without civil war. Disunion is without justification. Devotion to the Union is a profound and permanent national sentiment. Silenced by terror it would, if encouraged, rally, and reverse the popular action of the seceding States. The policy of the time is conciliation. Sumter is practically useless.

"I would not provoke war in any way now. I would resort to force to protect the collection of the revenue, because this is a necessary as well as a legitimate Union object. Even then it should be only a naval force that I would employ for that necessary purpose, while I would defer military action on land until a case should arise when we would hold the defense. In that case, we should have the spirit of the country and the approval of mankind on our side."†

Cameron followed the reasoning of the army officers. Captain Fox, he said, did not propose to supply provisions for more than one or two months. The abandonment of Sumter seemed an inevitable necessity, and therefore the sooner the better.‡ Welles thought the public mind was becoming reconciled to the idea of evacuation as a necessity. The strength, dignity, and character of the Government would not be promoted by a successful attempt, while a failure would be disastrous.§ Smith argued that Sumter is not essential to any of the duties imposed on the Government. There are other and more effective means to vindicate its honor, and compel South Carolina to obey the laws.‖ Bates believed the hazard greater than the gain. "True," wrote he, "war already exists by the act of South Carolina — but this Government has thus far magnanimously forborne to retort the outrage. And I am willing to forbear yet longer in the hope of a peaceful solution of our present difficulties." Pickens, Key West, etc., should, on the contrary, be strongly defended, and the whole coast from South Carolina to Texas be guarded by the entire power of the navy.¶

Against the advice of so decided a majority, Lincoln did not deem it prudent to order the proposed expedition. Neither did his own sense of duty permit him entirely to abandon it. Postponing, therefore, a present final decision of the point, he turned his attention to the investigation of the question immediately and vitally connected with it,— the collection of the revenue. On the 18th of March he once more directed written inquiries to three of his Cabinet officers. To the Attorney-General, whether under the Constitution and laws the Executive has power to collect duties on shipboard off shore?** To the Secretary of the Treasury, whether, and where, and for what cause any importations are taking place without payment of duties? Whether vessels off shore could prevent such importations or enforce payment? and what number and description of vessels besides those already in the revenue service?†† To the Secretary of the Navy, what amount of naval force he could place at the control of the revenue service, and how much additional in the future?‡‡

Pending the receipt of replies to these inquiries, Lincoln determined to obtain information on two other points,— the first, as to the present actual condition and feeling of Major Anderson; the second, as to the real temper and intentions of the people of Charleston. Captain Fox had suggested the possibility of obtaining leave to visit Sumter through the influence of Captain Hartstene, then in the rebel service at Charleston, but who had in former years been his intimate friend, and comrade in command of a companion steamer of the California line. By order of the President, General Scott therefore sent him to obtain "accurate information in regard to the command of Major Anderson in Fort Sumter."§§ As he an-

* Blair to Lincoln, March 15, 1861. Unpublished MS.
† Seward to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861.
‡ Cameron to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861.
§ Welles to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861. Unpublished MS.
‖ Smith to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861. Unpublished MS.
¶ Bates to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861. Unpublished MS.
** Lincoln to Bates, March 18th, 1861. Unpublished MS.
†† Lincoln to Chase, March 18th, 1861. Unpublished MS.
‡‡ Lincoln to Welles, March 18th, 1861. Unpublished MS.
§§ Cameron to Scott, March 19th, 1861. War Records.

ticipated, Hartstene introduced him to Governor Pickens, to whom he showed his order, and was, after some delay, permitted to go to the fort under Hartstene's escort, having meanwhile had an interview with General Beauregard.

"We reached Fort Sumter after dark" (March 21st), writes Captain Fox, "and remained about two hours. Major Anderson seemed to think it was too late to relieve the fort by any other means than by landing an army on Morris Island. He agreed with General Scott that an entrance from the sea was impossible; but as we looked out upon the water from the parapet, it seemed very feasible, more especially as we heard the oars of a boat near the fort, which the sentry hailed, but we could not see her through the darkness until she almost touched the landing. I found the garrison getting short of supplies, and it was agreed that I might report that the 15th of April, at noon, would be the period beyond which the fort could not be held unless supplies were furnished. I made no arrangements with Major Anderson for reënforcing or supplying the fort, nor did I inform him of my plan." *

Unlike Fox, Anderson was in no wise encouraged by the conversation.

"I have examined the point," wrote he, "alluded to by Captain Fox last night. A vessel lying there will be under the fire of thirteen guns from Fort Moultrie, and Captain Foster says that at the pan-coupé or immediately on its right,— the best place for her to land,— she would require, even at high tide, if drawing ten feet, a staging of forty feet. The department can decide what the chances will be of a safe debarkation and unloading at that point under these circumstances." †

The other point on which the President sought information revealed equally decisive features. It so happened that S. A. Hurlbut of Illinois (afterwards General), an intimate friend of Lincoln, was at the moment in Washington. This gentleman was of Charleston birth, four years a law student of the foremost citizen and jurist of South Carolina, James L. Petigru, and then in frequent correspondence with him. On March 21st the President called Mr. Hurlbut to him, and explaining that Mr. Seward insisted that there was a strong Union party in the South,— even in South Carolina,— asked him to go personally and ascertain the facts. Mr. Hurlbut telegraphed his sister in Charleston that he was coming on a visit, which, in the threatening aspect of affairs, he might not soon be able to repeat. He traveled as a private citizen, though purposely with some show of publicity. Public curiosity, however, centered itself upon his traveling companion, Colonel Ward H. Lamon, who, coming with an ostensible Government mission to examine some post-office matters, was looked upon as the real presidential messenger, was treated to a formal audience with the governor, and permitted to make a visit to Fort Sumter. While Lamon was hobnobbing with the young secessionists at the Charleston Hotel, Hurlbut, quartered at the house of his sister, and thus free from the inquisitive scrutiny of newspaper reporters, was quietly visiting and being visited by his former neighbors and friends,— politicians, lawyers, merchants, and representative citizens in various walks of life. Of greater value than all was his confidential interview with his former legal preceptor. Mr. Petigru was at that time the best lawyer in the South, and the strongest man in the State of South Carolina so far as character, ability, and purity went, and never surrendered nor disguised his Union convictions. Mr. Hurlbut was himself an able lawyer, a man of experience and force in politics, and a shrewd and sagacious judge of human nature. His mission remained entirely unsuspected; and after two days' sojourn, he returned to Washington and made a long written report to the President.

"By appointment," he writes, "I met Mr. Petigru at one P. M. and had a private conversation with him for more than two hours. I was at liberty to state to him that my object was to ascertain and report the actual state of feeling in the city and State. Our conversation was entirely free and confidential. He is now the only man in the city of Charleston who avowedly adheres to the Union. . . . From these sources I have no hesitation in reporting as unquestionable — that separate nationality is a fixed fact, that there is an unanimity of sentiment which is to my mind astonishing, that there is no attachment to the Union. . . . There is positively nothing to appeal to. The sentiment of national patriotism, always feeble in Carolina, has been extinguished and overridden by the acknowledged doctrine of the paramount allegiance to the State. False political economy diligently taught for years has now become an axiom, and merchants and business men believe, and act upon the belief, that great growth of trade and expansion of material prosperity will and must follow the establishment of a Southern republic. They expect a golden era, when Charleston shall be a great commercial emporium and control for the South, as New York does for the North." ‡

These visits to Charleston added two very important factors or known quantities to the problem from which the Cabinet, and chiefly the President, were to deduce the unknown. Very unexpectedly to the latter, and no doubt to all the former as well, a new light, of yet deeper influence, was now suddenly thrown upon the complicated question. The fate of Sumter had been under general discussion nearly three weeks. The Cabinet and the high military and naval officers had divided in opinion and separated into opposing camps. As always happens in such cases, suspicion and criticism of personal motives began to develop themselves, though, at this very beginning, as throughout his whole after-administration, they

* Fox, Official Report, Feb. 24th, 1865. "Chicago Tribune," Sept. 14th, 1865.

† Anderson to Adj. Gen., March 22d, 1861. War Records.

‡ Hurlbut to Lincoln, Report, March 27th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

were held in check by the generous faith and unvarying impartiality of the President. Hitherto the sole issue was the relief or abandonment of Sumter; but now, by an apparent change of advice and attitude on the part of General Scott, the fate of Fort Pickens was also drawn into discussion.

So far as is known, the loyalty and devotion of General Scott never wavered for an instant; but his proneness to mingle political with military considerations had already been twice manifested. The first was when in his memorial entitled "Views," etc., addressed to President Buchanan, October 29th, 1860, he suggested the formation of four new American Unions if the old should be dismembered. The second was more recent. On the day preceding Lincoln's inauguration, the General had written a letter to Seward. In this he advanced the opinion that the new President would have to choose one of four plans or policies: 1st. To adopt the Crittenden compromise, and change the Republican to a Union party; 2d. By closing or blockading rebel ports or collecting the duties on shipboard outside; 3d. Conquer the States by invading armies, which he deprecated; and 4th, Say to the seceded States: "Wayward sisters, depart in peace!"* It must be noted that between three of these alternatives he gives no intimation of preference. The letter was simply a sign of the prevailing political unrest, and therefore remained unnoticed by the President, to whom it was referred.

When Lincoln assumed the duties of government, Scott had among other things briefly pointed out the existing danger at Fort Pickens, and the President by his verbal order of March 5th, directing "all possible vigilance for the maintenance of all the places," had intended that that stronghold should be promptly reënforced. He made inquiries on this head four days later, and to his surprise found nothing yet done.† Hence he put his order in writing, and had it duly sent to the War Department for record March 11th, and once more gave special directions in regard to Pickens, assuming the omission had occurred through preoccupation about Sumter. Upon this reminder, Scott bestirred himself, and at his instance the war steamer *Mohawk* was dispatched March 12th, carrying a messenger with orders to Captain Vogdes to land his company at Fort Pickens and increase the garrison. Both President and Cabinet had since then considered that port disposed of for the moment.

On the evening of March 28th, the first State dinner was given by the new occupants of the Executive Mansion. Just before the hour of leave-taking, Lincoln invited the members of his Cabinet into an adjoining room for an instant's consultation; and when they were alone, he informed them, with evident deep emotion, that General Scott had that day advised the evacuation of Fort Pickens as well as Fort Sumter. The General's recommendation is formulated as follows, in his written memorandum to the Secretary of War:

"It is doubtful, however, according to recent information from the South, whether the voluntary evacuation of Fort Sumter alone would have a decisive effect upon the States now wavering between adherence to the Union and secession. It is known, indeed, that it would be charged to necessity, and the holding of Fort Pickens would be adduced in support of that view. Our Southern friends, however, are clear that the evacuation of both the forts would instantly soothe and give confidence to the eight remaining slave-holding States, and render their cordial adherence to this Union perpetual. The holding of Forts Jefferson and Taylor on the ocean keys depends on entirely different principles, and should never be abandoned; and indeed the giving up of Forts Sumter and Pickens may be best justified by the hope that we should thereby recover the State to which they geographically belong by the liberality of the act, besides retaining the eight doubtful States."‡

A long pause of blank amazement followed the President's recital,§ broken at length by Blair in strong denunciation, not only of this advice, but of Scott's general course regarding Sumter. He charged that Scott was transcending his professional duties and "playing politician." Blair's gestures and remarks, moreover, were understood by those present as being aimed specially at Seward, whose peace policy he had, with his usual impulsive aggressiveness, freely criticised. Without any formal vote, there was a unanimous expression of dissent from Scott's suggestion, and under the President's request to meet in formal council next day, the Cabinet retired. That night Lincoln's eyes did not close in sleep.‖ It was apparent that the time had come when he must meet the nation's crisis. His judgment alone must guide, his sole will determine, his own lips utter the word that should save or lose the most precious inheritance of humanity, the last hope of free government on the earth. Only the imagination may picture that intense and weary vigil.

* Scott to Seward, March 3d, 1861. Scott, "Autobiography," Vol. II., pp. 625–628.

† Meigs, diary, March 31st, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Scott, memorandum, War Records.

§ Blair to Welles, May 17th, 1873. Welles, "Lincoln and Seward," p. 65.

‖ Meigs, diary. Unpublished MS.

PECUNIARY ECONOMY OF FOOD.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FOODS AND NUTRITION. V.

"No one can say that I do not give my family the best of flour, the finest sugar, the very best quality of meat."

THE above is the boast of a coal laborer earning seven dollars a week. It illustrates a phenomenon which I would commend to the consideration of either psychologists or students of social science, or both. I refer to the conceit, let us call it, that there is some mysterious virtue in those kinds of foods that have the most delicate appearance and flavor and the highest price; that whatever else one has or does not have he must, if possible, have this sort of food; and that to economize by using anything inferior would be a sacrifice of both dignity and principle.

The quotation, from a description of the life of factory operatives in New England, in an article by Mr. Lee Meriwether, in "Harper's Magazine" for April, 1887, illustrates what I mean.

The cheapest food is that which supplies the most nutriment for the least money. The most economical food is that which is cheapest and best adapted to the wants of the user. But the maxim that "the best is the cheapest" does not apply to food. The best food, in the sense of that which has the finest appearance and flavor and is sold at the highest price, is not generally the cheapest nor the most economical, nor is it always the most healthful. The coal laborer who made it so much an article of faith to give his family "the best of flour, the finest sugar, the very best quality of meat"; who, as Mr. Meriwether tells us, at a time when excellent butter was selling at 25 cents a pound paid 29 cents for an extra quality; who spent $156 a year for the nicest cuts of meat, which his wife had to cook before six in the morning or after half-past six at night because she worked all day in the factory; who spent only $108 for clothing for his family of nine, and only $72 a year for rent in a crowded tenement-house where they slept in rooms without windows or closets; who indulged in this extravagance in food when much cheaper meat and in all probability much less of it, cheaper butter, cheaper flour, and other less costly materials such as come regularly upon the table of many a man of wealth would have been just as wholesome, just as nutritious, and in every way just as good save in its gratification to pride and palate,—this man was innocently committing an immense economical and hygienic blunder. He was doing this because, like the very large class of people of whom he is a type, he was laboring under this conceit of which I speak.

One great difficulty here is the lack of information. Even those who wish and try to economize in the purchase and use of food very often do not understand how. They consult carefully the prices they pay, but have in general very vague ideas about the nutritive values. It is an interesting fact that although the cost of food is the principal item of the living expenses of the large majority of people,—of all, indeed, but a few of the especially well-to-do,*—and although the health and strength of all are so intimately dependent

* In his Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of Massachusetts for 1884, Mr. Carroll D. Wright summarizes the results of investigations into the cost of living of people with different incomes, especially of workingmen's families, in Massachusetts and in Great Britain, and quotes similar results obtained by Dr. Engel in Germany. Dividing expenses into those for subsistence (food), clothing, rent, fuel, and sundries, the percentage of the whole income expended for subsistence averages as in the tabular statement herewith. As incomes increase the relative percentage of outlay for food becomes less and that for "sundries" greater. In the Massachusetts and Great Britain figures (I do not know how it is with the German, but presume that the case is the same) no outlay for intoxicating liquors is included in the allowance for subsistence.

PERCENTAGE OF INCOME EXPENDED FOR SUBSISTENCE.

Families of	*Annual Income.*	*Per cent. expended for food.*
GERMANY.		
Workingmen	$225 to $300	62
Intermediate class, "*Mittelstand*"	450 to 600	55
In easy circumstances, "*Wohlstand*"	750 to 1100	50
GREAT BRITAIN.		
Workingmen	500	51
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Workingmen	350 to 400	64
"	450 to 600	63
"	600 to 750	60
"	750 to 1200	56
"	above 1200	51

upon their diet, yet even the most intelligent know less of the actual uses and value of their food for fulfilling its purposes than of those of almost any other of the staple necessities of life.

RATIOS OF NUTRITIVE VALUES TO COST.

THE large majority of the families in this country have, I understand, not over $500 a year to live upon. More than half of this goes, and must go, for food. Rent, clothing, the cost of preparing the food for the table, and all other expenses must be provided from the rest. Perhaps these statements apply less accurately to farmers, but of wage-workers in towns statisticians tell me they are correct.

To the man with an income of $5000 a year, it may seem to make little difference whether he pays 20 cents or $2 a pound for the protein of his food; but to the one who can earn only $500 or less a year for the support of his family, the difference is an important one. His wife goes to the dry-goods store to buy a dress for her daughter, and hesitates between a piece of cloth at 40 cents a yard that would please her better and one at 35 that is not so pretty but just as durable, and is very apt to take the cheaper one because she feels that she must. She does not fall into the error of getting more cloth than is needed and using part of the excess for lining and throwing the rest away, nor, if she is wise, does she try to economize by getting poor trimmings and cheap thread. But when she goes to the grocer or to the butcher or to the fish-market for food to build up her children's bodies and give her husband and herself strength to work, she often pays one or two dollars a pound for protein to make muscle when she might obtain it in forms equally wholesome and nutritious for from 15 to 50 cents. The food she buys is apt to supply some of the nutrients in excessive amount as well as at needlessly high cost, while it furnishes others in insufficient quantity or in unfitting forms and in uneconomical ways; and only too often a part of it finds its way into the drain or the garbage barrel instead of being utilized for nourishment.

Of course the good wife and mother does not understand about protein and potential energy and the connection between the nutritive value of food and the price she pays for it, and doubtless she never will. But if the knowledge is obtained and put in print, and diffused among those who have the time and training to get hold of it, the main facts will gradually work their way to the masses, who most need its benefit.

A subject that has received but little attention in this country, though it is one of the many special problems that are being carefully considered by students of social economy in Europe, is the relation of the nutritive value of food to its cost. We purchase our food by gross weight or measure. Part of it consists of nutritive substances, the rest is made up of water and various materials which serve only as ballast. In comparing different food-materials with respect to their cheapness or dearness we are apt to judge them by the prices per pound, quart, or bushel, without much regard to the amounts or kinds of actual nutrients which they contain. Of the different food-materials which the market affords and which are palatable, nutritious, and otherwise fit for nourishment, what ones are pecuniarily the most economical?

In a series of studies, undertaken at the instance of the Smithsonian Institution, I have had occasion to examine into some of these problems. A few of the results of the inquiry are summarized in Diagrams VI. and VII.

There are various ways of comparing food-materials with respect to the relative cheapness or dearness of their nutritive ingredients. The best, perhaps, consists in simply comparing the quantities of nutrients obtained for a given sum, 25 cents for instance, in the food when purchased at market prices. Diagram VI. gives a series of such comparisons. They are based upon the analyses of materials, obtained mostly in markets in New York City and in Middletown, Conn., and upon the retail prices paid for them. Along with the quantities of nutrients which 25 cents will buy are shown the quantities estimated to be appropriate for a day's diet for an ordinary man doing a moderate amount of muscular labor. Two such standards are given,—one proposed by Professor Voit in Germany, and based mainly upon experiments and observations in that country; the other proposed by myself. The diagram shows the quantities of different food-materials which one would get for a quarter of a dollar; the quantities of protein and fats and carbohydrates contained in them; and how these amounts of nutrients compare with what an average man, engaged in moderately hard muscular work, might be expected to need to maintain his body in vigorous condition and supply strength for the work he has to do. Another way of comparing the nutritive value of the food-materials with the cost is by the quantities of potential energy they contain. Diagram VII. shows the estimated quantities of energy in the nutritive ingredients of the materials in Diagram VI.,—that is, the amount which 25 cents would pay for. Still another method of comparing the actual expensiveness of different foods at the prices at which people buy them consists in comparing the cost of

the same nutrient in different food-materials. Of the different nutrients, protein is physiologically the most important, as it is pecuniarily the most expensive. For these reasons the cost of protein in different food-materials may be used as a means of comparing their relative cheapness or dearness, as is done in Diagram VII. The figures represent the ordinary prices per pound and the corresponding costs of protein, due allowance being made for the carbohydrates and fats, the estimated costs of which are, for the sake of brevity, omitted from the table.*

EXPENSIVE VS. ECONOMICAL FOODS.

TAKING the diagrams and tabular statements together, the first thing that strikes one is the cheapness of the vegetable as compared with the animal foods. Note, for instance, Diagram VI. and the accompanying figures, which show how much actually nutritive material one may have for 25 cents in different foods at ordinary prices. The quarter of a dollar invested in flour, meal, or potatoes brings several times the quantity of nutrients that it does if spent for meats, fish, or milk. But it is to be remembered that the animal foods contain more of the protein and fats, which are the most valuable food constituents, while the excess of material obtained in the vegetable foods consists mainly or entirely of sugar, starch, and other carbohydrates, which, though very important for nourishment, are far less valuable, weight for weight, than the protein and fats. Furthermore, the protein of the animal foods is more easily and completely digestible than that of the vegetable foods.

The greater expensiveness of animal foods is brought out with even greater clearness in Diagram VII. and in the accompanying figures. The quantities of potential energy in the nutritive material obtained for 25 cents range, in the animal foods, from 160 calories, in the salmon at a dollar a pound, to 6800, in salt pork at 13 cents a pound; while in the vegetable foods in the tables the range is from about 500, in rice at 8 cents a pound, to 1200, in corn meal at 2 cents a pound. The standards for the diet of an ordinary workingman call for from 3000 to 3600 calories in one day's food.

Estimating the expensiveness by the cost of the protein, we find this to range from 8 to 34 cents a pound in the vegetable and from 18 cents to a little over one dollar in ordinary animal foods,— meats, fish, milk, eggs, etc.,— while in some it is much higher, thus showing the greater expensiveness of animal foods in another way. The reason for this higher cost is, of course, simple enough. Animal foods are made from vegetable, and by a more or less expensive process. The manufacture of beef or milk from grass and grain involves considerable outlay for labor and incidental expenses, and the product is, of course, much less in quantity than the raw material.

If the reader is interested in such statistics he will find considerable food for reflection in the diagrams and figures. He will observe that among animal foods those which rank as delicacies are the costliest. If he uses the protein of oysters to make blood, muscle, and brain, it will cost him from two to three dollars a pound. In salmon, if he is enough of a gormand to buy it at the beginning of the season at one dollar a pound, he will pay at the rate of five dollars a pound for his protein. In beef, mutton, and pork the cost of the protein ranges from a little over a dollar to about 40 cents a pound. (Salt pork, in which its cost is estimated at 25 cents, contains extremely little protein.) In such fish as shad, blue-fish, and halibut (which are not mentioned in the diagrams), when they are cheap, say from 8 to 12 cents a pound, the protein costs about the same as in

* As explained in previous articles, the actually nutritive ingredients of food may be divided into four classes: Protein, Fats, Carbohydrates, and Mineral matters. Leaving water out of account, lean meat, white of eggs, casein (curd) of milk, and gluten of wheat consist mainly of protein compounds. Butter and lard are mostly fats. Sugar and starch are carbohydrates. The nutrients of meat, fish, and other animal foods consist mainly of protein and fats; those of the vegetable foods are largely carbohydrates.

In serving as nutriment, the protein compounds which contain nitrogen form the basis of blood, muscle, tendon, etc., and are transformed into fat, and also serve as fuel to supply the body with heat and muscular strength. The fats of the food are stored as fat in the body and serve as fuel. The carbohydrates are transformed into fats and serve as fuel. The potential energy in calories (colorie is the equivalent of heat which would warm about four pounds of water one degree Fahrenheit) is taken as the measure of the fuel-value of the food. One part by weight of fat is equivalent, in this respect, to about two parts of either protein or carbohydrates. The demands of different people for nourishment vary with age, sex, occupation, and other conditions of life. Health and pecuniary economy alike require that the diet should contain nutrients proportionate to the wants of the user.

Of course the difference in the composition of different specimens of the same kind of food-material, and in the nutritive effect of the same substance with different persons, is such that these calculations are not correct for every case. Furthermore, there are other things besides the proportions of nutrients that affect the nutritive action of food. This topic I hope to discuss later. Meanwhile it will suffice to say that for the staple food-materials these calculations are probably close approximations to the real nutritive values as compared with the costs. The methods by which they are made are too complex to be explained here, but may be found in an article on "Food Consumption" in the Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1886, p. 251.

Amounts of Actual Nutrients (Nutritive Ingredients) Obtained for Twenty-five Cents in Different Food-Materials at Ordinary Prices, with Amounts Appropriate for a Day's Ration.

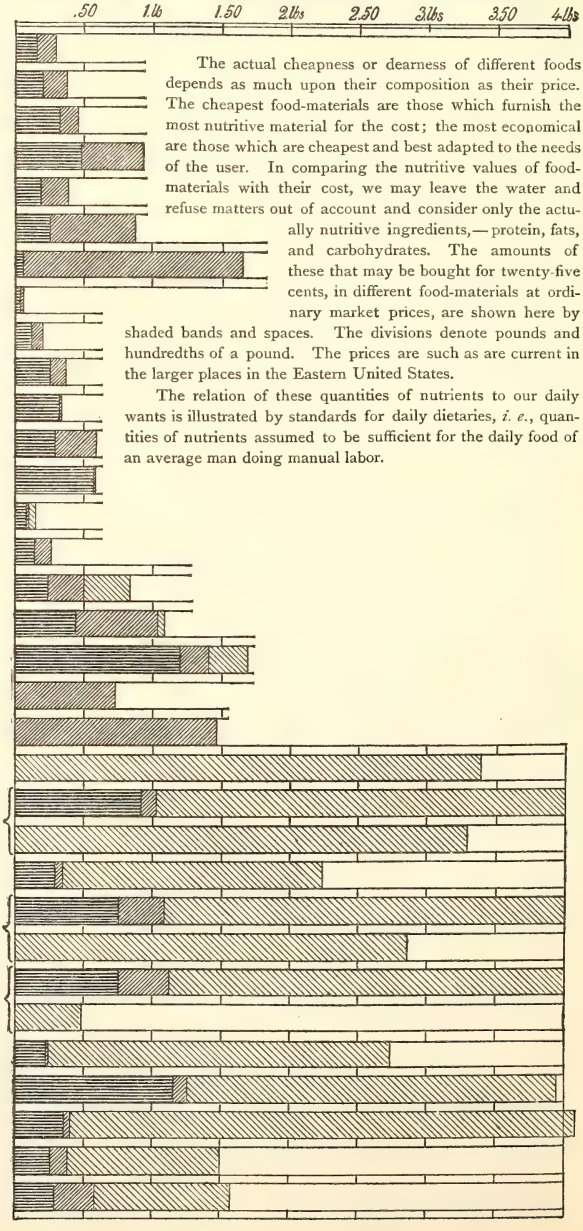
Food-Materials.	Assumed prices per pound.	Quantities obtained for 25 cents.
	cents.	lbs.
Beef, sirloin	.25	1.00
Beef, sirloin, at lower price	.20	1.25
Beef, round	.16	1.56
Beef, neck	.08	3.13
Mutton, leg	.22	1.14
Smoked ham	.14	1.79
Salt pork, very fat	.12	2.08
Salmon, early in season	1.00	.25
Salmon, at lower price	.30	.83
Mackerel	.10	2.50
Codfish	.08	3.13
Salt mackerel	.12½	2.00
Salt codfish	.07	3.57
Oysters, at 40 cents per quart	.20	1.25
Hens' eggs, at 30 cents per dozen	.21⅘	1.15
Milk, at 7 cents per quart	.03½	7.14
Cheese, whole milk	.15	1.67
Cheese, skimmed milk	.08	3.13
Butter	.30	.83
Oleomargarine	.15	1.67
Sugar	.07½	3.50
Wheat flour	.03	8.33
Wheat bread	.07½	3.33
Corn (maize) meal	.03	8.33
Oatmeal	.05	5.00
Rice	.08	3.13
Beans	.05	5.00
Potatoes, at 75 cents per bushel	.01¼	20.00
Standards for daily diet for laboring man at moderate work: Voit's, German		
Standards for daily diet for laboring man at moderate work: Writer's, American		

Nutrients in the Food-Materials.

Quantities in pounds and hundredths of a pound indicated by shaded bands.

PROTEIN. *"Lean" of meat, gluten of wheat, etc.* FATS. *Fatty and oily substances.* CARBOHYDRATES. *Sugar, starch, etc.*

.50 1 lb 1.50 2 lbs 2.50 3 lbs 3.50 4 lbs

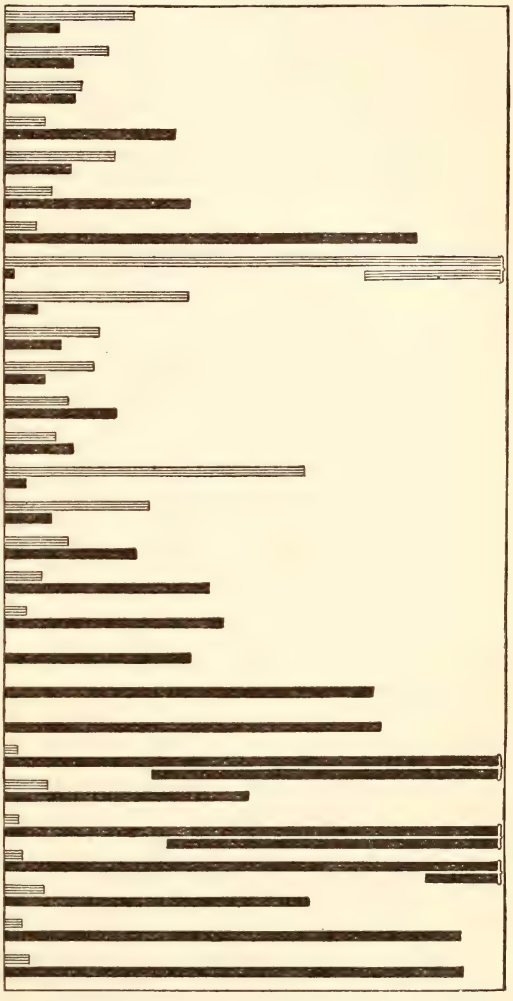


The actual cheapness or dearness of different foods depends as much upon their composition as their price. The cheapest food-materials are those which furnish the most nutritive material for the cost; the most economical are those which are cheapest and best adapted to the needs of the user. In comparing the nutritive values of food-materials with their cost, we may leave the water and refuse matters out of account and consider only the actually nutritive ingredients,—protein, fats, and carbohydrates. The amounts of these that may be bought for twenty-five cents, in different food-materials at ordinary market prices, are shown here by shaded bands and spaces. The divisions denote pounds and hundredths of a pound. The prices are such as are current in the larger places in the Eastern United States.

The relation of these quantities of nutrients to our daily wants is illustrated by standards for daily dietaries, *i. e.*, quantities of nutrients assumed to be sufficient for the daily food of an average man doing manual labor.

COSTS OF A POUND OF PROTEIN AND AMOUNTS OF POTENTIAL ENERGY OBTAINED FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS IN DIFFERENT FOOD-MATERIALS AT CURRENT MARKET PRICES.

Kinds of food-materials.	*Assumed prices of food-materials per pound in cents.*	The estimated cost (in cents) of one pound of protein in each food-material, when the latter is bought at the market prices assumed, is expressed by the lengths of the light parallel lines, thus: ═══ The estimated number of calories of potential energy in the nutrients (actually nutritive ingredients) contained in the quantity of each food-material which 25 cents would pay for if the material were bought at the market prices assumed is expressed by dark lines, thus: ▬▬
Beef, sirloin	.25	106 cents .. 870 calories
Beef, sirloin, at lower price	.20	85 cents .. 1114 calories
Beef, round	.16	63 cents .. 1145 calories
Beef, neck	.08	33 cents .. 2793 calories
Mutton, leg	.22	91 cents .. 1076 calories
Smoked ham	.14	40 cents .. 3060 calories
Salt pork, very fat	.12	25 cents .. 6825 calories
Salmon, early in season	1.00	511 cents .. 158 calories
Salmon, at lower price	.30	153 cents .. 519 calories
Mackerel	.10	79 cents .. 929 calories
Codfish	.08	75 cents .. 656 calories
Salt mackerel	.12½	52 cents .. 1807 calories
Salt codfish	.07	43 cents .. 1103 calories
Oysters, at 40 cents per quart	.20	268 cents .. 326 calories
Hens' eggs, at 30 cents per dozen	.21⅜	121 cents .. 768 calories
Milk, at 7 cents per quart	.03½	53 cents .. 2178 calories
Cheese, whole milk	.15	31 cents .. 3403 calories
Cheese, skimmed milk	.08	18 cents .. 3642 calories
Butter	.30	no protein. 3082 calories
Oleomargarine	.15	no protein. 6164 calories
Sugar	.07½	no protein. 6292 calories
Wheat flour	.03	11 cents .. 13782 calories
Wheat bread	.07½	35 cents .. 4255 calories
Corn (maize) meal	.03	12 cents .. 13488 calories
Oatmeal	.05	15 cents .. 9189 calories
Rice	.08	34 cents .. 5068 calories
Beans	.05	14 cents .. 7630 calories
Potatoes, at 75 cents per bushel	.01¼	22 cents .. 7689 calories



beef and mutton; but when the price is from 15 to 25 cents, the cost of the protein is from one to two dollars a pound. In cod and mackerel, fresh and salted, the protein varies from 30 to 80 cents a pound. Salt cod and salt mackerel are generally, fresh cod and fresh mackerel often, and even the choice fish, as blue-fish and shad, when abundant, cheaper sources of protein than any but the cheapest kinds of meat. Among meats, pork is the cheapest; but salt pork or bacon has but very little protein and consists mostly of fat, which, though rich in potential energy, and very useful for people who have hard work to do or are exposed to severe cold, is not so appropriate in warm weather or for those whose time is spent within doors and whose muscular labor is light. The comparative cheapness of cheese is well worth noting, and the great economy of oleomargarine as compared with butter deserves of more than a passing remark.

The comparison between wheat flour and potatoes is especially interesting. The protein in the wheat flour, at $6 a barrel or 3

cents a pound comes to 11 cents, while in potatoes at 50 cents a bushel it costs 15 cents a pound. Estimated in terms of potential energy, 25 cents pays for about 14,000 calories in wheat flour at $6 a barrel, and 12,000 in potatoes at 50 cents a bushel. The potatoes would have to be reduced to 40 cents a bushel to make their nutrients as cheap as those of wheat flour at $6 per barrel. Adding to this the fact that the protein of wheat is the more valuable, weight for weight, because that in the potatoes is apparently less digestible and certainly of inferior chemical constitution, the showing against potatoes, even at this price, is very decided. But in the eastern portions of the United States, at any rate, people are very apt to pay 75 cents or $1 a bushel for their potatoes, while the finest wheat flour now sells at $6 a barrel; and if they are contented with flour of the coarser grades, they can have it for less.*

In the United States the tendency to extravagance, combined with the mistaken notion as to the nutritive value of costly food, causes exceptions to the rule. Taking the world through, however, the poorer communities and classes of people almost universally select those foods which chemical analysis shows to supply the actual nutrients at the lowest cost. But, unfortunately, the proper proportions of the nutrients in their dietaries are often very defective. Thus in portions of India and China rice, in northern Italy maize-meal, in certain districts of Germany and in some regions and seasons in Ireland potatoes, and among the poor whites of the southern United States maize-meal and bacon, make a large part of the sustenance of the people. These foods supply the nutrients in the cheapest forms, but they are all deficient in protein. The people who live upon them are ill-nourished, and suffer physically, intellectually, and morally thereby.

On the other hand, the Scotchman, as shrewd in his diet as in his dealings, finds a most economical supply of protein in oatmeal, haddock, and herring; and the thrifty inhabitants of New England supplement the fat of their pork with the protein of beans and the carbohydrates of potatoes, and supplement maize and wheat flour with the protein of codfish and mackerel; and while subsisting largely upon such frugal but rational diets, are well nourished, physically strong, and distinguished for their intellectual and moral force.

THE FOOD OF THE POOR.

THAT the rich man becomes richer by saving and the poor man poorer by wasting his money is one of the commonest facts in daily experience. It is the poor man's money that is the most un-economically spent in the market, and the poor man's food that is worst cooked and served at home.

I can refer only to a single phase of this subject here, repeating for the purpose a few statements from the article on "Food Consumption" in the Report of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau above mentioned:

"The agents of the Bureau in collecting the statistics of dietaries have made inquiries of tradesmen as to the kinds of food the poor of Boston purchase and the price they pay. . . .

"By poor people is meant those who earn just enough to keep themselves and families from want. When a grocery-man or market-man is asked, 'What is your experience in dealing with your poor customers in regard to the quality of food used by them?' the answer is, in almost every case, 'Oh, they usually want the best and pay for it, and the most fastidious are those who can least afford it.'

"In the matter of beef, for instance, the cuts most used for steak are the face of the round, costing from

* At first thought this cheapness of wheat flour as compared with potatoes is a little surprising. The natural law of supply and demand of such staple materials, in the long run, shapes the price more or less closely to the actual value for use, and we should expect that the price of potatoes and flour would naturally gravitate to points which would make them more nearly equal in actual cheapness. At $10 a barrel, the price of wheat flour a few years ago, its protein would cost not far from 13 cents a pound, which would correspond to potatoes at about 60 cents a bushel. If the price of flour should remain where it now is, we may perhaps expect that of potatoes to come down gradually to a point where the actual expensiveness of the two will be more nearly the same. Of course this is a matter outside of chemistry, but the little study I have given it leaves me with the decided impression that the prices of such staple food-materials tend to adjust themselves to the nutritive values.

This statement is apparently in direct contradiction with a fact which these computations bring out most forcibly, to wit, the wide difference between the prices of foods and their values. But these differences have, really, a very simple explanation. The prices we pay for many of our food-materials are regulated rather by their agreeableness to our palates than their values for nourishing our bodies. The sirloin of beef which we buy for 25 or 30 cents a pound is really no more nourishing than the shoulder which we get for 10 cents, or the neck at 8 cents a pound. In general, only a part, and often a small part, of what we spend for meats and sweetmeats goes for the nutriment they contain. The rest is the price of flavor, tenderness, and other things that make them toothsome. Nor does the disparity between animal and vegetable foods conflict with the principle I have ventured to lay down. Meats, fish, and the like gratify the palate in ways which most vegetable foods do not, and, what is perhaps of still greater weight in regulating the actual usage of communities by whose demand the prices are regulated, they satisfy a real need by supplying protein and fats, which vegetable foods lack. People who can afford it, the world over, will have animal foods and will compete with one another in the prices they give for them. These facts put the choicer animal foods outside the action of the law, if it be a law, that price and nutritive value tend to run parallel.

eighteen to twenty cents per pound; the tip of the sirloin, at from twenty to twenty-five cents; and rib-roast, at from eighteen to twenty cents. They do not use the flank-piece for steak and would feel insulted if it were offered them. The flour they use is the best. For butter they pay from twenty-eight to thirty cents per pound at present prices. All their other groceries are such as are sold to first-class customers."

I took occasion to make some inquiries myself among the Boston market-men, and one very intelligent butcher, in Boylston Market, said:

"Across the street over there is an establishment which employs a good many seamstresses. One of them comes to my place to buy meat, and very frequently gets tenderloin steak. I asked her one time why she did not take round or sirloin, which is a great deal cheaper, and she replied, very indignantly, 'Do you suppose because I don't come here in my carriage I don't want just as good meat as rich folks have?' And when I tried to explain to her that the cheaper meat was just as nutritious, she would not believe me. Now Mr. —— and Mrs. ——, who are among the wealthy and sensible people of this city, buy the cheaper cuts of meat of me. Mr. —— very often comes and gets a soup bone, but I have got through trying to sell these economical meats to that woman and others of her class."

I am told that the people in the poorer parts of New York City buy the highest priced groceries, and that the meat-men say they can sell the coarser cuts of meat to the rich, but that people of moderate means refuse them. I hear the same thing from Washington and other cities. A friend of mine, a man of wealth, who, like his father before him, had long been noted as one of the most generous benefactors of the poor in the city where he lives, and with whom I happened to be talking about these matters, remarked, "For my family I get the cheaper cuts of meat because they are cheaper. My children are satisfied with round steak and shoulder, even if they are not quite as tender and toothsome as sirloin. They are strong and healthy, and understand that such food is good enough for their parents and is good enough for them." I question whether his gardener or his coachman would be so entirely ready to accept such doctrine; and if the poor people to whom in times of stress his money is given without stint are like many others of their class, not a few of them would be ill content with some of the food-materials that appear regularly on his table.

WASTE OF FOOD.

But our popular food-economy is at fault in other ways as well as in the purchasing of needlessly expensive kinds of food. Results of examinations of dietaries, to be given in a subsequent article, will show that, unless the inferences from a very large amount of experimenting are entirely at fault, many people buy a great deal more food than they need. The excess is generally of the most expensive kinds of foods, meats, and sweetmeats. In a number of dietaries that have come to my notice, including those of sensible people who really desired to economize, if half the meat, dairy products, and sugar had been left out, and the rest of the food economically used, it would have supplied considerably more nutriment than accepted standards call for. We buy needless quantities of these things because they taste good, and we have got in the way of thinking we must have them. Part of the excess is eaten, to the great detriment of the health, and the rest simply thrown away.

In the course of some studies in physiological chemistry, Mr. C. S. Videon, a student in this laboratory (Wesleyan University), took occasion to examine the dietary of a students' boarding-club, for which purpose accurate determinations of the quantities of meat consumed were necessary. In a piece of roast beef weighing 16 pounds, the "trimmings," which consisted of the bone and the meat cut out with it, and which were left for the butcher to sell to the soap-man or get rid of as he might otherwise choose, weighed 4½ pounds, so that 11½ pounds of meat went to the customer, who, of course, paid for the whole. The butcher said that he sold this sort of beef largely to the ordinary people of the city,—mechanics, small tradesmen, and laborers; that many of his customers preferred not to take the "trimmings"; and that they were not exceptionally great in this case, either in amount or in proportion of meat and bone, for that "cut" of beef, which was the "rib-roast." Inquiries of other meat-men brought similar information. The 4½ pounds of "trimmings" consisted of (approximately) 2¼ pounds of bone and ½ pound of tendon ("gristle"), which would make a most palatable and nutritious soup, and 1¾ pounds of meat, of which 1 pound was lean and ¾ pounds fat. Mr. Videon estimates that the nutritive materials of meat thus left unused, saying nothing of the bone and tendon, contained some 15 per cent. of the protein and 10 per cent. of the potential energy of the whole. The price of the beef was $2.24. Assuming the nutritive value of the ingredients of the "trimmings" to be 12½ per cent. of the whole, 28 cents' worth of the nutriment, besides the bone and tendon, was left at the butcher's.

Dr. S. A. Lattimore, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Rochester, New York, tells me that, while a member of the Board of

Health of that city, he directed the officer in charge of the collection of garbage to note the character of the waste material gathered. It was ascertained that from the streets inhabited by the well-to-do classes, where the culinary affairs were largely left to the servants, the amount of waste thus collected was enormous, and that a considerable proportion of the food purchased was literally thrown away by careless servants. A surprisingly large amount of this waste consisted of good bread. Among the people in moderate circumstances this waste of food was less.

Still, people of moderate means do not save as they might. A gentleman from Pennsylvania, who has for years been in the way of employing hundreds of mechanics and other laborers, tells me that in passing the houses where his employees live he is constantly pained to notice the evidences of waste of food which would not occur in his own household.

Is not the American, of all civilized men, the most wasteful, and is not his worst wastefulness in his food — and drink?

SHALL WE ECONOMIZE?

This brings us back to the theme with which we began,— the American indifference or aversion to food-economizing. I have never observed any special development of this notion on the Continent of Europe, but have heard a good deal about it in England, where it is said, for instance, that the "workingmen with small wages buy the most expensive beef." I judge the disorder to be essentially Anglo-Saxon, quite prevalent in England, and epidemic in the United States. Perhaps it is only part of the more general tendency, inherent in human nature, but dependent upon the opportunity which material prosperity brings for its development. It certainly could not prevail under the straitened conditions of living which exist in most countries of Europe; and the comparative opulence which prevails with us, unrestrained by either habits of saving or understanding of the facts, would naturally tend to its wide development. Possibly part of its explanation lies deeper, and is to be sought in the impression which the older philosophy and theology inculcated in men's thinking, and which is not yet entirely gone. The philosophy which dealt chiefly with abstractions, and the theology which regarded the body as only a burden of earthly clay and concerned itself merely for the soul, both considered the material details of life beneath their notice. I believe it was Hegel who, expressing his dissent from the practical ideas current in England in his time, said, "Socrates brought philosophy from the clouds, but the Englishmen have dragged her into the kitchen." And it is not long since a man in one of our highest educational positions assured me that such studies as those of food and nutrition which have been described in these articles were not in consonance with the intellectual dignity of a university. Is not our impression that attention to the little economies of life is beneath us the natural outgrowth of this same idea,— a weed which the conditions elsewhere have kept down but which here has grown rank?

But whatever may be the genesis of this notion, I am persuaded that, in the form in which we have to deal with it, it represents only a phase of a far more complex problem, the importance of which is coming to be felt in our time as never before, and which the many-sided effort to improve the material condition of the masses is really an effort to work out. We are learning that the best way to help men is to help them to help themselves, and that to help themselves they must be freed from ignorance and prejudice and must understand the principles that underlie the right practice of the arts of life. We are learning that for intellectual and moral elevation improvement of physical condition is necessary; that to improve mind and heart we must look out for the body also; that before people can attain to highest intelligence and righteousness they must be properly clothed and housed and fed. We are learning too that not merely increase of income but husbanding of resources are conditions of better welfare; that people need to save as well as to earn; that wastefulness is the cause of poverty and economy the way to comfort.

While the thoughtful man sees these things and feels their force, the average man does not. In the older countries, with exhausted fertility of soil and overcrowded population, the alternative of partial starvation has made close economizing a necessity. But with us, whom the abundant product of the virgin soil, far in excess of the demand of a still sparse population, and the superadded advantages of wonderful material progress, have placed in comparative affluence, the circumstances of our coal-heaver's family were positively luxurious in comparison with those of the bulk of the population of Europe. With us false pride and wastefulness have far too largely usurped the place of care and saving.

As a people we have not learned the art of getting the most out of what we have. With our larger incomes and better opportunities we often enjoy far less of comfort and contentment than our foreign brethren, who with their limited resources have learned how to husband and to make the best of the little that

falls to their lot. Those who have seen the inside of life in France and Germany know how true this is. I well remember how it impressed me in my first experience in Germany. Living in a private family, my breakfasts, which, though consisting only of the usual rolls and coffee, were nevertheless ample, were always brought to my room. With the coffee there came invariably a little jar of milk and some lumps of sugar. During the whole six months of my stay in that house, the number of lumps was never more nor less than five. An American lady living in another family in the same city was wont to aver her conviction that her landlady counted the grains of coffee for every potful she made. Every scrap of food was utilized. Like economies were manifested everywhere; indeed, they were a part of common education, not only at home but in school, where, for instance, the girls were taught to sew and mend as they were to read and write. And when I went about with the people and saw how they lived; how contentedly and pleasantly they took the affairs of life; how much they made of simple and inexpensive pleasures; how little they were beset with false pride of show and the petty ambition to go ahead of their neighbors, which are such corrosive influences in American and English society; how much of human kindness and home joy and social satisfaction they had with incomes and prices which would make life for average Americans of similar station a torturing struggle with want — I could not avoid the conviction that in their ways was a lesson which it would be a blessing for us to learn.

We waste at the store, at the market, and in the house enough to make us wealthy if we would only save. The fathers and the mothers do not understand the little arts of economizing, and the sons and the daughters do not learn them. We think it incompatible with our dignity as free-born and well-to-do Americans to devote our attention to them.

This is especially true as regards our food. The common saying that "the average American family wastes as much food as a French family would live upon" is a great exaggeration, but I hope to cite statistics in a succeeding article to show that there is a deal of truth in it. We endeavor to make our diet suit our palates by paying high prices in the market rather than by skillful cooking and tasteful serving at home. We buy much more than we need, use part of the excess to the detriment of our health, and throw the rest away. And, what makes the matter worse, it is generally those who most need to save that are the most wasteful.

Things cannot always go on thus. International competition is becoming sharper, our population denser, and the virgin fertility of our soil gradually exhausted. We must reform or retrograde. Unless we mend our ways the future will bring loss instead of gain in material prosperity, and fearful falling away rather than improvement in our morals.

The remedy for the evil, so far as it applies to the chief item of our living expenses, our food, must be sought in two things,— popular understanding of the elementary facts regarding food and nutrition, and the acceptance of the doctrine that economy is respectable. Here, I believe, is an opportunity for a twofold propagandism of incalculable usefulness.

A very large body of people in this country say practically, though not in words, for such principles are not formulated by those who follow them: "To economize closely is beneath us. We do not want to live cheaply; we want to live well."

The true Anti-poverty Society is the Society of "Toil, Thrift, and Temperance." One of the articles of its constitution demands that the principles of intelligent economy shall be learned by patient study and followed in daily life.

Of the many worthy ways in which the charity that we call Christian is being exercised none seems to me more worthy of that appellation than the movement in industrial education, of which teaching the daughters of working-people how to do housework and how to select food and cook it forms a part.

If Christianity is to defend society against socialism must it not make such homely, non-theological teachings as these part of its gospel? If the old dispensation with its somber doctrine makes the earning of man's bread in the sweat of his face part of the primeval curse, does not the newer dispensation of religion and science make the gaining of support by earnest toil, and the economizing of resources by careful study, a substantial joy of life?

It is a happy phase of modern intellectual progress that much of its best work is being done along these lines of material usefulness. The place of the scholar, as of the saint, was once that of the recluse; now they are both busy among their fellow-men and doing their best to help them. The reason why so many of the Hegels of to-day are devoting themselves to the study of the practical problems of ordinary life is not simply nor chiefly for the material recompense it brings, but because they find in it the keenest intellectual stimulus, the opportunity for the profoundest thought, and the deep satisfaction that comes from rendering to their day and generation the best service of which their endowments make them capable. At the fountain-heads of knowledge, the great universities, speculative philosophy

and technology, Sanscrit and sanitation, are studied side by side with equal intellect and ardor. At the University of Cambridge, England, where not only the laboratories but the machine-shop have become parts of the paraphernalia of instruction, Professor Stuart, who works with his students at the forge, told me that his associates in the management of the university affairs showed most cordial sympathy in his department. The French Academy is felt to honor itself in electing Pasteur to its membership. Such a philosopher as Lotze makes the study of the practical details of life a part of his Microcosmus.

Nor is this materialism at all. It is the corollary, or rather the concomitant, of the metaphysics and theology which make matter and energy one, and that a manifestation of Deity. It is the nineteenth-century application of the ancient motto, "*Humani nihil alienum.*" It is the following of the precept and the example of the great Teacher, who made his doctrine dear to men by his deeds of love, and a part of whose work on earth was to feed the hungry and to heal the sick.

It is important that people be taught about their food, but the first requisite is the information to give them. The subject is, however, new. In its investigation we stand upon the borders of a continent of which but a small part has yet been explored. In the great European universities investigation is active. In our own country extremely little is being done, and that little is dependent almost entirely upon private munificence for its support. The opportunity for useful research is a rare one, and the demand for it great and increasing. If the cost of a yacht were invested in appliances for research in this direction, and the annual expense of maintaining it were devoted to carrying on such researches, they would bring fruit of untold value to the world, and, to the donor, the richest reward that a lover of his fellow-men could have.

W. O. Atwater.

A LOVE SONG.

LOVE, the last late snows are failing,
Failing;
Hear'st thou? Spring is nigh;
Love, the banished birds are sailing,
Sailing,
Back along the sky.

Love, O love! — my heart is calling,
Calling;
Haply, it may be,
Thou may'st hear and answer me.
Love, the purple shades are falling,
Falling,
On the greening lea.

Love, O love! — and shall I ever,
Ever,
In the days unknown,
Rest upon thy heart, that never,
Never,
Rested on my own?

Love, my heart is ever saying,
Saying,
Softly, in a dream:
"Hist! — she cometh by yon stream."
Death! — 'Tis but my fancy playing,
Playing,
With the swift sun-beam.

Haply, when the May is turning,
Turning,
Earth from all her woes;
Haply, when the blush is burning,
Burning,
On the summer rose

Then, O love! if thou canst hear me,
Hear me,
When my spirit cries,
Come, before the summer dies;
Come but once, O love, to cheer me,
Cheer me,
Ere my spirit flies.

Love, my love; or dead or waking,
Waking,
Here, or on that shore,
Where the unknown seas are breaking,
Breaking,
Now and evermore;

Here, or there; — alas! — God knoweth,
Knoweth:
He alone, not I.
Love, the days are passing by;
Fast, oh, fast, the river floweth,
Floweth! —
Love me, ere I die.

Robert Burns Wilson.

AN ELK-HUNT ON THE PLAINS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE INNESS, JR., AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.



HOUGH untold numbers of elk, as the American red deer, or wapiti, is generally called, still roam the wild hill-lands of the West or seek refuge in the timber districts of its less mountainous regions, the swift advance of civilization has swept the elk from the plains and has made elk-hunting on those wide and timberless tracts a thing of the past.

But fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the author was stationed as an American cavalry-officer at North Platte barracks, at the junction of the North and the South Platte rivers, it was a different tale. The elk country lay to the north of us, with a slight preponderance of the larger herds towards the east. The herds were generally found along that net-work of streams known as the various forks of the Loup, and the nearer to the head of the Loup one hunted, the more numerous they became, though among the lakes and marshes and high rolling sandhills of Nebraska, just west of the Loup's head-waters, they again disappeared. As a hunting-district this region was almost entirely monopolized by military parties and by such people as were escorted by them; for nearly all of it was on the great Sioux reservation, and, in consequence of the small war parties of Sioux that constantly infested it, was extremely unsafe.

In the fall of 1873 I was told that a number of distinguished and titled people would be at the post in a few days, with the usual papers from high officials that would entitle them to every consideration they could ask for and we could grant. Above all things, they wished to go on an elk-hunt to the northward, and I was asked to take command of the little escort. Hunting and scouting was the principal field duty of the frontier stations, and the former only differed from the latter in that it was volunteer work so long as enough volunteers could be found; but since a hunt for buffalo or elk counted as "a tour of field duty," we never wanted for volunteers.

Our visitors arrived in good time, and we soon made ready for the hunt. With two six-mule teams to haul our ten days' rations and forage, and with other necessary outfits, we got away one fine forenoon in early October, with the air so crisp and clear that half the horses of our troop of thirty or forty danced along as if going to a tournament, and not on a trip that would bring them back with hanging heads. Where we crossed the line of the railroad for the last time — for we had been winding along it for four or five miles — we partly loaded our wagons with discarded railroad ties, to serve us as fuel. On the banks of many of the streams of this part of the country no firewood, not even a twig, can be found; and nothing can be more cheerless and disconsolate to a little troop of cavalry that has marched all day in the cold than to reach, in the bleak evening, a stream where it is evident that camp must be made and find no sign of wood as far as the eye can reach. But add to a soldier's hard-tack and bacon his regulation quart of hot coffee, and he will be satisfied with his repast.

Our course, after leaving the railroad, was over what might be called the semi-sandhills of Nebraska, or the sandhills covered with grass, the only turf or soil being that formed by the grass roots. The longer a road is used through such a country, the worse it gets. Wagon wheels soon cut through the thin turf, and it becomes a road of sand. Another is then started alongside, and so on indefinitely, until the first is once more grown up with grass and fit to be used again. Along these roads sunflower stalks are particularly prone to grow (they really do wherever the ground is stirred up), and from a slight elevation it is often possible to trace by them an old, abandoned road for many miles.

Our first camp was made on the South Loup, so near its head that one could jump across the stream, and in a barren tract of low, flat country, where the grass grew a little higher in the valley than on the hills, and a few willow brakes marked the course of the stream. Three wall tents in a line indicated where the officers and the visitors slept, and twice as many "A," or "wedge," or common tents, twenty or thirty yards away, showed where the men were sheltered. Between the two camps, tied to the picket-line,— a long rope stretched from wagon wheel to wagon wheel,— the horses munched their oats and corn in their nose-bags, with a sentinel walking at each end of the line. One of the greatest pleasures of a frontier camp is a roaring fire, with its flames climbing into the sky;

but with us wood was too scarce for that. Two half-smothered fires for "kitchens" were all we had. If the chances for Indians were good, military hunting parties always placed a picket of a trusty corporal and from three to six men on the hill a half-mile from and overlooking camp; but a party of our size (about thirty-five in number) is avoided by the few war parties prowling around on the confines of civilization trying to get the scalp of a herder or a stray pony or two. Tracks seen early in the evening, just before camping, had shown that wild horses were in the vicinity, and this made us keep our own horses close to the picket-line; otherwise they would be "lariated out." For wild horses snorting near camp in the dead of night are likely to cause a stampede, and few things are more disastrous to a cavalry command. Any trifling thing may cause a stampede when the herd is scattered out to graze,— the howling of a coyote, a keen flash of lightning, the noise of a big weed carried by by the wind, or, as happened in one case, the violent coughing of the sentinel stationed near the horses to keep them quiet.

In a small party like ours, all the stated military calls are laid aside. Even "taps" is omitted; and one by one we dropped asleep, till nothing was left to the ear but the dull pacing of the sentinels or an occasional deep-drawn sigh from some horse at the picket-line. Before dawn the next morning the party was routed out of bed so as to be able to start by sunrise, and the usual preparations for breaking camp were begun,— fortunately by the light of a full moon just sinking in the west. An unfledged recruit, sleepy from having talked too late the night before, dug his fists into his rebellious eyes, and, glinting around, asked for the tenth time if the party were not to start at sunrise. Being gruffly answered in the affirmative by his uncommunicative tent-mate, he gazed listlessly through the tent-flaps to the west, and said, shiveringly, "I 'll be denged if they hain't made a mistake! that 's the moon, and not the sun."

The early sun saw the little caravan moving northward in the chill morning air. The officers and visitors were ahead, with ten or twelve troopers, while from half a mile to a mile behind, with an equal number of soldiers, came the two wagons, the two little parties being within ample supporting distance should anything of a serious nature happen. Small companies of flankers of from one to three men were thrown out on both sides of the road from a quarter of a mile to a mile from it and slightly in advance of the main party. These flankers are always composed of the best hunters and trailers among the soldiers, and the flanking was done because that day's march was supposed to bring us to a possible elk district, and elk are apt to turn back if from an elevation they catch sight of a road ahead of them. Such trails as these retreating herds might make only flankers would be likely to find. Coming near a road in a valley or on a flat plain they are much more likely to cross it; but if a person will take the trouble to study the trail on both sides of the road, he will notice how the elk will fight shy of civilization. The incoming trail may show that they have scattered out over the grassy districts for grazing, and here and there a place will be seen where they have been lying down resting; but as soon as the road is crossed, if it is not an old, abandoned one, the scattered trails converge into one of Indian file, which may be traced at times for three or four miles before the herd shows signs of grazing or being in an easy frame of mind.

That day's march, of from twenty to twenty-five miles, brought us to a picturesque little stream erroneously called the Dismal, which had received this inappropriate title from having been first seen at its mouth, where it empties into the Middle Fork of the Loup in a truly melancholy way. The Indian name of Cedar is much more applicable, however, for its steep banks are here and there covered with patches of cedar, that make it a pleasant-looking stream. It cuts so abruptly through its almost cañon-like bed, that one hardly sees it until it is right under his nose. I remember belonging to the expedition that made the "government road" that cuts across it. It was a hot day in July, and about the hottest part of the day,— 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon,— and we had been marching in the sandhills since morning. Our teams were tired out, and stopping the entire command in a hot little hollow between the hills, we sent one of the best guides ahead to find, if it were possible, the best and shortest road to the first stream to the south. He had not disappeared over the crest in that direction twenty seconds, when he was seen coming back, most persons who had heard his orders supposing that he was returning for something he had lost or left behind. But he reported that the Dismal had been found about two hundred yards ahead, and within half an hour we were all engaged in the pleasant occupation of making camp.

Our hunting party also camped on this stream, and a large amount of wood was secured for the night's camp-fire. On mild nights it was always burned in a huge fire in front of the tents, but when it was uncomfortably chilly, the wood was put into the little Sibley stoves inside the tents, which on the very coldest day can be made warm and cozy

if there be plenty of dry wood. A Sibley camp-stove is simply a great sheet-iron funnel, turned upside down, and furnished with enough small stove-pipe at the neck to protrude from the tent. This funnel is about three feet high, and two feet across the bottom, and in its conical sides is cut a door large enough to admit small stove-wood. The hearth is the earth or sand of the tent floor, and a piece of tin or sheet-iron through which the stove-pipe projects is fastened to the tent roof. Thus fixed, it is comfortable in a wall tent even with the thermometer at twenty-five to thirty degrees below zero. Filled with cedar wood, the stove has a most annoying way of dropping sparks on the canvas roof and burning holes through it, although there is but very little danger of the tent catching afire unless a very strong wind is blowing; even then it is hardly worth any great precaution. When the smell of burning cotton is noticed by the occupant of the tent, looking up he will always see a little circle of fire, from a quarter to a third of an inch in diameter, vividly outlined against the black sky outside, and showing where the spark has fallen. It is always put out by inserting the little finger as far as it will go, and then withdrawing it, all being done with a quick thrust and recover that does not burn one's finger.



AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

A few tracks of elk had been seen not far from camp, and although they were three or four days old, it was decided to spend one day in giving the vicinity a thorough inspection. An excellent method of beating up a country to determine the presence of game is to send out four parties of two to five hunters each at an angle of forty-five degrees to the direction of the stream, all of them, when reaching a certain distance to be agreed upon, say four, five, or even ten, miles, turning to the left or right at the same angle. This brings two parties on the river who turn and hunt back along it to camp. The other two parties hunt parallel to the river from their turning-points until directly opposite camp, when they turn in directly for it. A diagram of such a plan will show that the country has received a pretty good examination by the time all parties are in camp. Of course such a plan depends somewhat on the kind of game to be hunted, and as I have given it is particularly applicable to elk. If only "white-tailed" deer are wanted, there is no great use in leaving the valleys of the streams or the little partly wooded pockets running out from them. If "black-tailed" or mountain deer are wanted, only the hills need be scoured.

Our first day's regular hunt was planned on this method, and after the other three parties



ON THE LOOKOUT.

had taken their choice, there was left for the doctor and me and our attendant a south-east course of six or seven miles to the right, which would make us hunt parallel to the Dismal, which there runs from west to east. It was understood by all four parties that if any small band of elk were seen it would be given chase by the discoverers, but if large, it would be allowed to rest until the morrow, unless circumstances forced an immediate attack. Any small game that fell in the way, as any kind of deer, antelope, etc., would fall a prey at once, if the hunter were only a good-enough shot. Our course was over rolling hills covered with the autumn's somber colors of brown and drab, a most fortunate hue for the elk, almost the same shade, and we had to watch with keen eyes and good field-glasses to prevent our stumbling on top of our game or getting so close that they would get our "wind." By the time we turned back to hunt parallel to the river we had seen nothing but a few old tracks, and as the breeze was now blowing in our faces, thereby increasing our chances of success, at the doctor's suggestion we separated about four hundred yards apart, hoping that we might pick up a black-tailed deer or antelope, their tracks being fresher and much more numerous than the few elk signs we had found. Our man was placed about half-way between us and a little to the rear, to communicate from one to the other should it be deemed necessary. We had hardly gone a mile on our new course when I discerned a yellowish-brown mass of creatures on the hillside from six to eight hundred yards away. At first I supposed they were elk, but the glass showed them to be a band of eight or ten antelope. Beckoning to the man to approach me cautiously, I dismounted, and, leaving my horse standing, ran forward a couple of hundred yards to a low ridge. Seeing that I could get no closer without considerable manœuvring, and fearing that the doctor might frighten them, I took aim at the most conspicuous fellow in a bunch of them and fired. After a quick scattering dash to the right and then one to the left they seemed to collect their senses and made off through a little gap in the hills, allowing me one more shot "on the wing" as they disappeared. I thought I had been unsuccessful, but the man, looking through the glass, saw a bunch of brown on the ground that "looked mightily like a dead antelope," and we trotted over to find his conjecture true. We dismounted, cut the animal's throat, and bled him by throwing his hindquarters up-hill on the slope, and I was just sending the man after the doctor, when he appeared on the crest, having heard the two shots. There was the usual formula of questions under such circumstances,—"Where is it shot?" "How far did you shoot him?" "How many

were they?" etc., etc. All of these were answered but the first, and the man got down to settle that apparently simple problem. But the longer he looked the more mystified we all became; and when the carcass was thrown behind one of the saddles no one was the wiser, the doctor even going so far as to say that the antelope might have been frightened to death. Reaching camp late that evening, we found that none of the others had seen any game during the day, which made us feel a little more pride about our slight capture. The doctor brought up the subject of the singular killing, which revived in each one a dozen similar instances. We had not finished, when a sharp rap at the tent-flap was heard, and the head of the hunter who had been with us that day appeared. With a grin he said: "Lieutenant, the cook has found out where the antelope was shot." Each one present, in his own eager way, asked for an immediate report, and the hunter continued with the information that the bullet had gone through the gullet, and when he cut it with his hunting-knife to bleed the animal, he had not noticed it. When he started to look it up, the slashed throat precluded all apparent possibility of another wound in the same place.

The most important problem of the chase, however, was what to do as the result of the day's investigations, and we were not long in determining to break camp next morning, and move over to the Middle Fork of the Loup, some twenty miles to the northward, where the prospects were supposed to be better. In fact, this stream was our main objective point in starting out, but the Dismal was always worth giving a fair trial, and in some instances had proved to be better hunting-ground than the main stream. As we approached the Middle Loup the next afternoon, a few scattering snow-flakes were falling softly around us in the gloomy weather, but as a light fall of snow was exactly what we wanted, we saw them more with pleasure than with regret. Too deep a fall, however, was more to be deplored than none at all. Just as camping was nearly completed, an over-zealous flanker, who had pushed his excursions some three or four miles to the westward, put in an appearance, and reported that not only had he seen abundant signs of elk (we ourselves had crossed a small, fresh trail that day), but had seen the animals themselves on the crest of a distant hill. He had made no unusual efforts to ascertain their numbers, for fear of frightening them, but judging from the trail which he had crossed, he had estimated the herd to number from five hundred to a thousand. As he was a trusty trailer and hunter, his statements sent our thermometer of hunting-excitement up to fever heat. All the evening was employed in getting ready and making the most formidable preparations for the next day's chase, and I was appealed to by the novices for information of all kinds, as if I were a Kit Carson or a Daniel Boone. Ordinarily the horses are fed half their forage at night and half in the morning, whether they be on full or reduced forage; but in this case the rule was departed from, and the "elk" horses received three-quarters forage at night and a quarter forage in the morning. As the weather threatened to be stormy, the horses were blanketed so that none would feel stiff and chilly on starting the next day. Even the mules were given extra feed, to prevent these noisy creatures from breaking forth in stentorian brays, as they are very likely to do when a little hungry and there is any semblance of feeding going on around them. Some energetic soldiers get up early in the morning and spend a good while in a thorough grooming of their horses, which no doubt freshens them for a lively dash of a few miles. The question of arms and ammunition was settled by our being armed with the government Springfield carbines, although a far superior weapon for these horseback chases are any of the trustworthy kinds of magazine guns. Even the old Sharp's carbine was better, because when heated by rapid firing to a point where it would no longer eject the cartridge shell by the usual methods, the open guard could be brought down on the pommel of the saddle with a vehemence that brought out the shell or broke the guard, and ninety-nine cases in a hundred it would be the former. With the Springfield carbine, however, the rider was *hors de combat* under the same circumstances. In hunting game on horseback, the cartridges are taken from the belts, given a good cleaning, and the number that it is expected will be used on a single run — from twenty to thirty — are placed in the right-hand side-pocket of a loose-fitting sacque coat. I know of no improvement on this very simple method. With a Sharp's carbine I have in this way used sixty cartridges in a single run after buffaloes. We went to bed early, with good intentions of rising early for the fray, but, as generally happens, we did not get a wink of sleep till well past our usual hours. We were up in good time, however, for the simple reason that the night sentinels had orders to look after that; and although at first many yawned and stretched in the cold night air, fully an hour before daylight, it was not long before all were thoroughly awake and keener than ever for the sport.

We hurried through our breakfast of half-cooked antelope steak and hot coffee, and when daylight streamed through the dark-gray



A HERD OF ELK.

eastern clouds it saw our little party of about a dozen moving up the valley of the Middle Loup, talking in whispers and closely filing after one another in sets of two. The wagons had orders to follow in about an hour, and sooner if they heard firing; and the mules were being watered and hitched up as we "pulled out" of camp. As the wind was in the south, I thought it best to follow the valley of the Loup to a point directly opposite the place where the herd had been "raised" by the sergeant the day before, and then make squarely for it. When we struck the trail, we could follow it up until we overtook the game. The sergeant had seen the herd so late the evening before, and we had started so early, with a dismal, dreary night and a light fall of snow in our favor, that I had but few doubts of finding it soon after we left the river. One amusing incident of our march will show how narrowly our well-arranged plan escaped utter failure. While riding alongside of me when within about a mile of our point of turning out from the valley, the judge, a venerable Nimrod with white hair that had taken nearly sixty winters to bleach, but with an enthusiasm for the sport of a man of half his years, saw a large pair of fine elk-horns in the high valley grass near a clump of willow brake about forty yards away. He expressed a desire to examine them more closely, and I sent a trumpeter back to pick them up. He left the ranks to do so, everything, for reasons that are manifest, being done in as noiseless and subdued a manner as possible. When the trumpeter was within about ten yards of the horns, the owner of them, a noble buck five or six years old, with a snort that startled every one jumped high into the air, and with a bound started for the main herd, leaving us all too astounded to know what to do. Seeing the main column, he wheeled abruptly around, and, dashing across the Loup, made to the northward. Had this animal reached the main herd, as he at first attempted to do, our fun would have been ended for that day. It was a great temptation to shoot at him, and the trumpeter, forgetting all the surroundings, started to pull his pistol and fire; but his rearing horse, half frightened out of his wits, by wheeling and plunging prevented him from doing so.

I remember, on another hunt after elk in the Nebraskan hills, planned on the same method as this, that when nearing the herd

of elk that we had pretty definitely located, and while crossing the "pocket" of a cañon liberally wooded or "brushed" with wild plums and rose-bushes, a couple of white-tailed deer jumped up just beyond the clump, from forty to fifty yards away, and remained in full view bush on the crest of the hill a third of a mile away. The bush proved to be the fine antlers of a young buck, and when we had crept a little higher we saw twenty or thirty other elk about him, some of them lying down and plainly outlined against the white snow. When



THE EXPECTANT HORSES.

until we had ridden by. They were so close that any one of the party could have easily killed them. Not till we had passed did they run away. There were a number of experienced hunters in the party who had often hunted this wary animal, and every one acknowledged it to be the boldest effrontery ever shown by that species of deer. Surely these two must have known how fatal to our success with the elk the sound of a gun-shot would have been at that moment.

After the incident of the elk-horns we advanced up the valley of the Loup for nearly a mile; then turning abruptly southward against the wind, we began to ascend a long winding acclivity up through a little valley where luxuriant grass grew as high as our stirrups. Looking ahead even a couple of hundred yards, we could see stripes of darker green cutting at all angles through this grass, and advancing warily we saw the tracks of elk in the light covering of snow. Our party huddled together in the ravine while two of us dismounted and slowly crawled up the slight ascent. About two-thirds of the way up we saw a moving

we had returned and mounted our horses again there came the difficult feat of winding around through the lowest levels and depressions and gaps, and at the same time making headway towards the game while keeping completely out of their sight. Another ravine was reached, and once more two of us dismounted and crawled forward to the crest to get a view of the situation. It was also necessary to do so rapidly, for it was perfectly evident that the outlying members of the herd were close by, and the snorting and snuffing of a horse might send them away with the speed of the wind. I felt perfectly satisfied, before I got half-way across the slope, that a substratum of sand makes a much better support for a covering of snow for crawling purposes than can ever be found in the thick growth of the prickly-pear of the plains, although on this particular slope Nature seemed to think otherwise. Nearing the crest of the ridge, I secured a "tumble-weed" or "rolling-weed,"—one of those globular perennials of the plains that when dead is pulled up by the wind and goes rolling around over the prairies at the mercy

of the blast,— and, keeping it in front of my face, took a careful view ahead.

Not more than a hundred yards away was a fine grouping of game that would have delighted the heart of Landseer, and certainly delighted mine. Slowly retreating until the friendly ridge once more covered us, we crawled back through the cactus to rejoin our horses and our impatient comrades. As I mounted, I said briefly that our time was at hand and the battle not far off. I believe the horses knew this better than the men, for as I came crawling back through the snow every equine ear in the party followed me as closely as if I had a bushel of oats in my possession; and when I mounted my own little sorrel he was trembling from head to foot, and he lay his nose against my knee as if to gain information in his own peculiar way. Every horse in that platoon knew as well as every man what was ahead of him,— and better, too, for all of them had been in those exciting chases more times than two-thirds of the party. The only noises that broke the hush of the still morning were a few hurried whispers and the ominous clicks of the breech-locks as the cartridges fell home in their chambers. All the horses' ears were as rigidly set towards the crest about a hundred yards away as if they were a charge of fixed bayonets, and the red, dilated nostrils, the fixed eyes, and the heaving breasts showed that they, too, felt all the excitement of their masters. We had arranged our plans the night before, and now we hur-



IN THE MAIN HERD.

ried to carry them out. Down the hollow of the ravine the hunters, separated from one another by a space of from three to four yards and facing the ridge that hid us from the unsuspecting elk, were stretched like a skirmish-line, while I rode out in front of the center of the line just far enough to be easily seen by all. Looking hurriedly along the little line, I saw that all were ready, with the loaded carbines pointing in the air, the butts resting on the right thighs, and a couple of spare cartridges in each man's hand. Raising the butt of my carbine high in the air as a signal for starting, I took a half-dozen steps forward at a prancing walk, brought the carbine down to a level, and the line took up a trot for a dozen yards. Then I raised the carbine muzzle up and the party broke into a long, swinging gallop. Half-way

across the frosted slope, the carbine was raised to full arms-length, and we burst over the ridge at a gait that "Hanover" or "Iroquois" might envy, and with an unbroken line worthy of the *Cent-Gardes*. The swift impetus carried the sweeping crowd half-way from the ridge to there was a singular silence, incongruous with so much rapidly varying excitement; for orders had been given that not a whisper should be heard till the elk had broken in an organized run in a definite course. As the western wall of elk-horns opened in that direction,



AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

the sleepy elk before the latter gained their feet, and by the time the dumfounded brutes had "bunched," — the first act of an affrighted herd,— we were right in among them. Many of the older hunters dropped their carbines across their saddle-bows, and pulling their revolvers delivered a deadly fire at blinding range. Dashing through this little bewildered herd like a gust of wind, the hunting party swung to the left of the slope of the long ridge where, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards away, the main herd had "bunched," six to eight hundred, if not a thousand, strong. With all the rough rattle of shots, the hard hitting of horns against horns, and the drum-like clatter of the hoofs, with a princely buck at the head, there went up from us a yell that clove the very clouds, and scattered the band only to bunch again. That shout delayed them hardly three seconds, but that three seconds made a success of the hunt, and before it ended we were among them, every citizen and soldier now his own individual commander, and responsible for his own success. Far down on my right the marshal's carbine had been knocked from his hand by the horns of a plunging buck, while near me, on the left, a burly Würtemberger corporal, with empty, smoking pistol, brought the barrel down like a club on the head of an elk that was trying, in the crush, to push its way directly over his horse. The elk fell to the ground



SNOW-BALLED BY THE HERD.

stunned. It was hand to hoof and horns for a brief second or two, and then the great surging mass broke to the westward, and the long chase began. It had been all our way so far, but to the assistance of the herd there now came one of the most unexpected allies that even an old hunter could imagine. It was the soft snow, that up to this time had helped us in tracking them; for, as the herd surged ahead, there came from their feet one of the most persistent showers of snow-balls, of iron-like consistency, that any one was ever called on to face, and was surpassed only by those thrown by the horses themselves, which, strung out in disorder, the men and horses in the rear had to face as well. Every ball that struck a horse delayed him. One man, struck on the head, was disabled from managing his reins, while another, struck full in the face, had his upper lip split open to the teeth. Many followed his example and withdrew from the battle. The chase over, the party slowly assembled near the bodies of the first victims, and the two wagons with a number of men putting in an appearance from camp, we retraced our steps to it, each one recounting his personal adventures.

It was growing dark as the sergeant in charge of the wagon party rapped at my tent and reported: "The wagons are in with the carcasses of nineteen elk, and I am satisfied we have gotten them all, sir." The next day we started for home.

Frederick Schwatka.



THE ARTIST.

SLEEP is an artist of the night,
With moods of mirth or pain,—
Dreams are his pictures dark and bright,
Etched swiftly on the brain!

William H. Hayne.

MEISTERSCHAFT: IN THREE ACTS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[EXPLANATORY. I regard the idea of this play as a valuable invention. I call it the Patent Universally-Applicable Automatically-Adjustable Language Drama. This indicates that it is adjustable to any tongue, and performable in any tongue. The English portions of the play are to remain just as they are, permanently; but you change the foreign portions to any language you please, at will. Do you see? You at once have the same old play in a new tongue. And you can keep on changing it from language to language, until your private theatrical pupils have become glib and at home in the speech of all nations. *Zum Beispiel*, suppose we wish to adjust the play to the French tongue. First, we give Mrs. Blumenthal and Gretchen French names. Next, we knock the German Meisterschaft sentences out of the first scene, and replace them with sentences from the French Meisterschaft — like this, for instance: "Je voudrais faire des emplettes ce matin; voulez-vous avoir l'obligeance de venir avec moi chez le tailleur français?" And so on. Wherever you find German, replace it with French, leaving the English parts undisturbed. When you come to the long conversation in the second act, turn to any pamphlet of your French Meisterschaft, and shovel in as much French talk on *any* subject as will fill up the gaps left by the expunged German. Example — page 423 French Meisterschaft:

On dirait qu'il va faire chaud.
J'ai chaud.
J'ai extrêmement chaud.
Ah! qu'il fait chaud!
Il fait une chaleur étouffante!
L'air est brûlant.
Je meurs de chaleur.
Il est presque impossible de supporter la chaleur.
Cela vous fait transpirer.
Mettons nous à l'ombre.
Il fait du vent.
Il fait un vent froid.
Il fait un temps très-agréable pour se promener aujourd'hui.

And so on, all the way through. It is very easy to adjust the play to any desired language. Anybody can do it.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

MR. STEPHENSON. MARGARET STEPHENSON.
GEORGE FRANKLIN. ANNIE STEPHENSON.
WILLIAM JACKSON. MRS. BLUMENTHAL, the Wirthin.
GRETCHEN, Kellnerin.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Scene of the play, the parlor of a small private dwelling in a village.

MARGARET. *(Discovered crocheting — has a pamphlet.)*

MARGARET. *(Solus.)* Dear, dear! it's dreary enough, to have to study this impossible German tongue: to be exiled from home and all human society except a body's sister in order to do it, is just simply abscheulich. Here 's only three weeks of the three months gone, and it seems like three years. I don't believe I can live through it, and I 'm sure Annie can't. *(Refers to her book, and rattles through, several times, like one memorizing:)* Entschuldigen Sie, mein Herr, können Sie mir vielleicht sagen, um wie viel Uhr der erste Zug nach Dresden abgeht? *(Makes mistakes and corrects them.)* I just hate Meisterschaft! We may see people; we can have society: yes, on condition that the conversation shall be in German, and in German only — every single word of it! Very kind — oh, very! when neither Annie nor I can put two words together, except as they are put together for us in Meisterschaft or that idiotic Ollendorff! *(Refers to book, and memorizes: Mein Bruder hat Ihren Herrn Vater nicht gesehen, als er gestern in dem Laden des deutschen Kaufmannes war.)* Yes, we can have society, provided we talk German. What would such a conversation be like! If you should stick to Meisterschaft, it would change the subject every two minutes; and if you stuck to Ollendorff, it would all be about your sister's mother's good stocking of thread, or your grandfather's aunt's good hammer of the carpenter, and who's got it, and there an end. You could n't keep up your interest in such topics. *(Memorizing: Wenn irgend möglich, — möchte ich noch heute Vormittag dort ankommen, da es mir sehr daran gelegen ist, einen meiner Geschäftsfreunde zu treffen.)* My mind is made up to one thing: I will be an exile, in spirit and in truth: I will see no one during these three months. Father is very ingenious — oh, very! thinks he is, anyway. Thinks he has invented a way to *force* us to learn to speak German. He is a dear good soul, and

all that; but invention is n't his fash'. He will see. *(With eloquent energy.)* Why, nothing in the world shall — Bitte, können Sie mir vielleicht sagen, ob Herr Schmidt mit diesem Zuge angekommen ist? Oh, dear, dear George — three weeks! It seems a whole century since I saw him. I wonder if he suspects that I — that I — care for him —— j — just a wee, wee bit? I believe he does. And I believe Will suspects that Annie cares for *him* a little, that I do. And I know perfectly well that they care for *us*. They agree with all our opinions, no matter what they are; and if they have a prejudice, they change it, as soon as they see how foolish it is. Dear George! at first he just could n't abide cats; but now, why now he 's just all for cats; he fairly welters in cats. I never saw such a reform. And it 's just so with *all* his principles: he has n't got one that he had before. Ah, if all men were like him, this world would —— *(Memorizing: Im Gegentheil, mein Herr, dieser Stoff is sehr billig. Bitte, sehen Sie sich nur die Qualität an.)* Yes, and what did *they* go to studying German for, if it was n't an inspiration of the highest and purest sympathy? Any other explanation is nonsense —— why, they 'd as soon have thought of studying American history. *(Turns her back, buries herself in her pamphlet, first memorizing aloud, until Annie enters, then to herself, rocking to and fro, and rapidly moving her lips without uttering a sound.)*

Enter Annie, absorbed in her pamphlet — does not at first see Margaret.

ANNIE. *(Memorizing: Er liess mich gestern früh rufen, und sagte mir dass er einen sehr unangenehmen Brief von Ihrem Lehrer erhalten hatte. Repeats twice aloud, then to herself, briskly moving her lips.)*

M. *(Still not seeing her sister.)* Wie geht es Ihrem Herrn Schwiegervater? Es freut mich sehr dass Ihre Frau Mutter wieder wohl ist. *(Repeats. Then mouths in silence.)*

(Annie repeats her sentence a couple of times aloud; then looks up, working her lips, and discovers Margaret.) Oh, you here! *(Running to her.)* O lovey-dovey, dovey-lovey, I 've got the gr-reatest news! Guess, guess, guess! You 'll never guess in a hundred thousand million years — and more!

M. Oh, tell me, tell me, dearie; don't keep me in agony.

A. Well, I will. What — do — you — think? *They 're* here!

M. Wh-a-t! Who? When? Which? Speak!

A. Will and George!

M. Annie Alexandra Victoria Stephenson, what *do* you mean!

A. As sure as guns!

M. *(Spasmodically unarming and kissing her.)* 'Sh! don't use such language. O darling, say it again!

A. As sure as guns!

M. I don't mean that! Tell me again, that —

A. *(Springing up and waltzing about the room.)* They 're here — in this very village — to learn German — for three months! Es sollte mich sehr freuen wenn Sie —

M. *(Joining in the dance.)* Oh, it 's just too lovely for anything! *(Unconsciously memorizing:)* Es wäre mir lieb wenn Sie morgen mit mir in die Kirche gehen könnten, aber ich kann selbst nicht gehen, weil ich Sonntags gewöhnlich krank bin. Juckhe!

A. *(Finishing some unconscious memorizing.)* — morgen Mittag bei mir speisen könnten. Juckhe! Sit down and I 'll tell you all I 've heard. *(They sit.)* They 're here, and under that same odious law that fetters us — our tongues, I mean; the metaphor 's faulty, but no matter. They can go out, and see people, only on condition that they hear and speak German, and German only.

M. Is n't — that — too lovely!

A. And they 're coming to see us!

M. Darling! *(Kissing her.)* But are you sure?

A. Sure as guns — Gatling guns!

M. 'Sh! don't child, it 's schrecklich! Darling — you are n't mistaken?

A. As sure as g — batteries!

They jump up and dance a moment — then —

M. *(With distress.)* But, Annie dear! — *we* can't talk German — and neither can they!

A. *(Sorrowfully.)* I did n't think of that.

M. How cruel it is! What can we do?

A. *(After a reflective pause, resolutely.)* Margaret — we 've *got* to.

M. Got to what?

A. Speak German.

M. Why, how, child?

A. *(Contemplating her pamphlet with earnestness.)* I can tell you one thing. Just give me the blessed privilege: just hinsetzen Will Jackson here in front of me and I 'll talk German to him as long as this Meisterschaft holds out to burn.

M. *(Joyously.)* Oh, what an elegant idea! You certainly have got a mind that 's a mine of resources, if ever anybody had one.

A. I 'll skin this Meisterschaft to the last sentence in it!

M. *(With a happy idea.)* Why, Annie, it 's the greatest thing in the world. I 've been all this time struggling and despairing over these few little Meisterschaft primers: but as sure

as you live, I 'll have the whole fifteen by heart before this time day after to-morrow. See if I don't.

A. And so will I; and I 'll trowel-in a layer of Ollendorff mush between every couple of courses of Meisterschaft bricks. Juckhe!

M. Hoch! hoch! hoch!

A. Stoss an!

M. Juckhe! Wir werden gleich gute deutsche Schülerinnen werden! Juck ——

A. — he!

M. Annie, when are they coming to see us? To-night?

A. No.

M. No? Why not? When are they coming? What are they waiting for? The idea! I never heard of such a thing! What do you ——

A. *(Breaking in.)* Wait, wait, wait! give a body a chance. They have their reasons.

M. Reasons? — what reasons?

A. Well, now, when you stop and think, they 're royal good ones. They 've got to talk German when they come, have n't they? Of course. Well, they don't *know* any German but Wie befinden Sie sich, and Haben Sie gut geschlafen, and Vater unser, and Ich trinke lieber Bier als Wasser, and a few little parlor things like that; but when it comes to *talking*, why, they don't know a hundred and fifty German words, put them all together.

M. Oh, I see!

A. So they 're going neither to eat, sleep, smoke, nor speak the truth till they 've crammed home the whole fifteen Meisterschafts auswendig!

M. Noble hearts!

A. They 've given themselves till day after to-morrow, half-past 7 P. M., and then they 'll arrive here, loaded.

M. Oh, how lovely, how gorgeous, how beautiful! Some think this world is made of mud; I think it 's made of rainbows. *(Memorizing.)* Wenn irgend möglich, so möchte ich noch heute Vormittag dort ankommen, da es mir sehr daran gelegen ist,— Annie, I can learn it just like nothing!

A. So can I. Meisterschaft 's mere fun — I don't see how it ever could have seemed difficult. Come! We can be disturbed here: let 's give orders that we don't want anything to eat for two days; and are absent to friends, dead to strangers, and not at home even to nougat-peddlers ——

M. Schön! and we 'll lock ourselves into our rooms, and at the end of two days, whosoever may ask us a Meisterschaft question shall get a Meisterschaft answer — and hot from the bat!

BOTH. *(Reciting in unison.)* Ich habe einen Hut für meinen Sohn, ein Paar Handschuhe für meinen Bruder, und einen Kamm für mich selbst gekauft.

(Exit.)

Enter MRS. BLUMENTHAL, the Wirthin.

WIRTHIN. *(Solus.)* Ach, die armen Mädchen, sie hassen die deutsche Sprache, drum ist es ganz und gar unmöglich dass sie sie je lernen können. Es bricht mir ja mein Herz ihre Kummer über die Studien anzusehen . . . . Warum haben sie den Entchluss gefasst in ihren Zimmern ein Paar Tage zu bleiben? . . . Ja—gewiss—dass versteht sich: sie sind entmuthigt —arme Kinder!

(A knock at the door.) Herein!

Enter Gretchen with card.

G. Er ist schon wieder da, und sagt dass er nur *Sie* sehen will. *(Hands the card.)* Auch—

WIRTHIN. Gott im Himmel — der Vater der Mädchen! *(Puts the card in her pocket.)* Er wünscht die *Töchter* nicht zu treffen? Ganz recht; also, Du schweigst.

G. Zu Befehl.

WIRTHIN. Lass ihn hereinkommen.

G. Ja, Frau Wirthin!

Exit Gretchen.

WIRTHIN. *(Solus.)* Ah—jetzt muss ich ihm die Wahrheit offenbaren.

Enter Mr. Stephenson.

STEPHENSON. Good morning, Mrs. Blumenthal — keep your seat, keep your seat, please. I 'm only here for a moment — merely to get your report, you know. *(Seating himself.)* Don't want to see the girls — poor things, they 'd want to go home with me. I 'm afraid I could n't have the heart to say no. How 's the German getting along?

WIRTHIN. N-not very well; I was afraid you would ask me that. You see, they hate it, they don't take the least interest in it, and there is n't anything to incite them to an interest, you see. And so they can't talk at all.

S. M-m. That 's bad. I had an idea that they 'd get lonesome, and have to seek society; and then, of course, my plan would work, considering the cast-iron conditions of it.

WIRTHIN. But it has n't so far. I 've thrown nice company in their way — I 've done my very best, in every way I could think of — but it 's no use; they won't go out, and they won't receive anybody. And a body can't blame them; they 'd be tongue-tied — could n't do anything with a German conversation. Now when I started to learn German — such poor German as I know — the case was very different: my intended was a German. I was to live among Germans the rest of my life; and so I *had* to learn. Why, bless my heart! I nearly *lost* the man the first time he asked me

— I thought he was talking about the measles. They were very prevalent at the time. Told him I did n't want any in mine. But I found out the mistake, and I was fixed for him next time. . . Oh, yes, Mr. Stephenson, a sweetheart 's a prime incentive!

S. *(Aside.)* Good soul! she does n't suspect that my plan is a double scheme — includes a speaking knowledge of German, which I am bound they shall have, and the keeping them away from those two young fellows — though if I had known that those boys were going off for a year's foreign travel, I — however, the girls would never learn that language at home; they 're here, and I won't relent — they 've got to stick the three months out. *(Aloud.)* So they are making poor progress? Now tell me — will they learn it — after a sort of fashion, I mean — in the three months?

WIRTHIN. Well, now, I 'll tell you the only chance I see. Do what I will, they won't answer my German with anything but English; if that goes on, they 'll stand stock still. Now I 'm willing to do this: I 'll straighten everything up, get matters in smooth running order, and day after to-morrow I 'll go to bed sick, and stay sick three weeks.

S. Good! You are an angel! I see your idea. The servant girl —

WIRTHIN. That 's it; that 's my project. She does n't know a word of English. And Gretchen 's a real good soul, and can talk the slates off a roof. Her tongue 's just a flutter-mill. I 'll keep my room,— just ailing a little,— and they 'll never see my face except when they pay their little duty-visits to me, and then I 'll say English disorders my mind. They 'll be shut up with Gretchen's wind-mill, and she 'll just grind them to powder. Oh, *they 'll* get a start in the language — sort of a one, sure 's you live. You come back in three weeks.

S. Bless you, my Retterin! I 'll be here to the day! Get ye to your sick-room — you shall have treble pay. *(Looking at watch.)* Good! I can just catch my train. Leben Sie wohl! *(Exit.)*

WIRTHIN. Leben Sie wohl! mein Herr!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Time, a couple of days later.
(The girls discovered with their work and primers.)

ANNIE. Was fehlt der Wirthin?

MARGARET. Dass weiss ich nicht. Sie ist schon vor zwei Tagen ins Bett gegangen —

A. My! how fliessend you speak!

M. Danke schön — und sagte dass sie nicht wohl sei.

A. Good! Oh, no, I don't mean that! No — only lucky for *us* — glücklich, you know I mean because it 'll be so much nicer to have them all to ourselves.

M. Oh, natürlich! Ja! Dass ziehe ich durchaus vor. Do you believe your Meisterschaft will stay with you, Annie?

A. Well, I know it *is* with me — every last sentence of it; and a couple of hods of Ollendorff, too, for emergencies. May be they 'll refuse to deliver,— right off — at first, you know — der Verlegenheit wegen — aber ich will sie später herausholen — when I get my hand in — und vergisst Du dass nicht!

M. Sei nicht grob, Liebste. What shall we talk about first — when they come?

A. We-ll — let me see. There 's shopping — and — all that about the trains, you know,— and going to church — and — buying tickets to London, and Berlin, and all around — and all that subjunctive stuff about the battle in Afghanistan, and where the American was said to be born, and so on — and — and ah — oh, there 's so *many* things — I don't think a body can choose beforehand, because you know the circumstances and the atmosphere always have so much to do in directing a conversation, especially a German conversation, which is only a kind of an insurrection, any way. I believe it 's best to just depend on Prov — *(Glancing at watch, and gasping)* — half past — seven!

M. Oh, dear, I 'm all of a tremble! Let 's get something ready, Annie!

(Both fall nervously to reciting): Entschuldigen Sie, mein Herr, können Sie mir vielleicht sagen wie ich nach dem norddeutchen Bahnhof gehe? *(They repeat it several times, losing their grip and mixing it all up.)*

(A knock.)

BOTH. Herein! Oh, dear! O der heilige —

Enter Gretchen.

GRETCHEN. *(Ruffled and indignant.)* Entschuldigen Sie, meine gnädigsten Fräulein, es sind zwei junge rasende Herren draussen, die herein wollen, aber ich habe ihnen geschworen dass — *(Handing the cards.)*

M. Du liebe Zeit, they 're here! And of course down goes my back hair! Stay and receive them, dear, while I — *(Leaving.)*

A. I — alone? I won't! I 'll go with you! *(To G.)* Lass en Sie die Herren näher treten; und sagen Sie ihnen dass wir gleich zurückkommen werden. *(Exit.)*

GR. *(Solus.)* Was! Sie freuen sich darüber? Und ich sollte wirklich diese Blödsinnigen, dies grobe Rindvieh hereinlassen? In den hülflosen Umständen meiner gnädigen jungen Damen? — Unsinn! *(Pause — thinking.)* Wohlan! Ich werde sie mal beschützen! Sollte man nicht glauben, dass sie einen Sparren zu

viel hätten? *(Tapping her skull significantly.)* Was sie mir doch Alles gesagt haben! Der Eine: Guten Morgen! wie geht es Ihrem Herrn Schwiegervater? Du liebe Zeit! Wie sollte ich einen Schwiegervater haben können! Und der Andere: "Es thut mir sehr leid dass Ihrer Herr Vater meinen Bruder nicht gesehen hat, als er doch gestern in dem Laden des deutschen Kaufmannes war!" Potztausendhimmelsdonnerwetter! Oh, ich war ganz rasend! Wie ich aber rief: "Meine Herren, ich kenne Sie nicht, und Sie kennen meinen Vater nicht, wissen Sie, denn er ist schon lange durchgebrannt, und geht nicht beim Tage in einen Laden hinein, wissen Sie,—und ich habe keinen Schwiegervater, Gott sei Dank, werde auch nie einen kriegen, werde ueberhaupt, wissen Sie, ein solches Ding nie haben, nie dulden, nie ausstehen: warum greifen Sie ein Mädchen an, das nur Unschuld kennt, das Ihnen nie Etwas zu Leide gethan hat?" dann haben sie sich beide die Finger in die Ohren gesteckt und gebetet: "Allmächtiger Gott! Erbarme Dich unser!" *(Pauses.)* Nun, ich werde schon diesen Schurken Einlass gönnen, aber ich werde ein Auge mit ihnen haben, damit sie sich nicht wie reine Teufel geberden sollen.

(Exit, grumbling and shaking her head.)

Enter William and George.

W. My land, what a girl! and what an incredible gift of gabble!—kind of patent climate-proof compensation-balance self-acting automatic Meisterschaft—touch her button, and br-r-r! away she goes!

GEO. Never heard anything like it; tongue journaled on ball-bearings! I wonder what she said; seemed to be swearing, mainly.

W. *(After mumbling Meisterschaft awhile.)* Look here, George, this is awful—come to think—this project: *we* can't talk this frantic language.

GEO. I know it, Will, and it *is* awful; but I can't live without seeing Margaret—I 've endured it as long as I can. I should die if I tried to hold out longer—and even German is preferable to death.

W. *(Hesitatingly.)* Well, I don't know; it 's a matter of opinion.

GEO. *(Irritably.)* It is n't a matter of opinion either. German *is* preferable to death.

W. *(Reflectively.)* Well, I don't know—the problem is so sudden—but I think you may be right: some kinds of death. It is more than likely that a slow, lingering—well, now, there in Canada in the early times a couple of centuries ago, the Indians would take a missionary and skin him, and get some hot ashes and boiling water and one thing and another, and by and by, that missionary—well, yes, I can see that, by and by, talking German could be a pleasant change for him.

GEO. Why, of course. Das versteht sich; but *you* have to always think a thing out, or you 're not satisfied. But let 's not go to bothering about thinking out this present business; we 're here, we 're in for it; you are as moribund to see Annie as I am to see Margaret; you know the terms: we 've got to speak German. Now stop your mooning and get at your Meisterschaft; we 've got nothing else in the world.

W. Do you think that 'll see us through?

GEO. Why it 's *got* to. Suppose we wandered out of it and took a chance at the language on our own responsibility, where the nation would we be? Up a stump, that 's where. Our only safety is in sticking like wax to the text.

W. But what can we talk about?

GEO. Why, anything that Meisterschaft talks about. It ain't our affair.

W. I know; but Meisterschaft talks about everything.

GEO. And yet don't talk about anything long enough for it to get embarrassing. Meisterschaft is just splendid for general conversation.

W. Yes, that 's so; but it 's so *blamed* general! Won't it sound foolish?

GEO. Foolish? Why, of course; all German sounds foolish.

W. Well, that is true; I did n't think of that.

GEO. Now, don't fool around any more. Load up; load up; get ready. Fix up some sentences; you 'll need them in two minutes now.

(They walk up and down, moving their lips in dumb-show memorizing.)

W. Look here—when we 've said all that 's in the book on a topic, and want to change the subject, how can we say so?—how would a German say it?

GEO. Well, I don't know. But you know when they mean "Change cars," they say *Umsteigen.* Don't you reckon that will answer?

W. Tip-top! It 's short and goes right to the point; and it 's got a business whang to it that 's almost American. Umsteigen!—change subject!—why, it 's the very thing.

GR. All right, then, *you* umsteigen—for I hear them coming.

Enter the girls.

A. TO W. *(With solemnity.)* Guten morgen, mein Herr, es freut mich sehr, Sie zu sehen.

W. Guten morgen, mein Fräulein, es freut mich sehr Sie zu sehen.

(Margaret and George repeat the same sentences. Then, after an embarrassing silence, Margaret refers to her book and says:)

M. Bitte, meine Herren, setzen Sie sich.

THE GENTLEMEN. Danke schön. *(The four seat themselves in couples, the width of the stage apart, and the two conversations begin. The talk is not flowing — at any rate at first; there are painful silences all along. Each couple worry out a remark and a reply: there is a pause of silent thinking, and then the other couple deliver themselves.)*

W. Haben Sie meinen Vater in dem Laden meines Bruders nicht gesehen?

A. Nein, mein Herr, ich habe Ihren Herrn Vater in dem Laden Ihres Herrn Bruders nicht gesehen.

GEO. Waren Sie gestern Abend im Koncert, oder im Theater?

M. Nein, ich war gestern Abend nicht im Koncert, noch im Theater, ich war gestern Abend zu Hause.

General break-down — long pause.

W. Ich störe doch nicht etwa?

A. Sie stören mich durchaus nicht.

GEO. Bitte, lassen Sie sich nicht von mir stören.

M. Aber ich bitte Sie, Sie stören mich durchaus nicht.

W. *(To both girls.)* Wenn wir Sie stören so gehen wir gleich wieder.

A. O, nein! Gewiss, nein!

M. Im Gegentheil, es freut uns sehr, Sie zu sehen — alle Beide.

W. Schön!

GEO. Gott sei Dank!

M. *(Aside.)* It 's just lovely!

A. *(Aside.)* It 's like a poem.

Pause.

W. Umsteigen!

M. Um — welches?

W. Umsteigen.

GEO. Auf English, change cars — oder subject.

BOTH GIRLS. Wie schön!

W. Wir haben uns die Freiheit genommen, bei Ihnen vorzusprechen.

A. Sie sind sehr gütig.

GEO. Wir wollten uns erkundigen, wie Sie sich befänden.

M. Ich bin Ihnen sehr verbunden — meine Schwester auch.

W. Meine Frau lasst sich Ihnen bestens empfehlen.

A. Ihre *Frau?*

W. *(Examining his book.)* Vielleicht habe ich mich geirrt. *(Shows the place.)* Nein, gerade so sagt das Buch.

A. *(Satisfied.)* Ganz recht. Aber——

W. Bitte empfehlen Sie mich Ihrem Herrn Bruder.

A. Ah, dass ist viel besser — viel besser. *(Aside.)* Wenigstens es wäre viel besser wenn ich einen Bruder hätte.

GEO. Wie ist es Ihnen gegangen, seitdem ich das Vergnügen hatte, Sie anderswo zu sehen?

M. Danke bestens, ich befinde mich gewöhnlich ziemlich wohl.

Gretchen slips in with a gun, and listens.

GEO. *(Still to Margaret.)* Befindet sich Ihre Frau Gemahlin wohl?

GR. *(Raising hands and eyes.)* *Frau Gemahlin* — heiliger Gott! *(Is like to betray herself with her smothered laughter, and glides out.)*

M. Danke sehr, meine Frau ist ganz wohl.

Pause.

W. Dürfen wir vielleicht — umsteigen?

THE OTHERS. Gut!

GEO. *(Aside.)* I feel better, now. I 'm beginning to catch on. *(Aloud.)* Ich möchte gern morgen früh einige Einkäufe machen und würde Ihnen sehr verbunden sein, wenn Sie mir den Gefallen thäten, mir die Namen der besten hiesigen Firmen aufzuschreiben.

M. *(Aside.)* How sweet!

W. *(Aside.)* Hang it, *I* was going to say that! That 's one of the noblest things in the book.

A. Ich möchte Ihnen gern begleiten, aber es ist mir wirklich heute Morgen ganz unmöglich auszugehen. *(Aside.)* It 's getting as easy as 9 times 7 is 46.

M. Sagen Sie dem Brieftäger, wenn's gefällig ist, er möchte Ihnen den eingeschriebenen Brief geben lassen.

W. Ich würde Ihnen sehr verbunden sein, wenn Sie diese Schachtel für mich nach der Post tragen würden, da mir sehr daran liegt einen meiner Geschäftsfreunde in dem Laden des deutchen Kaufmanns heute Abend treffen zu können. *(Aside.)* All down but nine; set 'm up on the other alley!

A. Aber Herr Jackson! Sie haben die Sätze gemischt. Es ist unbegreiflich wie Sie das haben thun können. Zwischen Ihrem ersten Theil und Ihrem letzten Theil haben Sie ganze fünfzig Seiten übergeschlagen! Jetz bin ich ganz verloren. Wie kann man reden, wenn man seinen Platz durchaus nicht wieder finden kann?

W. Oh, bitte, verzeihen Sie; ich habe dass wirklich nicht beabsichtigt.

A. *(Mollified.)* Sehr wohl, lassen Sie gut sein. Aber thun Sie es nicht wieder. Sie müssen ja doch einräumen, dass solche Dinge unerträgliche Verwirrung mit sich führen.

(Gretchen slips in again with her gun.)

W. Unzweifelhaft haben Sie Recht, meine holdselige Landsmännin. . . . . Umsteigen!

(As George gets fairly into the following, Gretchen draws a bead on him, and lets drive at the close, but the gun snaps.)

GEO. Glauben Sie dass ich ein hübsches Wohnzimmer für mich selbst und ein kleines Schlafzimmer für meinen Sohn in diesem Hotel für fünfzehn Mark die Woche bekommen kann, oder würden Sie mir rathen, in einer Privatwohnung Logis zu nehmen? *(Aside.)* That 's a daisy!

GR. *(Aside.)* Schade! *(She draws her charge and reloads.)*

M. Glauben Sie nicht Sie werden besser thun bei diesem Wetter zu Hause zu bleiben?

A. Freilich glaube ich, Herr Franklin, Sie werden sich erkälten, wenn Sie bei diesem unbeständigen Wetter ohne Ueberrock ausgehen.

GR. *(Relieved — aside.)* So? Man redet von Ausgehen. Das klingt schon besser. *(Sits.)*

W. *(To A.)* Wie theuer haben Sie das gekauft? *(Indicating a part of her dress.)*

A. Das hat achtzehn Mark gekostet.

W. Das ist sehr theuer.

GEO. Ja, obgleich dieser Stoff wunderschön ist und das Muster sehr geschmackvoll und auch das Vorzüglichste dass es in dieser Art gibt, so ist es doch furchtbar theuer für einen solchen Artikel.

M. *(Aside.)* How sweet is this communion of soul with soul!

A. Im Gegentheil, mein Herr, das ist sehr billig. Sehen Sie sich nur die Qualität an. *(They all examine it.)*

GEO. Möglicherweise ist es das allerneuste dass man in diesem Stoff hat; aber das Muster gefällt mir nicht.

(Pause.)

W. Umsteigen!

A. Welchen Hund haben Sie? Haben Sie den hübschen Hund des Kaufmanns, oder den hässlichen Hund der Urgrossmutter des Lehrlings des bogenbeinigen Zimmermanns?

W. *(Aside.)* Oh, come, she 's ringing in a cold deck on us: that 's Ollendorff.

GEO. Ich habe nicht den Hund des — des — *(Aside.)* Stuck! That 's no Meisterschaft; they don't play fair. *(Aloud.)* Ich habe nicht den Hund des — des — In unserem Buche leider, gibt es keinen Hund; daher, ob ich auch gern von solchen Thieren sprechen möchte, ist es mir doch unmöglich, weil ich nicht vorbereitet bin. Entschuldigen Sie, meine Damen.

GR. *(Aside.)* Beim Teufel, sie sind *alle* blödsinnig geworden. In meinem Leben habe ich nie ein so närrisches, verfluchtes, verdammtes Gespräch gehört!.

W. Bitte, umsteigen.

(Run the following rapidly through.)

M. *(Aside.)* Oh, I 've flushed an easy batch! *(Aloud.)* Würden Sie mir erlauben meine Reisetasche hier hinzustellen?

GR. *(Aside.)* Wo ist seine Reisetasche? Ich sehe keine.

W. Bitte sehr.

GEO. Ist meine Reisetasche Ihnen im Wege?

GR. *(Aside.)* Und wo ist *seine* Reisetasche?

A. Erlauben Sie mir Sie von meiner Reisetasche zu befreien.

GR. *(Aside.)* Du Esel!

W. Ganz und gar nicht. *(To Geo.)* Es ist sehr schwül in diesem Coupé.

GR. *(Aside.)* Coupè.

GEO. Sie haben Recht. Erlauben Sie mir, gefälligst, das Fenster zu öffnen. Ein wenig Luft würde uns gut thun.

M. Wir fahren sehr rasch.

A. Haben Sie den Namen jener Station gehört?

W. Wie lange halten wir auf dieser Station an?

GEO. Ich reise nach Dresden, Schaffner. Wo muss ich umsteigen?

A. Sie steigen nicht um, Sie bleiben sitzen.

GR. *(Aside.)* Sie sind ja alle ganz und gar verrückt! Man denke sich sie glauben dass sie auf der Eisenbahn reisen.

GEO. *(Aside, to William.)* Now brace up; pull all your confidence together, my boy, and we 'll try that lovely good-bye business a flutter. I think it 's about the gaudiest thing in the book, if you boom it right along and don't get left on a base. It 'll impress the girls. *(Aloud.)* Lassen Sie uns gehen: es ist schon sehr spät, und ich muss morgen ganz früh aufstehen.

GR. *(Aside — grateful.)* Gott sei Dank dass sie endlich gehen. *(Sets her gun aside.)*

W. *(To Geo.)* Ich danke Ihnen höflichst für die Ehre die sie mir erweisen, aber ich kann nicht länger bleiben.

GEO. *(To W.)* Entschuldigen Sie mich gütigst, aber ich kann wirklich nicht länger bleiben.

Gretchen looks on stupefied.

W. (To Geo.) Ich habe schon eine Einladung angenommen; ich kann wirklich nicht länger bleiben.

Gretchen fingers her gun again.

GEO. *(To W.)* Ich muss gehen.

W. *(To Geo.)* Wie! Sie wollen schon wieder gehen? Sie sind ja eben erst gekommen.

M. *(Aside.)* It 's just music!

A. *(Aside.)* Oh, how lovely they do it!

GEO. *(To W.)* Also denken sie doch noch nicht an's Gehen.

W. *(To Geo.)* Es thut mir unendlich leid,

aber ich muss nach Hause. Meine Frau wird sich wundern, was aus mir geworden ist.

GEO. *(To W.)* Meine Frau hat keine Ahnung wo ich bin: ich muss wirklich jetzt fort.

W. *(To Geo).* Dann will ich Sie nicht länger aufhalten; ich bedaure sehr dass Sie uns einen so kurzen Besuch gemacht haben.

GEO. *(To W.)* Adieu — auf recht baldiges Wiedersehen.

W. UMSTEIGEN!

Great hand-clapping from the girls.

M. *(Aside.)* Oh, how perfect! how elegant!

A. *(Aside.)* Per-fectly enchanting!

JOYOUS CHORUS. *(All.)* Ich habe gehabt, du hast gehabt, er hat gehabt, wir haben gehabt, ihr habet gehabt, sie haben gehabt.

Gretchen faints, and tumbles from her chair, and the gun goes off with a crash. Each girl, frightened, seizes the protecting hand of her sweetheart. Gretchen scrambles up. Tableau.

W. *(Takes out some money — beckons Gretchen to him. George adds money to the pile.)* Hübsches Mädchen *(giving her some of the coins)*, hast Du etwas gesehen?

GR. *(Courtesy — aside.)* Der Engel! *(Aloud — impressively.)* Ich habe nichts gesehen.

W. *(More money.)* Hast Du etwas gehört?

GR. Ich habe nichts gehört.

W. *(More money.)* Und Morgen?

GR. Morgen—wäre es nöthig—bin ich taub und blind.

W. Unvergleichbares Mädchen! Und *(giving the rest of the money)* darnach?

GR. *(Deep courtesy — aside.)* Erzengel! *(Aloud.)* Darnach, mein gnädgister, betrachten Sie mich also *taub — blind — todt!*

ALL. *(In chorus — with reverent joy.)* Ich habe gehabt, du hast gehabt, er hat gehabt, wir haben gehabt, ihr habet gehabt, sie haben gehabt!

ACT III.

Three weeks later.

SCENE I.

Enter Gretchen, and puts her shawl on a chair. Brushing around with the traditional feather-duster of the drama. Smartly dressed, for she is prosperous.

GR. Wie hätte man sich das vorstellen können! In nur drei Wochen bin ich schon reich geworden! *(Gets out of her pocket handful after handful of silver, which she piles on the table, and proceeds to re-pile and count, occasionally ringing or biting a piece to try its quality.)* Oh, dass *(with a sigh)* die Frau Wirthin nur *ewig* krank bliebe! . . . . Diese edlen jungen Männer — sie sind ja so liebenswürdig! Und so fleissig! — und so treu! Jeden Morgen kommen sie gerade um drei Viertel auf neun; und plaudern und schwatzen, und plappern, und schnattern, die jungen Damen auch; um Schlage zwölf nehmen sie Abschied; um Schlage eins kommen sie schon wieder, und plaudern und schwatzen und plappern und schnattern; gerade um sechs Uhr nehmen sie wiederum Abschied; um halb acht kehren sie noch'emal zurück, und plaudern und schwatzen und plappern und schnattern bis zehn Uhr, oder veilleicht ein Viertel nach, falls ihre Uhren nach gehen (und stets gehen sie nach am Ende des Besuchs, aber stets vor Beginn desselben), und zuweilen unterhalten sich die jungen Leute beim Spazierengehen; und jeden Sonntag gehen sie dreimal in die Kirche; und immer plaudern sie, und schwatzen und plappern und schnattern bis ihnen die Zähnen aus dem Munde fallen. Und *ich?* Durch Mangel an Uebung, ist mir die Zunge mit Moos belegt worden! Freilich ist's mir eine dumme Zeit gewesen. Aber — um Gotteswillen, was geht das mir an? Was soll ich daraus machen? Täglich sagt die Frau Wirthin "Gretchen" *(dumb-show of paying a piece of money into her hand)*, "du bist eine der besten Sprach-Lehrerinnen der Welt!" Ach, Gott! Und täglich sagen die edlen jungen Männer, "Gretchen, liebes Kind" *(money-paying again in dumb-show — three coins)*, "bleib' taub—blind—todt!" und so bleibe ich. . . . . Jetzt wird es ungefähr neun Uhr sein; bald kommen sie vom Spaziergehen zurück. Also, es wäre gut dass ich meinem eigenen Schatz einen Besuch abstatte und spazieren gehe. *(Dons her shawl.)*

Exit. L.

Enter Wirthin. R.

WIRTHIN. That was Mr. Stephenson's train that just came in. Evidently the girls are out walking with Gretchen;—can't find *them*, and *she* does n't seem to be around. *(A ring at the door.)* That 's him. I 'll go see.

Exit. R.

Enter Stephenson and Wirthin. R.

S. Well, how does sickness seem to agree with you?

WIRTHIN. So well that I 've never been out of my room since, till I heard your train come in.

S. Thou miracle of fidelity! Now I argue from that, that the new plan is working.

WIRTHIN. Working? Mr. Stephenson, you never saw anything like it in the whole course of your life! It 's absolutely wonderful the way it works.

S. Succeeds? No — you don't mean it.

WIRTHIN. Indeed I do mean it. I tell you, Mr. Stephenson, that plan was just an inspiration — that 's what it was. You could teach a cat German by it.

S. Dear me, this is noble news! Tell me about it.

WIRTHIN. Well, it 's all Gretchen — ev-ery bit of it. I told you she was a jewel. And then the sagacity of that child — why, I never dreamed it was in her. Sh-she, "Never you ask the young ladies a question — never let on — just keep mum — leave the whole thing to me," sh-she.

S. Good! And she justified, did she?

WIRTHIN. Well, sir, the amount of German gabble that that child crammed into those two girls inside the next forty-eight hours — well, *I* was satisfied! So I 've never asked a question — never *wanted* to ask any. I 've just lain curled up there, happy. The little dears! they 've flitted in to see me a moment, every morning and noon and supper-time; and as sure as I 'm sitting here, inside of six days they were clattering German to me like a house afire!

S. Sp-lendid, splendid!

WIRTHIN. Of course it ain't grammatical — the inventor of the language can't talk grammatical; if the Dative didn't fetch him the Accusative would; but it 's German all the same, and don't you forget it!

S. Go on — go on — this is delicious news —

WIRTHIN. Gretchen, she says to me at the start, "Never you mind about company for 'em," sh-she —"I 'm company enough." And I says, "All right — fix it your own way, child"; and that she *was* right is shown by the fact that to this day they don't care a straw for any company but hers.

S. Dear me; why, it 's admirable!

WIRTHIN. Well, I should think so! They just dote on that hussy — can't seem to get enough of her. Gretchen tells me so herself. And the care she takes of them! She tells me that every time there 's a moonlight night she coaxes them out for a walk; and if a body can believe her, she actually bullies them off to church three times every Sunday!

S. Why the little dev — missionary! Really, she 's a genius!

WIRTHIN. She 's a bud, *I* tell you! Dear me, how she 's brought those girls' health up! Cheeks? — just roses. Gait? — they walk on watch-springs! And happy? — by the bliss in their eyes, you 'd think they 're in Paradise! Ah, that Gretchen! Just you imagine *our* trying to achieve these marvels!

S. You 're right — every time. Those girls — why, all they 'd have wanted to know was what we wanted done — and then they would n't have *done* it — the mischievous young rascals!

WIRTHIN. Don't tell *me?* Bless you, I found that out early — when *I* was bossing.

S. Well, I 'm im-mensely pleased. *Now* fetch them down. I 'm not afraid now. They won't want to go home.

WIRTHIN. Home! I don't believe you could drag them away from Gretchen with nine span of horses. But if you want to see them, put on your hat and come along; they 're out somewhere trapsing around with Gretchen. *(Going.)*

S. I 'm with you — lead on.

WIRTHIN. We 'll go out the side door. It 's toward the Anlage.

Exit both. L.

Enter George and Margaret. R.

Her head lies upon his shoulder, his arm is about her waist; they are steeped in sentiment.

M. *(Turning a fond face up at him.)* Du Engel!

G. Liebste! *(Kiss.)*

M. Oh, das Liedchen dass Du mir gewidmet hast — es ist so schön, so wunderschön. Wie hätte ich je geahnt dass Du ein Poët wärest!

G. Mein Schätzchen! — es ist mir lieb wenn Dir die Kleinigkeit gefällt.

M. Ah, es ist mit der zärtlichsten Musik gefüllt — klingt ja so süss und selig — wie das Flüstern des Sommerwindes die Abenddämmerung hindurch. Wieder, — Theuerste! — sag' es wieder.

G. Du bist wie eine Blume! —
So schön und hold und rein —
Ich schau Dich an, und Wehmuth
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt Dir legen sollt,
Betend dass Gott Dich erhalte,
So rein und schön und hold.

M. A-ch! *(Dumb-show sentimentalisms.)* Georgie —

G. Kindchen!

M. Warum kommen sie nicht?

G. Dass weiss ich gar nicht. Sie waren —

M. Es wird spät. Wir müssen sie antreiben. Komm!

G. Ich glaube sie werden recht bald ankommen, aber —

Exit both. L.

Enter Gretchen, R., in a state of mind. Slumps into a chair limp with despair.

GR. Ach! was wird jetzt aus mir werden! Zufällig habe ich in der Ferne den verdammten Papa gesehen! — und die Frau Wirthin auch! Oh, diese Erscheinung, — die hat mir beinahe das Leben genommen. Sie suchen die jungen Damen — dass weiss ich wenn sie diese und die jungen Herren zusammen fänden — du heiliger Gott! Wenn das geschieht, wären wir Alle ganz und gar verloren! Ich muss sie gleich finden, und ihr eine Warnung geben!

Exit. L.

Enter Annie and Will. R.

Posed like the former couple, and sentimental.

A. Ich liebe sich schon so sehr — Deiner edlen Natur wegen. Dass du dazu auch ein

Dichter bist! — ach, mein Leben ist uebermässig reich geworden! Wer hätte sich doch einbilden können dass ich einen Mann zu einem so wunderschönen Gedicht hätte begeistern können!

W. Liebste! Es ist nur eine Kleinigkeit.

A. Nein, nein, es ist ein echtes Wunder! Sage es noch einmal — ich flehe Dich an.

W. Du bist wie eine Blume! —
So schön und hold und rein —
Ich schau Dich an, und Wehmuth
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt Dir legen sollt,
Betend dass Gott Dich erhalte,
So rein und schön und hold.

A. Ach, es ist himmlisch — einfach himmlisch! *(Kiss.)* Schreibt auch George Gedichte?

W. Oh, ja — zuweilen.

A. Wie schön!

W. *(Aside.)* Smouches 'em, same as I do. It was a noble good idea to play that little thing on her. George would n't ever think of that — somehow he never had any invention.

A. *(Arranging chairs.)* Jetzt will ich bei Dir sitzen bleiben, und Du —

W. *(They sit.)* Ja,— und ich —

A. Du wirst mir die alte Geschichte die immer neu bleibt, noch wieder erzählen.

W. Zum Beispiel, dass ich Dich liebe!

A. Wieder!

W. Ich — sie kommen!

Enter George and Margaret.

A. Das macht nichts. Fortan!

(George unties M.'s bonnet. She re-ties his cravat — interspersings of love-pats, etc., and dumb-show of love-quarrelings.)

W. Ich liebe Dich.

A. Ach! Noch einmal!

W. Ich habe Dich von Herzen lieb.

A. Ach! Abermals!

W. Bist Du denn noch nicht satt?

A. Nein! *(The other couple sit down, and Margaret begins a re-tying of the cravat. Enter the Wirthin and Stephenson, he imposing silence with a sign.)* Mich hungert sehr, ich *ver*hungre!

W. Oh, Du armes Kind! *(Lays her head on his shoulder. Dumb-show between Stephenson and Wirthin.)* Und hungert es nicht mich? Du hast mir nicht einmal gesagt —

A. Dass ich Dich liebe? Mein Eigener! *(Frau Wirthin threatens to faint — is supported by Stephenson.)* Höre mich nur an: Ich liebe Dich, ich liebe Dich —

Enter Gretchen.

Gr. *(Tears her hair.)* Oh, dass ich in der Hölle wäre!

M. Ich liebe Dich, ich liebe Dich! Ah, ich bin so glücklich dass ich nicht schlafen kann, nicht lesen kann, nicht reden kann, nicht —

A. Und ich! Ich bin auch so glücklich dass ich nicht speisen kann, nicht studieren, arbeiten, denken, schreiben —

Stephenson. *(To Wirthin — aside.)* Oh, there is n't any mistake about it — Gretchen 's just a rattling teacher!

Wirthin. *(To Stephenson — aside.)* I 'll skin her alive when I get my hands on her!

M. Komm, alle Verliebte! *(They jump up, join hands, and sing in chorus)* —

Du, Du, wie ich Dich liebe,
Du, Du, liebst auch mich!
Die, die zärtlichsten Triebe —

S. *(Stepping forward.)* Well!

The girls throw themselves upon his neck with enthusiasm.

The Girls. Why, father!

S. My darlings!

The young men hesitate a moment, then they add their embrace, flinging themselves on Stephenson's neck, along with the girls.

The Young Men. Why, father!

S. *(Struggling.)* Oh come, this is too thin! — too quick, I mean. Let go, you rascals!

Geo. We 'll never let go till you put us on the family list.

M. Right! hold to him!

A. Cling to him, Will!

Gretchen rushes in and joins the general embrace, but is snatched away by the Wirthin, crushed up against the wall and threatened with destruction.

S. *(Suffocating.)* All right, all right — have it your own way, you quartette of swindlers!

W. He 's a darling! Three cheers for papa!

Everybody. *(Except Stephenson, who bows with hand on heart.)* Hip — hip — hip; hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Gr. Der Tiger — ah-h-h!

Wirthin. Sei ruhig, you hussy!

S. Well, I 've lost a couple of precious daughters, but I 've gained a couple of precious scamps to fill up the gap with; so it 's all right. I 'm satisfied, and everybody 's forgiven — *(With mock threats at Gretchen.)*

W. Oh, wir werden für Dich sorgen — du herrliches Gretchen!

Gr. Danke schön!

M. *(To Wirthin.)* Und für Sie auch; denn wenn Sie nicht so freundlich gewesen wären, krank zu werden, wie wären wir je so glücklich geworden wie jetzt?

Wirthin. Well, dear, I *was* kind, but I did n't mean it. But I ain't sorry — not one bit — that I ain't.

Tableau.

S. Come now, the situation is full of hope,

and grace, and tender sentiment. If I had in the least the poetic gift, I know I could improvise under such an inspiration *(each girl nudges her sweetheart)* something worthy to — to — is there no poet among us?

Each youth turns solemnly his back upon the other and raises his hands in benediction over his sweetheart's bowed head.

Both youths at once.

Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt Dir legen sollt —

They turn and look reproachfully at each other — the girls contemplate them with injured surprise.

S. *(Reflectively.)* I think I 've heard that before somewhere.

WIRTHIN. *(Aside.)* Why the very cats in Germany know it!

Curtain.

Mark Twain.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

ACROSS the mead, with giant stride,
My shadow lengthens as I go;
The cheery winds of even-tide,
The winds of Eld, begin to blow.

They blow the crimson from the pane;
In ruder gusts, with stronger will,
The sunset from the golden vane
At last they blow, and then are still.

And lo! in twilight's tender mist,
Becalmed above the western bar,
The star that times the lover's tryst! —
The star of eve — the lustrous star!

O pleasant homes and haunts of men,
By which my random journey lies! —
The brooklet babbling down the glen!
The hamlet on the leafy rise!

As one who leans apart from strife,
Towards the peace he longs to know,
I pause to hear the wheels of life
In lane and by-way grinding low.

The shepherd sends his restful call;
Again the windows glimmer red,
From where in cot, or manse, or hall,
The hearth is heaped, the board is spread.

Across the grateful sense is borne
The musky odors of the vine —
The balm of meadows newly shorn,
And clover-laden breath of kine.

I see the tower, cut in jet,
And bordered by the jetty wold,
Upon its ancient hill-top set,
The guardian of farm and fold:

And doors are swung with sudden gleam,
Where laughing children hold carouse;
The shrill cicada by the stream
Is wakeful in the orchard boughs:

While sweetly, coyly, as the bird
That mocks her from the distant vale,
Sings the fair mistress of the herd,
Unseen, above her foaming pail.

She sings: across the world afar,
Now grave, now gay, her carol rings;
Her eyes are fixed upon the star
That trembles o'er her while she sings.

O singer, all unknown to fame,
Too soon thy voice is hush'd again!
O happy hamlet, without name
In all the tales of travel'd men!

Though homeless be the lands we leave,
Yet, whether east or west we roam,
Wherever shines the star of eve,
Beneath it burn the lights of home.

William Young.

"DE VALLEY AN' DE SHADDER."

By the Author of "The Two Runaways," "Sister Todhunter's Heart," "Elder Brown's Backslide," etc.

A LOG hut with a stack chimney, at the foot of a long, low hill where the path that winds around it disappears under a great spreading black-gum; another log hut with a stack chimney, over by a belt of pine woods; and another of like build beyond, where a group of water-oaks marks a bend in the swamp; and others still, right and left in the distance, until the number runs up into the dozens,—this is Black Ankle. But not all of it. Yonder are a shed and a corn-crib, and a leaning stack of fodder, and a blue-stem collard patch, and snake fences, and vehicles that have stood in the weather until sunstruck; a forlorn mule; a cow that all her life has evidently practiced the precept, "It is better to give than to receive"; a stray hen with her little family under a gorgeous sunflower,—this is Black Ankle.

But hold! There are little negroes in single garments that reach to their knees only, and the ten-year-old girl bearing in her arms the infant. There are the clothes fluttering on the knotted lines propped up by fork saplings. There are black women, with tucked-up dresses, scrubbing over the wash-tub, and in the air the marvelously mellow plantation hymn, and on the ground the shadow of the circling hawk, and the grasshopper balancing himself in mid air, and the dipping mocking-bird on the hawbush. Ah, now indeed is this Black Ankle!

The sun had gone down, and the shadows were creeping out of the swamp, veiling Black Ankle. All the poverty sign-boards were buried in the gloom, and where the cabins stood fiery eyes twinkled through the night. But under the great black-gum, where the spring gushed, a pine-knot fire blazed merrily, piling up the shadows and painting in wavering light the cabin front. The little porch, over which ran the morning-glory and the cypress-vine, stood forth as though projected by the brush of a mighty artist. From every direction, by every path, there came dusky figures, the simple children of the soil, filling the air with songs and laughter, and passed into the light. In a chair upon a table, his back against the black-gum, sat a little wrinkled fiddler with his battered instrument under his chin, the bow twisting and sawing. And by his side, drumming on the strings with a straw, stood a boy, who ever and anon turned his head to laugh at some gay sally from the company gathered upon the smooth and well-trodden ground. A favorite dancer exhibited his skill until breathless, and was turning away amidst the plaudits of the crowd when a young woman forced her way in, crying:

"Git erway, niggers; lemme come!" The crowd shouted, "Lou, Lou!" "Lou 'ill knock de shine off er 'im." "You got ter shuffl' now, Beeswing."

The teeth of the young man who beat with the straw shone whiter and broader as a short, active girl broke into the circle. Beeswing grinned.

"Come back, nigger," she cried. The crowd laughed again, and as the girl's feet began to keep time with the music, a dozen hands patted upon as many thighs, and a voice, to which the chorus replied, added words to the strains of the fiddle, the dancer adapting her steps to the hints given:

"Shuffl', littl' Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Same as you;
Pretty littl' Lou;
My gal too;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Forwood too;
"Pretty littl' Lou;
Come 'long, Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Back step, Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Look at Lou!"

The dancer held her dress back and "walked around," turning her toes in, and the crowd laughed. But the song continued:

"Pretty littl' Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Cross step, Lou;
"Pretty littl' Lou;
Balunce too;
Pretty littl' Lou."

The girl whirled around amidst a cloud of cotton, revealing her ankles, and the leader started the laugh by chiming in, followed by the refrain, again:

"Oom oom oo;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Short dog Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Pidgin wing Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
"See yer froo;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Turkey trot Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Shuffl', littl' Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;"

Beeswing broke out of the circle, and the dance ended amidst the shouts of the company.

The tune changed. Old Morris, the fiddler, began a quaint march, and two by two the dancers promenaded around, the clear voices of the women leading the song:

"Turn 'er high, turn lady, Turn lor'.
Turn dat lady Cymlin;
"Turn 'er high, turn lady, Turn lor'.
Turn dat lady 'roun'."

The men turned their partners with one hand held overhead, and "the lady" spun until her dress swelled out like a balloon. Then she bowed and the men patted quick time, all singing, while their partners sprang to the center and danced:

"Knock candy, Candy gal;
Knock candy, Candy gal;
No harm to knock candy;
Littl' in de wais' an' pretty in de face;
No harm to knock candy;
Two ways to knock Candy gal;
No harm to knock candy."

Again came the quaint song, "Turn 'er high, turn lady"; again the slow march, and again the whirl. This time the men sprang to the center, and old Morris, sweeping his head to his knee, struck up a breakdown, to which the women sang:

"You sif' de meal, you gimme de husk;
You bake de bread, you gimme de crus';
You bile de pot, you gimme de grease;
Ole Kate, git over;
Git over, old Kate;
Git over!"

Several verses followed, first the women dancing, then the men, ever returning to the promenade song.

Dance followed dance, jig, shuffle, song, and refrain, and the hours glided by. A tiny silver crescent was the moon, but it had long since sunk behind the hill. Old Morris nodded, but his bow kept moving. "Wake up, old man," shouted a voice as the rout went round. "Hush yo' mouf, nigger," he answered back. "Dis fiddle knows me, an' hit 'u'd keep er-singin' ef I uz to go plum ter sleep"; and the livelier wave in "Sallie Gooden," which the interruption had stimulated, faded away into monotony again.

So went the night. But a gaunt specter stood unseen on the black bank piled up beyond the gum-tree. Into these old plantation dances, harmless once and picturesque, had come, with the new freedom, a new element. On the porch in the shadow, where he had rolled over unnoticed, stupid with drink, lay Ben Thomas, the host. A heavy, brawny negro, he seemed some forty years old when the stirred logs flashed a light upon him. At the far end of the little porch his young mulatto wife was tossing small coins amidst groups of men, who applauded when she won and were silent when she lost. Suddenly the game ended, the woman empty-handed.

What stirred the sleeper? Who can tell? But stir he did, then waked, and gazed about him. The last throw of the coin attracted his attention. He felt in his pocket; then letting his feet to the ground, he staggered forward and supported his wavering form against a post.

"Mandy," he said gently, and he seemed to sober as he spoke, "did you tek my money?"

"Yes," she laughed, "I did." Her tones were careless and defiant.

"Whar hit, Mandy?"

"Whar you reck'n?"

"Whar hit, Mandy?" The man's voice was still calm. Silence had fallen on the group.

"Los'."

"Oh, w'at yer mekin' er fuss erbout er littl' money fur? Ain' er man's wife got er right ter hit ef hit 's his 'n?" The speaker was a low-browed, vicious-looking negro, Mandy's late opponent. Ben did not notice him, but returned to his query:

"Who got dat money, Mandy?"

The gambler contemptuously threw three silver quarters into her lap, for she was still sitting.

"Heah, Mandy, I len' you nuff ter pay 'im. Dern er man w'at 'll 'buse es wife 'fo' folks, an' en 'er own house." The gambler looked around for indorsement, but got none. All eyes were upon the husband. He stooped forward and took the coins, placing them in his pocket.

"No man kin len' money ter my wife," he said gently, for the first time addressing the gambler; "an' hit ain' len'in' w'en money w'at 's stole comes back."

"Who stole hit? Who stole hit?" A savage look gleamed in the gambler's eye.

"Fuss she stole hit," said the husband, "an' den you stole hit; fur ter cheat er ooman es des same es stealin'."

Quick as the spring of a panther was the movement of the gambler as he threw himself upon the now sober man who had accused him. There was a brief struggle; the gambler clasped one hand over his breast and staggered. A knife dropped from his hand as he suddenly extended his arm, and with a deep sigh he sank lifeless in his tracks.

The crowd opened, letting the red firelight flood the scene. Ben stood with folded arms, gazing upon the corpse, but like a shadow falling, the woman glided from the low porch by the prostrate figure and snatched the bloody knife from the ground. For an instant she crouched, her yellow face upturned to her husband, a strange light in her eyes, and her

long black hair tumbling down upon her shoulders. She seemed about to spring at his throat. But only for an instant. The knife vanished in the folds of her dress, and she pointed straight into the black depths of the swamp.

"Run, run!" she whispered. Ben gazed about him defiantly, then turned and strode away into the shadow. None pursued. His arms dropped as he disappeared, but no eye was strong enough to follow and see the faint flash of light that trembled for an instant upon the steel in his hands, like the glimmer of a glow-worm through the texture of a dead leaf that sheltered him.

The woman still crouched by the corpse, but she saw it not. Her eyes were fixed upon the shadow that had closed over her husband. Horror and fear seemed to have frozen her. The wondering group discussed the tragedy, and constructed a rude litter for the dead. But as they bore the body off, a man approached her and asked to see the knife. She turned her yellow face to his for an instant, then bounded by him and was swallowed up in the swamp. Forward she went through brake and bramble. A great gnarled oak reached out to stop her, but in vain; and from the grasp of the bushes that clutched her she rushed madly. Suddenly the silent stretch of a great lagoon was before her. She lifted her arm and frantically hurled the knife far out into the night. No sound came back, though she held her breath until her eyes started from their sockets. But yes, at last — a far, faint splash, as when a cooter glides from his log and seeks his couch in the slime below.

"Ben!" she whispered, "Ben!" There was no answer. "Ben!" This time it was a scream. A thousand echoes darted here and there in the sounding swamp, and as they died away a strange, sad sigh was wafted out of the depths. Turning, she fled back to life, pursued by a host of terrors. How she reached it she knew not, but presently she fell prostrate upon the floor of the cabin. Crouching there in the shadow was the aged form of her husband's mother, crooning to his babe. Neither spake, and lying on her face the young woman spent the remaining hours of the night. But ever and anon she heard the splash of the knife in the waters, the echoes calling "Ben," and that strange, sad sigh of the spirit as it left the dead man's body.

II.

WEEKS passed. The little brown baby fell to the care of its grandmammy. A spell was upon Mandy. With her long hair down upon her shoulders, elbows upon her knees, and face in her hands, she sat by the hour under the great black-gum, gazing down into the shadowy depths of the swamp. With an intuition and refinement of kindness not uncommon to the race, the elder woman kept silent upon the events of that dreadful night. Not once did she refer to the tragedy, not once to the wild life of the young wife of which it was the culmination,— wild, for it had been the same old story of mismated ages and foolish playing with fire. Quietly she had gone on doing the cooking and the washing, and the little brown baby, as she toiled, played with its rag doll and preached to the sleepy cat. When the baby cried for food she placed it in its mother's arms, where, as it lay, Mandy studied the round face vaguely. But no tear fell upon the child, and the old mammy wondered as she watched the two.

"Mandy ain' come 'roun' yit," she said to a neighbor once. "De Lord es 'flictin' her mighty hebby; but she 'll come bimeby, she 'll come bimeby." Yet the time seemed long.

One day, as thus they sat, the Rev. Kesiah Toomer, or "Unc' 'Siah," as he was called, leaned over the split-oak picket. His aged face, full of wrinkles, and its white eyebrows, beamed down kindly upon them.

"Mornin', Aunt Charlotte," he said, touching the battered old straw hat that kept the sun from his bald head and its kinky fringe of snowy hair; "how you do des mornin'?" His was a soft, flexible voice, full of conciliatory curves.

"I 'm tolerable," replied the woman simply.

"How Mandy?"

"She 's tolerable." The young woman was dreaming into the depths, and heard nothing.

"How littl' Ben?"

"He 's tolerable."

"How Sis Harriet?"

"She 's tolerable."

"Yes 'm." Unc' 'Siah's face mellowed a little more, and he shifted his weight to the other foot.

"How you, Unc' 'Siah?"

"I 'm tolerable, bless God!"

"How Phyllis?"

"She 's tolerable."

"The chillun all got well?"

"Yes 'm, dey all tolerable."

"Won't yer come en an' res'?"

Unc' 'Siah replied by limping slowly into the yard. He had a leg that was stiff with rheumatism and gave him a painful-looking gait. He seated himself in the splint-bottom chair proffered him. For some time he was silent. Every now and then his eye rested upon the sleeping child and the brooding mother. Charlotte knew that he had something to say.

"You seen Ben?" she asked quietly. The old man stirred in his seat.

"Yes 'm," he said; "seen him yestiddy."

There was a slight change in the face of Mandy; no movement, but the eyes seemed to lose their far-away look and fix themselves on something nearer.

"W'at 'e say?"

"Well," replied the old man, thrusting out his stiffened limb, "he ain' say much. Hit 's mighty nigh unto fo' weeks sence he uz put en jail, an' dey es gointer have es trial next Chuesday." Then presently: "You bin deir, Mandy?" Mandy turned her hunted eyes upon him.

"Yes," she whispered, after awhile; "an' he druv me 'way." Silence fell upon the little group. The old woman was studying the face of the man, turned towards the ground. The other had sunk again into hopelessness above the baby. Presently Unc' 'Siah spoke:

"He do say dat dem lyyers 'low dat deir 's mighty littl' chance fur 'im 'less 'n dat knife er Bill's 'd been picked up by somebody w'at uz leanin' ter our side er de case, 'cause Bill's name uz on hit ef hit uz Bill's, an' 'u'd show fur hitse'f. Plenny uv 'em seed Mandy snatch hit fum de groun', an' sum ses es how et uz Ben's an' she uz erfraid ter show hit, an' sum ses es how hit uz Bill's an' she uz er-hidin' hit 'cause she liked Bill more 'n Ben; an' so hit goes. Now, ses I, deir ain' nuth'n' en dat, an' Mandy 'll sw'ar in de court-house she flung hit en de swamp fur Ben's 'thout lookin' at hit,— des like you say, honey,— but dey 'low, does dem lyyers, es how Mandy, bein' de prisoner's wife, can't sw'ar en de case. But ef de knife uz deir, ses dey, hit 'u'd tork fur hitse'f 'cause deir ain' no 'sputin' de name, an' Sam Toliver an' Bob Johnsin knowed hit by sight. You could n't fin' hit, you reck'n, Sis Mandy?" The woman shuddered. "No," she said, "I bin deir en de day, but de place es changed fum en de night; an' et night,— I can't go deir, Unc' 'Siah! I can't go deir! An' hit ain' no use ter go en de dark, an' hit en de water." Unc' 'Siah was silent a moment. Presently he added:

"Ben ses, ses he, 'Ef Marse Bob uz heah hit 'u'd be all right.' But deir ain' no chance now, fur 'e live 'way off yander sebenty odd mile an' no railroad half-way. An' heah 't is er Thu'sday 'bout sundown." Mandy turned her face to his, but his eyes looked away, and he had given himself up to reflection. Presently he said, as if addressing no one in particular:

"My ole Mis' tell me oncet, 'Siah,' ses she, des so, 'w'en de heart es sick an' lonesome, deir ain' no med'cin' like work. Ef you got ter set down an' study 'bout hit, hit 's gointer eat, es dis heah sickness; but ef you es er-workin', hit gits out into suthin' else.' Lord, but she live up ter hit too; an' w'en Marse Sam uz shot et Chinck'nhominy, es dey say, she tu'n en an' cut up cyarpets fur de sogers, an' knit socks, an' scrape lint twell bimeby hit uz all done; an' one day I seen 'er pickin' cotton in de orchud patch like er common nigger, an' I ses den, 'Ole Mis', hit 's er sin an' er shame fur you ter do like dat.' An' right deir she lif' up 'er han's, dat de sun almos' shine troo, an' say, 'Gimme work ter do, 'Siah; gimme work ter do!' An' lemme tell yer right deir too I broke down. But hit kep' 'er up, an' she ain' dead yit, but as peart as anybody. Yes, sir, work es er big t'ing for hebby eyes."

On the face of the yellow woman over her babe a thought was dawning. A new spirit shone in her eyes, and a quickening breath shook her form. As she gazed upon the old man he took a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles from his pocket and adjusted them. Then he drew out a worn Bible. The woman sank back again, but the thought in her eyes remained.

"Sis Mandy," said he, "let de Lord speak, fur deir 's trouble in sto' fur you an' yourn." Charlotte rested her chin upon her hand, and her knitting, which she had drawn out, dropped to the ground. The old man began, but his progress was slow. He had to spell out many words, and explain as he read:

"'*De Lord es my sheppud, I shall not want.*' Bless de Lord fur dat! 'Shall not want'; you heah dat, Sis Mandy; not want fur nuth'n'. Don' care w'at hit es, you shall not want hit long, sha'n't keep on er-want'n' hit ef de Lord es yo' sheppud,— an' you es one er de flock. No, chile!

"'*He makes me to lay down in green pastures, 'e leads me beside de still waters,*'— yes, Lord, we know w'at dat means fur er sheep,— whar de grass es long an' green an' de water es cole, an' deir es shade all day long; dat 's de place fur yo' sheep an' yo' lam's.

"'*He resto'ith my soul, he leads up de paf er de righteous fur es name' sake.*' Des heah dat! Hit makes no diffunce whar dat paf es er-goin'; by de big road, or ercross de corn-rows, or troo de swamp hitse'f,— he 's gointer lead de way; an' hit 's all de same ef hit 's day or night; hit 's all one wid de Lord.

"'*Yea, though I walk troo de valley er de shadder er death, I 'll fear no devil,*'— no sir-r-r! No devil gointer hu't you deir, fur deir 's er han' en de shadder an' hit 's more 'n er match fur *him* an' his kind; dat hit es!

"'*Fur thou art wid me, thy rod an' thy staff dey comforts me.*' Oh, yes, chillun, Jesus es deir by de side er de troo berlievers, ef dey only knowed hit. An' w'en dey es come out er de valley an' de shadder, w'at den?

"'*Thou prepares er table fur me en de presunce uv my enemies: thou a-n-o-i-n-t-e-t-h my*

head with oil, an' my cup hit runs over'— Dat 'll be er happy day den! Oh, yes, oh, yes, w'en de cup es full de heart es full, an' de eyes dey runs ober, 'cause uv de fullness erway down below; yes, ma'am. W'en dat tayble es spread hit 'll make anybody's eyes run over; barbecued shote, br'iled chicken, fat ham, biscuits, white bread, 'simmun beer, all spread right deir en de presunce er de enemy, de ole devil hisse'f fairly bustin' wid hunger an' spite, but pow'less, pow'less 'cause de sheppud es deir ter guard de lam's.

"An' w'en hit's all done w'at ses de prophet? W'en de hard heart done lay down hits load an' de feet been en de valley an' de shadder, an' by de waters an' 'cross de pastures erfearin' nuth'n', w'at den?

"'*Sholy!*' ses he, '*sholy!*'—oh, hit's er great word is dat sholy,—'*sholy goodness an' mussy shall foller me all de days er my life, an I'll dwell den en de house er de Lord.*' Bless him fur de promise!"

'Siah closed his book, and drew off his glasses, and wiped them carefully upon the lining of his coat. But the young woman stood up with the new thought fairly speaking in her round brown eyes, and a new vigor trembling in her frame.

"Tek de baby, Mammy," she almost shouted, placing little Ben in the other's lap. "I'm er-goin',—don't you heah?—I'm goin' troo de valley an' de shadder an' by de waters an' 'cross de pastures twell He show me Marse Bob! I bin bline, Mammy, I bin bline, but I ain't bline now! He done op'n my eyes an' I see de way—Good-bye! Good-bye, Mammy! Good-bye, Unc' 'Siah! Keep de baby en yo' bed, Mammy, en de night, an' don't let 'im cry fur me.—En de valley an' de shadder an' by de pastures!—En yo' bed, Mammy—"

She turned away. Her voice died out as she passed beyond the live-oaks. Then, and then only, did Unc' 'Siah lift up his face from his hands and fix it skyward.

"De Lord, he has spoke at las'. Hit 's all right, Sis Charlotte. De Lord's han' es erreachin' out fur Ben. Dat es Bill's knife."

Charlotte spoke not. Bending until her head rested against the one ragged garment of the sleeping child, she rocked him in silence. The old man gazed upon her doubtfully, but presently he rose, and in silence too limped out across the field.

III.

On went the young woman, her straight, strong limbs bearing her bravely; on into the great road, on through the village with its lazy groups sitting about in the afternoon shade, on past the jail, never stopping. She moved as one in a trance, and the strange light shone from her eyes.

"'En de valley an' de shadder,' Ben," she shouted, "but er-fearin' nuth'n'. An' I 'm comin' back leanin' on His rod an' His staff; I'm er-comin' back." People looked at her curiously, but she stopped for none. The shadows fell; night found her upon the lonely highway. The tall pines crooned above; it seemed as though a spirit sighed from the lips of the dying man. A whippoorwill called from the depths of the forest; to her it was a voice from the past, and strange things caught at her dress as she glided by.

"'En de valley an' de shadder,'" she whispered, "'an' leanin' on His rod an' staff.'" No moon rose to comfort her, but a mocking-bird sang as he used to sing in the haw-bush by the cabin when the baby was rolling on its back in the sand and she was sewing. On, never faltering; tired of limb, hungry and athirst, but onward still.

At dawn of day she dropped down by a friendly door in the city's suburbs, and told her story. The hospitality of the South animates the humblest dwelling, and the humbler the roof the broader the unquestioning hospitality. Her thirst quenched, her hunger appeased, she dragged her stiffening limbs into a new road, and continued her journey. The sun came forth and parched the ground, but the trees lent her shade here and there. Thirst came back, but the sparkling brook danced across her way. Hunger too came again, yet the hospitable cabin followed it,—night; and sleep, when, far in the night, she sank in a fence-corner murmuring, "'En de valley an' de shadder.'" And as she slept, nothing evil passed the sentinel that there stood guard beside her.

With the dawn the blistered feet resumed their weary way. The history of one day was the history of the next. She started on Thursday; on Monday morning she passed through the great white columns of a princely home, and told her story for the last time; and at 10 o'clock the next morning the trial of Ben Thomas for murder was to begin at Jeffersonville, in Twiggs county, seventy odd miles away.

The evening of the same day found Mandy back in the city, and with her was a gray-haired man—Marse Bob, she called him; and the people who passed him on the street touched their hats to him, and looked back as his tall form went by. A buggy was to bear him to Jeffersonville in the early morning, but for her there was work yet to be done.

"W'en you pass Black Ankle," she said to him, "I 'll be deir." Before he could stop her she had gone.

Not a voice broke the stillness of the ham-



"EN DE VALLEY AN' DE SHADDER AN' BY DE PASTURES."

let as she entered among the brooding cabins, save the far barking of Bill Fowler's dog. She had heard that animals see spirits: was he barking at his master's ghost come back again? Her flesh crept, and she almost screamed as she trod unawares on the spot where the man died. There was no light in the little house, no sound: should she enter? The wail of a baby came out to her,—a feeble wail, as of one sick or starving. She laid her hand upon the latch.

"No," she moaned, "not now. Hit 's de las' chance, de las'." She passed down into the black swamp, lying there in the clouded moon like the grave itself.

"'En de valley an' de shadder,'" she whispered, "'an' er-fearin' nuth'n'.'" As she entered there, that other night came back, and its horrors rose about her. There was the bush that clasped her knees, there the crooked tree that barred the way, and there the tangled brake.

Then the lagoon, with its wide, still stretch of water, lay at her feet.

"Ben!" she called; but the name died in her throat. She raised her head again and threw the knife with all her might,—aye, for the handle seemed in her grasp as hard and bloody as on that fatal night! Yonder it will fall, she thought, straining her eyes to where the black

night rested upon the cold, pale sheen of waters, and lo! so it seemed to fall. There came back from the carpeted gloom the same splash! She gasped, and clutched an overhanging vine.

"'En de valley an' de shadder, thy rod an' thy staff, an' er-fearin' nuth'n','" she whispered brokenly; and so, half moaning, she let herself down into the silent water. The chilly flood rose to her armpits, but she moved forward straight into the gloom. Once she stumbled, and the flood rolled over her, but straight on she passed with a precision seemingly supernatural. As she moved she felt with her bruised and torn feet in the soft ooze and in the slime; slowly and patiently, for she fancied she could tread every foot of the dark depths until the knife was found.

But there is a limit to human progress in Black Ankle Swamp; and just as the spot was reached to which she had calculated that her strength could have hurled the bloody weapon, the ground passed from under her feet. Frantically she clutched at a cypress knee to draw back, when instantly a sharp, swift pain ran along her arm. She had touched a snake, and he had struck his fangs into her clenched hand! She must not lose her hold; she did not. But her lips opened and sent up one wild, frenzied cry from that dreadful place,—"O my God!"

But what was that? There was no serpent in her grasp; only the long, keen blade of a knife, thrust into the tender cypress. Ignorant and superstitious, her frame trembled with terror; then the truth was upon her. The weapon she had hurled out into the night had stuck where it had struck; the splash was the plunge of a startled cooter. She drew it from its rest and rushed from the place, as when a brown deer, the hounds pressing hard, breaks through the swamp and the cane and the treacherous ooze into the clear fields beyond.

But gone now fatigue! The woman passed the cabin, with its crib and its memories, almost without knowing it, and took the road back to the city. It would have been as well to crouch there and wait for the buggy or to have sought the village, but wait she could not. The fever was upon her; she must move. So she ran cityward to meet the gray-haired rescuer. Mile after mile passed, hour after hour, and still he came not. Day broke, and the sun rose. A prescience of mortal danger was upon her, faintly at first, a terror at last; and mastering the fevered energy of her great struggle, it slew her strength and hurled her by the wayside,—to lie with her hunted eyes fixed upon the tree-arched lane overhead.

As thus she lay, an old man riding a flying gray horse rose in the shadowed light of the lane and presently burst into the full sunlight there before her. The thundering feet of the animal were almost upon her as she staggered dizzily to her feet and thrust upward the knife. Wonder shone in the face of the rider as, divining the truth, he caught the weapon and passed swiftly from her view. A smile came over her wan face. "'En de valley an' de shadder,'" she whispered feebly, then set her feet towards home.

Tired? Yes, tired near unto death, but leaning upon a rod and a staff that mortal vision could not compass.

IV.

It was a sultry noon, and Jeffersonville was brisk. As Jeffersonville is brisk only during the court week, when the lawyers from Macon ride down to look after the warehousemen's mortgages, and the leading attorneys from the adjoining counties run over to look after the Macon lawyers and attend to the criminal docket, it may be inferred that court was in session.

About the large, white, square frame building with its green blinds and three entrances, little groups of farmers were gathered and many unhitched teams were visible. Within the one great room that takes up the whole of the first floor, and from which ascend steps to the various county offices above, were the usual court-house habitués,—jurors who hope in vain to "get off," and citizens of limited income who yet hope to "get on." In front of the door was the judge's elevated desk, with the clerk lower down, whose feet rested in a chair while his mouth twisted a tooth-pick. The midday meal had just ended, and the court had not reëntered. To the right and left were the jury benches. The front half of the room was devoted to the Bar, which by courtesy included all leading citizens, and the rear to negroes and the promiscuous crowd on curiosity bent.

Apparently there was nothing exciting on hand just then, though a murder trial had been interrupted by a temporary adjournment. But the defendant was a negro, and a negro murderer is not a novelty. While the court was assembling, the curious might have noted the prisoner's points. His face, if it had any marked characteristics, was noted chiefly for its singularly inexpressive lines, and his attitude was one of supreme indifference. His stout, heavy frame was clad in a common jean suit stained with months of wear, and his kinky hair was liberally sprinkled over with gray. He sat quietly in his place, not even affecting stolidity, but suffering his eyes to roam from face to face as the genial conversation drifted about in the group around him. He was evidently not impressed by any sense of peril, though when the court had adjourned, a clear

case of murder had been proved against him, and only his statement and the argument remained.

Slowly the court assembled. The prisoner's counsel had introduced no testimony. A man had been stabbed by his client, had fallen dead, his hand clasped over the wound; and from beneath this hand, when convulsively loosened, a knife had dropped, which the defendant's wife seized and concealed. This had been proved by the state's witnesses.

The prisoner took the stand to make his statement. He declared emphatically that the deceased, knife in hand, had assaulted him and that he had killed him in self-defense; that the knife which fell from the relaxing hand was the dead man's. He told the story simply, and as he began it a tall, thick-set gentleman in a gray suit, with iron-gray hair, and walking with the aid of a stout stick, entered the room and stood silent by the door,—heard him through, losing never a word. As the prisoner resumed his seat the new-comer entered within the rail. He shook hands gravely with several of the older lawyers, and took the hand that the court extended over the desk. Then he turned and, to the astonishment of every one, shook hands with the defendant, into whose face a light had suddenly dawned, which resolved itself into a broad, silent grin. This done, the old gentleman seated himself near the defendant's lawyer, and, resting his hand upon his massive cane, listened attentively to the speech.

The speaker was not verbose. He rapidly summed up, and laid his case before the jury in its best light. Really there was not a great deal to say, and he soon reached his peroration. He pictured the blasted home of the poor negro, his wife and babe deprived of his labor, and dwelt long upon the good name he had always borne. In the midst of the most eloquent periods, wherein he referred to the prisoner "sitting before you, gentlemen of the jury, broken-hearted and borne down by the weight of this horrible tragedy," he turned and extended his hand to where his client sat. A sight met his glance that sent the flush of confusion to his face and started a ripple of laughter around the room. The "broken-hearted" was calmly munching away on an enormous ginger-cake, the liberal moon in which proved the vigor of his appetite. The eloquence of the speaker was fatally chilled. He stammered, repeated, hesitated, and was lost. After an awkward summing up, he took his hat and books and precipitately retired to a secluded part of the room. He had been appointed by the court to defend the prisoner and had made considerable preparation, even to the extent of training his client when to weep.

The solicitor arose, and with a few cold words swept away the cobwebs of the case. The man had stabbed another wantonly. If the knife was the property of the deceased, why was it not produced in court? — the defendant's wife had picked it up.

He passed the case to the jury, and the judge prepared to deliver his charge, when the old gentleman in gray rose to his feet.

"If your Honor please," he said in a deep tone, the honesty and purpose of which drew every eye upon him, "the prisoner is entitled to the closing, and in the absence of other counsel I beg that you mark my name for the defense. With the permission of my young friend who has so cleverly stated the defense, I will speak upon the case."

"Mr. Clerk," said the court, "mark General Robert Thomas for the defense." The silence was absolute. The jurymen moved in their seats. Something new was coming. The old gentleman laid his hat and stick upon the table, and drawing himself up to his great height fixed his bright eye upon first one and then another of the jury, looking down into their very hearts. Only this old man, grim, gray, and majestically defiant, stood between the negro behind him and the grave. The fact seemed to speak out of the silence to every man on that bench. Suddenly his lips opened, and he said with quick but quiet energy:

"The knife that was found by the dead man's side was his own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. Ben Thomas is a brave man, a strong man; he would not have used a weapon upon him unarmed!" As he spoke he drew from his bosom a long, keen knife, and gently rested its point upon the table. The solicitor's watchful eye was upon him. The attention of all was gained, and the silence was intense. "It has been asked, Where is the dead man's knife? Let me give you my theory: When Bill Fowler staggered back under the blow of Ben Thomas, clutching his wound, and the knife fell to the ground, the lightning's flash was not quicker than the change born in a moment in the bosom of that erring woman, the unwitting cause of the tragedy. Up to that moment she had been weak and yielding; she had turned aside from the little home, that should have been her all, to gamble with strange men; to tread the dangerous paths which beset the one safe road a true woman's feet may know. It had thrown a shadow over the humble home; the husband drunk upon its porch was the mute evidence of its presence. In the awful moment of that tragedy, when the dancers stood horrified, this woman became, as by an inspiration, a wife again. Deceived herself, she caught up



"LOOK!" HE CRIED, "AND BLESS THE SIGHT, FOR THAT SCAR WAS WON BY A SLAVE."

the tell-tale knife and hurled it into the swamp, destroying the evidence of her husband's innocence when she sought to conceal one evidence of his guilt. This, I say, is a theory. You remember her cry was, '*Run!*'" His listeners stirred, and a whisper went round the room.

"But there is other evidence, gentlemen of the jury. Should I be forced to ask for a new trial, it will be developed that this poor woman, repentant now, thank God! walked in three days from the scene of that tragedy to my home, seventy miles away, to ask my aid and counsel; that, eluding me in Macon, though footsore and weary and crazed with grief she returned by night to that swamp, and laboring under an excitement as intense as the first, that brought the scene before her so vividly that she was enabled to find the knife, did find it, and but that an accident to my vehicle delayed me it would have been offered here in evidence—"

"May it please your Honor," said the solicitor, "much as I dislike to interrupt the honorable gentleman, I do not think it is proper to introduce with the argument evidence that has not been offered upon trial."

"If your Honor please,"—and the speaker turned to the prosecuting officer with quiet dignity and gentleness that disarmed him at once,—"a decision upon such a proposition is not needed. I willingly admit what is claimed. But, sir, I offer no evidence, not even this knife, with the name of the deceased upon it, though it comes to me direct from the hand of the woman who, it has been proved, snatched almost from under his hand a weapon, when he fell to the ground. I am but arguing a theory to account for the facts that have been proved. But, gentlemen of the jury,"—and the knife fell to the table as he turned away from it,—"not upon this theory, not upon these facts, do I base the assertion that the deceased had a knife in his hand when he made the assault,—I speak from a knowledge of men. Ben Thomas would never have stabbed an unarmed man." The General looked around

slowly and searched the court-house with his eye, as if daring contradiction. "Why do I say this?" he continued, turning to the court. "Because I know he is as brave a man as ever faced death; a faithful man; a powerful man, and conscious of his power. Such men do not use weapons upon unarmed assailants." The audience stirred in their seats. The speaker turned again to the jury. "I speak to men who reason. True reasoning with such is as strong as proof. A brave man who is full of strength never draws a weapon to repel a simple assault. The defendant drew when he saw a glittering knife in the hand of his foe,— not from fear, because he could have fled, but to equalize the combat. He was cool and calm; you know the result.

"Why do I say he is brave? Every man on this jury shouldered his musket during the war. Most of you followed the lamented Pickett. Some perhaps were at Gettysburg." Two or three heads nodded assent. "I was there too!" A murmur of applause ran round the room,— the old man's war record was a household legend. It is even said that the court joined in. "I, and the only brother God ever gave me." The veteran bowed his head; his voice sank to a whisper. "A part of him is there yet,"— his hand shook slightly as he moved his cane farther on the desk, and rested upon the Code,—"a part of him, but not all; for, God be praised, we picked up whatever was left of him and brought it back to Georgia.

"I well remember that fight. The enemy stood brave and determined, and met our charges with a courage and grit that could not be shaken. Line after line melted away during those days, and at last came Pickett's charge. When that magnificent command went in, a negro man, an humble African, a captain's body-servant, stood behind it, shading his eyes with his hand, waiting. You know the result. Out of that vortex of flame and that storm of lead and iron a handful drifted back. From one to another this man of black skin ran, then turned and followed in the track of the charge. On, on, he went, under my very glass, for it was my misfortune to stay behind; on through the smoke and the flame; gone one moment and in sight the next; on up to the flaming cannon themselves. Then there he bent and lifted a form from the ground. Together they fell and rose, and this three times, until, meeting them half-way, I took the burden from the hero and myself bore it on to safety. That burden was the senseless form of my brother,"— here he turned and walked rapidly to the prisoner, his hand lifted on high, his voice ringing like a trumpet,— "gashed, and bleeding, and mangled, but alive, thank God! And the man who bore him out, who came to me with him in his arms as a mother would carry a sick child, himself shot with the fragment of a shell until his great heart was almost dropping from his breast,— that man, O my friends, sits here under my hand! See, if I speak not the truth!" He tore open the prisoner's shirt and laid bare his breast, on which the silent splendor of the afternoon sun streamed. A great ragged seam marked it from left to right. "Look!" he cried, "and bless the sight, for that scar was won by a slave in an hour that tried the souls of freemen and put to its highest test the best manhood of the South. No man who wins such wounds can thrust a knife into an unarmed assailant. I have come seventy miles in my old age to say it."

It may have been contrary to the evidence, but the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of "not guilty," and the solicitor, who bore a scar on his own face, smiled as he received it.

"The prisoner," said the court, rapping for order, "is discharged."

"Yes, sah," said Ben, rising and flashing a set of dazzling ivories at the judge. "I knowed hit uz all right soon es I laid eyes on Marse Bob's ole gray head."

. . . . .

The evening shadows gather over Black Ankle. A young woman with a baby at her breast sits, weary of eye and limb, under the spreading gum-tree by the spring. Slowly the yellow rooster leads his followers up the rail to the shed, and the lean cow at the picket-gate lows for entrance. Suddenly out of the valley of the shadow — of death itself — a man comes and rests his hand upon the woman's head. Then the twilight deepens, and we see them no more.

H. S. Edwards.



Union War Songs and Confederate Officers.

THE reading of Mr. Brander Matthews's "Songs of the War," in the August number of THE CENTURY, vividly recalls to mind an incident of my own experience which seems to me so apt an illustration of the effect of army songs upon men that I venture to send it to you, as I remember it, after twenty-two years.

A day or two after Lee's surrender in April, 1865, I left our ship at "Dutch Gap," in the James River, for a run up to Richmond, where I was joined by the ship's surgeon, the paymaster, and one of the junior officers. After "doing" Richmond pretty thoroughly we went in the evening to my rooms for dinner. Dinner being over and the events of the day recounted, the doctor, who was a fine player, opened the piano, saying: "Boys, we've got our old quartette here; let's have a sing." As the house opposite was occupied by paroled Confederate officers, no patriotic songs were sung. Soon the lady of the house handed me this note: "Compliments of General —— and Staff. Will the gentlemen kindly allow us to come over and hear them sing?" Of course we consented, and they came. As the general entered the room, I recognized instantly the face and figure of one who stood second only to Lee or Jackson, in the whole Confederacy. After introductions and the usual interchange of civilities, we sang for them glees and college songs, until at last the general said: "Excuse me, gentlemen, you sing delightfully, but what *we* want to hear is your army songs." Then we gave them the army songs with unction, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "John Brown's Body," "We 're Coming, Father Abraham," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," through the whole catalogue, to the "Star-spangled Banner,"— to which many a foot beat time as if it had never stepped to any but the "music of the Union,"— and closed our concert with "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." When the applause had subsided, a tall, fine-looking fellow in a major's uniform exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if we 'd had your songs we 'd have licked you out of your boots! Who could n't have marched or fought with such songs? While we had nothing, absolutely nothing, except a bastard 'Marseillaise,' the 'Bonny Blue Flag,' and 'Dixie,' which were nothing but jigs. 'Maryland, my Maryland' was a splendid song, but the true, old 'Lauriger Horatius' was about as inspiring as the 'Dead March in Saul,' while every one of these Yankee songs is full of marching and fighting spirit." Then turning to the general he said: "I shall never forget the first time I heard 'Rally Round the Flag.' 'T was a nasty night during the 'Seven Days' Fight,' and if I remember rightly it was raining. I was on picket, when, just before 'taps,' some fellow on the other side struck up that song and others joined in the chorus until it seemed to me the whole Yankee army was singing. Tom B——, who was with me, sung out, 'Good heavens, Cap, what are those fellows made of, anyway? Here we 've licked 'em six days running and now, on the eve of the seventh, they 're singing "Rally Round the Flag."' I am not naturally superstitious, but I tell you that song sounded to me like the 'knell of doom,' and my heart went down into my boots; and though I 've tried to do my duty, it has been an up-hill fight with me ever since that night."

The little company of Union singers and Confederate auditors, after a pleasant and interesting interchange of stories of army experiences, then separated, and as the general shook hands at parting, he said to me: "Well, the time *may* come when we can *all* sing the 'Star-spangled Banner' again." I have not seen him since.

Richard Wentworth Browne.

General Edwards's Brigade at Spotsylvania.

IN the interesting article in the June CENTURY, entitled "Hand-to-Hand Fighting at Spotsylvania," the author, while generally accurate and graphic, unaccountably omits any reference to that brigade of the Sixth Corps which was first engaged there, which was holding the key to the position when his own (Upton's) brigade came upon the field, and which, without egotism, can claim to have fought longer and more effectively than any other brigade of the Sixth Corps engaged. This honorable claim is made for the Fourth Brigade, Second Division, commanded by Colonel Oliver Edwards, which on that day had present for duty three small regiments, the 10th and 37th Massachusetts and the 2d Rhode Island. This claim is based upon the following facts:

When the two divisions of the Sixth Corps, which had been massed the previous evening, were summoned to the support of General Hancock, whose Second Corps had penetrated the Confederate lines, General Wright, who had just assumed command of the Sixth Corps, directed that the first brigade under arms and ready to move should lead the way. Edwards's brigade was first in line and led the march of the corps. It moved to the vicinity of the Landrum House, passing the Confederate generals and some of the prisoners who had been captured by Hancock, and, reaching the edge of woods facing the scene of action, came into line of battle facing by the rear rank, and advanced toward the captured works with the 10th Massachusetts on the right, the 2d Rhode Island in the center, and the 37th Massachusetts on the left.

The situation at this time was simply this,— the force of the Second Corps' attack had of itself broken up the organization of that command; the mass of men had been withdrawn to the outer face of the Confederate works and re-formed as well as possible under the circumstances. By the time this was accomplished the Confederates were prepared to undertake the recapture of the works they had lost. Then it was that Edwards's brigade moved forward and occupied the outer face of the intrenchments, relieving some troops already there

and connecting with the Excelsior Brigade. As the command came into position, it covered the nose or apex of the angle with the Rhode Island regiment, the 10th Massachusetts extending along the right face.

The brigade was scarcely in position when the Confederates advanced to the attack, the ground being extremely favorable for their purpose. On their side of the works it was wooded, and, in addition, scarcely forty yards to the rear of the fortifications was a hollow or a ravine which formed a natural siege approach. In that ravine, almost within pistol-shot of the Union lines, they were enabled to form columns of assault entirely screened from view, and the resulting attack had the appearance of lines of battle suddenly springing from the bosom of the earth. Three times in rapid succession their columns formed and rushed upon the angle held by Edwards and his nine hundred men, and as often did the deliberate fire of the Fourth Brigade repel the attack with terrible slaughter. To the right of Edwards's position, however, the defense was not so successful; the Union troops were driven back from the intrenchments, a force of Confederates crossing the works and taking position in a piece of woods, which gave them an enfilading fire on Edwards's right, so severe and well directed that it threw his 10th Regiment into confusion. It was at this time that Upton's brigade came upon the field and, in the words of that officer himself, encountered so severe a fire that he was unable to occupy the intrenchments, but resting his left upon them, near Edwards's right, his brigade lay down and opened fire.

Thus three assaults had been repulsed by Edwards's brigade before any other troops of the Sixth Corps came upon the field. As soon as the development of the Union line to the right relieved the flank fire somewhat, the 10th Regiment was returned to its place in the works, and throughout the remainder of that memorable day the brigade held its position with a fire so deadly and well directed that no hostile lines of battle could live to cross the few yards between the works and the ravine spoken of. Once, indeed, by the use of a white flag the Confederates came near accomplishing by stratagem what they had failed to do by force of arms. This emblem of peace being displayed in front of the Fourth Brigade, an officer ranking Edwards, but himself ranked by General Eustis, who was present, unjustifiably ordered the Fourth Brigade to cease firing. Instantly the purpose of the movement was shown by the dash of the Confederate line of battle for the coveted works. Fortunately, however, Edwards and his command were on the alert, and repulsed the attack, but not until the hostile colors were for a moment planted on the works,—the only instance during the day in which anything like a line of battle was enabled to advance so far at that point.

Near night the brigade was relieved, but the 37th Regiment was almost immediately ordered back to hold the works which had been unceremoniously vacated by a regiment of the Second Corps out of ammunition. The guns of the 37th also were empty, but the brave fellows pushed their bayonets under the head log, and thus held the works until a fresh supply of ammunition could be procured, when the firing was resumed and continued until 3 o'clock on the morning of the 13th.

This regiment was thus in action continually for more than twenty hours, during which time it fired over four hundred rounds per man. At one time its guns became so foul that they could no longer be used, many of them bursting in the hands of the men. As it was impossible to relieve the line, a regiment from the Second Corps exchanged guns with the 37th, enabling the latter to continue their fire without interruption. It was in front of the right wing of this regiment and almost directly in the rear of the apex that the oak-tree, twenty-one inches in diameter, was cut down by bullets and fell within the Confederate lines.* I believe every regiment that fought anywhere in that part of the field claims to have shot down this particular tree; but in truth no single organization is entitled to all the credit. Certainly the Fourth Brigade, and especially its 37th Regiment, may claim the lion's share. Not only was this command engaged longer than any other, but all day the fire of the entire brigade was delivered under the head log, deliberately and well directed, and from the position of the troops a large portion of their fire concentrated at this point. Another fact, which would seem to settle the matter, was that the tree fell during the night, near midnight in fact, and hours after the firing had practically ceased on all parts of the line save at this vital point.

James L. Bowen.

Springfield, Mass.

The Lost War Maps of the Confederates

In several published articles, and in several books by Confederate generals and civilians, there have been severe criticisms (some just and some unjust) in regard to the want of suitable maps for the guidance of our commanders. General D. H. Hill in The Century, and General Dick Taylor and Mr. Jefferson Davis in their books, have made special mention of this want, and General Long in his recent "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee" comes to the defense of that distinguished general from this implied blame, and remarks that "the want of maps should be placed where it properly belongs,—with the war-directing authority at Richmond," and he further states that "the blunders complained of were more the result of inattention to orders and want of proper energy on the part of a few subordinate commanders than any lack of knowledge of the country." These remarks of General Long are substantially true. The writer has the best of reasons from personal knowledge and observation, and from an interview with General Lee a little after daybreak on Sunday morning, June 29th, 1862, for confirming the truth of the latter remarks as to "inattention to orders and want of proper energy," in this particular campaign up to that date. The escape of McClellan's army from White Oak Swamp was undoubtedly due to these short-comings, and I am persuaded that General Long and others have proved conclusively that the same cause prevented the concentration of Lee's army at the proper time before Gettysburg and occasioned its defeat there. It is one of the many failings of humanity to shift blame from one shoulder to another, as it is also to claim the merit of success where it is not due. Any simpleton can now untie a Gordian knot, knowing how Alexander did it.

*Several trees were cut down.—See foot-note, page 306, of The Century magazine for June, 1887.— Editor.

It is true that there were no maps of any account in existence at the time when General Lee assumed the command, that were of use to the Army of Northern Virginia, June 1st, 1862. Incomplete tracings or fragments of the old "Nine-Sheet" map of Virginia were probably all that our commanders had for guidance. General Long has, therefore, seemingly made an error in asserting in his note at the close of chapter ten of his book that the map accompanying that chapter was "used by General Lee during this campaign," as will be seen by reference to the indorsements on the map itself. The "Seven Days' Fight" occurred in June–July, 1862. This map was approved by me April 3d, and was "sent from the Engineer Bureau with letter of April 4th, 1863." It may, as alleged in the note, have been *filed* subsequent to these dates, but it was not in existence at the time stated by General Long, as will be seen further on.

Up to this period the blame, if any is due, must lie with the "war-directing power at Richmond." It is probable that weightier matters filled the minds of the higher authorities at this time, and that too much reliance was placed by commanders in the field in the efficiency of local guides and the insane and ridiculous notion that was affected that one Southern man could lick three Yankees under any and all circumstances; and besides, our armies as yet had not had sufficient battlings and unnecessary losses of men, to develop the indispensable necessity of a more intimate knowledge of topographical details of regions over which troops must be manœuvred. The march up the peninsula from Yorktown, the battle of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, Jackson's collision with Hill's line of march from Mechanicsville to Gaines's Mill, and the whole seven days' campaign brought out this fact in strong colors, bloody colors, at Beaver Dam Creek.

One of the first things that engaged General Lee's attention on taking command of the army was the organization of some plan for procuring accurate maps for his own use and that of his commanders. A few days after this event, on the 3d or 4th of June, the writer was sought by Major Walter H. Stevens, Chief Engineer of the army at that time, and Major Jasper S. Whiting, his associate, and was informed that they had been sent from headquarters by General Lee to find a suitable person to take charge of a topographical organization which he was desirous of having formed as soon as possible, and proceed to the field, as he found no maps of consequence on taking command of the army; and as maps were indispensable, no means must be spared to procure them. I was asked if I would undertake the duty and on what terms. They were informed that I had an application for the appointment to a captaincy in the Engineer Corps, favorably indorsed by the President, which for several months had been conveniently pigeon-holed in the Engineer Bureau, and that if they would procure that appointment I would accept it and proceed immediately to work. It was done by order of General Lee on recommendation of those officers, and my commission was dated and received on June 6th. Two or three surveying parties furnished with the necessary instruments were immediately organized and started from Richmond as a center, to radiate thence to the picket-lines of the army, from Meadow Bridge around to James River, each party taking an allotted sector of that circumscribed space. This work had not sufficiently far advanced to be of any use in June, for no part of the region beyond our lines was accessible to survey until June 30th, when orders were given to follow in the wake of our army and extend the surveys as fast and as far as possible. The field work was mapped as fast as practicable, but as the army soon changed its location, more immediate attention was given to other localities. Therefore, this map in question was dated 1862–3: it was not available as complete until the spring of 1863. Other parties, soon after these first ones were started, were sent into Hanover and Spotsylvania counties, and as fast as possible other parties, amounting in all to about thirteen, were formed and sent into other counties of northern and north-eastern portions of Virginia, until in the course of time detailed surveys were made and at the close of the contest nearly all the work was mapped, from the western part of Fauquier and Rappahannock counties to Wilmington, North Carolina; from the strategic lines on the eastward to the Piedmont region of Virginia; and down the valley of Virginia as far as the Potomac River in Jefferson and Berkeley counties; and into southwestern Virginia as far as Smythe county; and nearly all the counties south of James River east of Lynchburg unoccupied by the Federal forces. The surveys in North Carolina embraced a considerable belt on each side of the Weldon and Wilmington R. R. The exact limits of these extensive surveys can not now be recalled, for these maps have all been lost.

The general plan of operations was adopted of placing full parties in each county, and maps of each county thus successively surveyed in detail were constructed on a comparatively large scale, giving full credit to heads of field corps in the titles; and also general maps, one north and one south of James River, were prepared on a smaller scale, preserving all the details. So great was the demand for maps occasioned by frequent changes in the situation of the armies, that it became impossible by the usual method of tracings to supply them. I conceived the plan of doing this work by photography, though expert photographers pronounced it impracticable, in fact impossible. To me it was an original idea, though I believe not a new one, but not in practical use. Traced copies were prepared on common tracing-paper in very black India ink, and from these sharp negatives by sun-printing were obtained, and from these negatives copies were multiplied by exposure to the sun in frames made for the purpose. The several sections, properly toned, were pasted together in their order, and formed the general map, or such portions of it as were desired; it being the policy, as a matter of prudence against capture, to furnish no one but the commanding general and corps commanders with the entire map of a given region.

From this statement it will be seen that to General Lee is due the credit of promptly originating methodical means for procuring accurate maps to supply the want that has been, by implication mainly, so unfavorably commented on. Many maps that grace various memoirs, and personal recollections, and descriptions of campaigns and battle-fields in Virginia have their basis in the maps made as above described, though accredited to others. "I could a tale unfold" in regard to some of these stolen maps, but *cui bono? Nil proprium ducas quod mutari potest.*

General Woodruff, United States Engineer, orally, and Generals Lee and Gilmer and several other persons have from time to time, by letter, inquired of me the fate of these maps. It may be of public interest to give all the information I have concerning them, for it does not seem to be known how extensive, how complete, and how valuable these surveys were. It was gratifying to my pride to learn that the United States Engineer Bureau was desirous of obtaining our maps, and to hear one of the distinguished officers attached thereto remark that our maps were better than their own. His expressed reasons in nowise reflected on his own service, but accounted for it from the fact that no regular system could be maintained in consequence of the frequent change of commanders of the Army of the Potomac. On Sunday, April 2d, the night of the evacuation of Richmond, about 10 o'clock P. M., I placed in charge of an engineer officer and a draughtsman, upon an *archive* train bound for Raleigh, North Carolina, a box or two containing all the original maps and other archives of my office, except the field note-books, which were burned by order of my superior. This officer in charge never has reported to me the fate of this property, nor his own fate. It is supposed it was burned with the train, or pillaged, for fragments of some of the maps were reported to have been seen along that route in North Carolina. Nineteen years after the shipment of this property I received a package of worthless securities, personal property, from a son of General Gilmer in Savannah. He could give no information as to how this package came into his father's possession. I presume General Gilmer did not have them in 1867–8, when I saw him in Savannah, for he did not mention them. This package was in one of those boxes, my camp-desk. Who sent those papers to General Gilmer? and did the sender retain the maps and correspondence? There were many autograph letters from various generals acknowledging with thanks the receipt of maps, with commendations as to their completeness and accuracy. I should like to recover these letters. The *negatives* of the general maps, to divide the chances of capture, I gave to my private secretary. Some time after, he informed me that he had carried them with him in his flight as far as Macon, Georgia, and on his return, for greater security, had placed them in a lady's trunk, a fellow-passenger's. Hearing *en route* that all baggage of returning fugitives was to be examined at Augusta, Georgia (which proved to be a false rumor), he incontinently burned them *to save them*. This is the extent of my information concerning the fate of these valuable maps. On learning this sad fate of all the evidences of our three years' labor, and that my modicum of glory was thus dissipated in thin air, my feelings were akin to those of Audubon when he learned that the rats had destroyed his labor of years in the wilderness of woods; or, more congenially, perhaps, to those of General Magruder on being informed in advance of written orders that he was to make preparations for evacuating his lines before Yorktown at an early hour. Raising himself on one elbow, when he was roused from his slumbers to hear the verbal order to that purport from General Johnston, he remarked with mingled astonishment and disgust, in that peculiar manner of speech which all who knew him will recognize: "Stevenths (Stevens) *thic tranthit gloria pe-nin-thu-læ*."

Albert H. Campbell.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., May 17th, 1887.

General Robert B. Potter and the Assault at the Petersburg Crater.

IN THE CENTURY magazine for September (page 764), in an account of the Explosion of the Mine at Petersburg, it is stated that

"each of the three commanders of the white divisions presented reasons why his division should *not* lead the assault. General Burnside determined that they should 'pull straws,' and Ledlie was the (to him) unlucky victim. He, however, took it good-naturedly."

There are the best reasons for saying that this statement is incorrect, and among them is a letter written by General Robert B. Potter to one who especially enjoyed his confidence, in which he says:

"My division expected and was anxious to have the advance, because they knew the ground, had an interest in the work, were in the best condition, and known to be the best division in the corps."

That he did not have this task committed to him was well known by his friends to have been the one great disappointment of General Potter's army life, and there are those who have often heard him say that, so far from there having been reluctance on the part of any of the division commanders of the Ninth Corps to take the leading place in the charge, they were all desirous of that honor. The question was decided by General Burnside in order that in the choice there should not seem to be any favoritism, and, especially, to avoid that appearance of partiality for a very dear personal friend which would not improbably have been said to have influenced him had he chosen General Potter.

Henry C. Potter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5th, 1887.



A CAVALRY ORDERLY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Manual Training in Common Schools.*

THE argument against common schools has been put in its strongest form by a distinguished English thinker, as follows: "Conceding for a moment that the Government is bound to educate a man's children, what kind of logic will demonstrate that it is not bound to feed and clothe them?" The argument ignores and refuses to meet the only excuse which has ever been offered for a common-school system,—the political basis. The system is not a largess to the recipient, but a natural measure of self-defense on the part of the government which educates. It is necessary, in a democratic form of government, that the voters should be so far educated as to be reasonably relieved from danger of deception by interested parties; when that is accomplished, the duty of the government ceases. To look at the function of government in the matter, as so many of those interested in public education are apt to look at it, as "the prevention of ignorance," is really but another phase of the feeling that the function of government is "the prevention of poverty."

While the purpose of the system is political, it seems legitimate to attempt to attain as much other good as possible on the way to the goal. If, as a part of the process of making the boy a reasonably good voter, it is possible also to give him the rudiments of a mechanical training, surely time and money spent in this way are very far from being wasted. It is on this ground that the appeal has been made for a certain proportion of manual training in the public schools. It is not intended that the public schools shall be diverted from their proper work into that of graduating expert plumbers, carpenters, or shoemakers: the basis of the system, as above stated, should guard one from any such error. All that is meant is that the training of the hands and eyes should have a place alongside of the training of the mind, body, and heart. There are elementary principles of execution which are common to all trades, or most of them. The boy who has mastered these is prepared, in a measure, for any trade, though he is master of none. It is only asked that boys in the public schools who desire it should have the opportunity, as a part of their ordinary work, of receiving instruction in these elementary principles. They would thus receive education which the State is under obligations to provide for all its voters, and, at the same time, a preparation through which they will be better apprentices and better workmen when they pass out of school.

The argument is offered in reply that the public schools are for all, while this is a preparation designed for a special class. In this form the argument has little weight so long as German, French, music, the higher mathematics, and most of the features of a preparation for college are a recognized part of the educational system of so many States. But the argument really has a different foundation. It implies that the proposition is a disguised attempt to develop a permanent artisan class, to fit a part of our boys for "that state of life unto which it shall please God to call" them, and to make it pretty certain that they shall stay there. Nothing could be more baseless than such an idea. It is quite sure that this feature in education would incline boys to be *good* mechanics, and not mere bunglers; and that this training, if it should become general, would tend to increase the total working force of the country, even though it did not increase the number of mechanics. But it is far from true that this training would be of benefit only to him who is to be an artisan. Even the clergyman or the editor would be the better as a man and in his profession for a practical knowledge of the proper use of those wonderful tools, the human hands. There is no man, in any profession, who would not be better able to do his usual work, at times, for just this training. It is, above most others, a training whose benefits are not restricted to a special class, but are bestowed upon all.

The argument assumes, also, the odd position that the better artisans are the most likely to remain permanently in the artisan class. There are too many examples to the contrary to make it necessary to do more than state this position. So far as the proposition for manual training touches the "special class" which has been spoken of, it aims only to clear the way of the artisan's children to any position which he may think higher and better for them. But the essence of the proposition has no such restricted aim. It aims to help eradicate that pestilent feeling of contempt for work which is the bane of this generation. Better that the rich man's son should be compelled to work with his hands for a year or two than that he should grow up to feel, and to impress upon others, that work is degrading. Better that the sons of our men of moderate means should learn that there is a science and beauty in manual labor than that they should come to believe that there are easier ways of getting a dollar than by working for it. Better that we should have manual training in our public schools than that all our public-school boys should want to begin life as clerks in brokers' offices, or in any position which is not smirched with manual labor. That feature which has made our country what it is, work and the love of it, is at stake, and the new proposition is a means of saving it.

The only other objection which has been seriously offered caters to one of the worst errors of our modern labor organizations. They aim to restrict the number of apprentices, in order to "make more work" for those already in the trade. What will they say when they see apprentices of a higher grade of intelligence and ability swarming out of our public schools? In answer, it should be said frankly and distinctly that the effect which is implied would be one of the most weighty benefits of the new system. Suppose the lawyers should form an organization for the purpose of

* See "Open Letters," in this number.

abolishing all the law-schools, restricting the number of students in each office, and so "making more work" for the present number of lawyers: would that accomplish their object? They know that the higher the standard of law in a country is, the more confidence the people feel in the lawyers, and that this is the proper way to "make more work" for all of them; and they wisely multiply law-schools and aim to increase their efficiency. Is it wiser for plumbers, for example, to fight against manual training? Or rather should they encourage it, better the grade of their apprentices and their work, and thus gain a public confidence in their capacity which is very far from existing now? Work is "made" by raising the character of the work. Mr. Carroll D. Wright has most acutely pointed out the fact that the introduction of nickel-plating into the manufacture of stoves in this country has "made work" for 30,000 additional operatives, and crowded no one out. It is in this way that thorough manual training is to help the workingman in the future, by making possible branches of work which did not exist before.

A proposition to add fully developed trade-schools to our common-school system is open to objections which do not apply to that of simple manual training. The latter would do no more than show the pupil, by a practical test which is clear to his own apprehension, whether he has an aptitude for such work, and give him an insight into the principles of symmetry and order which underlie it. If there is any valid objection to giving it a place in the State's scheme of common-school education it should be considered at once, for the support of the manual-training proposition is a growing one.

A Southern Man Ahead of his Time.

On page 435 of the present number of this magazine, the authors of the Lincoln history have referred briefly to the opposition made to disunion in South Carolina by James Louis Petigru in 1861, and on page 432 is given a photograph of his bust.

Something in the character of the independent, far-seeing man, and in the peculiarly generous appreciation of his worth displayed by his fellow-citizens, calls for further attention. Clear-eyed and just, he rarely failed to see and follow the eternal truth that underlies all prejudice, education, and passion. In his private practice, in the courts, in his personal relations to all men, in the nullification troubles in South Carolina, where nothing but his efforts and those of James Hamilton kept the State from civil war, this was always shown. But the time came, when, foremost man of the State as he was, he had no power to stem the flood of passion setting in toward disunion. Not for a moment then did he lose his keen insight nor the firm hand with which he held himself in check. He was not an abolitionist, and he had no feeling against slavery; but he had no hope or faith in revolution. He felt that it was wrong in policy and false in principle. He put no trust in the prevailing faith of the Southern people, that a State would be permitted to secede in peace. He saw that secession would put into the hands of the North a power over the South and slavery that nothing else could give,— a power to gain the aid and sympathy of the whole world, to make war on Southern soil, and to free the slave. If the South were alarmed at the possibilities of danger in a raid like that of John Brown's, what remedy, he asked, could be gained by rushing into war with the wealthy and populous North — with the civilized world? He saw in secession ambition and wounded vanity; he saw anarchy and civil war; he saw the abolitionist triumphant; he saw the South devastated; he saw division, and sorrow, and ruin; he saw crime. On the other hand, he felt that there was nothing to fear in Lincoln's election. He recognized the fact that the North was outstripping the South in numbers, and wisely counseled the South to yield her political supremacy with good grace. He discerned many reasons for Lincoln's success, but in none read danger. Time, he claimed, would right all wrongs, and avert all disaster. But his arguments were less than useless: secession came; war followed. For the rest of his life he was never again in sympathy with the purposes of his people, though he yielded to their decision, and held common cause in their sorrow. He was a solitary scholar in a world where all others were fighting men. He went his way, and his people went theirs. Whenever their paths crossed he was unfailing in courtesy and kindness; but he never concealed his regret for their action, nor his fear of the ultimate downfall of their hopes.

On the part of the people of South Carolina there was displayed a more generous tolerance of his obnoxious views than would seem possible. Even during the tumult of secession they elected him to their highest salary and most important trust — to codify the State laws. In spite of the satire and ridicule that he hurled at them, they continued to elect him until the work was done. His freedom of speech never destroyed their confidence in him, nor lessened their magnanimity; neither did he restrain it to gain their favor. The case can have few parallels in the history of any country.

The fame of such a man, renowned lawyer and great private citizen, is necessarily fleeting; it is forgotten when the generation in which he lived has passed away. That there might remain some slight token of one who was great in many ways, and, above all, great in his faith in the indissolubility of the Union, it was a fitting incident in the centennial celebration of Charleston, in 1883, that Mayor William A. Courtenay brought about by presenting to the city a bust of James Louis Petigru. It ought to stand to the city as a perpetual reminder of the magnanimity of its people and the faith in the Union which its great citizen held in an hour when apparent self-interest and patriotism and right all cried out against his firm belief. It is a token of the renewed love of his fellow-citizens for our common country; it is a sign that the past is utterly past, and that the same future lies before us all.

Our Daily Bread.

In commenting upon a paper in which this subject was presented by Professor Atwater at the meeting, last August, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the "New York Times" speaks as follows:

"It is much to be wished that his conclusions might be presented to the people who most need them, and in a form that they could understand and would accept. These people are manual workmen, both skilled

mechanics and common laborers. Their extravagance in food is reckless and is one important cause why, with the high rates of wages that prevail here, workmen save so little more than in countries where wages are lower and where food is dearer. . . . If the facts could be brought to the knowledge of the spendthrifts who most need them, a very great work could be done. It is one which the priests of the Roman Catholic Church have peculiar facilities for doing, and they would doubtless undertake it if they appreciated its importance."

These suggestions are excellent. But why not other clergymen as well? The people of limited means are not all Catholics, nor do Protestant ministers fail to appreciate the need of caring for the material as well as the spiritual wants of their flocks. They, too, are anxious for the great mass of humanity outside the churches, and know that such means as these are among the most efficient for getting the multitudes who ignore the Church to feel that it and its spiritual ministrations are for them. Is it not a matter for all who are intent upon bringing New Testament Christianity more and more into the affairs of daily life and using it to elevate the masses of mankind? Christianity and the Church are the great agents of the world's charity and its "higher education." In different ages these functions have necessarily been exercised by the Church in different ways. One way which the present phase of material and intellectual progress makes essential is the application of the teachings of science to the material, and hence the moral, elevation of men. Not that churches should set up cooking-schools or clergymen become experts in chemistry, but that the rightfulness of economy should be taught, its simpler principles explained, and people encouraged to think and learn about them, and helped to use them. The members of the medical profession, too, might aid greatly, as indeed they do. They see the practical needs and can, in their daily intercourse with the families they visit, suggest much that is helpful.

Of course the facts of food-economy must be got into popular shape, but this is being done. It is only in these later days that science is getting hold of them. In the series of articles now appearing in THE CENTURY it has been necessary to devote many pages to explanations of the fundamental principles of nutrition and the experiments upon which they are based, because much that is important has not yet been put into English: even the latest text-books do not contain these things. Further articles, like the one in the present number, will give practical details and their application in the directions of domestic and social economy, health, and morals. In due time simple manuals and other publications will doubtless become common, and the subject thus be placed more fully before the people.

The industrial schools are taking up the chemical, physiological, and economic phases of the subject. There is a demand that instruction in this, as in other branches of applied science, be given to the pupils of the public schools, and the first steps in this direction have already been taken in some cities.

But one great difficulty is the lack of information. More research is needed. The work of some of our boards of health and labor bureaus is beginning to tell. The agricultural experiment stations established and to be established in each State and Territory of the Union, by an Act of the last Congress, will acquire information of value. But much that is pressingly demanded requires peculiar facilities for its production, such as are found only in the laboratories and libraries of the great educational institutions, and is dependent for its best development upon the intellectual attrition and the opportunities for continuous study which such establishments alone can offer. In the European universities these facilities are provided by the Government; with us they depend upon private munificence. The investigations which Professor Atwater has told of in THE CENTURY as carried on in this country have been largely dependent upon private aid. Those in which he has been engaged at Wesleyan University would have been impossible without it.

The endowment of research is one of the most useful forms of public benefaction. Here is a way in which it may be made extremely useful. A few hundreds of dollars will make a valuable piece of investigation, a few thousands, an important research, possible. A laboratory built and equipped for a sum which many a man invests in a house at a watering-place, or a pleasure yacht, and an endowment that would yield a revenue equal to the annual cost of the house or yacht, would bring results of untold value to the world.

A gratifying illustration of the progress in this direction is being shown by one of our popular scientific journals. "Science," taking up the subject as treated in the columns of THE CENTURY, is instituting an inquiry into the subject of the wastefulness in the purchase and use of food by wage-workers and the poor. The results can hardly fail to be of great value.

America is not Russia.

WE do not see how anything could more clearly demonstrate the folly and crime of an anarchical movement in America than the papers by Mr. Kennan, on the condition of affairs in the Russian Empire, now being published in THE CENTURY.

These criticisms proceed from a country whose relations with Russia are particularly cordial. They are printed in a periodical where "The Life of Peter the Great," published as a two-years' serial, did much to increase the amicable interest of Americans in the affairs of Russia, and they are from a hand that has shown conspicuously its friendliness toward the Russian Government.

Without favoring or defending the methods of the Russian revolutionists, Mr. Kennan shows that the violence which individuals, or groups of individuals, are guilty of in Russia, is a natural result of the absence of civil liberty. The Russian Liberals (not revolutionists) demand — what? The readers of the November CENTURY have seen the moderation of their demand: they desire freedom of speech, freedom of the press, security for personal rights, and a constitutional form of government. America, above all nations of the world, means these very things. Anarchy, and the dastardly methods of the anarchist, have no slightest color of excuse to exist in a free country. And, thank Heaven! America is continually making it evident that a free country is abundantly adapted to the defense of its own freedom; that is to say, of its own existence.

OPEN LETTERS.

Industrial Training in the Public Schools.

PHILADELPHIA.

IT gives me great pleasure to state that the efforts made to introduce industrial training into the public schools of Philadelphia have been attended with the most unqualified success. The provisions thus far made for carrying it into operation are as follows:

1. *The Kindergarten.* This feature of our school system is of recent origin, and is as yet imperfectly organized. It is our purpose, however, ultimately to make the Kindergarten the foundation of all the education given in the public schools of the city.

2. *Instruction in Sewing to Girls.* All the girls above the first two years of the school course receive systematic instruction in sewing. The classes now number about twenty-five thousand girls. Our experience has been that from the age of nine years it is possible for girls to make rapid progress in the elementary processes of sewing, and, as they advance, to make practical application of these processes to the making of garments. The sewing lessons do not interfere in the slightest with the other work of the schools. They afford a pleasant rest to the children, who seem greatly to enjoy the hour devoted to this occupation. My opinion is that there is a good deal of educational value in the sewing work, over and above the practical application which will be made of it in real life.

3. *Industrial Art Training.* A school is maintained for the children attending the grammar schools, in which instruction is given in free-hand drawing, modeling in clay, wood-carving, and simple joinery work. This school is open to both boys and girls, who receive two hours' instruction per week. The training has a marked influence upon the productive faculties of the pupils, and the results prove how strong the artistic tendency is in the general average of children.

4. *The Manual Training School.* This is the chief feature of our industrial education. It is a school to which boys who have finished the grammar-school course are admitted upon examination. In addition to a good secondary education in the English language, history, mathematics, and science, and a thorough course in drawing, instruction is given in the nature and use of the fundamental tools, and in their application to the chief materials used in the industries of the world. The success of this school has exceeded our highest anticipations. The manual training has a marked influence upon the mental and moral character of the boys — producing a thoroughness and earnestness in every task which is quite unusual among boys of their age. The average age of the pupils when admitted is about fifteen years. The course of instruction occupies three years.

It will thus be seen that in Philadelphia we have made a beginning in several directions with industrial, or as I prefer to call it, manual, training. The problem remaining to be solved is such an extension and coördination of these elements as shall furnish a continuous and progressive course of manual training all along the line of the pupils' education.

It is scarcely three years since these efforts to graft industrial training on the public schools of the city was begun, but it has already won the confidence of the community, and there is a growing demand for its further extension throughout the school system. I believe that the incorporation of industrial training into the public schools of this country is only a question of time. The misunderstanding as to its purposes arises chiefly among those who have no personal knowledge of its practical operation and management. My conviction is that before a great while it will be universally accepted as the greatest advance which has been made in the public education of the United States for half a century.

Yours very truly,

James MacAlister,
Superintendent Public Schools, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW HAVEN.

IN trying to incorporate industrial training as a part of our public-school course, we have avoided attempting anything that would interfere materially with work already established. Plain sewing has been introduced in all intermediate schools, much to the satisfaction of both parents and children. Although only one hour per week is assigned to this branch, considerable skill has been acquired, and very neat specimens of needlework are now to be seen in many schools.

An attempt to adapt the occupations of the Kindergarten to primary schools has been measurably successful. This "busy work," so called, is intended to train the hand and the eye, assist the teaching of reading, writing, and numbers, employ the activities of children in a pleasant way, and lay the foundation for drawing and higher manual work.

During the past year, Prang's models for teaching form have been introduced, with exercises in clay modeling. This furnishes the best basis for industrial drawing, which is now a part of our curriculum.

Early in the year a manual-training shop, capable of accommodating twenty-four boys at once, was opened, and ten classes, selected from the several grammar schools of the city, have received two hours' instruction each week. The boys thus instructed have, as a rule, been full of interest, and with about thirty lessons have become fairly proficient in the use of tools.

The effect of these several forms of industrial effort upon teaching generally is good. The value of dealing with things rather than with words is becoming an axiom in all our schools.

Very truly yours,

S. T. Dutton,
Superintendent Public Schools, New Haven, Conn.

AN ADVERSE VIEW.

THE public-school system of this country has developed steadily for more than two and a half centuries. It has been modified and improved from time to time, and adapted to new conditions and different localities.

Consequently we have a highly intelligent citizenship, great business activity, and a high degree of inventive skill by which machinery is made to do the work of man and to cheapen every product which his need requires.

Now these very results of our education are so much admired that they are used as an argument against the system which produced them. Mental training has resulted in great industrial progress: and now we are exhorted to abandon that training and work directly for industrial progress. Industrial education is the popular fetich; and if any one tries to advocate anything else he is suppressed by the old cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Technical schools undoubtedly are in demand; and they are essential and highly useful. Special industrial schools are also to be encouraged, and they may be beneficial. But the public schools should not be subverted or overthrown in order to make a place for such schools.

In the first place, a distinct phase of this kind of education was begun more than fifty years ago, and it proved a dead failure. It has been my fortune to be connected with three institutions of this kind, in the States of Maine and Massachusetts, where were to be seen the decaying ruins of a system as promising to its advocates as any which is now proposed.

In the second place there is a fallacy in the claim that manual training in school is necessary in order to produce intellectual honesty; that accuracy of thought and statement can not be secured without muscular work in the production of material things; that geometry, for example, can not be learned thoroughly without cutting out blocks, nor astronomy without going up in a balloon to see the stars; — for this is what the advocates of manual training claim when their claim is reduced to its bald and concrete form. In the third place there is a materialistic tendency, in the present advocacy of manual training as an adjunct of public-school education, which is destructive of that virile quality of thought and mental power which it is the province of education to beget. Within a fortnight one of these advocates is reported to have said: "The important thing to keep before a boy's mind in school is, 'How will all this help me in getting a living?'"— as if the American people need to be stimulated in money-getting; and as if the high object of education is the almighty dollar!

Finally, when the public-school system undertakes to do everything for a pupil; to train his mind to clear and vigorous thinking; to develop all his physical powers and teach him a trade by which he may earn a livelihood; and to train his moral nature so that he may have a clear passport to heaven, then this system will fall to pieces of its own weight. For ours is not a paternal government whose design is to care for each individual, but a democracy in which each has not only to take care of himself but to help also in making regulations for all; and till the family relation is overthrown in the onward "progress" of our age, something must be left to parents; and it can best be left there in spite of the protestations of those self-constituted philanthropists who so much desire to educate every child for his "sphere in life."

A. P. Marble,
Superintendent Public Schools, Worcester, Mass.

Industrial Training in the New York Catholic Protectory.

THE New York Catholic Protectory is a remarkable instance of a reformatory in which industrial training is carried on to an extent unsurpassed by that of any similar institution in the world. The work and methods of the Protectory are but little known to the people of the State, although it is annually visited by many European educators and economists, and has been repeatedly noticed and extolled in the columns of such papers as the London "Times," "Standard," "Chronicle," "Post," and "Pall Mall Gazette." The superiority and excellence of its industrial training consist chiefly in the variety of trades taught, thus affording a scope for differing tastes and aptitude; the thorough, efficient nature of the instruction; the size and superior appointments of the shops; and the high standard attained as workmen by boys trained there. The following trades are taught: printing, electrotyping, silk-weaving, shoemaking, tailoring, chair-making, blacksmithing, carpentry; the business of machinists, wheelwrights, bakers, and practical farming and gardening. The girls, who are under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, are instructed in sewing, embroidery, kid-glove making, dress and shirt making. Last year the proceeds of the sewing and glove-making departments alone amounted to $11,031.32.

Mental and manual training are combined in the most admirable manner, the time of the children being about equally divided between the school-room and the work-shop, with ample opportunities for recreation. From October until May evening classes are formed in free-hand, mechanical, and architectural drawing, and in designing and modeling. In all the trades the precision and taste which the habit of drawing gives are clearly perceptible. The children of the Junior Department, who are kept entirely separate from the others, have their own work-shops, where, for a few hours daily, they are initiated into the elementary principles of trade instruction, as a preparation for the real shop-work of the Senior Department. Every boy in the Protectory is taught some trade in its entirety, and if, for any reason, he leaves before finishing his particular trade, he is at least thoroughly grounded in an elementary knowledge of it, and can readily find employment outside.

The various work-shops are each under the supervision of one of the Christian Brothers, who watches over the manners and morals of the boys, and maintains order and discipline; but the trade instruction is, in every case, given by skilled, trained mechanics, who are paid liberal salaries to act as instructors and foremen to the youthful workmen. The superior quality of the work done by very young children proves conclusively what may be done by judicious, intelligent training. Take, for example, the shoe-shop, which employs 260 boys and turns out over 300 pairs of shoes a day; or the printing-office, which does the entire work of two large publishing houses. The average age of the boys is twelve years. At the New Orleans Exhibition the work of the Protectory attracted universal attention, as it had done the year before at the London International Exhibition. Among the exhibits were finely woven silks, engravings, exquisite carvings and designs, beautiful specimens of printing, electrotyping, embroidery and sewing, well-made and really finished shoes,

suits of clothing, and gloves. The work in wood was well represented by tables, chairs, and excellent examples of carpentry.

The production of work for a regular market by the Protectory is also an important factor in promoting the efficiency and value of the industrial training. Thus, in filling an order for a certain amount of work to be ready at a stated time, many practical questions must be taken into consideration, a knowledge of which is of the highest value to the workman. So a boy is taught not only the execution of the work, but the time required for its performance; the cost of production; the quality and nature of materials; and many other practical matters which can only be learned by the production of work destined for actual use.

Boys trained in the shops of the Protectory are eagerly sought as workmen by the leading manufacturers, and many now fill positions as foremen and superintendents in large establishments in New York and neighboring cities.

Ida M. Van Etten.

The American Book.

THERE is one thing which, more than any other, would nationalize our literature. It is a question of a little common honesty — a matter of a little every-day sort of justice; and it would be twice blessed in the giving and in the receiving. We need a broadening of our copyright laws, a better protection for ideal and intellectual property, which is, after all, a more natural property than lands and corporeal hereditaments. It is a case where the ideal is most real; but it is also a property most liable to theft, most easily stolen, and least protected of all property.

It is gravely urged, in opposition to copyright legislation, that it would be wrong to force people to pay for what they can now have free — that to allow copyright to foreigners would be to pay an enormous tax for what we can have for the taking. Shoes and shirts are an enormous tax paid to decency and comfort. Shall we, therefore, in order to evade the tax, take the wares of the shoemaker and the tailor without compensation? It is the argument of Captain Kidd and the banditti. Proudhon said, "Property is robbery." America says, by her attitude on the copyright question, property in brains is robbery, if the brains are under a foreign scalp. A foreign author has no rights an American is bound to respect, and because of this theory, and this only, the converse is true in fact — that an American author has no rights in the hands of a foreigner.

We bear with composure the charge, and the fact, of being robbers in the fields of literature, but our blood runs cold at the thought of the torch of the mob applied to the tinder of a factory, or at the vision of a piece of gas-pipe, charged with dynamite, flung into the streets of a great city. We can not afford to suspend the truest maxims of our freedom at the call of interest or expediency. We can not allow our love of dollars to overshadow the future and forge fetters for our principles, nor let communism of brains emasculate our literature and make us a nation of literary beggars. There is something better than cheapness. The smuggler's goods are cheap. Is the smuggler, therefore, a great reformer and a public benefactor? The people must read, they must educate; but to do these things shall we steal or smuggle? James Russell Lowell says, "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by." The argument that cheapness is a national blessing largely resolves itself into an argument that is individual and selfish. If it is of any force as against international copyright, let us carry it out to its logical sequence and abolish home copyright as well, and then sit down and forecast the result.

It is true that it is the duty of the State to legislate primarily in the interests of its own citizens. But "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." American progress can not be built up on cheapness alone. We sometimes buy cheap and ask no questions, glad that our wants and our purses so nearly agree; but there is, after all, a universal sentiment of honesty that is always glad to see one's neighbor come into his own. And it would seem to be the simplest possible proposition, that if one has made anything, whether a baby-jumper, or a book that is sufficiently valued by his fellow-men to be used by them, he has an ownership in his work, and is fairly entitled to a profit therefrom. Justice is better than cheapness, honesty is more to be desired than culture, righteousness is higher than expediency.

But expediency seems to be the highest reach of international law, and, abandoning any higher principle, it is full time for America to get into line with other states and nations, and amend her copyright laws on the ground of policy.

Competition is desirable, but our copyright laws put us beyond competition, and, as we have seen, into the range of pillage. Commercial monopoly tends to robbery. Mercantile competition is a matter of public policy. But an honest merchant can not compete with the pirate and the smuggler. Piracy and smuggling under governmental protection would soon destroy all home market and home manufacture, and home honesty as well. It is a regular "Stand and deliver" to all fair trade. This is just what the United States Government is doing in literary matters. It puts the American book in competition with the book for whose production nothing is paid. It is not "Chinese cheap labor," but stolen and absolutely unpaid labor!

If the alien's book is to be forever the cheapest book, it will be the book most read. American thought and action fed on foreign diet will, in time, be but an echo of foreign types. If we are to promote a national culture, we must keep abreast of our neighbors in all that tends to the advancement of a sound national literature. The state ought to have a literature in sympathy with it, for literature is one of the strongest forces in shaping social life and national character.

It is argued against international copyright that it will increase the price of books, and that cheap reading is a large factor in cheap education. Cheap reading is, perhaps, desirable, and cheap education may be a blessing, but things may sometimes be too cheap. I think the facts would be, that new foreign books would be higher in price, by reason of copyright, and new American books would be cheaper, by reason of a wider market. There is a large class of books which would not be affected by copyright, for it would not be retroactive. Year after year the books that age can

not wither nor custom stale — the books that are "immortalities" — are dropping into the common fund by the expiration of the "limited period." Let us take these spoils of time freely and without price, under the policy of all governments, but in all justice and good conscience let us recompense the author for his work, under whatsoever skies he writes, for the statute time.

The United States, whose literature owes more to the world than that of any other nation, is, in the matter of intellectual property, behind the age. She wraps the mantle of selfishness about her and legislates for her own family only, saying to her citizens, "Thou shalt not rob thine own brother, but if there be a stranger within thy gates, thou mayest plunder him with a high hand and a free conscience." It is one against the world, and her plunder weakens her capacity for producing work that is good at home, or work that the world will even steal. A governmental policy in copyright, that would grant common rights to others, would secure for ourselves rights which we need, and rights which would largely help us to higher standards, purer taste, and added nationality in our literature.

John E. Cleland.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Piedmont Exposition, Atlanta.

COUNTY and State fairs are locally advantageous whenever they are intelligently conducted. If planned so as to attract wide attention and induce general interest, they always arouse a spirited rivalry among the contestants for awards of merit, and such competitive efforts necessarily result in material benefit to all branches of industry and all departments of husbandry that are represented. Likewise inter-State and national expositions, when successfully managed, are proportionately beneficial throughout the wider fields of their influence. They are all eye-openers to the possibilities of energy, incentives to enterprise, and powerful factors in the creation of thrift and prosperity.

In these respects it is impossible to estimate what they have done for the South within the last ten years. Probably all of the others together are not equal in the value of their effect to the Piedmont Exposition, which occurred at Atlanta, Ga., about three months ago. It is now sufficiently a thing of the past to be reviewed calmly, with some chance of determining its practical results and substantial benefits.

It was only 104 days in course of preparation, and it lasted just two weeks. The fair-grounds, consisting of 197 acres, were farm-lands in cultivation when the Exposition was organized; and yet 104 days from that time, when the gates of the great fair were formally thrown open, all the necessary buildings and other arrangements, including an excellent race-track, stood in such admirable readiness that they seemed no less than the creditable result of many months of laborious preparation.

The Exposition itself was undeniably higher in its aim, wider in its scope, greater in its magnitude, and fuller in its success than any affair of the kind which has ever been held in the South.

If asked to express in one word the best result and most invaluable benefit of the Piedmont Exposition, I should say — revelation! Revelation, deep and wide, of a common interest in our common country; revelation of local pride without the slightest disposition to insist upon the perpetuation of sectional lines between the States; revelation of a sincere desire for the profitable development of every resource of our broad land; revelation of that true patriotism which should make Massachusetts rejoice in the prosperity of Georgia's cotton-mills, and make Pennsylvania glad at Alabama's mineral wealth; revelation of the truth that we are one people, with no violently conflicting interests, no ground for jealous ambitions, and no cause for internal dissensions, but bound together by a union of purposes, a sympathy in aspirations, and an indestructible fellowship in destiny. These were the revelations of inter-State significance.

Locally the Piedmont Exposition was a revelation of marvelous excellence in all varieties of manufacturing industry; of surprising advance in every phase of mercantile enterprise; of vast improvement in stock and cattle-breeding; of admirable progress in methods of farming; and of an inexhaustible wealth in mineral and other natural resources.

It showed too that the Southern people "have pulled themselves together," and so energized their ambitions as to insure a rapid march in all ways of material development and substantial prosperity. In this spirit of revived hope they are greatly sustained by the constant realization of encouragement from all the other branches of our great family of States.

It can not fairly be claimed that the immense crowd which gathered in Atlanta during the Exposition was all attracted by the exhibition of the Piedmont resources. It must be admitted that the President and his wife were incalculably strong magnets. No doubt thousands went to Atlanta to see them who never approached the Exposition grounds. But the crowd was great enough to stand a very liberal allowance for the hero-worshiping element, and still leave a balance altogether ample to attest a deep and wide interest in the purposes and success of the Exposition itself.

The visitors numbered more than twice as many as the resident population. I mean it as no complaint against the provision which Atlanta made for her guests, but only as evidence of how the city was packed do I mention the fact that several churches and other public buildings were thrown open as sleeping-houses for strangers who were without shelter. I saw at least five hundred men, women, and children sleeping on their trunks in the Union Depot; and the cold marble steps of the Kimball House, for three flights up, were every night literally packed with men who dropped down on them in absolute exhaustion and slept.

If most of these people suffered all these discomforts merely for a glimpse of the President, it argues powerfully the Southern interest in national affairs. If, on the other hand, even a fair proportion of them were simply in attendance upon the Exposition, it proves a lively awakening of interest in the vast wealth and infinite resources of the Piedmont region. The fair was the first of its kind in the South which I ever knew to be profitable. The total cost was $199,530. The total receipts from all sources were $209,096. Thus is shown a net profit of $9566. In this calculation the permanent buildings and the grounds are put down in the

receipts at their cost, and counted as property on hand fully worth in cash the estimated value.

I think possibly the most astounding fact in connection with the affair was its freedom from serious casualties. There was but one accident of any sort reported during the two weeks; a young boy working around the machinery in one of the main buildings was caught in a wheel and had his leg broken.

When it is remembered that there are eight railroads running into Atlanta, and that for ten days extra schedules were operated over all of them, and that during that time no train ever came into or went out of the town that was not packed to its utmost capacity, the escape from accidents seems almost miraculous.

The mineral exhibit alone would have justified the total cost of the Exposition. With one display in this department there was a casket of jewels (in the rough) found in North Carolina, which an expert valued at over $30,000. But I dare not trust myself to specify even the most conspicuous exhibits. The effect of the Exposition will be felt far beyond the bounds of the region it embraced, and its results will be manifested in endless phases of energy and usefulness. It is only just to say that to Henry W. Grady is due the credit for the conception of this important enterprise, as well as the chief praise for its successful fulfillment.

Marion J. Verdery.

Hawthorne's Loyalty.

AN autograph letter of Hawthorne, dated July 20th, 1863, has recently been brought to an auction sale, but without the knowledge or consent of the person to whom it was addressed.

Its publication touched me deeply, I confess, especially as Hawthorne indicates, in the letter itself, the confidence in which it was written. He says:

> "I do not write (if you will please to observe) for my letter to be read by others, for this is the first time that I have written down ideas which exist in a gaseous state in my mind; and perhaps they might define themselves rather differently on another attempt to condense them."

The publication of this letter has led to harsh and bitter comments, and to inferences entirely at variance with Hawthorne's opinions as expressed to me at different periods during the war, in our various conversations and in his letters herewith printed. There is in the letter spoken of intrinsic evidence that all its statements were not intended to be taken literally. For instance (in controverting the charge that Pierce was a traitor), Hawthorne exclaims, "A traitor! Why, he is the only loyal man in the country, North or South." Again, he says, in a jocular strain to the lady addressed, "I offer you the nook in our garret which Mary contrived as a hiding-place for Mr. Sanborn."

Remarks like these show that the letter was written in a careless manner, and ought not, all, to be taken seriously.

It should be observed that Hawthorne did not — in this letter or elsewhere — speak of the Peace Democrats as if he were one of them; and I believe there is no proof whatever that he could fairly be so classed.

Did he at any time utter a wish that the "rebels" might succeed? Did he ever rejoice in any victory of theirs? Did he praise resistance to the military draft? or discourage Union enlistments or the granting of liberal military supplies? Did he, in any case, send messages to the enemy or encourage them to persevere in rebellion? Did he express respect or esteem for the Southern people while at war with us? If he did none of these things, but, on the contrary, always approved and applauded the vigorous prosecution of the war after it had broken out, then there is no justice in calling him a Peace Democrat. While Hawthorne made no pretension to the character of a statesman, he felt deeply the importance of the national interests at stake; and some of his expressed views were wise and far-reaching. Certainly he was an ardent well-wisher for the success of the North.

Speculating in this letter upon what the rebels might do in a certain contingency, he gives it as his own opinion that "the best thing possible, as far as I can see, is to effect a separation of the Union, giving us the west bank of the Mississippi and a boundary line affording us as much Southern soil as we can hope to digest in another century."

Looking at the condition of the country to-day after the successful termination of the war and the settlement of our national difficulties, it should not be forgotten that — during the struggle — there were times when the most earnest lovers of the Union contemplated in sadness the probability of a division of the States, whose interests were then so widely different.

Letters from distinguished Republican statesmen and loyal editors are in existence which show that under the terrible financial, political, and military strain to which the North was subjected, they seriously considered the prospect of being obliged — especially in case of foreign intervention — to accede to some such settlement of the contest as the one suggested by Hawthorne in the letter in question.

Many thoughtful men now living, who were of mature age at the time of the war, will remember that they themselves, though loyal to the core, from time to time had doubts and fears as to the outcome of the struggle, and speculated as to the terms of settlement most advantageous to the North that could be obtained. Nor was it cowardly or disloyal, under the trying circumstances continually occurring, for any man — while doing his utmost for the success of our cause — to think and talk in confidence to his friends of the contingency of separation from the "diseased members," as Hawthorne called them.

In the dark days of the war (and they were frequent almost to its end) many true men echoed the opinion that it would be wise to "let our erring sisters go." But, happily, a stronger and wiser policy prevailed. With these remarks I submit the following extracts from letters of Hawthorne to myself, which show his deliberate judgment — expressed at various times — upon the subject of the War of the Rebellion:

CONCORD, May 26th, 1861.

DEAR BRIDGE: . . . The war, strange to say, has had a beneficial effect upon my spirits, which were flagging wofully before it broke out. But it was delightful to share in the heroic sentiment of the time and to feel that I had a country — a consciousness which seemed to make me young again. One thing, as regards this matter, I regret, and one thing I am glad of. The regretable thing is that I am too old to shoulder a musket myself, and the joyful thing is that Julian is too young. He drills constantly with a company of lads, and means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age; but I trust

we shall be either victorious or vanquished before that time.

Meantime (though I approve the war as much as any man), I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected. If we pummel the South ever so hard, they will love us none the better for it; and, even if we subjugate them, our next step should be to cut them adrift. If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, to be sure, it may be a wise object, and offers a tangible result, and the only one consistent with a future union between North and South. A continuance of the war would soon make this plain to us; and we should see the expediency of preparing our black brethren for future citizenship by allowing them to fight for their own liberties, and educating them through heroic influences. Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We never were one people, and never really had a country since the Constitution was formed.

CONCORD, October 12th, 1861.

DEAR BRIDGE: I am glad you take such a hopeful view of our national projects, so far as regards the war; but my own opinion is that no nation ever came safe and sound through such a confounded difficulty as this of ours. For my own part I don't hope (nor indeed wish) to see the Union restored as it was. Amputation seems to me much the better plan; and all we ought to fight for is the liberty of selecting the point where our diseased members shall be left off. I would fight to the death for the Northern Slave States, and let the rest go. I am glad Mrs. Bridge has had a little rest from Washington life, and heartily wish you could have been with her.

CONCORD, February 13th, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE: . . . Frank Pierce came here and spent a night, a week or two since, and we mingled our condolements for the state of the country. Pierce is truly patriotic, and thinks there is nothing left for us but to fight it out; but I should be sorry to take his opinion implicitly as regards our chances for the future. He is bigoted to the Union, and sees nothing but ruin without it; whereas I (if we can only put the boundry far enough South) should not much regret an ultimate separation. A few weeks will decide how this is to be; for only a powerful Union feeling shall be developed by the military successes that seem to be setting in, and we ought to turn our attention to the best mode of resolving ourselves into two nations.

It would be too great an absurdity to spend all our Northern strength for the next generation in holding on to a people who insist upon being let loose. If we do hold them, I should think Sumner's territorial plan the best way!

P. S. I ought to thank you for a shaded map of Negrodom which you sent me a little while ago. What a terrible amount of trouble and expense in washing that sheet white! And, after all, I am afraid we shall only variegate it with blood and dirt. [The map referred to was one showing the comparative destiny of the slave population of the several Southern States.]

On his return home, after a visit to me in Washington, he wrote:

CONCORD, April 15th, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE: Yours inclosing two photographs of Professor Henry's received.

I reached home safe and sound on Thursday. It is a pity I did not wait one day longer, so as to have shared in the joyful excitement about the Pittsburg victory and the taking of Island Number Ten.

In a letter to me, dated April 19th, 1862, he wrote:

"I feel a tremendous anxiety about our affairs at Yorktown. It will not surprise me if we come to grief."

It may be pertinent to add that, just after the first battle of Bull Run, Hawthorne says, in his answer to a dinner invitation from James Russell Lowell, quoted by Lathrop in his "Study of Hawthorne":

"Speaking of dinner, last evening's news will dull the edge of many a Northern appetite; but if it puts all of us into the same grim and bloody humor that it does me, the South had better have suffered ten defeats than won this victory."

From an unbroken friendship beginning with our college days and ending only with his life, I believe that I enjoyed Hawthorne's confidence and understood his personal and political character as thoroughly as any one, and I should hold myself false to the memory of my friend if I did not give my testimony, and furnish the proofs in my possession, of his loyalty to the North, which has recently, and most unfairly, been called in question.

Horatio Bridge,
U. S. Navy.

"THE MOORINGS," ATHENS, PA.

Corrections.

ON page 77 of the November CENTURY, a picture of Gov. Israel Washburn of Maine appeared over the title of his brother E. B. Washburne. A portrait of the latter will appear in an early part of the Lincoln history.

ON page 134 of the same number, a picture of the Washington Monument in the Capitol Square, Richmond, was in a part of the edition incorrectly called the Jackson Monument.

BRIC-Á-BRAC.

Recollections of Grant.

"I KNEW him well," the old man said.
"We were together in fight:
I with the Left when the charge was led—
The General of course had the Right.

I stood by his side," the old man said,
"When a bullet whizzed down the line:
Scarce forty feet from the General's head—
And but little farther from mine.

Did I blench at the storm?" the old man said,
"Ah, sir, the bravest may;
And from childhood up I 've been always afraid
Of finding myself in the way."

"Shall I write thee down, O hero," I said,
"As a friend of the fallen chief,
And blazon thy name beside that of the dead
In a glorious alto-relief?"

"Nay, his friends were many," the old man said,
"A greater distinction I want—
Just say I 'm the one who when all was done
Wrote no 'Recollections of Grant!'"

Charles Henry Webb.



THE FOREIGNER TAKING AMERICAN NOTES.

WAITER: "Yaas, sir; dey is two branches of our soldiery. What you see now is got up jes' fo' times o' peace and is styled malicious — what we call de raglers is only jes' fo' war."

Uncle Ezek's Wisdom.

A BUSYBODY is an individual who goes about stealing other people's time, and fooling away his own.

THERE is truth enough in existence for a dozen worlds like this, and there are lies enough for fifty.

PITY and water-gruel are much alike, and a man will thrive on one just about as fast as on the other.

THE man whose most ardent admirers are his own family, never amounts to anything in the world.

IF a man acts natural he is sure to act honest; his conscience never made him dishonest.

THE brain thinks, but the heart decides.

TO BE a successful prude, a woman must be at least two-thirds a coquette.

FORMS and ceremonies are just as necessary as law and gospel; without them mankind would be no better than an organized mob.

A MULE is the only creature among the domestic animals who does n't know the difference between praise and abuse.

HAPPINESS is an art, and we have to learn how to be happy, just as we have to learn how to be good.

IF we could see ahead as well as we can see behind, most of us would take the back track at once.

TO THE wicked all things are vile.

THERE are few animals that you can trust with absolute liberty, and fewer men.

UNIFORM politeness is a species of godliness; it may not make a saint of a man, but it makes a lovely sinner.

ADVERSITY links all things closer. Who ever heard of a beggar advertising for a lost dog?

Uncle Ezek.

To Wilding, my Polo-Pony.

My Wilding, I must leave thee!
Does word of parting grieve thee
As it grieves me, thy master, fond, indulgent,
Who see the softness in thine eye refulgent
And think a thousand thoughts are dreaming there
As like my thoughts as love is like love's prayer?

How passing true thou art to me
Thy whinnyings apart to me
Make clear. Thy kissing breath upon my cheek
Is warm as June-time love, that needs not speak
To set the heart that beateth true a-bloom —
To stir the sense to quaff the day's perfume.

Thou art a pretty fellow:
Thy brilliant chestnut-yellow
Shines like a changing silk; the driven snows
Have stained thy foot and striped thy Roman nose;
A-top the neck thy bristling mane doth curve,
And every muscle shown doth seem a nerve.

And every step or motion
Gives those who see a notion
Of Pegasus. Thou needest not his wings:
Thy dainty limbs were made for flights and flings;
And if thy feet do touch the earth, 't is done
As one would quickly kiss, 'twixt fear and fun.

If some one now a stranger
Drop apples in thy manger,
And fetch thee sugar in his pocket too,
Thou 'lt eat — perhaps — and yet to me be true,
Nor let the stranger learn the secret sign
That makes thee lift thy foot and bow so fine.

But when I 'm gone, who 'll ride thee,
Caress, or even chide thee?
Will other understand thy playful tricks,
Thy curvetings and antics, bucks and kicks?
Will other let thee shy on loosened rein,
And let thee have thy head o'er every plain?

And who will drive thee, pony,
O'er roughish roads and stony?
Ah, Wilding, cunning rogue, I 'll not forget
The day I paid a friend a friendly debt
And loaned thee: how thou brokest trace and rein
And, leaving him, sped home to me again!

They say that I 'll forget thee
And nevermore will pet thee,
When I have learned to love some maiden fair.
I say that she with thee my love shall share!
If I must love thee less to love her more,
I 'll love thee as I love thee now thrice o'er!

I 'll see thee in the spring-time,
For birds and me the wing-time
To take the northward flight. Together then
We 'll seek the lanes, and run and race again.
But, Wilding-pony, I must leave thee now.
Farewell! Now whinny, lift thy foot, and bow!

John Eliot Bowen.

"The Lady; or, the Tiger?"

Had I been the hero whose fate is unknown,
Do you think I 'd have wavered in doubt?
I 'd have opened the doors to both beauty and beast,
Saying, "Ladies, you 'll please fight it out!"

Belle A. Mundy.

With Pen and Ink.

With pen and ink one might indite
A sonnet, or indeed might write
A billet-doux, or, eke to raise
The wind, a note for thirty days.

Not mine the poem; they 'd send it back
Or shove it into BRIC-À-BRAC.
My flippant muse is never seen
Within the solid magazine.

And not for me the billet-doux;
Indeed, who should I write it to?
I would not thus employ my pen,
Unless to woo my wife again.

Ah me! the while I stop to think
What Shakspere did with pen and ink,
I wonder how his ink was made, —
If blue or purple was the shade;

His pen, — broad-nibbed and rather stiff,
Like this, or fine? I wonder if
He tried a "Gillott," thirty-nine,
Or used a coarser pen, like mine?

Or was it brains? No ink I know
Will really make ideas flow,
Nor can the most ingenious pen
Make wits and poets of dull men.

So this the miracle explains,
He used his pen and ink with brains.
Mine is the harder task, I think,
To write with only pen and ink.

Walter Learned.

Pepita.

Up in her balcony where
Vines through the lattices run
Spilling a scent on the air,
Setting a screen to the sun,
Fair as the morning is fair,
Sweet as a blossom is sweet,
Dwells in her rosy retreat
Pepita.

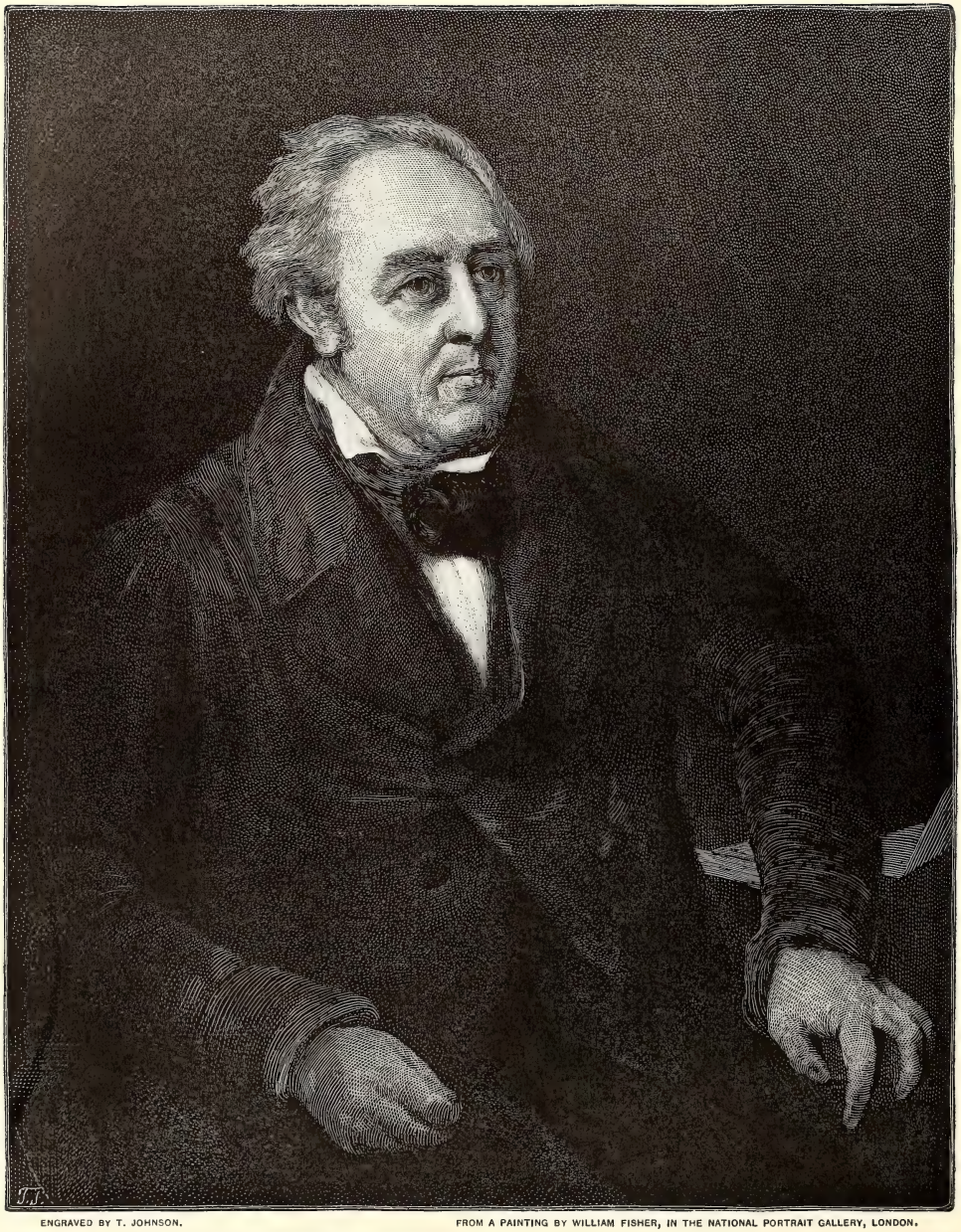
Often a glimpse of her face
When the wind rustles the vine
Parting the leaves for a space
Gladdens this window of mine, —
Pink in its leafy embrace,
Pink as the morning is pink,
Sweet as a blossom I think
Pepita.

I who dwell over the way
Watch where Pepita is hid —
Safe from the glare of the day
Like an eye under its lid:
Over and over I say, —
Name like the song of a bird,
Melody shut in a word, —
"Pepita."

Look where the little leaves stir!
Look, the green curtains are drawn!
There in a blossomy blur
Breaks a diminutive dawn; —
Dawn and the pink face of her, —
Name like a lisp of the south,
Fit for a rose's small mouth, —
Pepita!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

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RANCH LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



OLD-STYLE TEXAN COWMAN.

THE great grazing lands of the West lie in what is known as the arid belt, which stretches from British America on the north to Mexico on the south, through the middle of the United States. It includes New Mexico, part of Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, and the western portion of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. It must not be understood by this that more cattle are to be found here than elsewhere, for the contrary is true, it being a fact often lost sight of that the number of cattle raised on the small, thick-lying farms of the fertile Eastern States is actually many times greater than that of those scattered over the vast, barren ranches of the far West; for stock will always be most plentiful in districts where corn and other winter food can be grown. But in this arid belt, and in this arid belt only,— save in a few similar tracts on the Pacific slope,— stock-raising is almost the sole industry, except in the mountain districts where there is mining. The whole region is one vast stretch of grazing country, with only here and there spots of farm-land, in most places there being nothing more like agriculture than is implied in the cutting of some tons of wild hay or the planting of a garden patch for home use. This is especially true of the northern portion of the region, which comprises the basin of the Upper Missouri, and with which alone I am familiar. Here there are no fences to speak of, and all the land north of the Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains and between the Rockies and the Dakota wheat-fields might be spoken of as one gigantic, unbroken pasture, where cowboys and branding-irons take the place of fences.

The country throughout this great Upper Missouri basin has a wonderful sameness of character; and the rest of the arid belt, lying to the southward, is closely akin to it in its main features. A traveler seeing it for the first time is especially struck by its look of parched, barren desolation; he can with difficulty believe that it will support cattle at all. It is a region of light rainfall; the grass is short and comparatively scanty; there is no timber except along the beds of the streams, and in many places there are alkali deserts where nothing grows but sage-brush and cactus. Now the land stretches out into level, seemingly endless plains or into rolling prairies; again it is broken by abrupt hills and deep, winding valleys; or else it is crossed by chains of buttes, usually bare, but often clad with a dense growth of dwarfed pines or gnarled, stunted cedars. The muddy rivers run in broad, shallow beds, which after heavy rainfalls are filled to the brim by the swollen torrents, while in droughts the larger streams dwindle into sluggish trickles of clearer water, and the smaller ones dry up entirely, but in occasional deep pools.

All through the region, except on the great

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Indian reservation, there has been a scanty and sparse settlement, quite peculiar in its character. In the forest the woodchopper comes first; on the fertile prairies the granger is the pioneer; but on the long stretching uplands of the far West it is the men who guard and follow the horned herds that prepare the way for the settlers who come after. The high plains of the Upper Missouri and its tributary rivers were first opened, and are still held, by the stockmen, and the whole civilization of the region has received the stamp of their marked and individual characteristics. They were from the South, not from the East, although many men from the latter region came out along the great transcontinental railway lines and joined them in their northern migration.

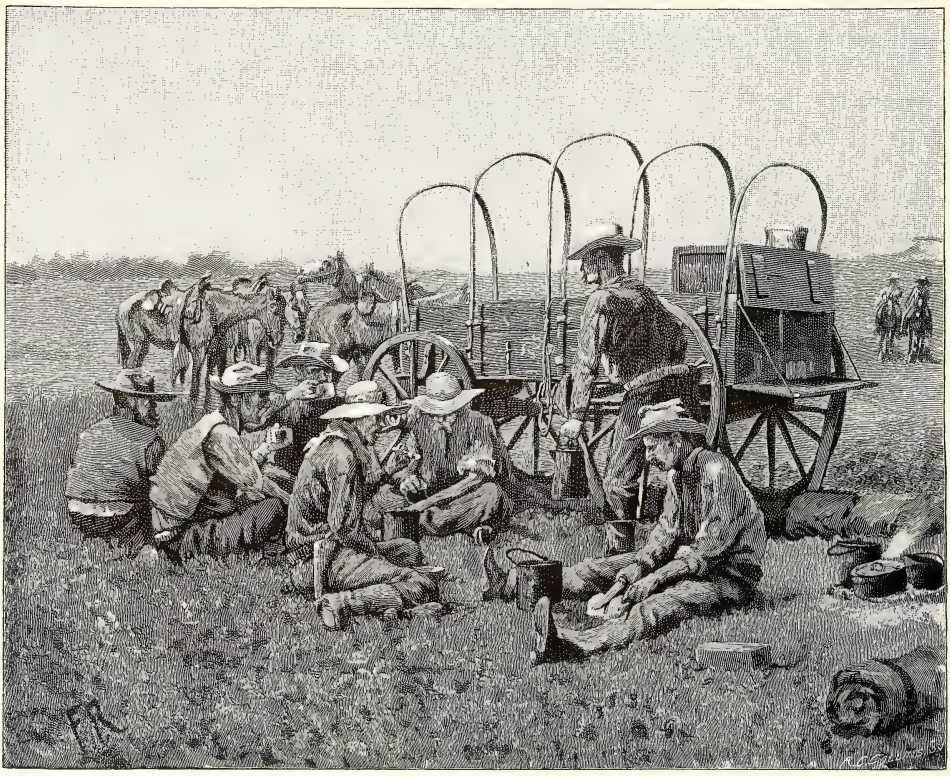
They were not dwellers in towns, and from the nature of their industry lived as far apart from each other as possible. In choosing new ranges, old cow-hands, who are also seasoned plainsmen, are invariably sent ahead, perhaps a year in advance, to spy out the land and pick the best places. One of these may go by himself, or more often, especially if they have to penetrate little known or entirely unknown tracts, two or three will go together, the owner or manager of the herd himself being one of them. Perhaps their herds may already be on the border of the wild and uninhabited country: in that case they may have to take but a few days' journey before finding the stretches of sheltered, long-grass land that they seek. For instance, when I wished to move my own elkhorn steer brand on to a new ranch I had to spend barely a week in traveling north among the Little Missouri Bad Lands before finding what was then untrodden ground far outside the range of any of my neighbors' cattle. But if a large outfit is going to shift its quarters it must go much farther; and both the necessity and the



AN EXPLORING OUTFIT.



AN EPISODE IN THE OPENING UP OF A CATTLE COUNTRY.



THE MIDDAY MEAL.

chance for long wanderings were especially great when the final overthrow of the northern Horse Indians opened the whole Upper Missouri basin at one sweep to the stockmen. Then the advance-guards or explorers, each on one horse and leading another with food and bedding, were often absent months at a time, threading their way through the trackless wastes of plain, plateau, and river-bottom. If possible they would choose a country that would be good for winter and summer alike; but often this could not be done, and then they would try to find a well-watered tract on which the cattle could be summered, and from which they could be driven in fall to their sheltered winter range—for the cattle in winter eat snow, and an entirely waterless region, if broken, and with good pasturage, is often the best possible winter ground, as it is sure not to have been eaten off at all during the summer, while in the bottom the grass is always cropped down soonest. Many outfits regularly shift their herds every spring and fall; but with us in the Bad Lands all we do, when cold weather sets in, is to drive our beasts off the scantily grassed river-bottom back ten miles or more among the broken buttes and plateaux of the uplands to where the brown hay, cured on the stalk, stands thick in the winding *coulées*.

These lookouts or forerunners having returned, the herds are set in motion as early in the spring as may be, so as to get on the ground in time to let the travel-worn beasts rest and gain flesh before winter sets in. Each herd is accompanied by a dozen, or a score, or a couple of score, of cowboys, according to its size, and beside it rumble and jolt the heavy four-horse wagons that hold the food and bedding of the men and the few implements they will need at the end of their journey. As long as possible they follow the trails made by the herds that have already traveled in the same direction, and when these end they strike out for themselves. In the Upper Missouri basin, the pioneer herds soon had to scatter out and each find its own way among the great dreary solitudes, creeping carefully along so that the cattle might not be overdriven and might have water at the halting-places. An outfit might thus be months on its lonely journey, slowly making its way

over melancholy, pathless plains, or down the valleys of the lonely rivers. It was tedious, harassing work, as the weary cattle had to be driven carefully and quietly during the day and strictly guarded at night, with a perpetual watch kept for Indians or white horse-thieves. Often they would skirt the edges of the streams for days at a time, seeking for a ford or a good swimming crossing, and if the water was up and the quicksand deep the danger to the riders was serious and the risk of loss among the cattle very great.

At last, after days of excitement and danger and after months of weary, monotonous toil, the chosen ground is reached and the



THE OUTLYING CAMP.

final camp pitched. The footsore animals are turned loose to shift for themselves, outlying camps of two or three men each being established to hem them in. Meanwhile the primitive ranch-house, out-buildings, and corrals are built, the unhewn cottonwood logs being chinked with moss and mud, while the roofs are of branches covered with dirt, spades and axes being the only tools needed for the work. Bunks, chairs, and tables are all home-made, and as rough as the houses they are in. The supplies of coarse, rude food are carried perhaps two or three hundred miles from the nearest town, either in the ranch-wagons or else by some regular freighting outfit, whose huge canvas-topped prairie schooners are each drawn by several yoke of oxen, or perhaps by six or eight mules. To guard against the numerous mishaps of prairie travel, two or three of these prairie schooners usually go together, the brawny teamsters, known either as "bull-whackers" or as "mule-skinners," stalking beside their slow-moving teams.

The small outlying camps are often tents, or mere dug-outs in the ground. But at the main ranch there will be a cluster of log buildings, including a separate cabin for the foreman or ranchman; often another in which to cook and eat; a long house for the men to sleep in; stables, sheds, a blacksmith's shop, etc.,—the whole group forming quite a little settlement, with the corrals, the stacks of natural hay, and the patches of fenced land for gardens or horse pastures. This little settlement may be situated right out in the treeless, nearly level open, but much more often is placed in the partly wooded bottom of a creek or river, sheltered by the usual background of somber brown hills.

When the northern plains began to be settled, such a ranch would at first be absolutely alone in the wilderness, but others of the same sort were sure soon to be established within twenty or thirty miles on one side or the other. The lives of the men in such places were strangely cut off from the outside world, and, indeed, the same is true to a

hardly less extent at the present day. Sometimes the wagons are sent for provisions, and the beef-steers are at stated times driven off for shipment. Parties of hunters and trappers call now and then. More rarely small bands of emigrants go by in search of new homes, impelled by the restless, aimless craving for change so deeply grafted in the breast of the American borderer: the white-topped wagons are loaded with domestic goods, with sallow, dispirited-looking women, and with tow-headed children; while the gaunt, moody frontiermen slouch alongside, rifle on shoulder, lank, homely, uncouth, and yet with a curious suggestion of grim strength underlying it all. Or cowboys from neighboring ranches will ride over, looking for lost horses, or seeing if their cattle have strayed off the range. But this is all. Civilization seems as remote as if we were living in an age long past. The whole existence is patriarchal in character: it is the life of men who live in the open, who tend their herds on horseback, who go armed and ready to guard their lives by their own prowess, whose wants are very simple, and who call no man master. Ranching is an occupation like those of vigorous, primitive pastoral peoples, having little in common with the humdrum, workaday business world of the nineteenth century; and the free ranchman in his manner of life shows more kinship to an Arab sheik than to a sleek city merchant or tradesman.

By degrees the country becomes what in a stock-raising region passes for well settled. In addition to the great ranches smaller ones are established, with a few hundred, or even a few score, head of cattle apiece; and now and then miserable farmers straggle in to fight a losing and desperate battle with drought, cold, and grasshoppers. The wheels of the heavy wagons, driven always over the same course from one ranch to another, or to the remote frontier towns from which they get their goods, wear ruts in the soil, and roads are soon formed, perhaps originally following the deep trails made by the vanished buffalo. These roads lead down the river-bottoms or along the crests of the divides or else strike out fairly across the prairie, and a man may sometimes travel a hundred miles along one without coming to a house or camp of any sort. If they lead to a shipping point whence the beeves are sent to market, the cattle, traveling in single file, will have worn many and deep paths on each side of the wheel-marks; and the roads between important places which are regularly used either by the United States Government, by stage-coach lines, or by freight teams become deeply worn landmarks — as, for instance, near us, the Deadwood and the old Fort Keogh trails.

Cattle-ranching can only be carried on in its present form while the population is scanty; and so in stock-raising regions, pure and simple, there are usually few towns, and these are almost always at the shipping points for cattle. But, on the other hand, wealthy cattlemen, like miners who have done well, always spend their money freely; and accordingly towns like Denver, Cheyenne, and Helena, where these two classes are the most influential in the community, are far pleasanter places of residence than cities of five times their population in the exclusively agricultural States to the eastward.

A true "cow town" is worth seeing,— such a one as Miles City, for instance, especially at the time of the annual meeting of the great Montana Stock-raisers' Association. Then the whole place is full to overflowing, the importance of the meeting and the fun of the attendant frolics, especially the horse-races, drawing from the surrounding ranch country many hundreds of men of every degree, from the rich stock-owner worth his millions to the ordinary cowboy who works for forty dollars a month. It would be impossible to imagine a more typically American assemblage, for although there are always a certain number of foreigners, usually English, Irish, or German, yet they have become completely Americanized; and on the whole it would be difficult to gather a finer body of men, in spite of their numerous shortcomings. The ranch-owners differ more from each other than do the cowboys; and the former certainly compare very favorably with similar classes of capitalists in the East. Anything more foolish than the demagogic outcry against "cattle kings" it would be difficult to imagine. Indeed, there are very few businesses so absolutely legitimate as stock-raising and so beneficial to the nation at large; and a successful stock-grower must not only be shrewd, thrifty, patient, and enterprising, but he must also possess qualities of personal bravery, hardihood, and self-reliance to a degree not demanded in the least by any mercantile occupation in a community long settled. Stockmen are in the West the pioneers of civilization, and their daring and adventurousness make the after settlement of the region possible. The whole country owes them a great debt.

The most successful ranchmen are those, usually South-westerners, who have been bred to the business and have grown up with it; but many Eastern men, including not a few college graduates, have also done excellently by devoting their whole time and energy to their work,— although Easterners who invest

their money in cattle without knowing anything of the business, or who trust all to their subordinates, are naturally enough likely to incur heavy losses. Stockmen are learning more and more to act together; and certainly the meetings of their associations are conducted with a dignity and good sense that would do credit to any parliamentary body.

during their long drives with every kind of team, through every kind of country, and in every kind of weather, who, proud of their really wonderful skill as reinsmen and conscious of their high standing in any frontier community, look down on and sneer at the plodding teamsters; trappers and wolfers, whose business is to poison wolves, with shaggy, knock-kneed



A ROW IN A CATTLE TOWN.

But the cowboys resemble one another much more and outsiders much less than is the case even with their employers, the ranchmen. A town in the cattle country, when for some cause it is thronged with men from the neighborhood round about, always presents a picturesque sight on the wooden sidewalks of the broad, dusty streets. The men who ply the various industries known only to frontier existence jostle one another as they saunter to and fro or lounge lazily in front of the straggling, cheap-looking board houses: hunters, in their buckskin shirts and fur caps, greasy and unkempt, but with resolute faces and sullen, watchful eyes, that are ever on the alert; teamsters, surly and self-contained, with slouch hats and great cowhide boots; stage-drivers, their faces seamed by hardship and exposure

ponies to carry their small bales and bundles of furs — beaver, wolf, fox, and occasionally otter; silent sheep-herders, with cast-down faces, never able to forget the absolute solitude and monotony of their dreary lives, nor to rid their minds of the thought of the woolly idiots they pass all their days in tending,— these are the men who have come to town, either on business or else to frequent the flaunting saloons and gaudy hells of all kinds in search of the coarse, vicious excitement that in the minds of many of them does duty as pleasure, the only form of pleasure they have ever had a chance to know. Indians too, wrapped in blankets and with stolid, emotionless faces, stalk silently round among the whites, or join in the gambling and horse-racing. If the town is on the borders of the

mountain country, there will also be sinewy lumbermen, rough-looking miners and packers, whose business it is to guide the long mule trains that go where wagons can not and whose work in packing needs special and peculiar skill; and mingled with and drawn from all these classes are desperadoes of every grade, from the gambler up through the horse-thief to the murderous professional bully, or, as he is locally called, "bad man"—now, however, a much less conspicuous object than formerly.

But everywhere among these plainsmen and mountain-men, and more important than any, are the cowboys,—the men who follow the calling that has brought such towns into being. Singly, or in twos or threes, they gallop their wiry little horses down the street, their lithe, supple figures erect or swaying slightly as they sit loosely in the saddle; while their stirrups are so long that their knees are hardly bent, the bridles not taut enough to keep the chains from clanking. They are smaller and less muscular than the wielders of ax and pick; but they are as hardy and self-reliant as any men who ever breathed—with bronzed, set faces, and keen eyes that look all the world straight in the face without flinching as they flash out from under the broad-brimmed hats. Peril and hardship, and years of long toil broken by weeks of brutal dissipation, draw haggard lines across their eager faces, but never dim their reckless eyes nor break their bearing of defiant self-confidence. They do not walk well, partly because they so rarely do any work out of the saddle, partly because their *chaperajos* or leather overalls hamper them when on the ground; but their appearance is striking for all that, and picturesque too, with their jingling spurs, the big revolvers stuck in their belts, and bright silk handkerchiefs knotted loosely round their necks over the open collars of the flannel shirts. When drunk on the villainous whisky of the frontier towns, they cut mad antics, riding their horses into the saloons, firing their pistols right and left, from boisterous lightheartedness rather than from any viciousness, and indulging too often in deadly shooting affrays, brought on either by the accidental contact of the moment or on account of some long-standing grudge, or perhaps because of bad blood between two ranches or localities; but except while on such sprees they are quiet, rather self-contained men, perfectly frank and simple, and on their own ground treat a stranger with the most whole-souled hospitality, doing all in their power for him and scorning to take any reward in return. Although prompt to resent an injury, they are not at all apt to be rude to outsiders, treating them with what can almost be called a grave courtesy. They are much better fellows and pleasanter companions than small farmers or agricultural laborers; nor are the mechanics and workmen of a great city to be mentioned in the same breath.

The bulk of the cowboys themselves are South-westerners; but there are also many from the Eastern and the Northern States, who if they begin young do quite as well as the Southerner. The best hands are fairly bred to the work and follow it from their youth up. Nothing can be more foolish than for an Easterner to think he can become a cowboy in a few months' time. Many a young fellow comes out hot with enthusiasm for life on the plains, only to learn that his clumsiness is greater than he could have believed possible; that the cowboy business is like any other and has to be learned by serving a painful apprenticeship; and that this apprenticeship implies the endurance of rough fare, hard living, dirt, exposure of every kind, no little toil, and month after month of the dullest monotony. For cowboy work there is need of special traits and special training, and young Easterners should be sure of themselves before trying it: the struggle for existence is very keen in the far West, and it is no place for men who lack the ruder, coarser virtues and physical qualities, no matter how intellectual or how refined and delicate their sensibilities. Such are more likely to fail there than in older communities. Probably during the past few years more than half of the young Easterners who have come West with a little money to learn the cattle business have failed signally and lost what they had in the beginning. The West, especially the far West, needs men who have been bred on the farm or in the workshop far more than it does clerks or college graduates.

Some of the cowboys are Mexicans, who generally do the actual work well enough, but are not trustworthy; moreover, they are always regarded with extreme disfavor by the Texans in an outfit, among whom the intolerant caste spirit is very strong. Southern-born whites will never work under them, and look down upon all colored or half-caste races. One spring I had with my wagon a Pueblo Indian, an excellent rider and roper, but a drunken, worthless, lazy devil; and in the summer of 1886 there were with us a Sioux half-breed, a quiet, hard-working, faithful fellow, and a mulatto, who was one of the best cow-hands in the whole round-up.

Cowboys, like most Westerners, occasionally show remarkable versatility in their tastes and pursuits. One whom I know has abandoned his regular occupation for the past nine months, during which time he has been in succession a bartender, a school-teacher,



COWBOY FUN.

and a probate judge! Another, whom I once employed for a short while, had passed through even more varied experiences, including those of a barber, a sailor, an apothecary, and a buffalo-hunter.

As a rule the cowboys are known to each other only by their first names, with, perhaps, as a prefix, the title of the brand for which they are working. Thus I remember once overhearing a casual remark to the effect that "Bar Y Harry" had married "the seven Open A girl," the latter being the daughter of a neighboring ranchman. Often they receive nicknames, as, for instance, Dutch Wannigan, Windy Jack, and Kid Williams, all of whom are on the list of my personal acquaintances.

No man traveling through or living in the country need fear molestation from the cowboys unless he himself accompanies them on their drinking-bouts, or in other ways plays the fool, for they are, with us at any rate, very good fellows, and the most determined and effective foes of real law-breakers, such as horse and cattle thieves, murderers, etc. Few of the outrages quoted in Eastern papers as their handiwork are such in reality, the average Easterner apparently considering every individual who wears a broad hat and carries a six-shooter a cowboy. These outrages are, as



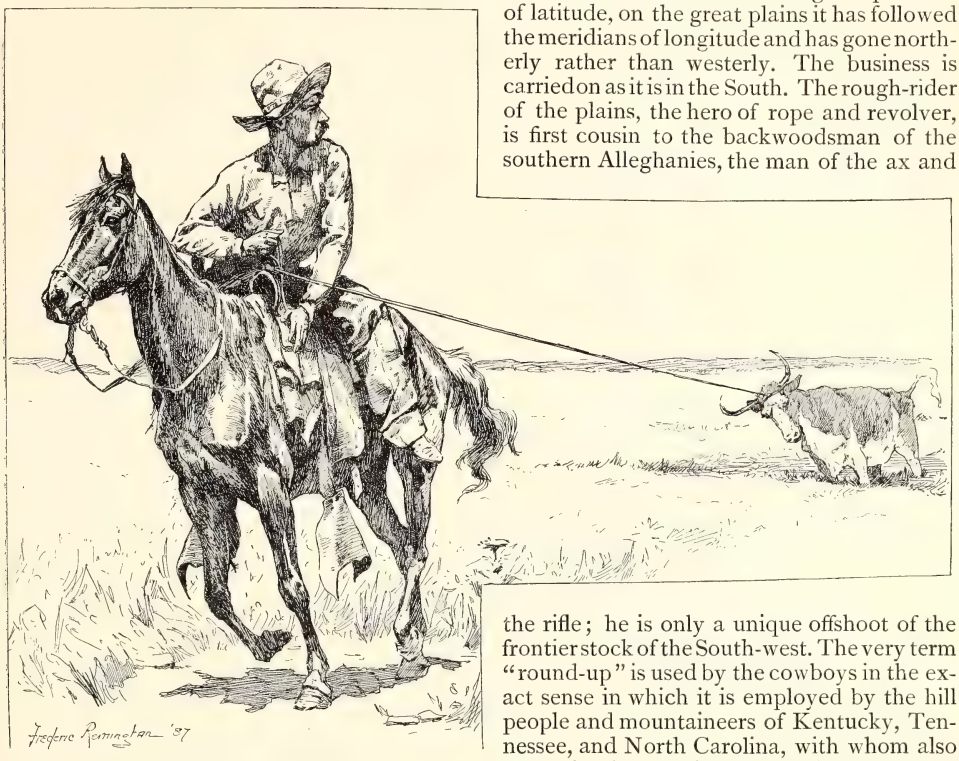
IN A BOG-HOLE.

a rule, the work of the roughs and criminals who always gather on the outskirts of civilization and who infest every frontier town until the decent citizens become sufficiently numerous and determined to take the law into their own hands and drive them out. The old buffalo-hunters, who formed a distinct class, became powerful forces for evil once they had destroyed the vast herds of mighty beasts whose pursuit had been their means of livelihood. They were absolutely shiftless and improvident; they had no settled habits; they were inured to peril and hardship, but entirely unaccustomed to steady work; and so they afforded just the materials from which to make the bolder and more desperate kinds of criminals. When the game was gone they hung round the settlements for some little time, and then many of them naturally took to horse-stealing, cattle-killing, and highway robbery, although others, of course, went into honest pursuits. They were men who died off rapidly, however; for it is curious to see how many of these plainsmen, in spite of their iron nerves and thews, have their constitutions completely undermined, as much by the terrible hardships they have endured as by the fits of prolonged and bestial revelry with which they have varied them.

The "bad men," or professional fighters and man-killers, are of a different stamp, quite a number of them being, according to their light, perfectly honest. These are the men who do most of the killing in frontier communities; yet it is a noteworthy fact that the men who are killed generally deserve their fate. These men are, of course, used to brawling, and are not only sure shots, but, what is equally important, able to "draw" their weapons with marvelous quickness. They think nothing whatever of murder, and are the dread and terror of their associates; yet they are very chary of taking the life of a man of good standing, and will often weaken and back down at once if confronted fearlessly. With many of them their courage arises from confidence in their own powers and knowledge of the fear in which they are held; and men of this type often show the white feather when they get in a tight place. Others, however, will face any odds without flinching. On the other hand, I have known of these men fighting, when mortally wounded, with a cool, ferocious despair that was terrible. As elsewhere, so here, very quiet men are often those who in an emergency show themselves best able to hold their own. These desperadoes always try to "get the drop" on a foe — that is, to take him at a disadvantage before he can use his own weapon. I have known more men killed in this way, when the affair was wholly one-sided, than I have known to be shot in fair fight; and I have known fully as many who were shot by accident. It is wonderful, in the

event of a street-fight, how few bullets seem to hit the men they are aimed at.

During the last two or three years the stockmen have united to put down all these dangerous characters, often by the most summary exercise of lynch law. Notorious bullies and murderers have been taken out and hung, while the bands of horse and cattle thieves have been regularly hunted down and destroyed in pitched fights by parties of armed



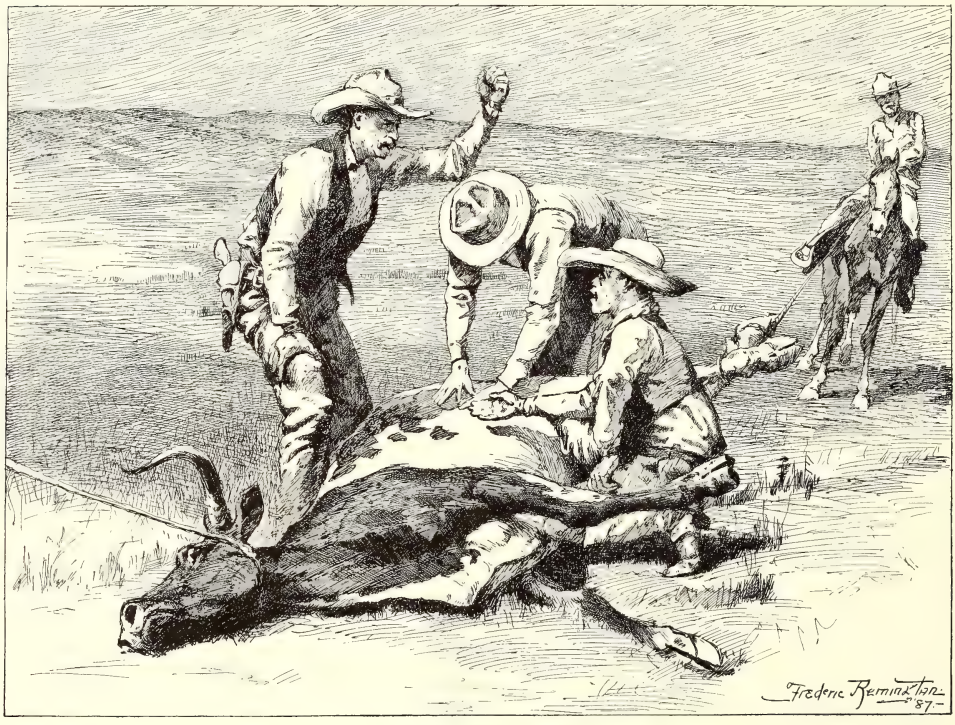
PULLING A COW OUT OF THE MUD.

cowboys; and as a consequence most of our territory is now perfectly law-abiding. One such fight occurred north of me early last spring. The horse-thieves were overtaken on the banks of the Missouri; two of their number were slain, and the others were driven on the ice, which broke, and two more were drowned. A few months previously another gang, whose headquarters were near the Canadian line, were surprised in their hut; two or three were shot down by the cowboys as they tried to come out, while the rest barricaded themselves in and fought until the great log-hut was set on fire, when they broke forth in a body, and nearly all were killed at once, only one or two making their escape. A little over a year ago one committee of vigilantes in eastern Montana shot or hung nearly sixty — not, however, with the best judgment in all cases.

A stranger in the North-western cattle country is especially struck by the resemblance the settlers show in their pursuits and habits to the Southern people. Nebraska and Dakota, east of the Missouri, resemble Minnesota and Iowa and the States farther east, but Montana and the Dakota cow country show more kinship with Texas; for while elsewhere in America settlement has advanced along the parallels of latitude, on the great plains it has followed the meridians of longitude and has gone northerly rather than westerly. The business is carried on as it is in the South. The rough-rider of the plains, the hero of rope and revolver, is first cousin to the backwoodsman of the southern Alleghanies, the man of the ax and the rifle; he is only a unique offshoot of the frontier stock of the South-west. The very term "round-up" is used by the cowboys in the exact sense in which it is employed by the hill people and mountaineers of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, with whom also labor is dear and poor land cheap, and whose few cattle are consequently branded and turned loose in the woods exactly as is done with the great herds on the plains.

But the ranching industry itself was copied from the Mexicans, of whose land and herds the South-western frontiermen of Texas took forcible possession; and the traveler in the North-west will see at a glance that the terms and practices of our business are largely of Spanish origin. The cruel curb-bit and heavy stock-saddle, with its high horn and cantle, prove that we have adopted Spanish-American horse-gear; and the broad hat, huge blunt spurs, and leather *chaperajos* of the rider, as well as the corral in which the stock are penned, all alike show the same ancestry. Throughout the cattle country east of the Rocky Mountains, from the Rio Grande to the Saskatch-

ewan, the same terms are in use and the same system is followed; but on the Pacific slope, in California, there are certain small differences, even in nomenclature. Thus, we of the great plains all use the double *cincha* saddle, with one girth behind the horse's fore legs and another farther back, while Californians prefer one with a single *cincha*, which seems to us much inferior for stock-work. Again, Californians use the Spanish word "lasso," which with us has been entirely dropped, no plainsman with prefer quite as highly as good horsemanship, and is much rarer. Once a cowboy is a good roper and rider, the only other accomplishment he values is skill with his great army revolver, it being taken for granted that he is already a thorough plainsman and has long mastered the details of cattle-work; for the best roper and rider alive is of little use unless he is hard-working, honest, keenly alive to his employer's interest, and very careful in the management of the cattle.



A DISPUTE OVER A BRAND.

tensions to the title thinking of any word but "rope," either as noun or verb.

The rope, whether leather lariat or made of grass, is the one essential feature of every cowboy's equipment. Loosely coiled, it hangs from the horn or is tied to one side of the saddle in front of the thigh, and is used for every conceivable emergency, a twist being taken round the stout saddle-horn the second the noose settles over the neck or around the legs of a chased animal. In helping pull a wagon up a steep pitch, in dragging an animal by the horns out of a bog-hole, in hauling up logs for the fire, and in a hundred other ways aside from its legitimate purpose, the rope is of invaluable service, and dexterity with it is prized almost

All cowboys can handle the rope with more or less ease and precision, but great skill in its use is only attained after long practice, and for its highest development needs that the man should have begun in earliest infancy. A really first-class roper can command his own price, and is usually fit for little but his own special work.

It is much the same with riding. The cowboy is an excellent rider in his own way, but his way differs from that of a trained school horseman or cross-country fox-hunter as much as it does from the horsemanship of an Arab or of a Sioux Indian, and, as with all these, it has its special merits and special defects — schoolman, fox-hunter, cowboy, Arab, and

Indian being all alike admirable riders in their respective styles, and each cherishing the same profound and ignorant contempt for every method but his own. The flash riders, or horse-breakers, always called "bronco busters," can perform really marvelous feats, riding with ease the most vicious and unbroken beasts, that no ordinary cowboy would dare to tackle. Although sitting seemingly so loose in the saddle, such a rider cannot be jarred out of it by the wildest plunger, it being a favorite feat to sit out the antics of a bucking horse with silver half-dollars under each knee or in the stirrups under each foot. But their method of breaking is very rough, consisting only in saddling and bridling a beast by main force and then riding him, also by main force, until he is exhausted, when he is turned over as "broken." Later on the cowboy himself may train his horse to stop or wheel instantly at a touch of the reins or bit, to start at top speed at a signal, and to stand motionless when left. An intelligent pony soon picks up a good deal of knowledge about the cow business on his own account.

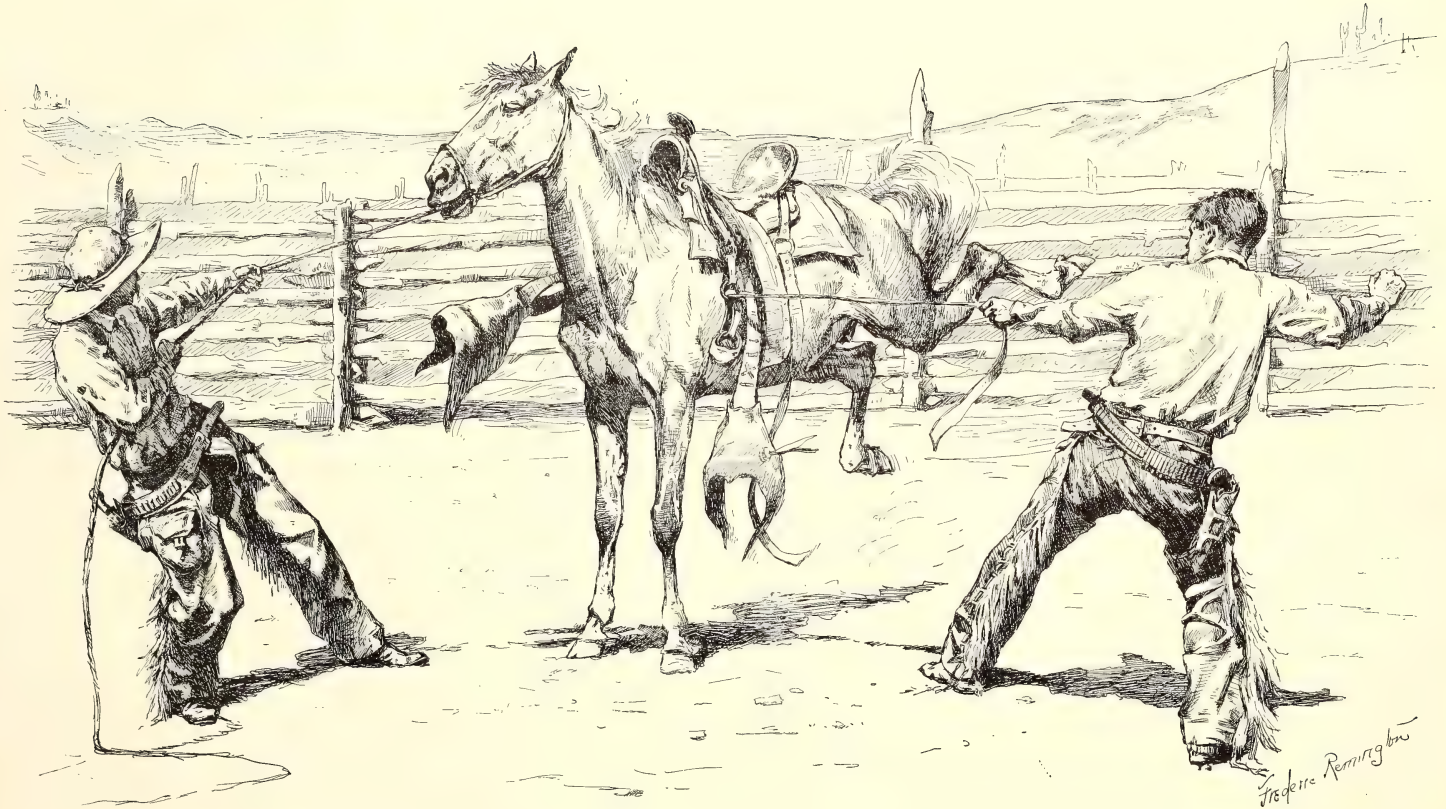
All cattle are branded, usually on the hip, shoulder, and side, or on any one of them, with letters, numbers, or figures, in every combination, the outfit being known by its brand. Near me, for instance, are the Three Sevens, the Thistle, the Bellows, the OX, the VI., the Seventy-six Bar (7 6), and the Quarter Circle Diamond ($\widehat{\diamond}$) outfits. The dew-lap and the ears may also be cut, notched, or slit. All brands are registered, and are thus protected against imitators, any man tampering with them being punished as severely as possible. Unbranded animals are called *mavericks*, and when found on the round-up are either branded by the owner of the range on which they are, or else are sold for the benefit of the association. At every shipping point, as well as where the beef cattle are received, there are stock inspectors who jealously examine all the brands on the live animals or on the hides of the slaughtered ones, so as to detect any foul play, which is immediately reported to the association. It becomes second nature with a cowboy to inspect and note the brands of every bunch of animals he comes across.

Perhaps the thing that seems strangest to the traveler who for the first time crosses the bleak plains of this Upper Missouri grazing country is the small number of cattle seen. He can hardly believe he is in the great stock region, where for miles upon miles he will not see a single head, and will then come only upon a straggling herd of a few score. As a matter of fact, where there is no artificial food put up for winter use cattle always need a good deal of ground per head; and this is peculiarly the case with us in the North-west, where much of the ground is bare of vegetation and where what pasture there is is both short and sparse. It is a matter of absolute necessity, where beasts are left to shift for themselves in the open during the bitter winter weather, that they then should have grass that they have not cropped too far down; and to insure this it is necessary with us to allow on the average about twenty-five acres of ground to each animal. This means that a range of country ten miles square will keep between two and three thousand head of stock only, and if more are put on, it is at the risk of seeing a severe winter kill off half or three-quarters of the whole number. So a range may be in reality overstocked when to an Eastern and unpracticed eye it seems hardly to have on it a number worth taking into account.

Overstocking is the great danger threatening the stock-raising industry on the plains. This industry has only risen to be of more than local consequence during the past score of years, as before that time it was confined to Texas and California; but during these two decades of its existence the stockmen in different localities have again and again suffered the most ruinous losses, usually with overstocking as the ultimate cause. In the south the drought, and in the north the deep snows, and everywhere unusually bad winters, do immense damage; still, if the land is fitted for stock at all, they will, averaging one year with another, do very well so long as the feed is not cropped down too close.

But, of course, no amount of feed will make some countries worth anything for cattle that are not housed during the winter; and stockmen in choosing new ranges for their herds pay almost as much attention to the capacity of the land for yielding shelter as they do to the abundant and good quality of the grass. High up among the foot-hills of the mountains cattle will not live through the winter; and an open, rolling prairie land of heavy rainfall, and where in consequence the snow lies deep and there is no protection from the furious cold winds, is useless for winter grazing, no matter how thick and high the feed. The three essentials for a range are grass, water, and shelter: the water is only needed in summer and the shelter in winter, while it may be doubted if drought during the hot months has ever killed off more cattle than have died in consequence of exposure on shelterless ground to the icy weather, lasting from November to April.

The finest summer range may be valueless either on account of its lack of shelter or because it is in a region of heavy snowfall — portions of territory lying in the same latitude



BRONCO BUSTERS SADDLING.

and not very far apart often differing widely in this respect. This loss, of course, had nothing to do with overstocking; and the same was true of the loss that visited the few herds which spent the very hard winter of 1880 on the northern cattle plains. These were the pioneers of their kind, and the grass was all that could be desired; yet the extraordinary severity of the weather proved too much for the cattle. This was especially the case with those herds consisting of "pilgrims," as they are called—that is, of animals driven up on to the range from the south, and therefore in poor condition. One such herd of pilgrims on the Powder River suffered a loss of thirty-six hundred out of a total of four thousand, and the survivors kept alive only by browsing on the tops of cottonwoods felled for them. Even seasoned animals fared very badly. One great herd in the Yellowstone Valley lost about a fourth of its number, the loss falling mainly on the breeding cows, calves, and bulls,—always the chief sufferers, as the steers, and also the dry cows, will get through almost anything. The loss here would have been far heavier than it was had it not been for a curious trait shown by the cattle. They kept in bands of several hundred each, and during the time of the deep snows a band would make a start and travel several miles in a straight line, plowing their way through the drifts and beating out a broad track; then, when stopped by a frozen watercourse or chain of buttes, they would turn back and graze over the trail thus made, the only place where they could get at the grass.

A drenching rain, followed by a severe snap of cold, is even more destructive than deep snow, for the saturated coats of the poor beasts are turned into sheets of icy mail, and the grass-blades, frozen at the roots as well as above, change into sheaves of brittle spears as uneatable as so many icicles. Entire herds have perished in consequence of such a storm. Mere cold, however, will kill only very weak animals, which is fortunate for us, as the spirit in the thermometer during winter often sinks to fifty degrees below zero, the cold being literally arctic; yet though the cattle become thin during such a snap of weather, and sometimes have their ears, tails, and even horns frozen off, they nevertheless rarely die from the cold alone. But if there is a blizzard blowing in at such a time, the cattle need shelter, and if caught in the open, will travel for scores of miles before the storm, until they reach a break in the ground, or some stretch of dense woodland, which will shield them from the blasts. If cattle traveling in this manner come to some obstacle that they can not pass, as, for instance, a wire fence or a steep railway embankment, they will not try to make their way back against the storm, but will simply stand with their tails to it until they drop dead in their tracks; and, accordingly, in some parts of the country—but luckily far to the south of us—the railways are fringed with countless skeletons of beasts that have thus perished, while many of the long wire fences make an almost equally bad showing. In some of the very open country of Kansas and Indian Territory, many of the herds during the past two years have suffered a loss of from sixty to eighty per cent., although this was from a variety of causes, including drought as well as severe winter weather. Too much rain is quite as bad as too little, especially if it falls after the 1st of August, for then, though the growth of grass is very rank and luxuriant, it yet has little strength and does not cure well on the stalk; and it is only possible to winter cattle at large at all because of the way in which the grass turns into natural hay by this curing on the stalk.

But scantiness of food, due to overstocking, is the one really great danger to us in the north, who do not have to fear the droughts that occasionally devastate portions of the southern ranges. In a fairly good country, if the feed is plenty, the natural increase of a herd is sure shortly to repair any damage that may be done by an unusually severe winter—unless, indeed, the latter should be one such as occurs but two or three times in a century. When, however, the grass becomes cropped down, then the loss in even an ordinary year is heavy among the weaker animals, and if the winter is at all severe it becomes simply appalling. The snow covers the shorter grass much quicker, and even when there is enough, the cattle, weak and unfit to travel around, have to work hard to get it by exertion tending to enfeeble them and render them less able to cope with the exposure and cold. Again, the grass is, of course, soonest eaten off where there is shelter; and, accordingly, the broken ground to which the animals cling during winter may be grazed bare of vegetation though the open plains, to which only the hardiest will at this season stray, may have plenty; and insufficiency of food, although not such as actually to starve them, weakens them so that they succumb readily to the cold or to one of the numerous accidents to which they are liable—as slipping off an icy butte or getting cast in a frozen washout. The cows in calf are those that suffer most, and so heavy is the loss among these and so light the calf crop that it is yet an open question whether our northern ranges are as a whole fitted for breeding. When the animals get weak they will huddle into some nook or corner or empty hut and simply stay there till they die.

Overstocking may cause little or no harm for two or three years, but sooner or later there comes a winter which means ruin to the ranches that have too many cattle on them; and in our country, which is even now getting crowded, it is merely a question of time as to when a winter will come that will understock the ranges by the summary process of killing off about half of all the cattle throughout the North-west

In our northern country we have "free grass"; that is, the stockmen rarely own more than small portions of the land over which their cattle range, the bulk of it being unsurveyed and still the property of the National Government — for the latter refuses to sell the soil except in small lots, acting on the wise principle of distributing it among as many owners as possible. Here and there some ranchman has acquired title to narrow strips of territory peculiarly valuable as giving water-right; but the amount of land thus occupied is small with us,— although the reverse is the case farther south,— and there is practically no fencing to speak of. As a consequence, the land is one vast pasture, and the man who overstocks his own range damages his neighbors as much as himself. These huge northern pastures are too dry and the soil too poor to be used for agriculture until the rich, wet lands to the east and west are occupied; and at present we have little fear from grangers. Of course, in the end much of the ground will be taken up for small farms, but the farmers that so far have come in have absolutely failed to make even a living, except now and then by raising a few vegetables for the use of the stockmen; and we are inclined to welcome the incoming of an occasional settler, if he is a decent man, especially as, by the laws of the Territories in which the great grazing plains lie, he is obliged to fence in his own patch of cleared ground, and we do not have to keep our cattle out of it.

At present we are far more afraid of each other. There are always plenty of men who for the sake of the chance of gain they themselves run are willing to jeopardize the interests of their neighbors by putting on more cattle than the land will support — for the loss, of course, falls as heavily on the man who has put on the right number as on him who has put on too many; and it is against these individuals that we have to guard so far as we are able. To protect ourselves completely is impossible, but the very identity of interest that renders all of us liable to suffer for the fault of a few also renders us as a whole able to take some rough measures to guard against the wrong-doing of a portion of our number; for the fact that the cattle wander intermixed over the ranges forces all the ranchmen of a locality to combine if they wish to do their work effectively. Accordingly, the stockmen of a neighborhood, when it holds as many cattle as it safely can, usually unitedly refuse to work with any one who puts in another herd. In the cow country a man is peculiarly dependent upon his neighbors, and a small outfit is wholly unable to work without their assistance when once the cattle have mingled completely with those of other brands. A large outfit is much more master of its destiny, and can do its own work quite by itself; but even such a one can be injured in countless ways if the hostility of the neighboring ranchmen is incurred. So a certain check is put to undue crowding of the ranges; but it is only partial.

The best days of ranching are over; and though there are many ranchmen who still make money, yet during the past two or three years the majority have certainly lost. This is especially true of the numerous Easterners who went into the business without any experience and trusted themselves entirely to their Western representatives; although, on the other hand, many of those who have made most money at it are Easterners, who, however, have happened to be naturally fitted for the work and who have deliberately settled down to learning the business as they would have learned any other, devoting their whole time and energy to it. As the country grows older, stock-raising will in some places die out, and in others entirely change its character; the ranches will be broken up, will be gradually modified into stock-farms, or, if on good soil, may even fall under the sway of the husbandman.

In its present form stock-raising on the plains is doomed, and can hardly outlast the century. The great free ranches, with their barbarous, picturesque, and curiously fascinating surroundings, mark a primitive stage of existence as surely as do the great tracts of primeval forests, and like the latter must pass away before the onward march of our people; and we who have felt the charm of the life, and have exulted in its abounding vigor and its bold, restless freedom, will not only regret its passing for our own sakes only, but must also feel real sorrow that those who come after us are not to see, as we have seen, what is perhaps the pleasantest, healthiest, and most exciting phase of American existence.

Theodore Roosevelt.

SOME LETTERS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



WAS first directed to Landor's works by hearing how much store Emerson set by them. I grew acquainted with them fifty years ago in one of those arched alcoves in the old college library in Harvard Hall, which so pleasantly secluded without wholly isolating the student. That footsteps should pass across the mouth of his Aladdin's Cave, or even enter it in search of treasure, so far from disturbing only deepened his sense of possession. These faint rumors of the world he had left served but as a pleasant reminder that he was the privileged denizen of another, beyond "the flaming bounds of place and time." There, with my book lying at ease and in the expansion of intimacy on the broad window-shelf, shifting my cell from north to south with the season, I made friendships, that have lasted me for life, with Dodsley's Old Plays, with Cotton's Montaigne, with Hakluyt's Voyages, among others that were not in my father's library. It was the merest browsing, no doubt, as Johnson called it, but how delightful it was! All the more, I fear, because it added the stolen sweetness of truancy to that of study, for I should have been buckling to my allotted task of the day. I do not regret that diversion of time to other than legitimate expenses, yet shall I not gravely warn my grandsons to beware of doing the like?

I was far from understanding all I heard in this society of my elders into which I had smuggled myself, and perhaps it was as well for me; but those who formed it condescended to me at odd moments with the tolerant complacency of greatness, and I did not go empty away. Landor was in many ways beyond me, but I loved the company he brought, making persons for me of what before had been futile names, and letting me hear the discourse of men about whom Plutarch had so often told me such delightful stories. He charmed me, sometimes perhaps he imposed on me, with the stately eloquence that moved to measure always, often to music, and never enfeebled itself by undue emphasis, or raised its tone above the level of good breeding. In those ebullient years of my adolescence it was a wholesome sedative. His sententiousness, too, had its charm, equally persuasive in the carefully draped folds of the chlamys or the succinct tunic of epigram. If Plato had written in English, I thought, it is thus that he would have written. Here was a man who knew what literature was, who had assimilated what was best in it, and himself produced or reproduced it.

Three years later, while I was trying to persuade myself that I was reading law, a friend* who knew better gave me the first series of the "Imaginary Conversations," in three volumes, to which I presently added the second series, and by degrees all Landor's other books as I could pick them up, or as they were successively published. Thus I grew intimate with him, and, as my own judgment gradually affirmed itself, was driven to some abatement of my hitherto unqualified admiration. I began to be not quite sure whether the balance of his sentences, each so admirable by itself, did not grow wearisome in continuous reading,—whether it did not hamper his freedom of movement, as when a man poises a pole upon his chin. Surely he has not the swinging stride of Dryden, which could slacken to a lounge at will, nor the impassioned rush of Burke. Here was something of that cadenced stalk which is the attribute of theatrical kings. And sometimes did not his thunders also remind us of the property-room? Though the flash failed, did the long reverberation ever forget to follow? But there is always something overpassionate in the recoil of the young man from the idols of the boy. Even now when I am more temperate, however, I cannot help feeling that his humor is horse-play; that he is often trivial and not seldom slow; that he now and again misses the true mean that can be grave without heaviness and light without levity, though he would have dilated on that virtue of our composite tongue which enabled

* Let me please myself by laying a sprig of rosemary ("that's for remembrance") on his grave. This friend was John Francis Heath of Virginia, who took his degree in 1840. He was the handsomest man I have ever seen, and in every manly exercise the most accomplished. His body was as exquisitely molded as his face was beautiful. I seem to see him now taking that famous standing-jump of his, the brown curls blowing backward, or laying his hand on his horse's neck and vaulting into the saddle. After leaving college he went to Germany and dreamed away nine years at Heidelberg. We used to call him Hamlet, he could have done so much and did so absolutely nothing. He died in the Confederate service, in 1862. He was a good swordsman (we used to fence in those days), and the rumor of his German duels and of his intimacy with Prussian princes reached us when some fellow-student came home.

it to make the distinction, and would have believed himself the first to discover it. He can not be familiar unless at the cost of his own dignity and our respect. I sometimes question whether even that quality in him which we cannot but recognize and admire, his loftiness of mind, should not sometimes rather be called uppishness, so often is the one caricatured into the other by a blusterous self-confidence and self-assertion.

He says of himself —

> Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;

but I am inclined to think that it was Art he loved most. His perennial and abiding happiness was in composition, in fitting word to word, and these into periods, like a master-workman in mosaic. This, perhaps, is why he preferred writing Latin verse, because in doing that the joy of composing was a more conscious joy. Certainly we miss in him that quality of spontaneousness, that element of luck, which so delights us in some of the lesser and all the greater poets. By his own account the most audacious of men, his thought and phrase have seldom the happy audacity of what Montaigne calls the first jump. Father Thames could never have come upon *his* stage with both his banks on the same side, refreshing as that innovation might have been to an audience familiar with the humdrum habits of the river. Yet he is often content to think himself original when he has lashed himself into extravagance; and the reserve of his better style is the more remarkable that he made spoiled children of all his defects of character. It might almost seem that he sought and found an equipoise for his hasty violence of conduct in the artistic equanimity of his literary manner. I think he had little dramatic faculty. The creations of his brain do not detach themselves from it and become objective. He lived almost wholly in his own mind and in a world of his own making which his imagination peopled with casts after the antique. His "Conversations" were imaginary in a truer sense than he intended, for it is images rather than persons that converse with each other in them. Pericles and Phocion speak as we might fancy their statues to speak,— nobly indeed, but with the cold nobleness of marble. He had fire enough in himself, but his pen seems to have been a non-conductor between it and his personages. So little could he conceive the real world as something outside him, that nobody but himself was astonished when he was cast in damages at the suit of a lady to whom he had addressed verses that would have blackened Canidia. But he had done it merely as an exercise in verse; it was of that he was thinking, more than of her, and I doubt if she was so near his consciousness, or so actual to him, as the vile creatures of ancient Rome whose vices and crimes he laid at her door. Even his in every way admirable apothegms seem to be made out of the substance of his mind, and not of his experience or observation. And yet, with all his remoteness, I can think of no author who has oftener brimmed my eyes with tears of admiration or sympathy.

When we have made all deductions, he remains great and, above all, individual. There is nothing in him at second-hand. The least wise of men, he has uttered through the mask of his interlocutors (if I cannot trust myself to call them characters) more wisdom on such topics of life and thought as interested or occurred to him than is to be found outside of Shakspere; and that in an English so pure, so harmonious, and so stirringly sonorous that he might almost seem to have added new stops to the organ which Milton found sufficient for his needs. Though not a critic in the larger sense,— he was too rash for that, too much at the mercy of his own talent for epigram and seemingly conclusive statement,— no man has said better things about books than he. So well said are they, indeed, that it seems ungrateful to ask if they are always just. One would scruple to call him a great thinker, yet surely he was a man who had great thoughts, and when he was in the right mood these seam the ample heaven of his discourse like meteoric showers. He was hardly a great poet, yet he has written some of the most simply and conclusively perfect lines that our own or any other language can show. They float stately as swans on the tamer level of his ordinary verse. Some of his shorter poems are perfect as crystals. His metaphors are nobly original; they stand out in their bare grandeur like statues against a background of sky; his similes are fresh, and from nature; he plucks them as he goes, like wild-flowers, nor interrupts his talk. An intellectual likeness between him and Ben Jonson contantly suggests itself to me. Both had burly minds with much apparent coarseness of fiber, yet with singular delicacy of temperament.

In politics he was generally extravagant, yet so long ago as 1812 he was wise enough (in a letter to Southey) to call war between England and America civil war, though he would not have been himself if he had not added, "I detest the Americans as much as you do." In 1826 he proposed a plan that would have pacified Ireland and saved England sixty years of odious mistake.

Ten or twelve years ago I tried to condense my judgment of him into a pair of quatrains, written in a copy of his works given to a dear

young friend on her marriage. As they were written in a happier mood than is habitual with me now, I may be pardoned for citing them here with her permission, and through her kindness in sending me a copy:

> A villa fair, with many a devious walk
> Darkened with deathless laurels from the sun,
> Ample for troops of friends in mutual talk,
> Green Chartreuse for the reverie of one:
> Fixed here in marble, Rome and Athens gleam;
> Here is Arcadia, here Elysium too;
> Anon an English voice disturbs our dream,
> And Landor's self can Landor's spell undo.

His books, as I seem to have hinted here, are especially good for reading aloud in fitly sifted company, and I am sure that so often as the experiment is tried this company will say, with Francesca:

> Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
> Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso.

Landor was fond of saying that he should sup late, but that the hall would be well lighted, and the company, if few, of the choicest. The table, indeed, has been long spread, but will he sit down till the number of the guests is in nearer proportion to that of the covers? It is now forty years since the collected edition of his works was published, probably, as was usual in his case, a small one. Only one re-impression has yet been called for. Mr. Forster's biography of him is a long plea for a new trial. It is a strange fate for a man who has written so much to interest, to instruct, to delight, and to inspire his fellow-men. Perhaps it is useless to seek any other solution of the riddle than the old *habent sua fata libelli*. But I envy the man who has before him the reading of those books for the first time. He will have a sensation as profound as that of the peasant who wandered in to where Kaiser Rothbart sits stately with his knights in the mountain cavern biding his appointed time.

I saw Landor but once — when I went down from London, by his invitation, to spend a day with him at Bath in the late summer of 1852. His friend the late Mr. Kenyon went with me,— his friend and that of whoever deserved or needed friendship, the divinely appointed *amicus curiæ* of mankind in general. For me it was and is a memorable day, for Landor was to me an ancient, and it seemed a meeting in Elysium. I had looked forward to it, nevertheless, with a twinge of doubt, for three years before I had written a review of the new edition of his works, in which I had discriminated more than had been altogether pleasing to him. But a guest was as sacred to Landor as to an Arab, and the unaffected heartiness of his greeting at once reassured me. I have little to tell of our few hours' converse, for the stream of memory, when it has been flowing so long as mine, gathers an ooze in its bed like that of Lethe, and in this the weightier things embed themselves past recovery, while the lighter, lying nearer the surface, may be fished up again. What I can recollect, therefore, illustrates rather the manner of the man than his matter. His personal appearance has been sufficiently described by others. I will only add, that the suffused and uniform ruddiness of his face, in which the forehead, already heightened by baldness, shared, and something in the bearing of his head, reminded me vividly of the late President Quincy, as did also a certain hearty resonance of speech. You felt yourself in the presence of one who was emphatically a Man, not the image of a man; so emphatically, indeed, that even Carlyle thought the journey to Bath not too dear a prize to pay for seeing him, and found something royal in him. When I saw him he was in his seventy-eighth year, but erect and vigorous as in middle life. There was something of challenge even in the alertness of his pose, and the head was often thrown back like that of a boxer who awaits a blow. He had the air of the arena. I do not remember that his head was large, or his eyes in any way remarkable.

After the first greetings were over, I thought it might please him to know that I had made a pilgrimage to his Fiesolan villa. I spoke of the beauty of its site. I could not have been more clumsy, had I tried. "Yes," he almost screamed, "and I might have been there now, but for that in-tol-e-rrr-a-ble woman!" pausing on each syllable of the adjective as one who would leave an imprecation there, and making the *r* grate as if it were grinding its teeth at the disabilities which distance imposes on resentment. I was a little embarrassed by this sudden confidence, which I should not here betray had not Mr. Forster already laid Landor's domestic relations sufficiently bare. I am not sure whether he told me the story of his throwing his cook out of a window of this villa. I think he did, but it may have been Mr. Kenyon who told it me on the way back to London. The legend was, that after he had performed this summary act of justice, Mrs. Landor remonstrated with a "There, Walter! I always told you that one day you would do something to be sorry for in these furies of yours." Few men can be serene under an "I always told you so"— least of all men could Landor. But he saw that here was an occasion where calm is more effective than tempest, and where a soft answer is more provoking than a hard. So he replied mildly: "Well, my dear, I *am* sorry, if that will do you any good. If I had remembered that our best tulip-bed was under that window, I 'd have flung the dog out of t' other."

He spoke with his wonted extravagance (he was always in extremes) of Prince Louis Napoleon: "I have seen all the great men that have appeared in Europe during the last half-century, and he is the ablest of them all. Had his uncle had but a tithe of his ability, he would never have died at St. Helena. The last time I saw the Prince before he went over to France, he said to me, 'Good-bye, Mr. Landor; I go to a dungeon or a throne.' 'Good-bye, Prince,' I answered. 'If you go to a dungeon, you may see me again; if to a throne, never!'" He told me a long story of some Merino sheep that had been sent him from Spain, and which George III. had "stolen." He seemed to imply that this was a greater crime than throwing away the American colonies, and a perfidy of which only kings could be capable. I confess that I thought the sheep as shadowy as those of Hans in Luck, for I was not long in discovering that Landor's memory had a great deal of imagination mixed with it, especially when the subject was anything that related to himself. It was not a memory, however, that was malignly treacherous to others.

I mentioned his brother Robert's "Fountain of Arethusa"; told him how much it had interested me, and how particularly I had been struck with the family likeness to himself in it. He assented; said it *was* family likeness, not imitation, and added: "Yes, when it came out many people, even some of my friends, thought it was mine, and told me so. My answer always was, 'I wish to God I *could* have written it!'" He spoke of it with unfeigned enthusiasm, though then, I believe, he was not on speaking terms with his brother. Whenever, indeed, his talk turned, as it often would, to the books or men he liked, it rose to a passionate appreciation of them. Even upon indifferent matters he commonly spoke with heat, as if he had been contradicted or hoped he might be. There was no prophesying his weather by reading the barometer of his face. Though the index might point never so steadily to *Fair*, the storm might burst at any moment. His quiet was that of the cyclone's pivot, a conspiracy of whirlwind. Of Wordsworth he spoke with a certain alienated respect, and made many abatements, not as if jealous, but somewhat in the mood of that Athenian who helped ostracize Aristides. Of what he said I recollect only something which he has since said in print, but with less point. Its felicity stamped it on my memory. "I once said to Mr. Wordsworth, 'One may mix as much poetry with prose as one likes, it will exhilarate the whole; but the moment one mixes a drop of prose with poetry, it precipitates the whole.' He never forgave me!" Then followed that ringing and reduplicated laugh of his, so like the joyous bark of a dog when he starts for a ramble with his master. Of course he did not fail to mention that exquisite sea-shell which Wordsworth had conveyed from *Gebir* to ornament his own mantel-piece.

After lunch, he led us into a room the whole available wall-space of which was hung with pictures, nearly all early Italian. As I was already a lover of Botticelli, I think I may trust the judgment I then inwardly pronounced upon them, that they were nearly all aggressively bad. They were small, so that the offense of each was trifling, but in the aggregate they were hard to bear. I waited doggedly to hear him begin his celebration of them, dumfounded between my moral obligation to be as truthful as I dishonestly could and my social duty not to give offense to my host. However, I was soon partially relieved. The picture he wished to show was the head of a man, an ancestor, he told me, whose style of hair and falling collar were of the second quarter of the seventeenth century. Turning sharply on me, he asked: "Does it remind you of anybody?" Of course this was a simple riddle; so, after a diplomatic pause of deliberation, I replied, cheerfully enough: "I think I see a likeness to you in it." There was an appreciable amount of fib in this, but I trust it may be pardoned me as under duress. "Right!" he exploded, with the condensed emphasis of a rifle. "Does it remind you of anybody else?" For an instant I thought my retribution had overtaken me, but in a flash of inspiration I asked myself, "Whom would Landor like best to resemble?" The answer was easy, and I gave it forthwith: "I think I see a likeness to Milton." "Right again!" he cried triumphantly. "It *does* look like me, and it *does* look like Milton. That is the portrait of my ancestor, Walter Noble, Speaker of one of Charles First's parliaments. I was showing this portrait one day to a friend, when he said to me, 'Landor, how can you pride yourself on your descent from this sturdy old cavalier — you who would have cut off Charles's head with the worst of 'em?' '*I* cut off his head? Never!' 'You would n't? I 'm astonished to hear you say that. What would you have done with him?' 'What would I have done? Why, *hanged* him, like any other malefactor!'" This he trumpeted with such a blare of victory as almost made his progenitor rattle on the wall where he hung. Whether the portrait was that of an ancestor, or whether he had bought it as one suitable for his story, I can not say. If an ancestor, it could only have been Michael (not Walter) Noble, Member of Parliament (not Speaker) during the Civil War, and siding with the Commons against the King. Landor had con-

founded him with Sir Arnold Savage (a Speaker in Henry Seventh's time), whom he had adopted as an ancestor, though there was no probable, certainly no provable, community of blood between them. This makes the anecdote only the more characteristic as an illustration of the freaks of his innocently fantastic and creative memory. I could almost wish my own had the same happy faculty, when I see how little it has preserved of my conversation, so largely monologue on his part, with a man so memorable.

The letters which follow can lay no claim to importance, but they illustrate pleasantly the more playful as well as the more lovable side of his nature. They are at least more interesting, and bear more clearly the stamp of the writer's character, than many of Goethe's to the Frau von Stein. Landor has not, it is true, the literary or historical importance of Goethe, but he was one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable generation, and of rarer type, perhaps, than any of them as a conscious artist in words. The letters will add nothing to his fame and little to our knowledge of him, but they will be welcome to those who already value him, and may awaken some curiosity about him in others. They give an amiable picture of him without his armor, and in an undress, though never a careless or slovenly one. That on the death of his dog Pomero is especially worth having, and the slapdash judgments upon artists in others are very characteristic. They were written, in various years, to Miss Mary Boyle. That sister to whom he sends messages was Miss Carolina Boyle, for many years maid of honor to Queen Adelaide. As Landor seems almost never to have dated his letters, it is impossible to assign any but a conjectural order to them. The postmark of one enables us to pin it down to 1842. The annotations are Miss Boyle's.

I was going to say that more than fif— but I feel Cynthius at my ear, and shall say instead, that in honor of Miss Mary Boyle, Silvio Pellico, just released from his Prigioni, wrote some of those facile verses that sing in Italian, but are apt to have bad colds in English. Indiscreet readers may look up the date if they will. Miss Boyle bears no discoverable relation to dates. As nobody ever knew how old the Countess of Desmond was, so nobody can tell how young Miss Mary Boyle is. Known formerly as a vivacious amateur authoress, her recent historical and biographical catalogues of the art treasures at Longleat and Panshanger have a serious value. No knock could surprise the modest door of what she calls her Bonbonnière in South Audley street, for it has opened and still opens to let in as many distinguished persons, and, what is better, as many devoted friends, as any in London. However long she may live,— and may so excellent a woman live as long as she chooses!— hers can never be that most cheerless of fates, to outlive her friends, while cheerfulness, kindliness, cleverness, and contentedness, and all the other good nesses have anything to do with the making of them.

James Russell Lowell.

I.

My Dear Miss Boyle: Your letter is really a most delightful ramble. I believe I must come and be your writing-master. Certainly, if I did nothing else by drilling, I should make rank and file stand closer.

We must now be serious. I am grieved and shocked at the idea of any dog in existence, quadruped or other, tearing your handkerchief. Hampton Court — indeed any court upon earth — would loudly protest against such an outrage. I, who am too low for ambition, take out my pencil and try my hand at accounts, and find that two such handkerchiefs as ladies now carry are worth in hard cash somewhat more than the purchase of a villa (freehold, delightfully situated, furnished, etc., etc.) on the Southampton-water. If you can trust me in the making of a bargain, I will go forthwith to my neighbour and acquaintance Lord Ashtown, with the fragments of yours in my hand, and offer them to him for his, which is a very pretty and commodious one. If you consent to it, I will allow him to remove the pictures. This will not materially diminish any little advantage in the transfer: so do not stand out for them. I like to do things handsomely, particularly at another's expense. I must fit Grison's * face to mine, and reason with him amicably on running away with a treasure which he can neither make use of nor lay up.

You cannot overvalue † James. There is not on God's earth (I like this expression, vulgar or not) any better creature of his hand, any one more devoted to his highest service, the office of improving us through our passions. You are destined and gifted by the same Power for the same glorious work. I am curious to see your sister's two petitions. Her commands may assume that form, but they are commands nevertheless, and must be executed. This morning at breakfast I wrote some verses on the Chinese war. Here they are.

There may be many a reason why,
O ancient land of Kong-Fu-Tsi!
We burn to make the little feet

* Miss Boyle's large Sardinian greyhound.
† Mr. G. P. R. James, the novelist.

Of thy indwellers run more fleet.
But while (as now) before my eyes
The steams of thy sweet herb arise,
Amid bright vestures, faces fair,
Long eyes and closely braided hair,
I cannot wish thee wrongs or woes.
And when thy lovely single rose,
Which every morn I run to see,
Smiles with fresh-opened flower on me,
And when I think what hand * it was
Cradled the nursling in its vase,
By all the Gods, O, ancient land!
I wish thee, and thy laws, to stand.

Altissimo Poeta, non è vero?

Are you acquainted with the Eltons at Southampton? The girls are most delightful; the father an excellent man and good poet. I have a great regard for all the family.

II.

BATH, June 28 [1841].

DEAR MISS BOYLE: Your letter has followed me from Bath to Paris, and from Paris back again to Bath, not without a short delay in London. Had I been aware that you and your fair sister were at Hampton Court, I should certainly have paid you my respects there. I was in town only 5 days as I went and only 3 as I returned. No lady on earth will believe that any person can dislike Paris. I hate and abominate it: yet never in any place have I received so much civility and attention. There was no opera, and the gallery of the Louvre was open only for the exhibition of modern works. The French have no Landseer, no Stanfield, no Eastlake. I hope you have enjoyed the sight of their wonderful productions. This year, I am sorry to say, ill-health has prevented Landseer from displaying his wonderful powers, but Stanfield has a picture which I hear is sold for seven hundred guineas, representing the Island of Ischia in the beginning of a storm, to which neither Claude nor Gaspar nor Nicotas Poussin ever painted anything equal. Eastlake's Christ weeping over the fate of Jerusalem is worthy of Domenichino, to say the least. Between the time of Hogarth and Eastlake we never had an artist who could draw. Reynolds and Lawrence are on a level in this particular.

You perhaps will wonder what could have induced me to revisit Bath at such a season. The fact is, I abhor all popular bustle, and had I made the visits I intended to make, I should have been in the midst of contested elections, and what is worse, where some of my personal friends are opposed. This very day an election is going on here; but I neither hear, nor will go where I can hear, anything of the matter. To-morrow I will write to our friend James — as great a *conservative* as I am, even of his temper. With love to your sister (for nobody can give her less), believe me, ever sincerely, Yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

III.

DEAR MISS BOYLE: It is incredible to me that I should have permitted your letter to remain unanswered. So, at last, you can be enthusiastic about our artists. Take especial care to avoid the expression of your enthusiasm in good society. You know it is forbidden on all subjects, particularly on works of art or literature, by those we may see and serve. Stanfield, in his view of Ischia, has produced a nobler work, in my opinion, than the best of Claude or Poussin. I rejoice to hear that Boxall† has been painting your family. He is an excellent artist and a modest man. Do not think me too obstinate in persisting to call myself a conservative. My "Letters of a Conservative"‡ were written to bring the apostate Bishops back to Christianity; to make them useful as teachers; that the indignation of the people might not rise up against the only unreformed Church in Christendom. It would grieve me to see religion and education taken out of the hands of gentlemen, and turned altogether, as it is in part, into those of the uneducated and vulgar. I would rather see my own house pulled down than a cathedral. But if Bishops are to sit in the House of Lords as Barons, voting against no corruption, against no cruelty, not even the slave-trade, the people ere long will knock them on the head. Conservative I am, but no less am I an *aristocratic radical* like yourself. I would eradicate all that vitiates our constitution in church and state, making room for the gradual growth of what altered times require, but preserving the due ranks and orders of society, and even to a much greater degree than most of the violent tories are doing.

You have here my profession of political faith, explicit, and without mystery.

Remember me to your brother, and present me with your usual grace to Lady Boyle and your sister. Above all, believe me very sincerely Yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

IV.

DEAR MISS BOYLE: It is humane and generous in you to wish me a happy New Year, and judicious not to wish me many of them.

* Rose was the name of a great favorite of the writer's.

† Afterwards Sir William Boxall, and Director of the National Gallery.

‡ Published in 1836.

You ask me whether I have ever seen Burleigh.* Yes; nearly a half-century ago. Nevertheless, I have not forgotten its magnificence. No place ever struck me so forcibly. And then the grounds! Surely they were made expressly for the grand attitudinarian Grison. Being but a boy when I saw Burleigh, I admired, as most people do to the end of their lives, by prescription. I had not then learnt pictures by costly experience, and the probability is, that I admired a celebrated work by the vilest and least imaginative of painters even more than the Domenichino to which you allude. The Christ breaking the bread, by Carlo Dolce, is the most celebrated in England of that painter's works. I happen to possess the one which is the most celebrated in Italy, the one in which the pearls of the Madonna (they tell you, and tell you truly) "*paiono vere*": I gave, out of wantonness, sixty louis for it, the real value is three farthings. How many thousand of such fellows as Carlo Dolce and Sasso Ferrato are worth less than a finger's breadth of Domenichino. In regard to his frescoes you are nearly right. But it is impossible to conceive the perfection of frescoes out of Siena. Not Michelangelo, nor even Raffael himself, quite understood the coloring. Razzi, Beccafumi, and their contemporaries in Siena, did perfectly. Nearest to them is Andrea del Sarto.

But all their works, with Michelangelo's included, are incomparably less than equivalent to the Incendio del Borgo. Well, let us be contented. The cartoons make us nearly as rich as Italy herself in painting, and all the sculpture in Italy is not worth the single figure of the Ilyssus in the Elgin marbles. We are pleased to underrate our contemporaries, partly thro' ignorance, and partly thro' malignity. But I question whether the twelve of the greater Gods, by any ancient, were comparable to the twelve Apostles of Thorwaldsen.

Of course, if Phidias was the sculptor, they were; but we hear only of his Zeus and Pallas. I have no doubt that he not only designed but finished the Ilyssus and Theseus. These fragments are the *only* remains of any very great Greek sculptor. Happily they are of the very greatest — the unapproachable Zeus of sculptors.

And now let me turn to the work which you are about. James† would no more tell you to throw it into the fire, than he would tell you to throw fire into it. The one would be an arson for which there would be a thousand prosecutors, all of whom would have lost valuable property by it, and the other (the throwing fire into it), I am certain, is done already.

What I myself have been doing is hardly worth mentioning. I have given strict orders not even to have it advertised, much less puffed. Nevertheless it is not unlikely that it will be puffed — puffed away, when it reaches Burleigh. I shall give orders this moment for it to be sent to you.

Remember me to your sister, if she is awake, but do not waken her on purpose, and to your brother, and believe me, dear Miss Boyle,

Yours very sincerely,

W. S. LANDOR.

BATH, January 5.

V.

DEAR MISS BOYLE: Everybody who writes to you begins with "I am delighted, I am charmed," etc., etc. For my part, I am quite incapable of originality and must say the same thing. James† wrote to me also. It appears the Duke of Wellington asked him whether it would be possible to establish a Newspaper which should tell the truth. Alas! what a question for a wise man — for a man of experience — above all, for a politician — for a minister of state!

If the thing *is* to be done, he must do it himself. But you are very capable of furnishing one good article — take care it is quite true. The paragraph may run somewhat thus: "On Tuesday last Miss Mary Boyle, accompanied by her cousin the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Boyle, did Mr. Landor the honour of calling on him on his ground-floor No. 35 St. James Sq., Bath.

"They found him writing some nonsense verses, by which he acquired great distinction both at school, and since. We are enabled, by the favour of our fair correspondent, to give the reader a sample.

"The leaves are falling; so am I;
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
So have I too.
Scarcely on any bough is heard
Joyous (or e'en unjoyous) bird
The whole wood through.
Winter *may* come; he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrower) to the fire
Where old friends meet.
Let him! now heaven is overcast
And spring and summer both are past,
And all things sweet!"

VI.

AND so, Carissima, you want to know whether I shall be *glad* to see you, or *sorry* to see you, on the twentieth. Well then — *sorry* — to *have* seen you — glad, exultingly glad, to see you. And now I am resolved not to tell you which I love best, Melcha or Mora.‡

* Seat of the Marquis of Exeter.

† Mr. G. P. R. James.

‡ Names of two characters in a poetical drama by Miss Mary Boyle.

Melcha colpisce fortemente — Mora più ancora s'innamora.

I have broken my word to myself, all thro' you.

Tell the Maid of Honour I wd rather the Queen* gave her a thousand pounds than any one else gave her *qualsi voglia somma.*

You see I have learnt to write from you — only I can sometimes get three or four words into a line — which you can never do for the life of you. But there are several in which I find two entire ones. I do not like to spoil the context, otherwise I would order them to be glazed, and framed in gold.

The Grand-duke of Tuscany has completed his collection of hieroglyphics, so I need give you no assurance that I will not make money of those I expect.

I was at a pic-nic on Saturday. The dancing did not tire me. I can only account for it from having used my eyes only. I like the Polka amazingly, and many years shall not elapse before I take a lesson or two. I do not promise to dance at your wedding, but I will promise to dance at your eldest daughter's if I receive an invitation. *Addio*, Carina.

VII.

I HOPE you have enough of appellatives. For my part, I have no notion of giving any to young ladies, unless it be such as they, by acceptance at the altar, have fairly taken. Godfathers and godmothers are small authority for me. Many a man has admired the pitch of his courage, and the charms of his handwriting, at that pretty word *Dear*, preceding a name that always has a long and sweet quaver in it, be its constituent vowels and consonants what they may. I myself, in times past, have looked at the two together so long that it required an effort to make the pen follow the flutterings of the heart. For be it known, hearts were worn then. So, you are resolved to have a *name*, are you? I suspected as much at the very first page of yours I ever read. But how can you expect an author to call you dear, or any such thing? or even to say, what all men of sound judgment agree in, and many whose judgment is thrown a trifle off the balance — that "Mary" has the sweetest sound of any? Before I am driven into a letter, I usually think I have been in the presence of, if not still conversing with the person I write to. Otherwise I doubt whether I could overcome my disposition to idleness — in the fingers at least. When I have called you dear, pray tell me how I must go on — and whether when I have written the next word, I am to put a comma or a mark of admiration. If you leave it to me — indeed whether you do or not — I am for the! Three generations, you tell me, were present at your triumphal entry to Marston. This is not enough for me. When you can muster four, I shall take it unkind of the hospitable rector if he does not invite me again. Should he forget it, I will sit upon the park-gate and write a squib on every soul that enters. I wonder by what right or reason they presented you with anything like *freedom.*† You who have made so many wish to lose it, ought to forfeit it forthwith. And now which of your lords is to take you to the concert? Lord Cork, Lord Dungarvon, or that lord who will be prouder than either, seeing that certain rights and privileges are conferred on him under your sign manual. I leave this place, Torquay, after the Regatta, the end of next week, and shall be then at Llanbedr Hall, Ruthin. It is rich in orange-flowers — so you need not provide any for me if you summon me to Marston. Furthermore, the waistcoat I had ordered for the Regatta ball shall be kept unopened. I will descend no farther to particulars, but assure you that you *shall* have a name, and that I am very sincerely and affectionately yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

Say some tender thing for me to your sister, and, this being duly performed, lay your face (as far as it will go) along Grison's, with my blessing.

VIII.

IN speaking of two sisters, *the* two — how dare you talk of the older and the younger? Do you not know that all the angels were created at once — *ad un fiato?*

Now you little thought that the old Torment (for "Tormen*tor*" is a weak expression) would take you at your word. He will, however, and without so much as a finger at nose-side or ear-side, by way of taking counsel with himself.

Expect your Imaginary Conversation to make its appearance in front of my last volume.

Some critic in another century may, by way of paradox, start a doubt whether it is genuine, that is, *mine;* but all the rest will cry out against his temerity. *Addio*, Madcap.

IX.

IT is only this evening that I received the Bridal of Melcha.‡ I do not like to be an Echo, but I am certain I must be one in expressing my admiration of it.

To-night is our Fancy Ball. You should be at it, crowned with myrtle and bay. If I had

* Alluding to the marriage portion of maids of honor.

† A birthday jest,—"freedom of the city."

‡ A dramatic poem by Miss Mary Boyle.

opened the volume but at the very hour of meeting my friends there, I could not have refrained from reading it through before I set out.

Indeed it is already late enough, and, I suspect, past the post-office hour, so adieu, Musa-Grazia! and call me in future anything but Dottissimo. Remember, you have a choice of Issimi. Among them all there is no one who can glorify you for more of noble and exalted attributes than

W. LANDOR.

1 St. James Square,
Monday, April 22.

Say everything you can think of, on my part, to our incomparable friend James,* and his lady.

If you distribute any kisses for me among the lesser ones, I know not through what banker to send you the amount.

Non essendo pratico,
Come sanno tutti.

X.

1842.

To meet with a failure is one thing, and to commit one is another. Now even you are liable to the former. It was vexation, it was grief to me when I found the little card of the little lady. I was ready to strike my forehead, but I feared from its vacuity it might make a loud report in the square, and I should be bundled off to Dr. Foxe's. And so your sister permitted the noblest of the animal creation (his serene Highness)† to travel without her! For shame! for shame!

I saw him the very day of my arrival in Bath. He recognized me, but was rather ashamed of acknowledging me. He stood with one foot upon the carriage-wheel remonstrating against delay. I put my face to his, and my hand on his hard loins, hard as if he had been mesmerized. I wanted to whisper a few words in his ear, but he thought it too great a liberty, and shook me off; just as if he had been one fresh from court — as he probably was. O that I were acquainted with the Satirist or John Bull! He should be down for it. And pray what have you been doing, that you sh^d inflict on yourself the voluntary penance of reading my poems? Before you get them (which will not be until we meet at Millard's Hill), I must admonish you that the *amatory* are all ideal. Some have fancied that *Ianthe* (stolen by Byron) is only Jane, with the Greek θ (th) put in. What noodles are commentators!

If ever you read the "Foreign Quarterly," you will find in the two last numbers two *Articles*, as they are called, by me on Catullus and Theocritus. A friend made me break my resolution of declining all entreaties to review, because he had an interest in this publication. *Addio.*

* Mr. G. P. R. James.

† Grison, a large Sardinian greyhound.

XI.

If you quarrel with yourself I will quarrel with you, for I am the sworn enemy of all yours. You have been happy, and have made others so — now what would you have or do? At this moment I return from a cricket club, where indeed I did not play at cricket, but I did at quoits, and won two games in three, after a disuse of nearly half a century. Hereupon I think myself no inconsiderable personage. Nevertheless I suspect there are certain proud Boyles here and there, who fancy they have done as great things merely because they have been men of state, or men of war, with a philosopher or so, and now and then a beauty at the buttonhole. I can clearly prove the contrary, and will.

You will grant that Apollo was among the first to move in what is called a high sphere. He composed well on various subjects. In fact he did everything well but play at quoits.

There he mistook a boy's head for a feather; why! it would have almost been a mistake if it had been a girl's! Now I made the feather shake, and the turf about it, at every cast of my quoits.

Apropos of hitting and missing — at least at one of them, I will not say which — do you meditate as much mischief to the grouse this month as you did to the pheasants in Hampshire? What a clear conscience! what unbroken slumbers are yours! On second thought, I will not swear to that. But you appear to have adopted the notion,

That a brave *pheasantry*, a manor's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Never did so vile a verse make so deep an impression.

I am worth only one pen in the world, and were it no bull, I would say it is a borrowed one. I can make nothing of it, else I would speedily show you how much better my handwriting is than yours. I must now leave off — for here are come from the hotel sundry porters for sundry shillings to be disbursed — one of them indeed has very much of a half-crown face, for he sports a speck of black hair under his nether lip. So, adieu.

XII.

Sept. 12 [1842].

Più che Dottissima! I should be very much delighted to see you as you describe yourself with one cheek crimson, and the other a livid white, and yellow eyes. Surely some extraor-

dinarily scientific painter must have arranged these colours for you.

Whatever lady presumes to wear them henceforth, I shall cry out against her audacious plagiarism. But as you, like all your sex, are fond of change, I am ready to lay any wager that when I see you, it will be the fashion for you to wear both cheeks slightly tinged with pink, and both eyes more the colour of the heavens than of the sun. This latter change may perhaps be less glorious: never mind! be moderate and submit.

What a glorious day is this for the pictures and the gardens and the waters and the Nymphs of Hampton Court! Do not let Campbell's Life of Petrarch darken it. I have not read the book and never shall read it — but I hear it is wretched. I am sorry for this. However, his fame is fairly established, by the admirable poem "Hohenlinden," and some others. Do not start if I tell you that in my poor opinion Campbell is a much better poet than Petrarch. I do not say a better; I say a *much* better. But the world ought to venerate the friend of Boccaccio — of Boccaccio, the most creative genius that the continent has produced since *the* creation: for Homer and Dante were not preëminent as creators. I love the lover of Laura, the recluse of Arquà, the defender of resuscitated Liberty, and the recoverer of ancient learning. But among all the departed men of genius Boccaccio is the one most after my own heart; a friend of freedom, a despiser of faction and of popularity, and too great to enter as a dependent or suitor the courts of princes. Literary men in general are the vilest of the human race: happy we, who enjoy the friendship of one* incomparably good and great in all his works, words, and thoughts.

Another is Southey, to whose wife, I may almost say widow, I will write to-day if I can — for I often sit, when I am thinking of her and him, with my pen in my hand and with ink in it until it dries up. I am now at Warwick, on a visit to my sister. Toward the end of next week I propose setting out for Staffordshire, to see my brother the rector of Birlingham, whom I have not seen these five years; and about the end of October I hope to be at Bath. Now, unless you tell me that you are writing in good earnest, I will never say again that I am, affectionately,

Yours,

W. L.

XIII.

TAKE care, Graziosissima! If you lead captive a single beau, I will add a couple of belles to my territories, forthwith.

* Mr. G. P. R. James.

"Time has not thinned my flowing locks." Now do not suspect me of fibbery, or rub your memory till it smarts again. The thing is sure enough — and the "*perché*" is — they never flowed at all, but were equally stagnant and shallow at all seasons of my life — pretty nearly. At last, however, they have acquired that fine silvery tone which great painters have attained after long practice: something of the Guido, and something of the Vandyck.

Now for news. I sent your brother a ticket (I had six at my disposal) for Lady John Somerset's ball, at Clifton. But he would not go, because he had a cold, and his nose was red. His nose must be turned into a salamander, and his cold into an iceberg, before the ladies will find another so acceptable to them. But if ever he intends to marry, he should not throw away seven years more. It is rarely that pure blood and plentiful gold roll together in the same channel. If he wishes to raise a full cup to his lips, he must stoop a little. As to you and your sister, I will give my consent to nothing below the dignity of Earl. Somehow I like the sound of that title better than marquis or duke — it sounds more English — it looks nearer Alfred. There was a duke of Shrewsbury — and he was nothing at all — but one can hardly form an idea of any title so glorious as Earl of Shrewsbury. Shakespeare was the sovereign who conferred it; but not without merit.

And so! it was to you I promised my teapot,— was it? Never mind. I have a "*cosa stupenda*" for flowers and butterflies — a Japan pattern, large enough to hold an apronful of primroses. You must come for it, and remind me — for you see how apt we young people are to forget our promises. I knew I had something to present to you; and there are flowers and butterflies on both — as there is a river as well at Macedon as at Monmouth. *Addio*, *Graziosissima* and *mi creda sempre divotissimo*.

XIV.

MARIUCCIA MIA.

[March, 1856.]

IT is not always that I know one of the places, out of the two, where you are — but one I do know to a certainty. Alas! I have lost my poor dear Pomero.† He died, after a long illness, apparently from a kick he received in the stomach in my absence. The whole house grieved for him. I buried him in a coffin in the garden. I would rather have lost everything else I possess in the world. Seven years we lived together in more than amity. He loved me to his heart — and what a heart

† The writer's pet white Pomeranian dog.

it was! Mine beats audibly while I write about him.

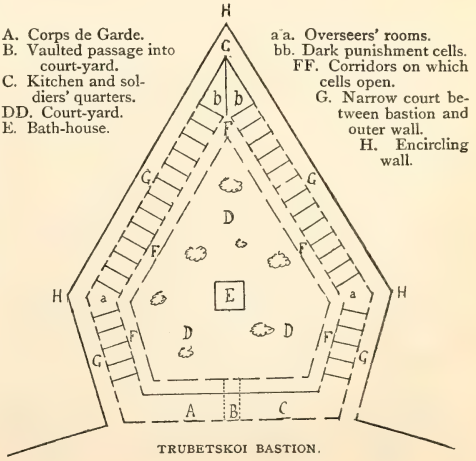
At present I am doing nothing. Last month I ordered some "Leaves for the Study" to be printed for the benefit of a day-labourer who has written some good and manly poetry, now published by subscription. If you read "Fraser's Magazine," you will see in April two imaginary conversations of mine. My scenes are on Antony and Octavius — characters of which it appears to me that Shakespeare has made sad work — and worse in Cleopatra. God bless you, my pleasant Mariuccia. Pray for me, and Pomero. Some people are so wicked as to believe we shall never meet again!

W. S. L.

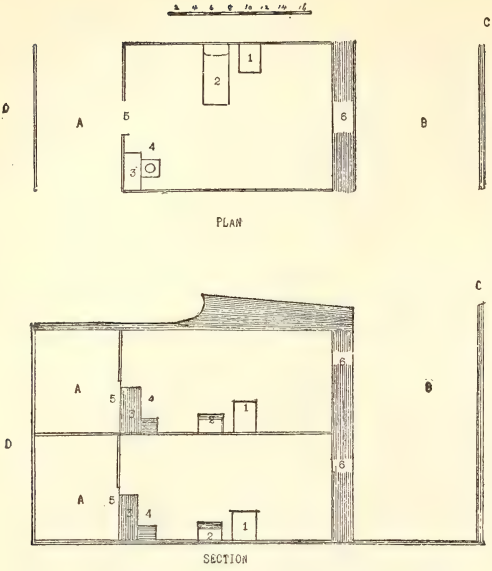
A RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISON.

THE FORTRESS OF PETROPAVLOVSK.

THE great state prison of Russia — the prison in which all important and dangerous political offenders sooner or later find themselves — is the fortress of Petropavlovsk. Every traveler who has visited St. Petersburg must remember the slender gilded spire which rises to a height of nearly four hundred feet from the low bank of the Neva opposite the Winter Palace, and which shines afar like an uplifted lance of gold across the marshy delta of the river and the shallow waters of the Finnish Gulf. It is the spire of the fortress cathedral under which lie buried the bones of Russia's Tsars and around which lie buried almost as effectually the enemies of the Tsars' government. All that can be seen of the fortress from the river, upon which it fronts, is a long, low wall of gray stone broken sharply into salient and reëntering angles with a few cannon *en barbette*, a flag fluttering from the parapet, and over all the white belfry and burnished spire of the cathedral and the smoking chimneys of the Imperial mint. The main entrance to the fortress is a long vaulted passage leading through the wall near the end of the Troitski bridge and opening into a rather spacious grassy and well-shaded park or boulevard to which the public are admitted at all hours of the day and through which the residents of "the Petersburg side," as that part of the city is called, go to and from their homes. It is impossible, however, to obtain by merely walking along this thoroughfare any definite idea of the extent or character of Russia's great political prison. The fortress as a whole is an immense aggregation of bastions, ravelins, curtains, barracks, and storehouses which must cover at least three-quarters of a square mile and which is intersected by the boulevard above referred to, and by a canal or moat which separates the citadel or fortress proper from the "crown-work" in the rear. In what part of this vast labyrinth of walls, gates, courts, bastions, and redoubts the political prisoners are confined even they themselves do not know. They are taken to the fortress at night, between gendarmes in closely curtained carriages, and when, after being conveyed hither and thither through heavy gates between echoing walls and along vaulted passages, they are finally ordered to alight, they find themselves in a small and completely inclosed court-yard from which nothing whatever can be seen except the sky overhead. Where this court-yard is situated they can only conjecture. There is some reason to believe that the part of the fortress where the political prisoners are confined while awaiting trial is a bastion which projects on the river side in the direction of the Bourse; but even this is not certain. All that I could learn from the political exiles whose acquaintance I made in Siberia was that they had been shut up in what they believed to be the Trubetskoi bastion. Of this particular part of the fortress, however, they could give me a full description, and a plan of it, drawn by an exile who is now in Eastern Siberia, will be found below.



TRUBETSKOI BASTION.



PLAN OF CASEMATE AND SECTION OF RIGHT FACE OF BASTION FROM INNER COURT-YARD TO OUTER WALL.

A. Corridor; B. Outer court; C. Encircling wall; D. Inner court.
1. Table; 2. Bed; 3. Oven; 4. Commode; 5. Door; 6. Window.

THE TRUBETSKOI BASTION.

THE Trubetskoi bastion is a massive, pentagonal, two-story structure of stone and brick, about 300 feet in length from the flanked angle to the base and 250 feet in width on a line drawn between the two shoulder angles.* It stands in a court which is 25 or 30 feet longer and wider than the bastion itself, and which is formed by a high wall corresponding in outline with the bastion faces and separated from them all around by a space of 12 or 15 feet. The effect of this encircling wall is to completely shut the bastion in. The casemates which serve as cells for the political prisoners are in two tiers, one above the other, and are situated in the body of the structure, between the narrow outer court and a more spacious inner yard. Their doors open upon corridors which extend around the inner inclosure, and their windows look out upon the blank encircling wall which is as high as the bastion itself, and which not only limits vision in every direction, but deprives the lower tier cells to a great extent of light and air. The number of the casemates in the entire bastion is 72,—36 in each tier,—and with the exception of those in the angles, they are all alike. As they were originally intended for the accommodation of heavy cannon, they are much larger than ordinary prison cells. Their dimensions are approximately 24 feet in length from door to window, 16 feet in width between partition walls, and 12 feet in height to a slightly vaulted ceiling. The walls and ceilings are of brick, and the floors are concrete. The massive outer face of the bastion is pierced in each casemate by one arched window at a height of eight or nine feet from the floor, the tunnel-like aperture is guarded by double gratings, and the lower right-hand pane of the iron sash is hung on hinges so that it can be opened for the admission of air. Owing to the height of the window from the floor the prisoner cannot reach it without support, and can see nothing out of it except the upper part of the outer wall and a narrow strip of sky. The heavy doors of the casemates are of wood, and in the middle of each is a square port-hole which can be closed by a hinged panel. The panel swings up and down like a miniature drawbridge, and when lowered to a horizontal position forms a shelf upon which food for the prisoner can be placed by the guard. Immediately over it is a narrow horizontal slit about as large as the opening for letters in a street letter-box, covered by a pivoted strip of wood which can be raised and lowered like the blade of a jack-knife so as to open or close the aperture. This contrivance, which is known to the political prisoners as the "Judas," enables the guard to look into the cell at any time without attracting the attention of the occupant. The furniture of the casemate consists of a common Russian oven with its door in the corridor; an iron bedstead, bolted into the masonry at one end so that it cannot be moved; a shelf-like slab of iron, also bolted into the wall near the head of the bed and intended for use as a table; a stationary iron wash-basin; a wooden box, containing an excrement bucket; a small cheap image of the Madonna before which the prisoner can say his prayers, and a tin cup suspended against the wall under the window to catch the moisture which drips from the slopes of the deep embrasure. The general aspect of the casemate is somber, gloomy, and forbidding; and the first idea suggested to the mind by the massive walls, the vaulted ceiling, the iron window, the damp, lifeless air, and the profound stillness is the idea of a burial vault or crypt.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE FORTRESS.

WHEN a political prisoner is brought at night to one of these casemates he is first of all stripped naked. A careful examination is made of his person to ascertain whether he

* The dimensions of the Trubetskoi bastion as here stated must not be regarded as strictly accurate, since they are based merely upon estimates and computations.—G. K.

has anything concealed in his hair, mouth, ears, or nostrils, and when the guard are satisfied that he has not, they give him in the place of his own clothing a prison costume consisting of a coarse gray linen shirt, drawers of the same material, a long blue linen dressing-gown, woolen stockings, and a pair of soft felt slippers. As soon as he has put on these garments the soldiers of the guard retire, the heavy wooden door closes behind them, the key grinds in the rusty padlock, and the prisoner is left alone in the dimly lighted casemate. The stillness is that of the grave. There is not a footstep, nor a voice, nor a sound of any kind to indicate the presence of another human being in the bastion. Every fifteen minutes the bells of the fortress cathedral chime out slowly the air with which the words, "Have mercy, O Lord!" are associated in the Russian liturgy, and every hour they ring the melody of the ecclesiastical chant, "How glorious is our Lord in Zion!" The damp, heavy atmosphere, the dripping walls, the oppressive silence, and the faint muffled tones of the cathedral bells chiming mournful airs from the church liturgy, all seem to say to the lonely and dejected prisoner, "Although not dead, you are buried." Crushed by the thought that this is the end of all his hopes and aspirations and struggles for the welfare of his country, tortured by anxiety concerning the fate of those nearest and dearest to him, he rises from the narrow iron bed upon which he has thrown himself in the first paroxysm of despair and begins to pace his cell. "How long," he asks himself, "will this continue?" He reviews mentally the events which preceded and followed his arrest, recalls the questions that were asked him at the preliminary examination, and tries to form from the facts of his case a calm judgment as to the probable duration of his imprisonment. The offense with which he is charged is not, he thinks, a serious one; there are no complicating circumstances to retard the investigation; perhaps he will be tried and released in a few weeks. But as this ray of hope enters his heart he stoops to replace the loose felt slipper which has fallen from one foot, and in so doing notices for the first time what seems to be a faint path leading from one corner of the cell to another on the same diagonal which he has been pacing. Startled by a vague apprehension, he seizes the small lamp and examines it more closely. It is unquestionably a path — a shallow but perceptible groove worn into the solid concrete by human footsteps. The mournful significance of this discovery comes to him almost with the shock of a new misfortune. He then is not the first prisoner who has been buried in this lonely casemate, nor the first who has sought in physical exercise relief from mental strain. Somebody who perhaps was also accused of a political offense — somebody who perhaps was also hopeful of a speedy trial — made that significant groove. Somebody heart-sick with hope long deferred trod that path from corner to corner not merely a hundred times nor a thousand times, but hundreds of thousands of times, until the solid floor of the casemate had been worn away by his weary feet, and a long shallow depression marked the line of his monotonous march. This melancholy record of an unknown predecessor's loneliness and isolation disheartens the prisoner more than all that has happened to him since his arrest. He recalls the history of the Decembrists, and remembers that in this same fortress many of that gallant band of revolutionists spent all the years of their early manhood and finally died, committed suicide, or went insane. One of them, Lieutenant-Colonel Battenkoff, languished here in solitary confinement for almost a quarter of a century;* another, Midshipman Diboff, was held a prisoner here until death came to his relief; a third, Lieutenant Zaikin, unable to endure the mind-destroying torture of complete isolation, killed himself by dashing his head against the wall; while a fourth, preferring even a death of agony to a life clouded by mental disorder, swallowed glass broken from his cell window.† In this same fortress still another officer lay in solitary confinement until the guards re-

* The history of the attempt made by a number of army and navy officers at the accession to the throne of the Emperor Nicholas to bring about a revolution and establish a constitutional form of government is well known. Lieutenant-Colonel Battenkoff, one of the participators in this movement, was punished by solitary confinement in the fortress from December, 1825, to February, 1846, a period of more than twenty years. During this time he was never outside of the Alexei ravelin, and never saw a human being except his guards. He was permitted to have a Hebrew Bible and a lexicon, and he spent a large part of his time in making a new translation of the Old Testament into Russian. This mental occupation probably saved him from insanity, which is the fate most dreaded by political prisoners and which is the almost invariable result of long solitary confinement. With the exception of the lexicon and a few religious books, Lieutenant-Colonel Battenkoff had access to no literature, and in the whole twenty years did not see a newspaper nor hear a word of intelligence from the outside world. He was, in fact, buried alive in the strictest sense of the words. In February, 1846, he was finally released and exiled to western Siberia. Some interesting facts with regard to his life and character will be found in a letter from his friend Mr. A. Luchtef to the Irkutsk newspaper, "Sibir," for January 30, 1883, and in Maximoff's "Siberia and Penal Servitude," Vol. II., p. 166.

† "Recollections of a Decembrist," p. 185, by A. Belaieff. St. Petersburg, 1882. Much was crossed out in the manuscript of Mr. Belaieff's book by the censor, but the above statements were allowed to stand.

ported that he had ceased to answer questions, and an official examination showed that he had become a complete imbecile. He could still eat, drink, and perform the actions that years of unbroken routine had rendered habitual; but from his heavy, glazed eyes the last spark of human intelligence had vanished, and he sat motionless on his bed for days at a time in the profound stupor of intellectual death.*

Oppressed by these gloomy recollections of fortress history, the prisoner can pace his cell no longer. He imagines that he can feel with his lightly clad feet the shallow trough made by the feet of his unknown predecessor, and every step in it suggests possibilities of suffering which he dares not contemplate. Seating himself again on the narrow bed, he listens long and intently for some sound of life from the outside world — some faint, audible evidence of human activity to break up this oppressive nightmare of burial in a subterranean crypt haunted by phantasms of tortured suicides and imbeciles. The bells of the fortress cathedral chime out slowly again, "Have mercy, O Lord!" but the faint tones of the mournful supplication die away into a stillness more profound, if possible, than that which went before. Suddenly the prisoner becomes conscious of two human eyes staring at him with fixed, unwinking gaze from the middle of the casemate door. Startled, nervous, excited, it seems to him for a moment as if the phantasms of his disordered imagination were taking definite objective form — as if the ghost of some political suicide, at that dead hour of the night, were peering into the gloomy casemate where on a tragic day long past it left its emaciated mortal tenement lying on the floor with a fractured skull or a throat full of broken glass. But as he gazes in spell-bound fascination at the mysterious, expressionless eyes they suddenly vanish, and a faint click, made by the cover of the "Judas" as it falls into place over the slit where the eyes have been, shows him that the fancied apparition was only the guard looking into the cell from the corridor. A momentary feeling of relief is followed by still deeper depression, as he realizes for the first time that although absolutely alone he is the object of constant suspicion and vigilance. The eyes of a supernatural visitant would at least have been compassionate and sympathetic; but the impersonal, unrecognizable, expressionless eyes of an unknown spy appearing noiselessly now and then at the aperture of the "Judas" only render his situation the more intolerable. The very solitude seems now to be pervaded and dominated by a watchful, hostile, pitiless presence which he can neither see nor escape from.

As the prisoner's emotional excitement gradually subsides he begins to feel conscious of the damp chilliness of the casemate, and in a shiver, due partly to cold and partly to nervous reaction, he creeps into his narrow bed and draws the thin blanket up over his shoulders for the night. The last sound which he hears as he sinks into a troubled, fitful sleep is that of the cathedral chime ringing at midnight, "God save the Tsar."

ROUTINE OF LIFE IN A CASEMATE.

THE daily routine of a prisoner's life in the Trubetskoi bastion begins with the serving of hot water for tea about 8 o'clock in the morning. Nothing except the hot water is furnished at the expense of the Government; but if the prisoner has money of his own in the hands of the "smatritel," or warden, the latter will purchase for him tea, sugar, white bread, tobacco, and other simple luxuries not forbidden by prison rules. About 2 o'clock the guard appears at the port-hole in the door with the prisoner's dinner, which consists of soup with a few fragments of meat floating in it, "kasha," made of unground barley or oats boiled in enough water to saturate the grains, and a pound and a half of black rye-bread. What remains of the soup from dinner is warmed up for supper, and at a later hour in the evening hot water is brought again for tea. All food is served in block-tin or pewter dishes, and is eaten with wooden spoons. Knives and forks are regarded as dangerous implements and are not allowed to go into a prisoner's hands under any circumstances. Previous to 1879 the food provided for political prisoners in the Trubetskoi bastion was abundant and good. Thirty-five or forty out of fifty or more exiles whom I questioned on the subject in Siberia told me that during the time that they were imprisoned in the fortress — between 1873 and 1878 — complaint with regard to food could not fairly be made. It was better in

* Neither the name nor the offense of this officer is known. The fact of his existence was disclosed by certain gendarmes who served as guards in the Alexei ravelin in 1882, and who in August of that year were exiled to Siberia for permitting political prisoners to communicate with their friends. According to the story of these gendarmes, the imbecile officer, who was known only by the number of his casemate, had been thrown into the fortress many years before they first saw him for offering a grievous insult to the Emperor Alexander II. The cause for the insult was said to be the ruin by the Tsar of the officer's sister. Whether this story had a foundation in fact, or was merely a prison rumor which obtained currency as an explanation of the officer's long confinement and strict seclusion, I do not know; but the exiled gendarmes were in perfect agreement as to the facts of the unknown prisoner's life which had come under their own immediate observation, and described with many pathetic details the gradual decay of his mental powers.

quality and more plentiful in quantity than that furnished to prisoners of the same class in other prisons of the empire. About the time, however, that the Terrorists began their activity in 1879, the treatment of political prisoners everywhere underwent a change for the worse, and in the fortress that change was marked by a decrease in the quantity and a deterioration in the quality of the food. Finally, after the assassination of Alexander II., the imprisoned revolutionists were deprived of nearly all the privileges that they had previously enjoyed, were treated with greater severity and rigor than ever, and were put virtually upon the same footing with common criminals. In 1882, when a young law student of my acquaintance named Stassoff was brought to the Trubetskoi bastion, the food furnished there was so bad that at first he could not force himself to eat it, although he had already been four months in prison in another part of the empire. The guard, noticing that he left his dinner and supper untouched, said to him, "Do you intend to starve yourself to death?"

"Suppose I do," replied the prisoner; "why not?"

"We won't let you," said the guard; "we will feed you by force."

"How by force?"

"Simply enough; we will put a rubber pipe down your throat and pour milk into it."

"But," said Mr. Stassoff, "if you 'll only give me milk, I 'll take that now without any rubber pipe." The guard, a good-humored young soldier, smiled and turned away, advising the prisoner to eat what was set before him. Hunger finally compelled Mr. Stassoff to swallow the prison ration, but that the food thus forced upon him was insufficient and bad is shown by the fact that in less than three months he was prostrated by scurvy, and at the expiration of four months it was found necessary to remove him to the House of Preliminary Detention in order to save his life. He was so weak that he could not leave his bed, his face was pale and haggard, his eyes were sunken, and blood flowed from his swollen gums at every attempt to eat. He had then been eight months in solitary confinement without trial, and had been reduced from robust health to a condition so low that the fortress surgeon who was called to examine him said, "We must get you out of this grave or it will soon be too late."

The dreary monotony of life in the Trubetskoi bastion is relieved to some extent by a daily walk of ten or fifteen minutes in the small inner court-yard. Every morning or afternoon, at a certain appointed hour, a soldier enters the casemate with the clothing which the prisoner had on when he was arrested and, throwing it upon the bed, says, "Pazholuyte na progulku"—"You will please take your walk." It is one of the rules of the fortress that a prisoner shall put on his own dress every time he leaves his cell, in order that the prison garments which he has been wearing may be thoroughly searched during his temporary absence. He is required therefore to change his apparel throughout, even to underclothing and stockings, and is closely watched meanwhile to see that he does not transfer anything from one suit of clothes to the other. When he has made this complete change of dress he is taken out into the little court-yard where, between two gendarmes, he promenades slowly back and forth for ten minutes. He can see little more from his exercise ground than he could from his cell; but in summer and in fair weather even a walled court-yard is a pleasant change from the gloom, dampness, and death-like stillness of a bomb-proof casemate. It is at least open to the universe overhead, and as the prisoner walks back and forth in it the sun shines warmly and brightly in his face; the green foliage of a few shrubs and stunted trees gratifies the craving of his eyes for color; he can hear occasionally the whistle of a passing steamer on the unseen Neva, or the faint music of a band in the neighboring zoölogical garden; and now and then, when the wind is fair, it brings to his nostrils the cool, moist fragrance of the woods. If this walk could be prolonged for two or three hours, it would have a most beneficial influence upon the prisoner's health and spirits; but as there are sometimes sixty or seventy political offenders in the bastion, and as the Government does not intend that they shall ever see one another, much less have an opportunity to exchange signals, only one of them is allowed to walk in the court-yard at a time. This limits the daily outing of each to about ten minutes. While the prisoner is taking his walk, the cell which he has left and the prison dress which he has temporarily laid aside are both carefully searched, in order to make sure that he has not accidentally come into possession of an old rusty nail; that he is not saving up bits of cigarette paper with a view to surreptitious correspondence; that he is not hoarding matches with the hope of getting enough together to poison himself — that, in short, he is not hiding anything which can be used either as a means of making his life more endurable or as an instrument for putting it to an end. When the prisoner returns to his cell at the end of his walk he puts on again the coarse linen prison garb which has just been searched, and the citizen's dress which he has worn for ten minutes in the court-

yard is taken away by the gendarmes to be searched in its turn. This ends the day's "recreation."

It is the concurrent testimony of fifty or more exiles whom I met in Siberia, that the worst privations of life in the Trubetskoi bastion are the loneliness, the stillness, and the lack of occupation. Physical hardships, such as bad food, foul air, dampness and cold, can be endured; but the mental and moral torture of complete isolation, perfect stillness, and the absence of all employment for hands and brain soon becomes literally insupportable.

HOW PRISONERS ARE WATCHED AND GUARDED.

THE system of discipline enforced in the fortress is of the strictest possible character. In 1881 there were constantly on guard in each of the several corridors of the Trubetskoi bastion two sworn "nadziratels," or overseers, five soldiers armed with rifles and revolvers, and four gendarmes. Their duties were to carry food and water to the prisoners in their cells, to keep up fires in the ovens in winter, to remove the excrement buckets when necessary, to see that no noise was made in any part of the bastion, and to watch the prisoners constantly night and day through the "Judas" slits in the doors of the casemates. They all wore soft felt slippers, so that they could steal along the corridors and peep into the cells without making the slightest noise; they were forbidden to talk to one another or to the prisoners in a tone above a whisper, or to speak to the latter at all, except in case of absolute necessity; and they had orders to report instantly any unusual or suspicious action or behavior on the part of the occupant of any cell on their corridor. Finally, the three classes of guards — overseers, soldiers, and gendarmes — were required to watch not only the prisoners, but one another; so that if a soldier, for example, came to feel affection and sympathy for a prisoner, and wished to help or shield him, he would be restrained from doing so by the consciousness that he himself was watched by the gendarmes, and that the least relaxation of severity or manifestation of sympathy on his part would be noticed and reported. There is always danger in a Russian prison that the political prisoners, who are generally men of education and character, will establish friendly relations with their guards — especially with the soldiers — and will secure the aid of the latter in carrying on secret correspondence with their friends, both inside and outside the prison walls. This has happened again and again in all parts of the empire, and more than once in the fortress itself. In order to prevent it the Government has not only made it the duty of the soldiers and the gendarmes to watch one another, but has adopted the plan of changing them so frequently that a prisoner has not time even to lay the foundation of an acquaintance with one of them before another takes his place. In 1881 the soldiers on duty in the corridors of the Trubetskoi bastion were changed every hour; and as the prison authorities could draw soldiers from an army of fifty or sixty thousand men massed in and about St. Petersburg, they could put a different battalion on guard duty every day for six months. The gendarmes were also shifted frequently; and the overseers, who were twenty-four in number, changed stations every day, going from one story or corridor of the bastion to another at irregular and uncertain intervals, so that a prisoner sometimes did not see the same overseer twice in a fortnight, and could never count on the presence of a particular one in his corridor at a particular time. Once a month the prisoners are taken separately to a little bath-house in the middle of the court-yard, where they bathe under guard of two gendarmes, and as often as may be necessary the prison barber visits them in their cells for the purpose of cutting their finger-nails, toe-nails, and hair. Edged tools are not allowed to go into their hands for an instant, and a female prisoner who obtains permission to sew in her casemate must call the guard every time she wishes to use scissors, and give him the material to be cut.

INTERVIEWS WITH RELATIVES.

THE loneliness and monotony of life in the Trubetskoi bastion are relieved, in the cases of many of the prisoners, by occasional interviews with relatives. Once a month the father, mother, sister, brother, wife, or child of a political prisoner may obtain from the Minister of the Interior or the Chief of Gendarmes permission to visit the fortress in a closed carriage under guard and talk with the prisoner for ten minutes. In the room where the interview takes place there are two net-work partitions or gratings of iron wire, five or six feet apart, with a square aperture in each like a bank teller's window, at about the height of a man's head from the floor. The visitor stands on the outside of one of these gratings, and the prisoner on the outside of the other, with their faces at the square port-holes, while at a small table in the inclosure between them sits an officer whose duty it is to listen to the conversation. Both visitor and prisoner are warned in advance that their talk must be limited to strictly personal and domestic matters; that it must be perfectly intelligible to the listening

officer; and that it must contain neither names of persons nor references to public affairs. In order to guard against a possible interchange of secret signals, a gendarme stationed directly behind the prisoner watches every motion and expression of the visitor, while another, stationed behind the visitor, watches every motion and expression of the prisoner. At the slightest indication of an attempt on the part of either to convey forbidden intelligence to the other, an end is put to the interview and the privilege is not again granted. Many prisoners regarded the so-called privilege as a mere mockery, and refused to see their relatives altogether. Doctor Melnikoff, a bright, cultivated young surgeon whom I found living in exile in a village of eastern Siberia near the frontier of Mongolia, said to me in a conversation on this subject: "Interviews with my wife were a source of pain and distress to me rather than of pleasure. I could not say anything to her that I wanted to say; I could not take her in my arms; I could not even touch her hand; and it seemed like a desecration of love to speak of it in the presence of hired eavesdroppers, jailers, and spies to whom it might afterward be nothing more than a subject for coarse jest and laughter. All I could do, therefore, was to ask and answer a few formal questions; look with aching heart at my wife's pale, convulsed face streaming with tears; and then bid her good-bye and go back to my casemate. For days afterward her agonized face haunted me and I was more miserable than ever. I finally refused to see her."

PRIVILEGES AND DIVERSIONS.—AN ARTIFICIAL HICCOUGH.

THE only privilege of a prisoner's life in the Trubetskoi bastion which is really prized is the use of books and writing materials. There is in the bastion a very good library of about a thousand volumes, made up chiefly of books which have been sent to or purchased by the prisoners in the course of the last twenty years, but which the owners were not permitted to take away with them at the expiration of their terms of imprisonment. From this library many — perhaps most — of the politicals awaiting trial are allowed to draw books. Writing materials, in the shape of a pen and ink and a small copy-book made of half a dozen sheets of coarse paper stitched together, are also loaned to them for a few hours at a time upon condition that they shall be returned without injury or mutilation. These privileges, however, are not granted at all times nor to all of the prisoners. Nikolai Charushin, one of the early propagandists, who spent two years and a half in the Trubetskoi bastion, was not allowed for the first five months to see a single printed line. Solomon Chudnofski, a well-known publicist and a member of the western Siberian branch of the Imperial Geographical Society, was put into a straitjacket in the same bastion in the spring of 1878 for insisting upon his legal right to have pen and paper for the purpose of writing a letter of complaint to the Procureur. Many other prisoners were deprived of these and all other privileges for months at a time, without the assignment of any reason whatever by the prison authorities. There would seem to be sometimes a deliberate intention on the part of the Government to break down the resolution and disorder the mental faculties of obstinate political offenders by depriving them of all means of mental employment. Doctor Melnikoff, for example, the young surgeon of whom I have spoken, was not allowed for a long time to have either books or writing materials, and finding that the loneliness and lack of occupation were becoming insupportable, he saved a part of his daily ration of black rye-bread, and after moistening it enough to render it plastic he began to mold it into small figures. This diversion was a perfectly harmless one, even from the point of view of the strictest disciplinarian, and if it had been permitted it would have enabled the young surgeon to while away many long, weary hours, and might have made for him all the difference between mental health and insanity. No sooner, however, did the gendarmes on duty in the corridor notice what he was doing than they took away both the figures and the bread and warned him that if he attempted anything of the kind again he would be punished.

The death-like stillness of the casemate where Doctor Melnikoff was confined became in time as intolerable as the absence of employment. His feet, clad in soft felt slippers, made not the slightest noise when he walked; he dared not knock or drum with his fingers; and it was so long since he had heard the sound of his own voice that he sometimes doubted whether he still had a voice. He finally went into the remotest part of the casemate, crouched down in a corner, with his back to the door, and began to talk softly aloud to himself. The next time the guard peeped through the "Judas" and discovered what the prisoner was doing he opened the door and said to him that talking aloud even to one's self was "neilza,"— "impossible,"— and that if he repeated the offense he would be put into a dark cell. Baffled again, the young surgeon was for a long time silent, but he finally conceived the idea of making a noise, and at the same time reassuring himself as to the

unimpaired efficiency of his vocal cords, by counterfeiting a hiccough. This stratagem succeeded. The guard of course insisted that the prisoner should stop it; but the prisoner declared that hiccough is a spasmodic affection of the diaphragm and glottis which cannot be controlled by the will, and that if the guard wanted it stopped the best thing he could do was to get him some medicine for it from the fortress surgeon. The soldier, acting on this suggestion, went to consult the "feldsher" or assistant medical officer of the bastion, while the prisoner, with a sense of perfect security, hiccoughed so vociferously and joyously that he could be heard out in the corridor. All efforts of the prison authorities to cure Doctor Melnikoff's hiccough proved unavailing. It was a chronic infirmity, and when it assumed an acute and paroxysmal form, as it did every day or two throughout the remainder of his term of imprisonment, it set all remedies at defiance. I said to the young surgeon when he related to me in Siberia this incident of his prison life, that I presumed the distressing malady disappeared with his liberation from the fortress. "Oh, no," interposed his wife laughingly. "Whenever he feels lonesome or '*ennuied*' he hiccoughs to himself artificially for a quarter of an hour at a time; but he does it now unconsciously, so that it really is a disease."

PRISONERS' METHODS OF INTERCOMMUNICATION.

THE principal object of the rigorous system of prison discipline enforced in the Trubetskoi bastion is the prevention of communication between the prisoners. As the politicals in this part of the fortress are all persons who have not yet been tried, the Government regards it as extremely important that they shall not have an opportunity to secretly consult one another and agree upon a scheme of defense; that they shall not be allowed to give one another points and suggestions after preliminary examination; and that those who have been a long time in prison shall not be able to learn from those just arrested what has happened in the outside world since their removal from it. The Government intends, in short, to isolate every political offender, if possible, so completely that he will suppose himself to be the only human being shut up in that part of the fortress and will not think, therefore, of knocking on the wall or trying in any other way to attract sympathetic attention. If the prisoners were permitted to talk aloud, either to the guards or to themselves, such isolation as this would be impracticable. They would occasionally hear one another's voices and would thus be apprised of their nearness to one another; and then if they were allowed to make the least noise they would contrive a method of transmitting intelligence by means of that noise from cell to cell. Even footsteps on a hard floor, if the feet were not muffled in soft felt slippers, might be so timed and spaced as to indicate numbers and letters in the cipher-square. In view of these considerations the Government believes it to be absolutely necessary to watch the prisoners constantly and to maintain throughout the bastion the stillness of a sepulcher. The results of this strict system of surveillance and repression are not, however, as satisfactory in practice as they presumably are in theory. The political prisoners communicate with one another in three or four different ways in spite of all the measures of prevention and precaution that official ingenuity can devise. In the first place they communicate by means of the knock alphabet. The prison authorities made an attempt in 1876 to put a stop to surreptitious telegraphy by masking the walls of all the casemates with screens of wire net-work covered with soft thick felt. This scheme however created a new evil without remedying the old one. The space between the screens and the wall served the prisoners as a convenient hiding-place for scraps of cigarette paper, old nails, pins, bits of string, ends of burnt matches, and other useful articles of that sort which they had previously had great difficulty in concealing from the gendarmes. The screens, moreover, did not prevent the knocking. The prisoners soon discovered that the little shelf-like iron table bolted into the wall of each casemate near the head of the bed would convey sound as well as the wall itself, and that if an instructed listener put his ear to one of these tables he could hear distinctly the faintest tap made upon the corresponding table in the cell above or below. This discovery rendered communication between the cells of the upper and the lower tier comparatively safe and easy. All that the prisoner had to do was to seat himself on the bed, bury his head in his arms on the table as if he were tired or despondent, and tap softly with the ball of one finger on the iron slab under cover of his shoulder. The attitude was a perfectly natural one and excited no mistrust in the mind of the guard, and by a slight change of position the ear could be laid against the table when it became necessary to listen. Gentle tapping upon a non-resonant substance like iron did not make noise enough to be heard across the casemate, and yet every stroke set up a slight vibration in the table which was communicated through the wall to the corresponding table in the cell

above or below, where it became audible as a faint, soft throb. This method of knocking was much safer than the one in ordinary use, because when the prison authorities set a trap for the knockers, as they frequently did, by secretly removing three or four prisoners from alternate cells and putting gendarmes in their places, no harm ever came of it. The knocking of course continued, but as the official eavesdroppers never thought of putting their ears to the tables, they were unable to detect the slightest sound.

CIPHER-MEDICATED BREAD PILLS.

Only two successful methods of preventing intercommunication by means of the knock alphabet were ever devised by the fortress authorities. One of them necessitated the disuse of all the cells immediately adjoining those occupied by political offenders, and the other required the stationing of a gendarme and a soldier in every casemate. Even these measures, however, did not entirely stop intercommunication unless the prisoners were deprived at the same time of their daily walk and of the privilege of drawing books from the library. If all the cells around a prisoner were left empty and he found that he could not get a response to his knocks, he saved bits of cigarette paper, pierced holes in them with a sharp splinter or dotted them with the burnt end of a match in such a manner that the groups of holes or dots when counted would indicate numbers answering to certain letters in the cipher-square, and then inclosing the papers in a small ball of moistened bread, he laid them aside until he should be taken out for his daily walk. As soon as he heard the gendarmes coming for him he concealed the cipher-medicated bread pill in his mouth, and when after the usual change of dress he was conducted into the court-yard, he contrived to drop it unnoticed in a place where he thought it would be discovered by the next prisoner who came there to walk. The little brownish ball of rye-bread was so nearly of the color of the ground that it was not likely to attract the attention of the guard, and yet it was almost certain to be noticed by men who were looking with intense passionate eagerness for secret tidings from a brother, wife, or dearest friend who, if alive, was somewhere in that gloomy bastion. Occasionally, when a prisoner was unable to procure cigarette paper, he unraveled a little yarn from his stocking or drew out a thread from his cotton sheet, and having tied knots in it in such a way that the groups of knots would make numbers in the cipher-square, he dropped that in the court-yard. The first prisoner who discovered the bread pill or the tangled thread generally managed to secure it either by pretending to tie his shoe or by some other similar ruse; and having obtained possession of it, he concealed it in his mouth, carried it back to his cell, and at the first opportunity read the cipher message which it contained or embodied. Such communications were necessarily brief, but they were sometimes full of significance and pathos. In November, 1880, there was in the fortress a well-known revolutionist named Goldenberg, whose mental faculties had become partially disordered as the result of solitary confinement. In a fit of morbid depression he reasoned himself into the belief that the revolutionary movement was hopeless; that a continuance of the struggle could lead to nothing but further misery and disaster; and that the best way to stop it and to prevent the sacrifice of more lives was to make a full and frank confession to the Chief of Gendarmes of all that he knew, and thus enable the Government to crush the revolutionary organization by a single decisive blow. The reasoning was that of an unbalanced brain, but Goldenberg acted upon it and gave to the Government all the information in his possession with regard to the plans and *personnel* of the organization to which he belonged. This betrayal almost destroyed the revolutionary party by leading to the immediate arrest of a large number of its ablest and bravest representatives. After taking this fatal step Goldenberg was tormented by the thought that his comrades in prison would misunderstand his motives and perhaps attribute his action to the basest treachery or cowardice. He was still in solitary confinement in the fortress and had no opportunity to explain or defend his course, but the secret communications in cipher which he began to drop in the court-yard showed his comrades that he had some explanation to make. A prominent revolutionist who was then in the Trubetskoi bastion, but who is now in eastern Siberia, said to me, "Hardly a day passed that some of us did not find in the court-yard a bread pill or a leaf or a scrap of cigarette paper bearing in cipher the words, 'I can explain — Goldenberg'; or 'Don't condemn me — Goldenberg'; or 'Hear before you judge — Goldenberg.' It was pathetic to see how the poor fellow longed to unbosom himself to some of us, and how he was tortured by the thought that we might regard him as a traitor or a coward." Goldenberg died mysteriously in the fortress before the end of that same year, and is believed to have committed suicide. The Government used his confession against Zheliaboff in the trial of the regicides in 1881, but refused to give any information

with regard to the time or circumstances of his death.*

Another method of intercommunication, which was resorted to when knocking became for any reason impracticable, was that by means of library books. When a volume was returned by a prisoner after perusal, every page of it was scrutinized by a gendarme before it was replaced in the library, in order to guard against the possibility of communication by means of writing on the margins or fly-leaves. Notwithstanding this precaution, the prisoners managed to mark the books in such a way that the marks were not perceptible to the examining gendarme, but could be found by other prisoners into whose hands the volumes might subsequently come. This they accomplished by making shallow indentations with a splinter or a pin over selected letters of the print. The indentations were so faint that they were not noticeable when the leaf of the book made a right angle with the line of vision, but they clearly appeared when the page was held up to the light at an acute angle, with the eye of the reader near the lower margin. An indentation over the second letter from the beginning of a line indicated the figure 2, and another over the third letter from the end of the same line the figure 3, and the number 23 stood in the cipher square for the letter "h." In this way a message might be spelled out in cipher even in the presence of a gendarme, and there was hardly one chance in a hundred that the faint indentations would be discovered by an official examiner who had to look over three or four hundred pages in a few moments, and who often performed his duty in a formal and perfunctory manner.

A WINGED MESSENGER.

It would be thought that human ingenuity could go no further in the contrivance of schemes to relieve the monotony of solitary confinement by a secret interchange of ideas and emotions with other prisoners, but in the fortress there were occasionally practiced methods of intercommunication even more extraordinary than any of these.

"One afternoon in the summer of 1881," said Doctor Melnikoff to me in the course of a conversation about his fortress life, "I was lying on the bed in my casemate, wondering how I should get through the rest of the day, when there flew into the cell through the open port-hole in the door a large blue-bottle fly. In the stillness and loneliness of one of those casemates any trifle is enough to attract a man's attention, and the occasional visit of a fly is an important event in one's life. I listened with pleasure to the buzz of his wings, and followed him with my eyes as he flew back and forth across the cell until I suddenly noticed that there was something unnatural in the appearance of his body. He seemed to have something attached to him. I arose from the bed in order to get nearer to him, and soon satisfied myself that there was a bit of paper fastened to his body. How to catch him and secure that paper without attracting the attention of the guard in the corridor I hardly knew, as he was flying most of the time in the upper part of the cell beyond my reach. For ten or fifteen minutes I watched him without being able to think of any way to capture him; but at last he came down nearer to the floor, and as he passed me I succeeded in catching him in the hollow of my hands without injuring him. Attached to his body by a fine human hair I found a small folded scrap of thin cigarette paper, upon which a man's name had been written with the burnt end of a match. It was not the name of any one whom I knew; but as it was evident that some strictly guarded prisoner hoped by this means to let his friends in the bastion know either that he had been arrested or that he was still alive, I fastened the paper again to the fly as well as I could and put him out into the corridor through the port-hole, saying 'S'Bogom'" ["With God," or "Go with God"—a Russian expression commonly used in bidding a friend good-bye].

"Did you ever hear anything more of the fly," I inquired, "or find out who the prisoner was?"

"Never," he replied. "The fly disappeared in the corridor, but whether the paper ever reached anybody who was acquainted with the prisoner, or not, I don't know—probably not, for the chances were a thousand to one against it."

If these pages should ever be seen by the political prisoner who wrote his name on that scrap of cigarette paper, and who, if alive, is now in Siberia, he will know that his little winged messenger did not wholly fail, but carried his name to another prisoner, who, although a stranger, thought of him often with sympathy and pity and remembers him still, even in Siberian exile.

George Kennan.

*Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides, p. 7. St. Petersburg, 1881.

A SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

(BEFORE SUNRISE.)

'MID foliage green and gold,
And bloom-sprays manifold,
I feel
The fragrance of eternal freshness steal
Forth from the rising day,
And far away,
Like the murmur of a stream,
Or a lute-chord in a dream,
On the horizon stirs
The rich and rapturous anthem of the Future's choristers.
How it flows
And grows!
On its notes
What triumph floats!
Before it earth is gladdened and the sea is like a rose.

The dawn
Is coming on —
Sweeter,
Fleeter,
In rhythms and rhymes and ripples flow the rays.
The high,
Blue, boundless, splendid sky
Flares like a rimpled blaze
Of sympathy divine.
A rare
Bouquet upon the air,
As if of mellow wine
Out of old flagons bursting,
Sets the whole world wildly thirsting.
The ships leap
On the fragrant, breezy deep,
And the broad fields are billowy with grains.
The great mills roar;
Earth's veins of wealth outpour,
And tireless engines pierce the hills and crash across the plains.

Hurled
Around the world,
The lightning-bolts of man's best words to man
Burn chains in two,
Turn old things new;
And, flung back from the trumpets in the van,
To the dull, listless ear
Of the straggler in the rear
Come precious notes blown on the dewy rim
Of the morning cool and dim.

Hist!
Ere the strain is whist,
A voice, out of the dawn's vague, rosy mist:
Pure as God's highest fire
The worker's golden hire,
And the home he makes with it,
And the peace he takes with it
To wife and children, are reward as fair
As soul can compass or as love can bear!

O brothers all! come near
And hear
A bird's
Melodious dreaming set to words,
And flung
The spring's new leaves and tender buds among,
For very joy of life, and hope, and love,
In a world made broad enough
For all God's creatures to be merry in,
With joyous clash and din,
And yet too small
For any greed at all!
Lo! deep and sure
Is cut this truth in heaven's book of gold:
Out of one mother in the garden old
Were born the rich and poor.

O ditcher in the mire!
O stoker by the fire,
And driver on the engine flying far,
And brakeman on the car!
O molder, strong and grim!
O 'longshoreman, and open-hearted tar,
And pilot, tough and true!
O miner in the coal-shaft damp and dim!
O factory girl with eyes serenely blue,
And cheerful matron washing clothes for hire!
O all who work and suffer and aspire!
Give ear!
Look up, and hear
And make thine own
This song, out of the future blown
So keen and clear:—
O pure of heart and faithful, hand in hand,
The strong, the weak, the great and small shall stand
Upright and free in Freedom's favored land,
And know
That howso blow
The winds of chance and change,
Onward and upward every step shall go,
And farther and freer every soul shall range!

How good
This universal bond of brotherhood,
And all this wide,
Strong, equal-flowing tide
Of human love and human charity
Foaming and heat-flushed as the rosy flood
of some deep tropic sea!

No?
Not so?—
As I swing
And sing,
I hear a myriad voices answer mine,
From the oak woods and the pine,
From the seas and from the lakes,
From the brakes,
From the cities and the shops,
From the mines and mountain-tops,
From field and fold,
Out of hot Southern marsh and Northern prairie cold,
All murmuring: "We are poor;
How long shall we endure
This burden that we bear
And the iron chains we wear?"

O brothers, though you grope
For the lowest rung of hope;
O sisters, though you weep
In darkness doubly deep,
And cry
From out foul pits of nameless misery,
Seeing on lofty places
Vague splendors and grand dreams
Flashing from fervent eyes and godlike faces,
Whereon the favor of Heaven divinely beams,
Envy not,
Nor curse your lot;
For lo! the best of all
God's gifts on you shall fall,
And your hearts shall over-brim
With ecstatic praise to Him!

Yea,
Deny it as you may,
The dawn
Is coming on,
And the heights must feel the glow
Before the valleys low;
But the great midday
Will strike
The peaks and vales alike,
And they
Who in life's hollows stay
Shall feel the heat divine,
When the strong noon sun shall shine
At the zenith, clear and high,
Of a just and liberal sky!

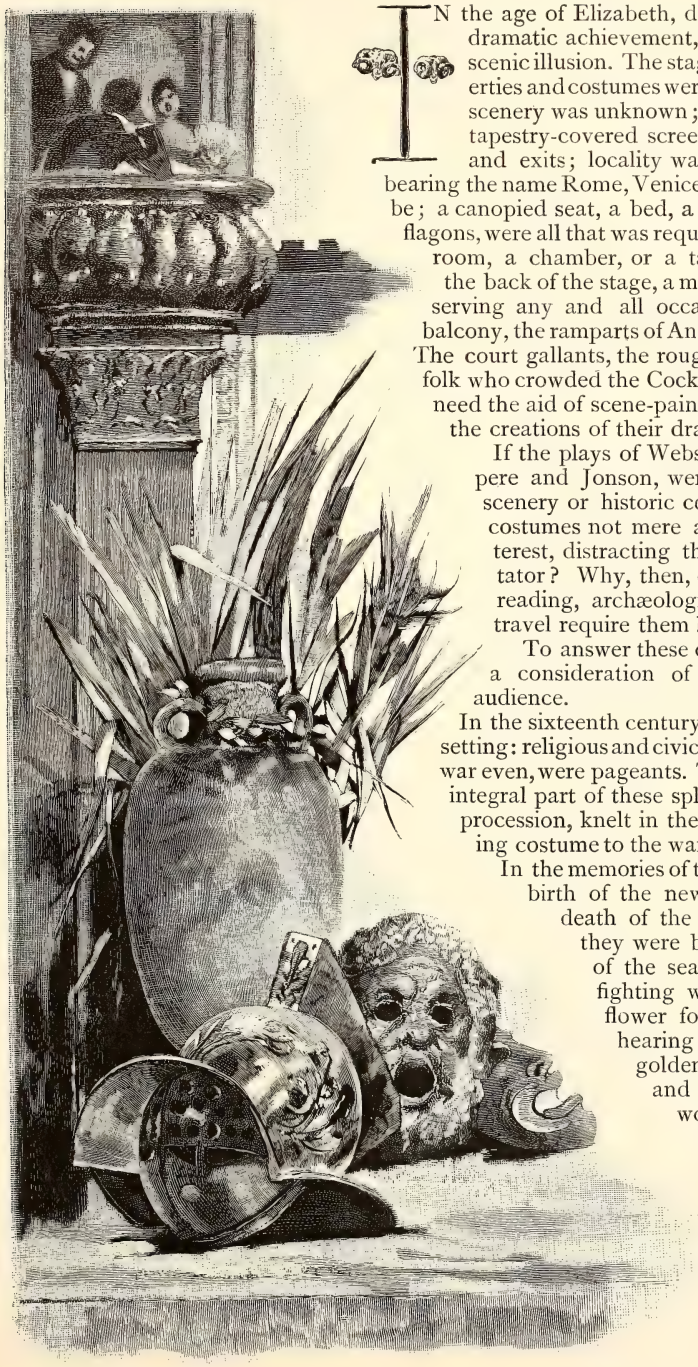
In some manger cold,
In some hovel mean and lone
That the beasts would scorn to hold,
Laughs the babe that shall be king;
Whilst on a blazing throne
Sits an abject, hopeless thing,
Silent and shivering!

O Poor!
God's promises are sure;
High
As the starry sky
Is your children's destiny;
And broad,
And giant-waved and tempest-bearing, like the sea,
Is the flood
That shall soon come roaring, leaping,
Over earth, and sweeping
The horses, chariots, hosts and homes, banners and citadel
Of earth's tyrants into hell!
O king! O lord! O usurer!
O rich man's heart that no heart's cry can stir!
What gold may bar the path
Of the storm-flood and the whirlwind of God's wrath?
What ships with iron mail,
What steel-girt fortress, what hired armies strong,
Intrenched in wrong,
With bristling guns and bayonets, shall avail
Against the crushing missiles of God's vengeance sent
Out of the raging, rent, and flaming firmament?
It is sweet! sweet! sweet!
(I hear a million voices in unison repeat)
This vengeance that is coming on the world,
When the lofty shall lie low,
And the blood of kings shall flow
In rivers round the thrones in fragments hurled!

Peace!
Cease!
Such thoughts as these
Set all their harshness hissing through my song
And do my voice irreparable wrong!
Blown clear,
As glass through fire,
Let breath of love grow sweeter year by year;
Blown farther, higher,
The bugle-call of Hope still guide us on,
Until at last
The night be past,
And, rushing to the zenith from the dawn,
We see the sun pour light of life on all,
And hear a voice out of near heaven fall,
Saying to those who in the caves and lonely hollows dwell:
"Come forth; I am thy God, and all is well!"

Maurice Thompson.

PICTORIAL ART ON THE STAGE.



IN the age of Elizabeth, during the great epoch of dramatic achievement, no attempt was made at scenic illusion. The stage was almost bare; properties and costumes were few and simple; painted scenery was unknown; rushes strewed the floor; tapestry-covered screens marked the entrances and exits; locality was indicated by a placard bearing the name Rome, Venice, Illyria, as the case might be; a canopied seat, a bed, a table, with tankards and flagons, were all that was required to represent a throne-room, a chamber, or a tavern; the fixed wall at the back of the stage, a maid-of-all-work accessory, serving any and all occasions, stood for *Juliet's* balcony, the ramparts of Angers, or *Brabantio's* house. The court gallants, the rough sailors, and the townsfolk who crowded the Cockpit and the Globe did not need the aid of scene-painter and costumer to make the creations of their dramatists real and living.

If the plays of Webster and Marlowe, Shakspere and Jonson, were given without painted scenery or historic costumes, are scenery and costumes not mere adjuncts, dividing the interest, distracting the attention, of the spectator? Why, then, do we in this age of wide reading, archæological studies, and foreign travel require them?

To answer these questions we must pass to a consideration of the conditions of the audience.

In the sixteenth century daily life had a splendid setting: religious and civic ceremonies, public sports, war even, were pageants. The citizen was himself an integral part of these splendors; he walked in the procession, knelt in the cathedral, wore a glittering costume to the wars.

In the memories of these men were the bloody birth of the new faith and the bloodier death of the old; in their middle age they were blown to the four quarters of the seas, trading with Hawkins, fighting with Drake, roaming the flower forests of South America, hearing eye-witness tales of the golden civilizations of Mexico and Peru, — scattered to the world's end, until the Armada loomed upon the horizon and called them together again. Drunk and dazzled between these enchantresses of the East and the West, Italy and the southern seas, such

were the imaginations to which Shakspere appealed.

The world was young for the second time, and to these men a few words of description were as fire to tow.

If these were their powers of imagination, their possibilities for expression in scene-setting were very different: the splendors could not be realistically represented upon small stages and with imperfect machinery. Costume could not be impressive, because upon the very



BACCHUS POURING A LIBATION BEFORE THE PLAY.

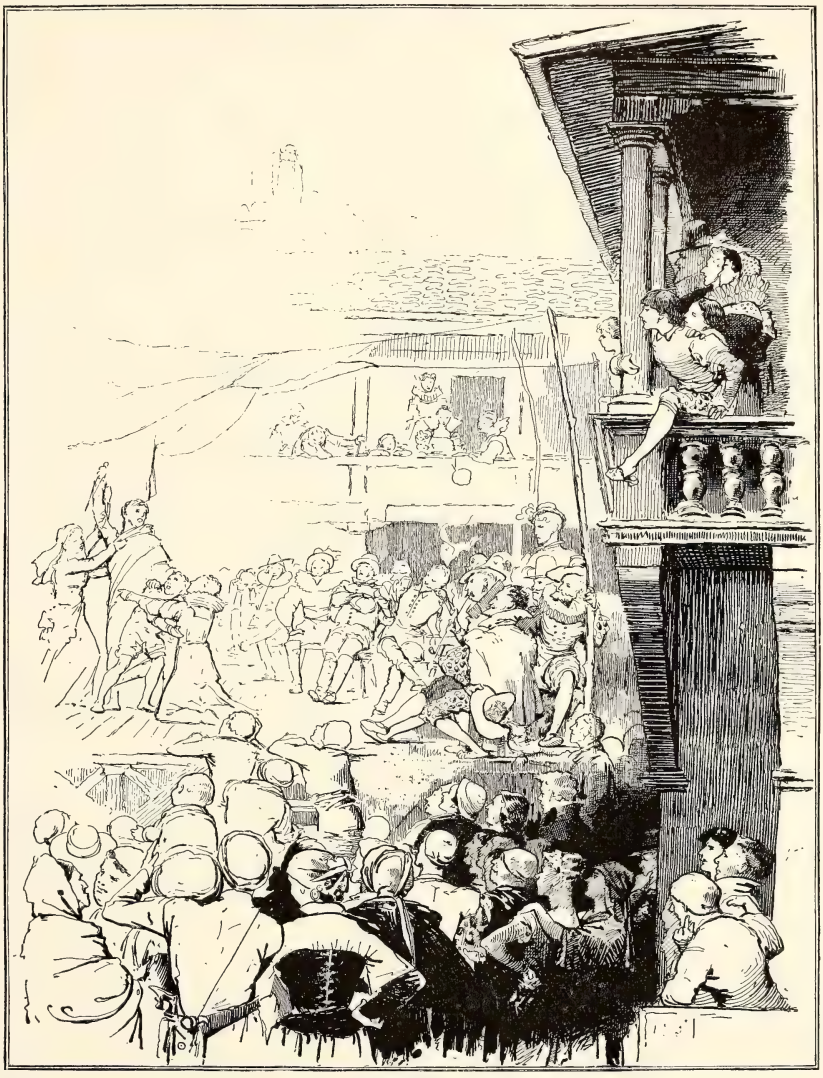
stage itself sat, as spectators, the ruffling gallants of the time, the noblest and richest among the auditors, clad in the costliest fashions that have ever been worn. Chaffing the pit, criticising aloud the action of the piece, they divided with the players the attention of the audience, and by their blaze of color made dramatic concentration impossible. The play in those days was costumed contemporaneously, and the poor actor could not vie with these birds of paradise — he would have been a ridiculous anticlimax. In the past, simplicity was natural to the stage; beauty, pageantry were parts of daily life — the theater needed but to suggest them. To these men their drama was not an exotic or an antiquity so much as ours is. It was a natural growth of the soil, a product of the artistic needs of the age, reflecting its manners, ethics, and ideals. This is far from being the case with us. In seeing any play of the past we have to put ourselves in a certain mental attitude, shift our ordinary point of view, acclimatize ourselves to the foreign atmosphere. Therefore, historic costumes and settings are indispensable to create the illusion for which the actor strives: the direct appeal to the eye puts the audience unconsciously in sympathy with the spirit of a remote era. Let us take an example: In Delavigne's "Louis XI." we change from our age of freedom to that of an absolute king, an age of jealousy and insecurity. Our minds are brought into immediate recognition of this by the castle, the drawbridge, the thick walls, and the heavily armed attendants, without obliging us to go through any mental process in order to realize these changed conditions. Man has in every age a craving for beauty of architecture, color, and grouping. To-day, "no longer able to be an actor, he desires to be a spectator" of the picturesque, for in our time pageantry has been shifted from daily life to the stage. The man of the sixteenth century, having it in his city, his dress, and his home, did not need it at the theater. We have reversed these conditions. With our civilization of mechanics and the exact sciences, life has grown dun and civil-suited: the Puritans themselves would wonder at the plainness of our daily attire. Processions have all but disappeared; court ceremonial has been simplified; color abandoned even by the peasant and the soldier, and at present the armies of Europe are being uniformed in dull blues and grays, and only gala days see the people of Spain and Italy in their old-time brilliancy.

Let us not then drive picturesqueness from its last stronghold, the theater. *There* much can be done for us with slight means: behind the footlights everything is relative, and relatively the largest frames are small, be they even the prosceniums of San Carlo and La Scala; in them much may be represented by little, a few seem many, an hundred be an army. To the man of the Renaissance, who had perhaps during the day seen a thousand knights ride by against the splendid background of a mediæval city, the twelve horsemen of "La Juive" at the Paris Grand Opera would not be impressive; to us they help the spectacle greatly. Those who object to elaborate settings, holding that high thought is incompatible with the sensuous gratification of the eye, have a too flexible standard. They do not logically define their position. Their theories, pushed to their legitimate sequence, would give the stage its Elizabethan simplicity, or indeed find their most direct expression in Coquelin's monologues recited in evening-dress in a drawing-room.

A fine setting can not belittle good poetry — it may be too gorgeous, it can not be too good; and the fact that elaborate costumes and scenery may carry a poor piece does not prove that

they may hurt a good one; just as the occasional success of great personal beauty in an indifferent actress is no argument against the possession of a handsome person by an actress of genius.

Most important of all is the fact that it is the quality of *novelty* which makes fine stage-settings distracting to many persons. Once thoroughly accustomed to good and correct scenery and costume, we shall cease to be unduly occupied by them: when Garrick and Talma made a few innovations, it is probable that even such simple alterations as discarding the bag-wig disturbed old play-goers. To-day we are willing enough that the painted Arden shall be leafy and beautiful; *Rosalind* is not less so: we are familiar with the loveliness of a forest. *Theodora's* palace is rich and striking, and we say that it is scenic and distracts us from Bernhardt's acting: we are unaccustomed to Byzantine architecture. *Tony Lumpkin*, *Lady Teazle* must be well costumed; the eighteenth century is about us still in our old country homes. *Cæsar* must be toged; the veriest primer thus shows him to us. In Shakspere's time *Brutus* conspired, slew, and died in ruff and feathered hat and Spanish rapier.



THE THEATER OF THE ELIZABETHAN STROLLERS — THE INN YARD.

We live in an eclectic age and can not dress our players contemporaneously as did the Ve-

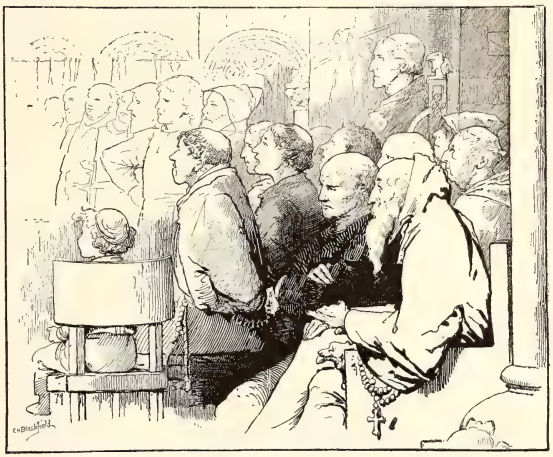


IN A MIRACLE PLAY.

netians; we would not accept a *Hamlet* in high hat and ulster. Since, therefore, we must costume our actors, let us learn to apply the laws of beauty in form and color guided by æsthetics rather than by archæology: the latter, pure and simple, we do not want; it would hamper us, but decent fitness always helps. Anything *outré* is bad; unfamiliar archæological ugliness should, of course, be let alone, but unfamiliar archæological beauty by usage soon becomes familiar.*

The possibilities of scenic expression have made great strides within a few years. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries but little attempt at realistic setting, historical accuracy, or local color was made upon the French or English stage. In the last quarter of the last century Voltaire had warmly advocated studies in that direction, and in the first quarter of ours Walter Scott began to write his tales, and the love of the picturesque as embodied in the quaint and the remote grew apace. In France a hard struggle ensued between the old conventional and the new romantic schools, during which the red waistcoat of Théophile Gautier was the oriflamme of the innovator, and the young Victor Hugo faced a tempest of howls and hisses, to triumph utterly at last. For the first time approximately correct costumes, local color, and realistic scenery were presented with the drama. Hugo's plays were examples of minute setting; each scene was preceded by an elaborate description of the requisite scenery, costumes, and properties. Finally even that abode of conventionality, the opera, was affected, so irresistible was the new movement.

Meyerbeer, with Scribe as librettist, began to mount his pompous "machines." The cathedral scene of the "Prophet," the ship in "L'Africaine," where the whole stage swings around as *Nelusko* puts the vessel about, had a European reputation. Progress continued, but until very recently, while form and line were good, color was still violent and inharmonious; and at the opera the maids of honor filed along in sequence of chromes, vermilions, magentas, like the dearly remembered but gaudy Noah family of the arks of our childhood. Towards 1873, Offenbach, as manager of the Théâtre de la Gaîté, gave his "Orphée aux Enfers" enlarged to the proportions of a five-act spectacle. With this relatively trivial work, delicate color made one of its first successes. In Paris, Grévin, the designer superintending the costumes, put gods and goddesses, mermen and mermaidens, mortals, satyrs, Pegasus, and all into the lightest and most delicate colors, using only a few dark or dull tones for contrast. Almost banishing the usual gold and silver, he obtained the most brilliant effect of color that had been seen up to that time upon the French stage. "Orphée" was successful, and Paris cried out that tinsel must go—"plus de clinquant!" Good color was now expected at the theater, and in England Mr. Irving added the dignity, sobriety, and nobility of color which befitted the more serious drama. South Kensington and the new art movement of course aided. In France, M. Sardou and others followed. Careful stage-setting was now in full progress on both sides of the Channel, and American audiences could judge of its results during the western tours of the Lyceum Company.



THE AUDIENCE OF A MIRACLE PLAY IN AN ABBEY.

Let us pass to the consideration of the appli-

* The Greek drama has been purposely left unconsidered in this question. Human, universal, eternal as are the great plays, should we see them acted and set as they were in the days of Pericles, they would seem to us local, strange, and remote. The Greek scene was of masonry, a fixture, part of the theater itself, and usually represented the façade of a palace; to its three doors were respectively assigned the entrances of the principal actor, the strangers or guests, and the common people of the play. The players wore huge conventional masks, set wigs, high-soled buskins, and were stuffed and padded under their formal draperies. Everything about the Greek drama, from the plot of the play to the costume of the actor, had a character of immutability and fixity quite opposed to our ideal of the most subtle, emotional, and evanescent of all the arts.

The Greek play is therefore so foreign to our life, so seldom represented on our stage, that it is not necessary to consider it in reference to modern needs; its conditions differ as utterly from our dramatic requirements as the antique theater, hewn out of the hillside, open to the sky, lighted by the southern sunshine, differs from our play-houses.

cation of pictorial law to the theater. The pictorial part in the production of a play may be continued in the painting of the scenery, the construction of the costumes and the properties, and the combination of all into stage pictures.



A BATTLE.

Theatrical settings are to a considerable extent governed by the same laws which control the execution of easel pictures,—harmony of color, agreeable distribution of the masses, groups, and lighting, as in a composition upon canvas; recognition of the pictorial principle that simple central objects will bear an elaborate background, and that an intricate foreground needs simplicity behind it. In a few words, the relief which is given to the principal rôles, by their inherent importance and the superiority of the actors filling them, may be greatly enhanced by purely pictorial means of color and lighting.

Let us, for the sake of illustration, suppose a case from "Julius Cæsar," as given by Mr. Barrett at the Star Theater winter before last. The leading actors were in the foreground in white togas, while behind, at the back of the

stage, were the plebeians, represented by the pupils of the Lyceum School, dressed, as they really were at the rehearsal, some in brilliant red, many in white, or bright yellow, each pupil trying sincerely though mistakenly to add to the general effect by being as conspicuous as possible. Against this rainbow the principal actors showed but poorly. With the ready consent of Mr. Barrett, Mr. Millet, who had volunteered his assistance in the arrangement of the costumes, ordered thirty or forty dresses of neutral colors,— light and dark ochers, dull reds, olives, and mauves. Once upon the scene, these yielded not only a delightful harmony of colors among themselves, but a fine relief to the white figures of the senators. Thus by good judgment the desired effects were focused and made to tell. *Antony* in black, upon the tribune, had for a complement the hurry and confusion of the mob; in the senate-house the foreground of senators struggling with *Cæsar* gave the detail; the neutral costumes of the Lyceum massed upon the benches furnished the simple background. For, observe that a massing or multiplication of parts either upon canvas, bas-relief, or scene yields simplicity, when the same spaced or scattered would confuse. These are a few instances of pictorial laws applied to grouping. Special cases have to be met as they come up at rehearsals. Other instances are more directly personal: for example, rouging and making-up are largely dependent upon the size of the house. It is again a question of the painter's canvas and its distance from the spectator. Rouge, if too violent, by a natural law of color causes the planes of the cheeks to recede from the planes of the other and whiter portions of the face, thus producing a look of age and of gauntness. The sparing use of rouge is good. The Greeks, those most logical of artists, touched the cheeks of their canephoræ with it for the Panathenaic procession, but in their use of color, whether upon the faces of their girls or upon the triglyphs and metopes of their temples, they estimated at its full value the glazing and harmonizing power of sunlight.

When considering costumes and scenery, emphasis must be placed upon the fact that good effects in many cases do not or should not cost more than poor ones. A single illustration will be better than much explanation. In the fine rendering of the "Valkyr" by the German Opera Company last winter, the furs, characteristic helmets, lances, and big shields of the warrior-maidens — costly things — were constructed with taste and skill, but the fine effect that should have been produced by this care and cost was spoiled by so simple a matter as the cloaks of the Valkyrs. Such dyes were used as had, we fondly hoped, perished off the face of the earth, or been imprisoned in the glass jars of druggists' windows. Paris green, magenta, chrome,— what names can be found for such crudities! The same expenditure with a feeling for color would have made all perfect: many in the audience would have been hurt by false notes in the music, many were by the bad color, the laws of which exist somewhere, though infinitely subtle and not yet formulated. *Pure* color should be used with the greatest care, and in the smallest quantities. White is the noblest of all, and for brilliant effects incomparable; while for general use and masses we must rely on the secondaries and tertiaries. It was the good fortune of the art epochs — antiquity, the Middle Ages, the Orient of the past — that their imperfect chemistry did not know how to create pure color; tones which were perforce free from sharpness, employed for centuries, educated the eyes of men, and in spite of Western dyes the modern Japanese continues to be a colorist, though not in his full measure.

As to material, woolens, crêpes, and cheese-cloth, good in color, well cut and draped, are better than satin and velvet ill applied. The costliness of the latter should insure them good treatment, but often does not.

Fine costume is the result of a lavish expenditure, but it is the expenditure of thought and training; money plays only a secondary part. Some artists are almost sure to be well costumed, the public hardly realizing what care and study have been given to apparently unimportant detail. For exquisite scales of color we have had Mr. Irving's *Benedick* dress and Mr. Norman Forbes's *Claudio* costume in the first act of "Much Ado," Miss Terry's gowns as *Beatrice*, Madame Modjeska's beautifully draped *Juliet* costume in the garden scene with the *Nurse*,— indeed, the names of these artists suggest a whole series of pictures.

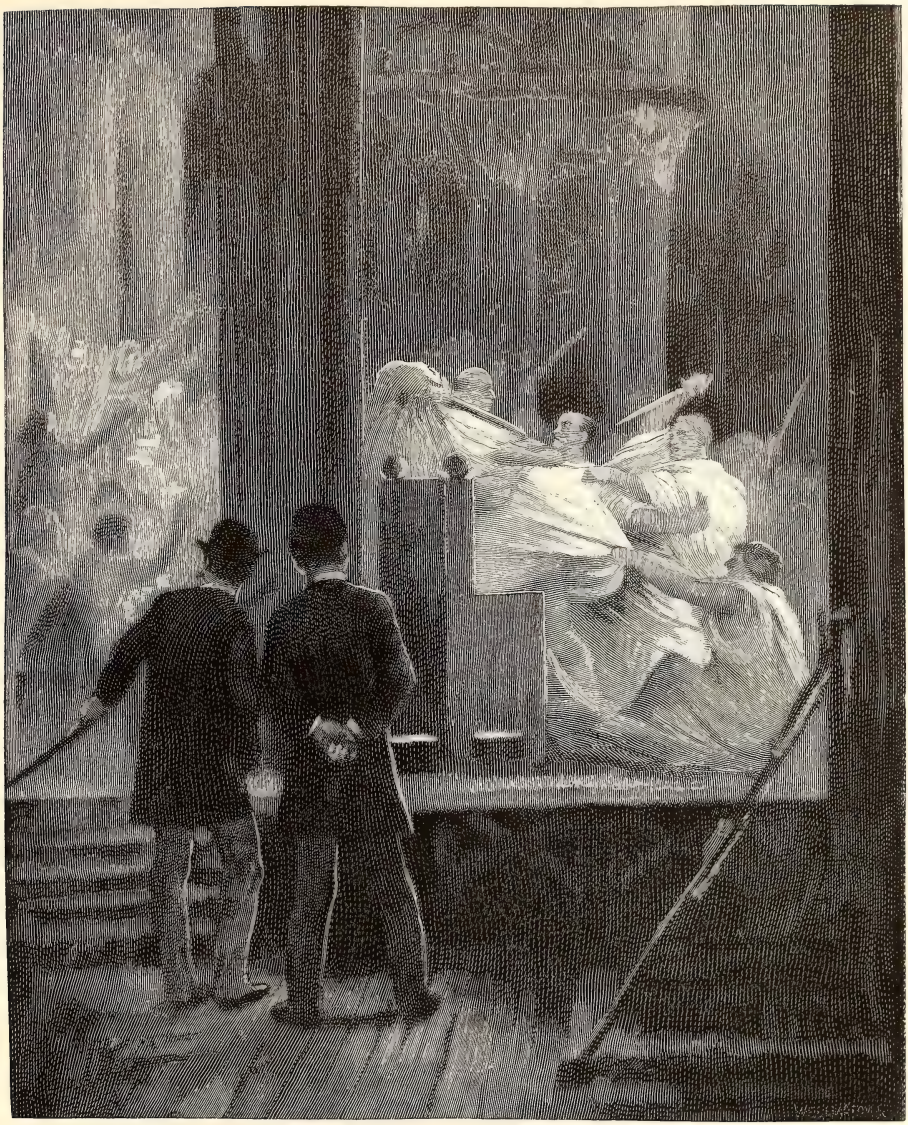
The meticulous care of Mr. Irving's personal make-ups has been criticised. Signor Salvini, on the other hand, makes but few changes; we always see the same high, bald forehead, full, drooping mustache, and handsome face. He is a great genius, but his performance is not greater because of his slight make-up; if so, it would be greater still in modern dress. Mr. Irving studies the pictures and prints of the time until he walks on to the stage the very man Charles Stuart and no other, so that the audience almost look for the Vandyke frame out of which he has stepped. As *Louis XI.* sits in his chair of state, his sharp knees almost meet his chin in the pose so familiar to us; the chair is cunningly contrived for this very effect, and helps to give the bent

and drawn look. Is this trickery? Not at all; it is good art, excellent art. The inner passions and struggles which the actor is to express surely carve the outer shell which he is also to present. The handsome soldier who rushes on to the stage, armor clattering, one tasse torn half away, hair flying, bears in his outward presence the courtliness and bravery that history yields to Charles I. in spite of his weakness and treachery; the crouching ugliness of the French king is wicked ugliness, and the man *Louis* in the throne-room above infers the iron cage in the dungeon below. So to the audience the make-up is a part of the man, and the pictorial becomes the psychological.



IN THE WINGS — WAITING TO GO ON THE STAGE.

Data are abundant. Viollet-le-Duc has given us the Middle Ages, even to the patterns of its dresses. Armor, so splendid in its scenic effect, stands reconstructed, even to its minutest buckle, upon the eighty military figures of the Paris Museum of Artillery. There may be found the clattering Burgundians of Louis XI., King Harry's men of Harfleur and Agincourt, the Crusaders of Tasso, the Gauls of the Arch of Orange,— they who feared nothing save that the sky might fall,— the Athenian "Knights" of Aristophanes, Cæsar's legionaries and gladiators, the "Miles Gloriosus" of Plautus, the Northmen of the Nibelungen cycle, the men of all the ancient dramas,— for then every man was a soldier, even the fur-clad pre-historic human animal whom circumstances of time and space prevent us from following in any drama save that of beast slaying and eating, or being beast slain and devoured. Excellent costume books abound, the



THE MURDER OF JULIUS CÆSAR — FROM BEHIND THE SCENES.

results of a harvest gleaned from the pictures and sculptures of Italy and the North, and in part already presented in some theaters.

The buckramed and gilded Byzantines have come from the solemn mosaics of St. Vitalius to the light and glitter of the Porte St. Martin; Bernhardt's "Daughter of Roland" has stepped down from her canopied niche in Chartres's porch; Carpaccio's many-colored youths of the Company of the Calza have left the walls of Venice; the pages of the Brera walk the boards; the forester lads of the Flemish tapestries are seen in the doublet and long hose of Modjeska's *Rosalind;* while the glorious donzella of Veronese, pearled, ruffed, and brocaded, bears herself as radiantly in Miss Terry's *Portia* as even upon the canvas of the great old master. Archæology *per se* we do not want, any more than we want it in our pictures, but where relative faithfulness adds beauty and picturesqueness — and it generally does — we most emphatically do wish it. Rigid adherence to archæology may produce constraint, stiffness, and ugliness; reckless depart-

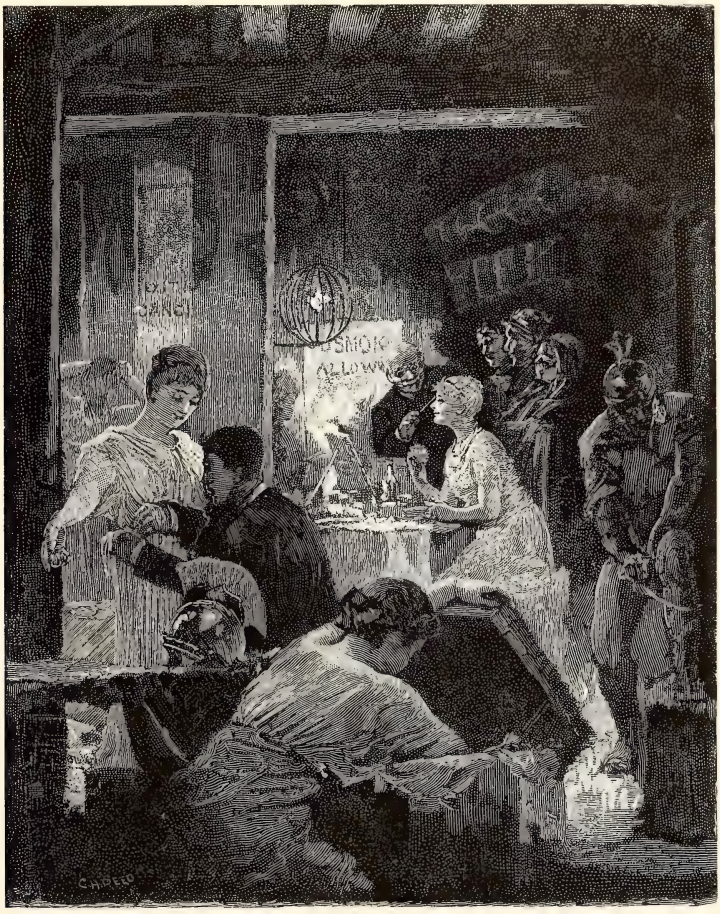
ure from it may be ridiculous. The plays of the eighteenth century stand near to us; in the old homes of New England, New Jersey, and the South are heirlooms that familiarize us with the accessories of the times of Garrick and Cibber. Family portraits teach us to demand good costume upon our *Peter Teazles* and *Anthony Absolutes*. Great-grandmother's quilted petticoat, which, dragged from some garret, had been curiously handled by us, seems right and proper upon *Miss Hardcastle* or *Dorinda;* but when the piece goes farther back, what a terra incognita we find; for the Middle Ages or antiquity, what amalgamations are accepted and applauded! How well New York knows the Paris-green tights and tin-pot helmets of "Trovatore"! In the dress of these mediæval Spanish freebooters we follow the assurance of Solomon Lucas to Mr. Snodgrass that a Grecian helmet is, and always has been, the real and only head-gear for a troubadour. Perhaps some opera librettos are too preposterous to deserve serious consideration, but Shakspere is almost as ill treated. A few years ago we saw *Desdemona* arrive at Cyprus in a New York hat of the latest fashion, so big and white, one wondered that anything so like a sail had outlived the "wrack and sufferance" met by the ships. When a famous foreign artist played to us in "Macbeth" it was surprising to see in the banquet scene two red-velvet and gilt arm-chairs for the grim Scotchmen of the time of the Norman conquest. In the same play, when one of the ghostly descendants of *Banquo* wore his too succinct white gown over a pair of modern trousers, the audience laughed aloud. There was about it a suggestion of nocturnal conflagration and of royalty properly anxious to save the crown even in the minimum of clothing. Our ancestors differed from us in their requirements. We should not to-day, as did the sixteenth-century playwright, furnish our Carthaginian senators with watches; nor give Abraham a gun wherewith to shoot Isaac, as in the old ivory, nor like the Dutch artist send the Jews up to Jerusalem on skates. Such were the delightful anachronisms of the naïve old times. To-day we are a little more learned; and though we eschew the straitjacket of absolute archæology, we may nevertheless be tolerably correct, for the average theater-goer travels far more than he did fifty years ago, sees the relics of the past, and is not averse to meeting them again upon the stage.

To the untraveled, the theater, especially in a country which, like ours, has few historic monuments, is a pictorial educator. A French savant has proposed that archæological correctness in appointments shall just keep pace with the knowledge of the audience; that the already familiar shall be given with fair accuracy, and that the unfamiliar shall be but slightly sketched. Thus, ancient Romans, being well known, shall wear their togas correctly; but if so unusual a thing as a Persian interior occur, baggy trousers, black beards, and a pipe or two will sufficiently suggest what is needed without distracting the audience by archæological detail. His theory was certainly carried out in an American play at one of the French theaters, where the scene represented the cabin of a steamboat on its way from Chicago to New York, and where the manners and customs of the natives were as unusual as the route of the boat. In all seriousness, it seems impossible to justify such a theory; the knowledge of an audience is never homogeneous. The Englishman whose helmeted ancestors hang in portrait upon his walls will know one thing, the Yankee who contemplates his grandfather in continentals above the chimney-piece will know another, the street urchin in the gallery will know neither.

Though it may not at first be appreciated, the most careful setting is not too good for the teaching of any audience. Of course, in the search after scenic correctness, there is a golden mean, and that mean is such correctness as is consistent with beauty and unity. On the other hand, at one of the extremes is the captious criticism which condemned the cedar walk of "Much Ado about Nothing" with the tremendous indictment that "cedars did not exist in Messina for fifty years after the action of the piece"; at the other extreme is the disappointed yet credulous surprise of Du Maurier's old lady in "Punch" who, seeing the sandwich-man placarded with "Irving as *Hamlet*," says, "Dear me! I had no idea he was at all such a looking person as that!"

As certain costumes serve to set off and emphasize other and more prominent ones, so scenery backs and completes all: its primary function is to be a background and a frame. Therefore, whatever else it is, it should never be obtrusive; and keeping this in mind, we have but to make a wise selection — good scenic artists are at hand and photography has levied tribute upon the world. Have you "Romeo" or "Othello"? Views of Verona and Venice are frequent. "La Haine" or "Theodora"? Siena, Ravenna, and Constantinople are available to give such strength and character as no painter could invent. Have you a modern society play? Apply exactly the same laws that you would to a historical one — namely, those of color, line, and, above all, sobriety. The overloading which is vulgar in our homes is vulgar upon the stage: a cohort of little jars bespangling everything, a butterfly assortment of ribbon-bows, a long array of plump chairs

and sofas, upholstered with bright tufted satins, are bad in our parlors, and upon the stage distract the eye from what should be prominent. Where both furniture and scenery are overloaded and brilliant in color, the costume of the performer is nowhere; there is no subordination to effect; all is on one level plane of gorgeousness, like the company of soldiers, raised by Artemus Ward, to be exclusively composed of brigadier-generals. On the contrary, unity as well as character is given by good choice of scene. All who have visited them, and who have any art feeling, know what an impression is made by the gloom and stained-glass splendor of a Gothic cathedral, the frowning mass of a northern castle, the glitter of an Italian hill-town in the sun. Each is the outcome of a time, a part of it, an epitome of it — indeed, seeming almost an organic growth. What a poor substitute would be some evolution from inner consciousness, some jumble of approximation made up from imperfect memory and more imperfect knowledge! In a tragedy where the action is supposed to pass in Britain of the eleventh century, we have seen a flat representing the interior of a royal palace, apparently the epoch placed the piece *in nubibus* — anything would do. This scene contained some Romanesque arches, pseudo-Corinthian columns, Gothic colonnettes, a kind of frieze of Assyrian honeysuckle, a sort of huge cenotaph with Egyptian cornice, and what might have been Etruscan polygonal masonry. The architecture defied gravitation, fragments of arches hanging like Mohammed's coffin in mid-air. Surely such antics in scene-painting are "but a gallimaufry of gambols."



MAKING-UP.

This is, of course, an extreme case, and matters in our theaters are improving in this respect. Unfortunately, there is at present a tendency to estimate the value of a setting by



THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

the amount of money it costs. This is a vulgar error; in theatrical as in other matters the most lavish expenditure of money can not supply the lack of knowledge and training. It is of very little importance whether the velvet of *Romeo's* doublet costs five or fifty dollars a yard; it is of paramount importance that it should be correct in cut and good in color.*

Scene and setting go hand in hand in obedience to pictorial law. In an easel picture the main motive is the focal point; the other parts of the canvas will either be left comparatively simple, or made interesting by objects or color of a thoroughly secondary importance. In a play, the principle being invariable but the conditions somewhat changed, one portion sets off another, the pictorially dramatic coming to the front where the dialogue is least dramatic, the purely intellectual element representing the concentrated and the pictorially dramatic the diffused quality of interest. The balancing of such points is too nice to be ever successfully settled, and Mr. Irving, as a protagonist of artistic setting, has, of course, been much criticised. Such of his arrangements as were seen in America appear singularly unattackable, and a happy medium between too much and too little; he does not smother his pieces with people, or overload them with pageantry. His "Hamlet" was quietly set: his most gorgeous scenes were given to the comedies, and he seemed to seek rather perfection than profusion, tonality than startling contrasts. An instance of his application of the purely pictorial to the weaker portion of a play is found in the first act of "Louis XI." As we read it, this first act seems dull; it is a preface to the play, quite lacking in dramatic interest; its scenic arrangement made it a charming prologue. Plessis les Tours drew its crenelated line across the sky; then entered the little procession, the red-cowled children and garlanded girls; the clattering change of guard followed. *Nemours*, with his mailed knights, clanked across the stage; challenge and pass-word given, out filed the Scotch archers, down rattled the drawbridge, all disappeared within, and the audience without any conscious effort had pushed back the dial-hand of time four centuries, and was in feudal Touraine.

Another of his artistic effects is the church-scene in "Much Ado," where not only the realistic treatment of the setting, but also the separate entrance of each actor, the salutation of the altar, the reverent hush before the ceremony, form such a contrast to the exciting scenes which follow. So, too, in clever emotional antithesis — the heavy organ tones of the crypt-scene have not ceased to vibrate, when, like a sun-burst after storm-clouds, the rush of violins ushers in the lighted hall in which the charming comedy has its end. Indeed, it is perhaps the most of all in this wondrous fairy-land of Shakspere's comedies, of "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," of "Tempest" and "Winter's Tale," these paradises of rewarded virtue and villainy reformed, that mind, heart, eye, and ear are alike gratified, and the true symphony of all the arts becomes possible.

M. Sardou is a born stage-setter, but with a leaning to "great machines," numbers of figurants, and magnificence. "La Haine," the earliest of his elaborate essays, was really spectacular: in the first act one saw the fortress-

* The more we have seen of the American stage since the visit of the Lyceum Company, the more we feel it necessary to insist upon sobriety, sobriety, and again sobriety. It was because Mr. Irving's settings were so harmonious, so artistic, — above all, so carefully and faithfully thought and reasoned out,— that they were so good. Vaunted expense in a mounting is nothing; it all may have been misapplied. There has been so much gilt and tinsel in some of our plays — bright colored processions do not necessarily make a fine spectacle. And it should be remembered, too, that bad scenery spoils good costume; and that in England and France painters are convinced that a scene should not be a hard and crude piece of work, but should have atmosphere and grayness, precisely as in the case of landscape or architecture in an easel picture. Witness the fine scenery brought by Miss Anderson to America for "Romeo and Juliet," notably the lovely garden-scene, backed by the view of Verona. Some excellent landscape painting has been shown at some of our smaller theaters here, and some of Mr. Daly's revivals have been beautifully costumed.

like streets of mediæval Siena,— real, long-horned white oxen from Tuscany drew the block-wheeled carts across the stage; people strolled about until, the alarm-bell ringing, chains quickly barricaded the way; men caught up their children and ran for their houses; realism did what it could to make the audience feel that it was itself a part of the Middle Ages. Again, in another scene before the cathedral, the young men of adverse parties suddenly, in true Italian fashion, drew sword and attacked; all at once in the center of the stage the great church-doors swung open; upon the platform, in all the splendor of high canonicals, appeared the angry archbishop with his train — bishops, priests, choir-boys, and censer-bearers — advancing straight between the weapons; before the cross the combatants knelt; from the great book, opened upon the shoulders of two kneeling acolytes, the prelate rebuked the people, who, stacking their swords at the doors, in mediæval manner, entered the cathedral to the music of the organ and the bells. "La Patrie," at the Porte St. Martin, has been, perhaps, the most carefully and successfully set of any of his pieces.

If, then, the necessary data are and have been so abundant, whose fault is it that they have not been used? Not the managers' surely; they are always willing to give the public what it wants if they can only find out what that is. Not the dramatic critics'; they would gladly appreciate fine and well-ordered settings. Mr. Booth made a gallant initiative many years ago with "Julius Cæsar." Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly have done well with old English comedy; much good scenery was painted, but in the main things were bad. The fact is that until the Centennial lent its art impulse to the great mass of the people which had not traveled abroad, there existed in this country no general public appreciation of fine setting. Three or four years ago Mr. Frank D. Millet, the painter, came forward as an innovator in antique costume. We had close at hand, as models, casts and photographs of the women of the Parthenon in the most beautiful draperies ever worn, perfectly fulfilling the æsthetic conditions of clothing, at once concealing and revealing the human body. As a realization of this, the modern American stage had adopted a formless low-necked gown, made of material neither heavy nor light, worn over various bunching articles of underwear, and festooned to suit the taste of the wearer. Mr. Millet thought that it was not enough to cut a piece of cloth after the pattern of some learned archæologist,— the cloth once upon the figure must *look* like an antique dress. He had carefully studied the authorities upon costume and those best authorities, the sculptures of the museums of Athens, Italy, and London, and bringing to his work at once art feeling and a principle of strong common sense, he gave the stage in the person of Miss Anderson's *Galatea* a careful reproduction of the loveliest costume ever worn — that of the Athenian lady of the great epoch. He treated color with as much respect and taste as form and line, and somewhat later, the Harvard Greek play offering him an opportunity, he applied his costumes to groups and masses. An article by him upon the play appeared in the pages of THE CENTURY.* Mr. Barrett, Mr. Wallack, and Mr. Daly, in Shaksperian and other old English revivals, have given care and thought to the progress of stage-setting, and the public look to them as leaders in that direction.

To sum up: in this paper an attempt has been made to prove that in our sober time pageantry has been shifted from our outdoor life to the stage, and that illusion there is necessary; that a dignified and beautiful setting may be produced by the application of pictorial laws to the stage, and that the same laws are applicable to all the arts governing both the theater and the picture; that in our eclectic time we may demand accuracy heretofore unnecessary and impossible; — in short, to prove that the pictorial may help its sister, the dramatic art.

It is not necessary that the painter should turn stage-manager, nor vice versâ, only that



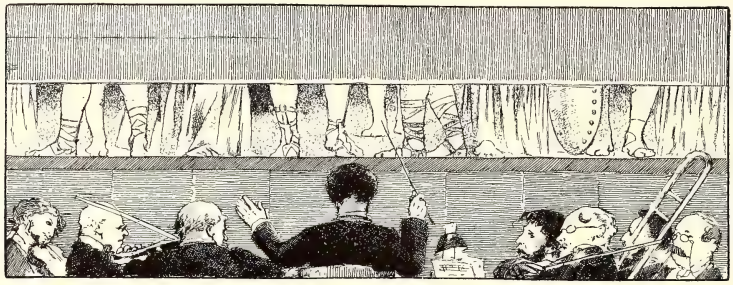
THE TRAP.

*See "Costumes in the Greek Play at Harvard," in this magazine for November, 1881.

the laws of form and color at the theater should be recognized as potent for good, their misconception as potent for obstruction and ridicule.

Last of all, we do not forget that while the accessory art transforms the audience into a receptive and well-attuned instrument, the actor's is the spirit that informs and breathes upon the strings.

Evangeline W. and *Edwin H. Blashfield.*



AT "THE LITERARY."

Folks in town, I reckon, thinks
They git all the fun they air
Runnin' loose 'round! — but, 'y jinks!
We got fun, and fun to spare,
Right out here amongst the ash
And oak timber ever'where!
Some folks else kin cut a dash
'Sides town-people, don't fergit! —
'Specially in winter-time,
When they 's snow, and roads is fit.
In them circumstances I 'm
Resignated to my lot —
Which puts me in mind o' what
'S called "The Literary."

Us folks in the country sees
Lots o' fun! — Take spellin'-school;
Er ole hoe-down jamborees;
Er revivals; er ef you 'll
Tackle taffy-pullin's you
Kin git fun, and quite a few! —
Same with huskin's. But all these
Kind o' frolics they hain't new
By a hundred year' er two,
Cipher on it as you please!
But I 'll tell you what I jest
Think walks over all the rest —
Anyway it suits *me* best, —
That 's "The Literary."



"I WAS 'P'INTED TO BE WHAT THEY CALL 'CRITIC.'"

First they started it — "'y gee!"
Thinks-says-I, "This settlement
'S gittin' too high-toned fer me!"
But when *all* begin to jine,
And I heerd *Izory* went,
I jest kind o' drapped in line
Like you 've seen some sandy, thin,
Scrawny shoat put fer the crick
Down some pig-trail through the thick
Spice-bresh, where the whole drove 's been
'Bout six weeks 'fore he gits in!
"Can't tell nothin'," I-says-ee,
"'Bout it tel you go and see
Their blame 'Literary!'"

Very first night I was there
I was 'p'inted to be what
They call "Critic" — so 's a fair
And square jedgment could be got
On the pieces 'at was read,
And on the debate, — "Which air

Most destructive element,
Fire er worter?" Then they hed
Compositions on "Content,"
"Death," and "Botany"; and Tomps,
He read one on "Dreenin' swamps"
I p'nounced the boss, and said,—
"So fer 'at 's the best thing read
In 'The Literary!'"



"TOMPS, HE READ ONE ON 'DREENIN' SWAMPS.'"

Then they sung some — tel I called
Order, and got back ag'in
In the critic's cheer, and hauled
All o' the p'formers in.
Mandy Brizendine read one
I fergit; and Doc's was "Thought";
And Sarepty's, hern was "None
Air denied 'at knocks"; and Daut —
Fayette Strawnses little niece —
She got up and spoke a piece:
Then Izory she read hern —



"AND DOC'S WAS 'THOUGHT.'"

"Best thing in the whole concern,"
I-says-ee; "now le' 's adjourn
This-here 'Literary!'"

They was some contendin'— yit
We broke up in harmony.
Road outside as white as grit,
And as slick as slick could be!–
I 'd fetched 'Zory in my sleigh,
And I had a heap to say,
Drivin' back — in fact, I driv
'Way around the old north way,
Where the Daubenspeckses live.
'Zory allus — 'fore that night —
Never 'peared to feel jest right
In my company.— You see,
On'y thing on earth saved me
Was that "Literary!"

James Whitcomb Riley.



"I HAD A HEAP TO SAY, DRIVIN' BACK."

AU LARGE.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Grande Pointe," etc.



MARGUERITE.

XIV.

WHO SHE WAS.

FOR a moment somewhat more than her profile shone upon Claude's bewildered gaze.

"I shall see her eye to eye at last!" shouted his heart within; but the next moment she turned away and with two companions who came across the same threshold moved up the street and at the nearest corner vanished. Her companions were the American lady and the artist. Claude wheeled and hurried to pass around the square in the opposite direction, and as he reached the middle of its third side saw the artist hand them into the street-car, lift his hat, and return towards the studio. The two men met at the foot of the stairs. The Spaniard's countenance betrayed a restrained elation.

"You goin' see a picture, now," he said, in a modestly triumphant tone. "Come in," he added, as Claude would have passed the studio door.

They went in together. The Spaniard talked; Claude scarcely spoke. I can not repeat the conversation literally, but the facts are these: A few evenings before, the artist had been one of the guests at a musical party given by a lady whose name he did not mention. He happened — he modestly believed it accidental — to be seated beside the hostess, when a young lady — "jung Creole la-thy," he called her — who was spending a few days with her played the violin. The Spaniard's delicate propriety left her, also, nameless, but he explained that, as he understood, she was from

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the Teche. She played charmingly — "for an amateur," he qualified; but what had struck him more than the music was her beauty, her figure, her picturesque grace. And when he confessed his delight in these, his hostess, seemingly on the inspiration of the moment, said:

"Paint her picture! Paint her just so! I 'll give you the order! Not a mere portrait — a picture!" And he had agreed, and the "jung" lady had consented. The two had but just now left the studio. To-morrow a servant would bring violin, music-rack, etc.; the ladies would follow, and then —

"You hear music, anyhow," said the artist. That was his gentle way of intimating that Claude was not invited to be a looker-on.

On the next day Claude, in his nook above, with the studio below shut from view by the curtain of his inner window, heard the ladies come. He knows they are these two; for one voice, the elder, blooms out at once in a gay abundance of words, and the other speaks in soft low tones that before they reach his ear run indistinguishably together.

Soon there comes the sound of tuning the violin, while the older voice is still heard praising one thing and another and asking careless questions.

"I suppose that cotton cloth covers something that is to have a public unveiling some day, does n't it?"

Claude cannot hear the answer; the painter drops his voice even below its usual quiet tone. But Claude knows what he must be saying; that the cloth covers merely a portrait he is finishing, of a young man who has sat for it to please a wifeless, and but for him childless, and fondly devoted father. And now he can tell by the masculine step, and the lady's one or two lively words, that the artist has drawn away the covering from his (Claude's) own portrait. But the lady's young companion goes on tuning her instrument — "tink, tink, tink"; and now the bow is drawn.

"Why, how singular!" exclaims the elder lady. "Why, my dear, come here and see! Somebody has got your eyes! Why, he 's got your whole state of mind, a reduplication of it! And — I declare, he looks almost as good as you do! If — I ——"

The voice stops short. There is a moment's silence in which the unseen hearer doubts not the artist is making signs that yonder window and curtain are all that hide the picture's original, and the voice says, again:

"I wish you 'd paint my picture," and the violin sounds once more its experimental notes.

But there are other things, which Claude can neither hear nor see nor guess. He can not see that the elder lady is already wondering at and guardedly watching an agitation betrayed by the younger in a tremor of the hand that fumbles with her music-sheets and music-stand, in the foot that trembles on the floor, in the reddened cheek, and in the bitten lip. He may guess that the painter sits at his easel with kindling eye; but he can not guess that just as the elder lady is about to say:

"My dear, if you don't feel" — the tremor vanishes, the lips gently set, and only the color remains. But he hears the first soft moan of the tense string under the bow, and a second, and another; and then as he rests his elbows upon the table before him and covers his face in his trembling hands it seems to him as if his own lost heart had entered into that vibrant medium, and is pouring thence to heaven and her ear its prayer of love.

Paint, artist, paint! Let your brushes fly! None can promise you she shall ever look quite like this again. Catch the lines,— the waving masses and dark coils of that loose-bound hair; the poise of head and neck; the eloquent sway of the form; the folds of garments that no longer hide, but are illumined by, the plenitude of an inner life and grace; the elastic feet; the ethereal energy and discipline of arms and shoulders; the supple wrists; the very fingers quivering on the strings; the rapt face, and the love-inspired eyes!

Claude, Claude! when every bird in forest and field knows the call of its mate, can you not guess the meaning of those strings? Must she open those sealed lips and call your very name — she who would rather die than call it?

He does not understand! Yet, without understanding, he answers. He rises from his seat; he moves to the window; he will not tiptoe or peep; he will be bold and bad! Brazenly he lifts the curtain and looks down; and one, one only,— not the artist and not the patroness of art, but that one who would not lift her eyes to that window for all the world's wealth,— knows he is standing there, listening and looking down. He counts himself all unseen, yet presently shame drops the curtain. He turns away, yet stands hearkening. The music is about to end. The last note trembles on the air. There is silence. Then some one moves from a chair, and then the single cry of admiration and delight from the player's companion is the player's name —

"Marguerite Beausoleil!"

Hours afterward there sat Claude in the seat where he had sunk down when he heard that name. The artist's visitors had made a long stay, but at length they were gone. And now Claude, too, rose to go out. His steps

were heard below, and presently the painter's voice called persuadingly up:

"St. Pierre! St. Pierre! Come, see."

They stood side by side before the new work. Claude gazed in silence. At length he said, still gazing:

"I 'll buy it when 't is finish'."

But the artist explained again that it was being painted for Marguerite's friend.

"For what she want it?" demanded Claude. The Spaniard smiled and intimated that the lady probably thought he could paint. "But at any rate," he went on to say, "she seemed to have a hearty affection for the girl herself, whom," he said, "she had described as being as good as she looked." Claude turned and went slowly out.

When at sunset he stood under the honey-locust tree on the levee where he was wont to find his father waiting for him, he found himself alone. But within speaking distance he saw St. Pierre's skiff just being drawn ashore by a ragged negro, who presently turned and came to him, half-lifting the wretched hat that slouched about his dark brows, and smiling.

"Sim like yo' done fo'got me," he said. "Don't yo' 'member how I use' live at Belle Alliance? Yes, seh. I 's de one what show Bonaventure de road to Gran' Point'. Yes, seh. But I done lef' dah since Mistoo Wallis sole de place. Yes, seh. An' when I meet up wid yo' papa yo' nevva see a nigger so glad like I was. No, seh. An' likewise yo' papa. Yes, seh. An' he ass me is I want to wuck fo' him, an' I see he needin' he'p, an' so I tu'n in an' he'p him. Oh, yes, seh! dass mo' 'n a week, now, since I been wuckin' fo' yo' papa."

They got into the skiff and pushed off, the negro alone at the oars.

"Pow'ful strong current on udder side," he said, pulling quietly up-stream to offset the loss of way he must make presently in crossing the rapid flood. "Mistoo Claude, I see a gen'leman dis day noon what I ain't see' befo' since 'bout six year' an' mo'. I disremember his name, but ——"

"Tarbox?" asked Claude with sudden interest.

"Yes, seh. Dass it! Tah-baux. Sim like any man ought to 'member that name. Him an' yo' papa done gone down de canal. Yes, seh; in a pirogue. He come in a big hurry an' say how dey got a big crevasse up de river on dat side, an' he want make yo' papa see one man what livin' on Lac Cataouaché. Yes, seh. An' yo' papa say yo' fine yo' supper in de pot. An' Mistoo Tah-baux he say he want yo' teck one hoss an' ride up till de crevasse an' yo' fine one frien' of yose yondah, one ingineer; an' he say — Mistoo Tah-baux — how he 'low to meet up wid yo' at yo' papa' house to-morrow daylight. Yes, seh; Mistoo Tah-baux; yes, seh."

XV.

CAN THEY CLOSE THE BREAK?

THE towering cypresses of the far southern swamps have a great width of base, from which they narrow so rapidly in the first seven or eight feet of their height, and thence upward taper so gradually, that it is almost or quite impossible for an ax-man standing at their roots to chop through the great flare that he finds abreast of him and bring the trees down. But when the swamps are deep in water the swamper may paddle up to these trees whose narrowed waists are now within the swing of his ax, and standing up in his canoe, by a marvel of balancing skill, cut and cut until at length his watchful up-glancing eye sees the forest giant bow his head. Then a shove, a few backward sweeps of the paddle, and the canoe glides aside, and the great trunk falls, smiting the smooth surface of the water with a roar that, miles away, reaches the ear like the thunder of artillery. The tree falls; but if the woodsman has not known how to judge and choose wisely when the inner wood is laid bare under the first big chip that flies, there are many chances that the fallen tree will instantly sink to the bottom of the water and can not be rafted out. One must know his craft even in Louisiana swamps. "Knowledge is power."

When Zoséphine and Mr. Tarbox finished out that Sunday twilight walk, they talked, after leaving the stile behind, only on business. He told her of having lately been with a certain expert in the swamps of Barataria, where he had seen some noble cypress forests tantalizingly near to navigation and market, but practically a great way off, because the levees of the great sugar estates on the Mississippi River shut out all deep overflows. Hence these forests could be bought for, seemingly, a mere tithe of their value. Now, he proposed to buy such a stretch of them along the edge of the shaking prairie north of Lake Cataouaché as would show on his part, he said, "caution, but not temerity."

He invited her to participate. "And why?" For the simple reason that the expert, and engineer, had dropped the remark that in his opinion a certain levee could not possibly hold out against the high water of more than two or three more years, and that when it should break it would spread from three to nine feet of water over hundreds of square miles of swamp forests, *prairies tremblantes*, and rice and sugar fields, and many leagues of railway.

Zoséphine had consented; and though Mr. Tarbox had soon after gone upon his commercial travels, he had effected the purchase by correspondence, little thinking that the first news he should hear on returning to New Orleans would be that the remotely anticipated "break" had just occurred.

And now, could and would the breach be closed, or must all Barataria soon be turned into, and remain for months, a navigable yellow sea? This, Claude knew, was what he must hasten to the crevasse to discover, and return as promptly to report upon, let his heart-strings draw as they might towards the studio in Carondelet street and the Christian Women's Exchange.

XVI.

THE OUTLAW AND THE FLOOD.

WHAT suffering it costs to be a coward! Some days before the crevasse occurred, he whom we know as the pot-hunter stood again on the platform of that same little railway station whence we once saw him vanish at sight of Bonaventure Deschamps. He had never ventured there since, until now. But there was a new station-agent.

His Indian squaw was dead. A rattlesnake had given her its fatal sting, and the outcast, dreading all men and the coroner not the least, had, silently and alone, buried her on the prairie.

The train rolled up to the station again as before. Claude's friend, the surveyor, stepped off with a cigar in his mouth, to enjoy in the train's momentary stay the delightful air that came across the open prairie. The pot-hunter, who had got rid of his game, ventured near his former patron. It might be the engineer could give him work whereby to earn a day's ready money. He was not disappointed. The engineer told him to come in a day or two, by the waterways the pot-hunter knew so well, across the swamps and prairies to Bayou Terrebonne and the little court-house town of Houma. And then he added:

"I heard this morning that somebody had been buying the swamp land all around you out on Lake Cataouaché. Is it so?"

The Acadian looked vacant and shook his head.

"Yes," said the other, "a Madame Beausoleil, or somebod— What 's the matter?"

"All aboard!" cried the train conductor.

"The fellow turned pale," said the surveyor as he resumed his seat in the smoking-car and the landscape began again to whirl by.

The pot-hunter stood for a moment, and then slowly, as if he stole away from some sleeping enemy, left the place. Alarm went with him like an attendant ghost. A thousand times that day, in the dark swamp, on the wide prairie, or under his rush-thatch on the lake-side, he tortured himself with one question: Why had she — Zoséphine — reached away out from Carancro to buy the uncultivable and primeval wilderness round about his lonely hiding-place? Hour after hour the inexplicable problem seemed to draw near and nearer to him, a widening, tightening, dreamlike terror, that, as it came, silently pointed its finger of death at him. He was glad enough to leave his cabin next day in his small, swift pirogue — shot-gun, ax, and rifle his only companions — for Terrebonne.

It chanced to be noon of the day following when he glided up the sunny Terrebonne towards the parish seat. The shores of the stream have many beauties, but the Acadian's eyes were alert to anything but them. The deep-green, waxen-leaved casino hedges; the hedges of Cherokee rose, and sometimes of rose and casino mingled; the fields of corn and sugar-cane; the quaint, railed floating bridges lying across the lazy bayou; the orange groves of aged, giant trees, their dark-green boughs grown all to a tangle with well-nigh the density of a hedge, and their venerable trunks hairy with green-gray lichens; the orange-trees again in the door-yards, with neat pirogues set upon racks under their deep shade; the indescribable floods of sunlight and caverns of shadow; the clear brown depths beneath his own canoe; or at the bottom the dark, waving, green-brown tresses of water-weeds — these were naught to him.

But the human presence was much; and once, when just ahead of him he espied a young sun-bonneted woman crouching in the pouring sunshine beyond the sod of the bayou's bank, itself but a few inches above the level of the stream, on a little pier of one plank pushed out among the flags and reeds, pounding her washing with a wooden paddle, he stopped the dip of his canoe-paddle and gazed, with growing trepidation and slackening speed. At the outer end of the plank the habitual dip of the bucket had driven aside the water-lilies, and made a round glassy space that reflected all but perfectly to him her busy young downcast visage.

"How like —" Just then she lifted her head. He started as though his boat had struck a snag. How like — how terribly like to that young Zoséphine whose ill-concealed scorn he had so often felt in days — in years — long gone, at Carancro! This was not and could not be the same — lacked half the necessary years; and yet in the joy of his relief he answered her bow with a question: Whose was yonder house?

She replied, in the same Acadian French in which she was questioned, that there dwelt or had dwelt, and about two weeks ago had died, "Monsieur Robichaux." The pot-hunter's paddle dipped again, his canoe shot on, and two hours later he walked with dust-covered feet into Houma.

The principal tavern there stands on that corner of the court-house square to which the swamper would naturally come first. Here he was to find the engineer. But as with slow, diffident step he set one foot upon the corner of the threshold, there passed quickly by him and out towards the court-house two persons — one a man of a county court-room look and with a handful of documents, and the other a woman whom he knew at a glance. Her skirts swept his ankles as he shrank in sudden and abject terror against the wall, yet she did not see him.

He turned and retreated the way he had come, nothing doubting that only by the virtue of a voodoo charm which he carried in his pocket he had escaped, for the time being, a plot laid for his capture. For the small, neatly robed form that you may still see disappearing within the court-house door, beside the limping figure of the probate clerk, is Zoséphine Beausoleil. She will finish the last pressing matter of the Robichaux succession now, in an hour or so, and be off on the little branch railway, whose terminus is here, for New Orleans.

When the pot-hunter approached Lake Cataouaché again he made on foot, under cover of rushes and leaves taller than he, a wide circuit and reconnoissance of his hut. While still a long way off he saw, lighted by the sunset rays, what he quickly recognized as a canoe drawn half out of the water almost at his door. He warily drew nearer. Presently he stopped and stood slowly and softly shifting his footing about on the oozy soil at a little point of shore only some fifty yards away from his cabin. His eyes, peering from the ambush, descried a man standing by the pirogue and searching with his gaze the wide distances that would soon be hidden in the abrupt fall of the southern night.

The pot-hunter knew him. Not by name, but by face. The day the outlaw saw Bonaventure at the little railway station, this man was with him. The name the pot-hunter did not know was St. Pierre.

The ambushed man shrank a step backward into his hiding-place. His rifle was in his hand and he noiselessly cocked it. He had not resolved to shoot; but a rifle is of no use until it is cocked. While he so stood another man came into view and to the first one's side. This one, too, he knew, despite the soft hat that had taken the place of the silk one; for this was Tarbox. The Acadian was confirmed in his conviction that the surveyor's invitation for him to come to Houma was part of a plot to entrap him.

While he still looked the two men got into the canoe and St. Pierre paddled swiftly away. The pot-hunter let down the hammer of his gun, shrank away again, turned and hurried through the tangle, regained his canoe, and paddled off. The men's departure from the cabin was, in his belief, a ruse. But he knew how by circuits and short cuts to follow after them unseen, and this he did until he became convinced that they were fairly in the Company Canal and gliding up its dark colonnade in the direction whence they had evidently come. Then he returned to his cabin and with rifle cocked and with slow, stealthy step entered it, and in headlong haste began to prepare to leave it for a long hiding-out.

He knew every spot of land and water for leagues around, as a bear or a fox would know the region about his den. He had in mind now a bit of dry ground scarce fifty feet long or wide, deeply hidden in the swamp to the north of this lake. How it had ever happened that this dry spot, lifted two or three feet above the low level around it, had been made, whether by some dumb force of nature or by the hand of men yet more untamable than he, had never crossed his thought. It was beyond measure of more value to him to know, by what he had seen growing on it season after season, that for many a long year no waters had overflowed it. In the lake, close to his hut, lay moored his small centerboard lugger, and into this he presently threw his few appliances and supplies, spread sail, and skimmed away, with his pirogue towing after.

His loaded rifle lay within instant reach. By choice he would not have harmed any living creature that men call it wrong to injure; but to save himself, not only from death, but from any risk of death, rightful or wrongful, he would, not through courage, but in the desperation of frantic cowardice, have killed a hundred men, one by one.

By this time it was night; and when first the lugger and, after it was hidden away, the pirogue, had carried him up a slender bayou as near as they could to the point he wished to reach, he had still to drag the loaded pirogue no small distance through the dark, often wet, and almost impenetrable woods. He had taken little rest and less sleep in his late journeyings, and when at length he cast himself down before his fire of dead fagots on the raised spot he had chosen, he slept heavily. He felt safe from man's world, at least for the night.

Only one thing gave him concern as he lay down. It was the fact that when, with the old woods-habit strong on him, he had approached his selected camping-ground, with such wariness of movement as the dragging pirogue would allow, he had got quite in sight of it before a number of deer on it bounded away. He felt an unpleasant wonder to know what their unwilling boldness might signify.

He did not awake to replenish his fire until there were only a few live embers shining dimly at his feet. He rose to a sitting posture; and in that same moment there came a confusion of sound — a trampling through bushes — that froze his blood and robbed his open throat of power to cry. The next instant he knew it was but those same deer. But the first intelligent thought brought a new fear. These most timid of creatures had made but a few leaps and stopped. He knew what that meant! As he leaped to his feet the deer started again and he heard, to his horror,— where the ground had been dry and caked when he lay down,— the plash of their feet in water.

Trembling, he drew his boots on, made and lighted a torch, and in a moment was dragging his canoe after him in the direction of the lugger. Presently his steps, too, were plashing. He stooped, waved the torch low across the water's surface, and followed the gleam with his scrutiny. But he did so not for any doubt that he would see, as he did, the yellow flood of the Mississippi. He believed, as he believed his existence, that his pursuers had let the river in upon the swamp, ruin whom they might, to drive him from cover.

Presently he stepped into the canoe, cast his torch into the water, took his paddle, and glided unerringly through a darkness and a wild tangle of undergrowth, large and small, where you or I could not have gone ten yards without being lost. He emerged successfully from the forest into the open prairie, and, under a sky whose stars told him it would soon be day, glided on down the little bayou lane, between walls of lofty rushes, up which he had come in the evening, and presently found the lugger as he had left her, with her light mast down, hidden among the brake canes that masked a little cove.

The waters were already in the prairie. As he boarded the little vessel at the stern, a raccoon waddled in noiseless haste over the bow, and splashed into the wet covert of reeds beyond. If only to keep from sharing his quarters with all the refuge-hunting vermin of the noisome wilderness, the one human must move on. He turned the lugger's prow towards the lake, and spread her sails to the faint, cool breeze. But when day broke the sail was gone.

Far and wide lay the pale green leagues of reeds and bulrushes, with only here and there a low willow or two beside some unseen lagoon, or a sinuous band of darker green where round rushes and myrtle bushes followed the shore of some hidden bayou. The waters of the lake were gleaming and crinkling in tints of lilac and silver stolen from the air, and away to the right, and yet farther to the left, stood the dark phalanxes of cypress woods.

Thus had a thousand mornings risen on the scene in the sight of the outlaw. Numberless birds fluttered from place to place, snatching their prey, caroling, feeding their young, chattering, croaking, warbling, and swinging on the bending rush. But if you looked again, strange signs of nature's mute anguish began to show. On every log or bit of smaller drift that rain-swollen bayous had ever brought from the forest and thrown upon their banks some wild tenant of the jungle, hare or weasel, cat, otter, or raccoon, had taken refuge, sometimes alone, but oftener sharing it, in common misery and silent truce, with deadly foes. For under all that expanse of green beauty, the water, always abundant, was no longer here and there, but everywhere.

See yonder reed but a few yards away. What singular dark enlargement of stem is that near its top, that curious spiral growth? — Growth! It is a great serpent that has climbed and twined himself there, and is holding on for the life he loves as we love ours. And see! On a reed near by him, another; and a little farther off, another; and another — and another! Where were our eyes until now? The surface of the vast brake, as far as one can see such small things, is dotted with like horrid burdens. And somewhere in this wild desolation, in this green prospect of a million deaths waiting in silence alike for harmful and harmless creatures, one man is hiding from all mankind.

XVII.

WELL HIDDEN.

Of all the teeming multitudes of the human world, the pot-hunter knows not one soul who is on his side; not one whom he dare let see his face or come between him and a hiding-place. The water is rising fast. He dare not guess how high it will come; but rise as it may, linger at its height as it may, he will not be driven out. In his belief a hundred men are ready, at every possible point where his foot could overstep the line of this vast inundation, to seize him and drag him to the gallows. Ah, the gallows! Not being dead — not God's anger — not eternal burnings; but simply facing death! The gallows! The tree above his head — the rope around

his neck — the signal about to be spoken — the one wild moment after it! These keep him here.

He has taken down sail and mast. The rushes are twelve feet high. They hide him well. With oars, mast, and the like he has contrived something by which he can look out over their tops. He has powder and shot, coffee, salt, and rice; he will not be driven out! At night he spreads his sail and seeks the open waters of the lake, where he can sleep, by littles, without being overrun by serpents; but when day breaks there is no visible sign of his presence. Yet he is where he can see his cabin. It is now deep in the water and the flood is still rising. He is quite sure no one has entered it since he left it. But — the strain of perpetual watching!

When at dawn of the fifth day he again looked for cover in the prairie the water was too high to allow him concealment, and he sought the screen of some willows that fringed the edge of the swamp forest, anchoring in a few rods' width of open water between them and the woods. He did not fear to make, on the small hearth of mud and ashes he had improvised in his lugger, the meager fire needed to prepare his food. Its slender smoke quickly mingled with the hazy vapors and shadows of the swamp. As he cast his eye abroad he found nowhere any sign of human approach. Here and there the tops of the round rushes still stood three feet above the water, but their slender needles were scarcely noticeable. Far and near, over prairie as over lake, lay the unbroken yellow flood. There was no flutter of wings, no whistle of feathered mate to mate, no call of nestlings from the ruined nests. Except the hawk and vulture, the birds were gone. Untold thousands of dumb creatures had clung to life for a time, but now were devoured by birds of prey and by alligators, or were drowned. Thousands still lived on. Behind him in the swamp the wood-birds remained, the gray squirrel still barked and leaped from tree to tree, the raccoon came down to fish, the plundering owl still hid himself through the bright hours, and the chilled snake curled close in the warm folds of the hanging moss. Nine feet of water below. In earlier days, to the northward through the forest many old timbers rejected in railway construction or repair, with dead logs and limbs, had been drifted together by heavy rains and had gathered a covering of soil; canebrake, luxurious willow-bushes, and tough grasses had sprung up on them and bound them with their roots. These floating islands the flood, now covering the dense underbrush of the swamp, lifted on its free surface, and in its slow creep southward bore through the pillared arcades of the cypress wood and out over the submerged prairies. Many a cowering deer, in those last few days, that had made some one of these green fragments of the drowned land a haven of despair, the human castaway left unharmed.

Of all sentient creatures in that deluge he was suffering most. He was gaunt and haggard with watching. The thought of pursuit bursting suddenly around him now fastened permanently upon his imagination. He feared to sleep. From the direction of the open water surprise seemed impossible; but from the forest! what instant might it not ring with the whoop of discovery, the many-voiced halting challenge, and the glint of loaded Winchester? And another fear had come. Many a man not a coward, and as used to the sight of serpents as this man, has never been able to be other than a coward concerning them. The pot-hunter held them in terror. It was from fear of them that he had lighted his torch the night of his bivouac in the swamp. Only a knowledge of their ordinary haunts and habits and the art of avoiding them had made the swamp and prairie life bearable. Now all was changed. They were driven from their dens. In the forest one dared not stretch forth the hand to lay it upon any tangible thing until a searching glance had failed to find the glittering eye and forked tongue that meant "Beware!" In the flooded prairie the willow-trees were loaded with the knotted folds of the moccasin, the rattlesnake, and I know not how many other sorts of deadly or only loathsome serpents. Some little creatures at the bottom of the water, feeding on the soft white part of the round rush near its root, every now and then cut a stem free from its base and let it spring to the surface and float away. Often a snake had wrapped himself about the end above the water, and when this refuge gave way and drifted abroad he would cling for a time, until some less forlorn hope came in sight, and then swim for it. Thus scarce a minute of the day passed, it seemed, but one, two, or three of these creatures, making for their fellow-castaway's boat, were turned away by nervous waving of arms. The nights had proved that they could not climb the lugger's side, and when he was in her the canoe was laid athwart her gunwales; but at night he had to drop the bit of old iron that served for an anchor, and the very first night a large moccasin — not of the dusky kind described in books, but of that yet deadlier, black sort, an ell in length, which the swampers call the Congo — came up the anchor-rope. The castaway killed it with an oar; but after that who would have slept?

About sunset of the fifth day, though it was

bright and beautiful, the hunter's cunning detected the first subtle signs of a coming storm. He looked about him to see what provision was needed to meet and weather its onset. On the swamp side the loftiest cypresses, should the wind bring any of them down, would not more than cast the spray of their fall as far as his anchorage. The mass of willows on the prairie side was nearer, but its trees stood low — already here and there the branches touched the water; the hurricane might tear away some boughs, but could do no more. He shortened the anchor-rope and tried the hold of the anchor on the bottom to make sure the lugger might not swing into the willows, for in every fork of every bough was a huge dark mass of serpents plaited and piled one upon another and ready at any moment to glide apart towards any new shelter that might be reached.

While eye and hand were thus engaged the hunter's ear was attentive to sounds that he had been hearing for more than an hour. These were the puff of 'scape-pipes and plash of a paddle-wheel, evidently from a small steamer in the Company Canal. She was coming down it; that is, from the direction of the river and the city.

Whither was she bound? To some one of the hundred or more plantations and plantation homes that the far-reaching crevasse had desolated? Likely enough. In such event she would not come into view, although for some time now he had seen faint shreds of smoke in the sky over a distant line of woods. But it filled him with inward tremors to know that if she chose to leave the usual haunts of navigation on her left, and steam out over the submerged prairies and lake, and into the very shadow of these cypresses, she could do it without fear of a snag or a shallow. He watched anxiously as the faint smoke reached a certain point. If the next thin curl should rise farther on, it would mean safety. But when it came it seemed to be in the same place as the last; and another the same, and yet another the same; she was making almost a straight line for the spot where he stood. Only a small low point of forest broke the line, and presently, far away, she slowly came out from behind it.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

George W. Cable.

THE GOVERNOR'S PREROGATIVE.

THE Governor was at home. He sat in his library, in a most amiable mood. His eye took a languid pleasure wandering over the familiar surroundings. After the bare and slightly dingy furnishing of the executive office at the capitol, he was glad to look again on the ceiling, with its mahogany bars, the stamped gold and leather behind the glass of the book-cases, and the warm hues of the curtains and the velvet carpet.

"It is pleasant to be home," said the Governor, dropping his newspaper to look out of the window. The paper certainly was not as entertaining as the distant view of the lake, a blue mist breaking into tumbling lines of foam on a sandy beach; or the nearer view of his own lawn, and the groom, in livery, leading a wee Shetland pony, with his little daughter for rider, around the drive, while the wind blew the child's yellow curls against her rosy cheeks and carried her small laughter and shouts to her father's ears.

Thus he happened to be looking when an old German woman entered the yard and stopped under the shadow of the *porte-cochère*. She was evidently quite an old woman, with wrinkles and white hair; but her face had a ruddy tint burnt into the brown on her cheeks, and her sturdy shape was erect and vigorous of movement. She wore a black stuff gown made in the simplest fashion and carried a bundle. With considerable amusement the observer saw her undo this bundle and take out a comb and a white kerchief, preparatory to making a sort of toilet. First, she brushed away the dust which lay thick on her gown; then she smoothed her hair; and, finally, tied the white kerchief about her neck. Having done all this with the utmost gravity, she walked to the basement door.

"Oh, woman, woman," mused the Governor, "how you cling to your little vanities! She is hardly fine enough for a friend of cook's; perhaps she comes to see the laundress. But why did n't she dress at home?" Smiling to himself, he returned to his paper, only to be interrupted shortly by the butler's announcement of a woman to see him.

"She is an old woman, sir," said Hopkins, who had rather a kind heart and knew the Governor's like weakness.

"Show her in, Hopkins," was the reply. "Ten to one," thought the Governor, "it's

my old woman. So the toilet was for me. I wonder what she wants of me. Thank Heaven, the offices are all full, anyhow!"

The Governor guessed correctly; it was the old woman whom he had seen. She entered timidly in the rear of Hopkins. Safely opposite the Governor, she dropped a courtesy.

"Spricht Excellenz Deutsch?" she asked.

"Ein wenig," said the Governor, apparently with the unworthy motive of impressing Hopkins; for the instant that personage had closed the door, departing, he added, "Speak English, if you can; and won't you take a chair, madam?"

"Oh, no, gnädiger Herr — Excellenz; no, I vill petter stan'. Excellenz, I haf von son, er ist mein einsiges — mine only schild. Dis morgen I vas tell he do *dis* — see, Excellenz." She courtesied again, holding out a carefully folded newspaper to the Governor at arms-length. Even in youth she could never have been a pretty woman, and years of toil had made her shape angular and clumsy and tanned and wrinkled the large features framed by the white hair; but her clear blue eyes were as simple and honest as a child's, and they looked up at the Governor so anxiously that, glancing down the page, he felt a sensation of pity.

"Fritz Jansen," he exclaimed; "are you *his* mother?" and to himself he added, "This is worse than the office-seekers!"

The old woman courtesied timidly. She was quick-sighted enough to see that, somehow, he was unfavorably impressed.

Just then there came two taps at the door. The Governor frowned; he recognized his wife's knock. It is not, therefore, to be inferred that his domestic life was unhappy; on the contrary, he was in love with his wife, who returned his affection; but he felt a presentiment that her presence would make infinitely more disagreeable the decision to which he was sure he must come; yet, at the same time, he was conscious of an irritating longing to shift the responsibility of consolation on to some woman's shoulders — besides, his wife spoke German. A third tap sounded on the door-panel; it meant, "Are you engaged?"

"Perhaps I vould go vays," said the old woman. "I kin vait oudsides, yet — if Excellenz is pizzy?"

"Oh, no," said the Governor. "Come in, Annie." The lady who entered was young and pretty, and her charming eyes had not yet lost their look of amiable interest. She seemed to have just returned from a walk, for her fair skin had the wind's roses and her blonde hair was roughened the least in the world. There was enough silver braid on her perfectly fitting blue cloth dress to compel the old woman's admiration and awe.

"My wife," said the Governor briefly. "Will you interpret a little for me, Annie? This is Fritz Jansen's mother."

The old woman dropped her courtesy, the patient sadness of her face brightening a little.

"Ya, gnädige Frau," said she, "I koom to beg der barton von mine son. He is in brison to pe hang'."

"You know," said the Governor, "that he has been found guilty of murdering his betrothed, Lena — "

"No, Excellenz — Greta," interrupted the old woman eagerly. "She vas heist Gretchen; der baper speak wrong von dat, an' berhaps, it vould be mit oder t'ings wrong also!"

"His betrothed, Greta, then," amended the Governor, "under very — hem — very aggravated circumstances. He has had a long and perfectly impartial trial, and has been condemned on overwhelming evidence. I — I really do not see," said the Governor, trying to bring the scene to an abrupt conclusion, "how it will be possible for me to pardon him. Tell her that in German, Annie."

"Oh, poor thing!" said the Governor's wife.

The old woman had listened with an expression of pathetic attention. Plainly she did not comprehend the Governor's words, but in some way she gathered from his manner that her petition was rejected. She clasped her large rough hands unconsciously as she turned to the lady, whose kind face looked to her then like that of a guardian angel.

"The gracious lady speaks German, is it not true?" she said in her native tongue. "Ah, gracious lady, it is cruel lies; my Fritz is not a wicked man. Oh, no; who should know of him better than his mother? I will tell it in as few words as I can, if the gracious lady will but listen. My Fritz is the only one of seven the good Lord has let me keep. The father was a carpenter, and he carried me to Munich, and there he fell off a scaffold and hurt his back, and lived ten years but never walked again; and the cholera came, and four of my children did die, and there was only Fritz and Otto, because the others did die when they were babies. And the next year, in the street a wagon did run over my Otto, and he was sick for three months and died. How could I have lived those days but for my Fritz? He was but a boy of ten, but he cared for the father and Otto while I was gone to work and scrub for the American ladies. He would cook and make the room neat like a girl, and in the evenings he would study the book to learn. Always he would help me and do little things to please me; and when he was sixteen and the father died, he said: 'Now I will save money, and we will go to America.' And he would work at everything

and give me always the money; and nights he would always work also, and at Christmas he comes to me with a fine black gown, saying: 'Thou, too, shalt have a fine gown for the church; this is with the evenings' work, mamma.' Ah, gracious lady, none can tell how good and kind is my Fritz; never idle one moment and never cross, but always singing, and merry, and kind to every one, and not able to go by the starving dog even, but must share his own soup and black bread. And so it was with Greta, too, gracious lady. There was in the house with us a poor woman that made flowers, and she did have a little girl. She was five years younger than was my Fritz,— eleven only was she,— and one day she comes weeping to my room to say her mother is fainted; but it was not fainted, she was dead. The people in the house, they say, 'Now since the little Gretchen has no one to care for her she must go to the waisenhaus; but my Fritz says, 'Mamma, Otto is dead, and all my little sisters; there is but thee and me: let us take the little Greta for my sister and thy daughter, and she shall have half my bread and soup. We shall not go any less soon to America, and in America will be bread for us all.' And that was how Greta came to us. Then my brother writes to me from America, saying, 'Come,' and we came, and at first we were all with my brother, and Fritz worked for him; but, after a while, Fritz and I, who also worked hard, saved a little money and we say we will buy a farm. So Greta, who was like my daughter and was fifteen now — Greta say, 'I will go and work at service in the city to make money, so then we can buy the farm.' And Fritz, he works here with me to buy the farm, and so it go on. Greta, she comes to see me, and always she brings the money. She will not have enough dresses to be bright and gay like a young maiden, if I do not sometimes go to the city myself to buy for her. But I know that an old woman like me would not know what would please a young maiden; so I did always pick out a young lady at the shop that was selling and looked kind, and I told her what money to spend I had, and how it was for Greta, that was like my daughter, and would give all her money to me to buy the farm. And when Greta would come to see us in the new dress, then would my Fritz smile and kiss me. At last we did have almost enough money, and then did come the bad crops, and my brother he loses all the crop that he means to sell to pay the money that he must pay on his own farm, and I feel bad for him and talk with Fritz and Greta, and they say he must not lose his farm when we have money; so we lend to him money and Greta tells us how Fritz, who was like his father a carpenter, could earn much money in the city. By this time they were betrothed and to be married when we have the farm. So Fritz — it was six months ago — went to the city. He writes to me and Greta writes to me, and twice he comes to see me, but two months ago I got a letter saying he must go to a city far away and I will not hear for a long time; and for two, three, weeks when I do not hear I do not think so much, but then I begin to wonder and I have my brother write to Greta, but I get no answer and then — then — will the gracious lady have patience with me that I am so long? — then it was yesterday that my brother was in the little town that is near us and a man showed him the paper, how my Fritz two months ago had killed my Greta and had been before the judge and was now in prison to die." The old woman's hands trembled, and her voice, for the first time. The Governor's wife said something in an undertone to her husband; he nodded and went quietly out of the room, returning with a glass of wine. But the old woman, courtesying in her old-fashioned way, shook her head. "No, Excellenz, I cannot trink; if Excellenz und die gracious laty forgif', I vill tell more — in German."

"Certainly, if it is easier for you," said the lady; while the Governor, with a resigned air, sank into a chair. The old woman continued:

"So my brother cannot show me the paper, when he will come home, but sits in the corner still, with his head down, and my brother's wife cries and will not tell me why, and they do not let the children laugh, and in the morning, when they have talked together, my brother brings me the paper and I see the name. And he tells me how the man says that the Governor is the only one can have my Fritz let out of the prison. So we did go to the town, to the railroad, but the cars have changed the time to go and we did not know; so we are too late and Hermann would have me wait for the cars to-night, but I could not wait when my Fritz was in prison, and my Greta was dead, so I did walk —"

"From where?" asked the lady gently.

"It is from Egmont, gracious lady."

"But it is fifteen miles!"

"Yes, gracious lady."

"Walter, do you hear?" said the lady reproachfully; "she has walked from Egmont!"

"Yes, my dear," answered the Governor mildly; "it is a long walk. She had better sit down."

Then his wife rapidly repeated the old woman's story to him. "Now tell him the rest in English," she said to the old woman.

The latter turned to the Governor and dropped her invariable courtesy before she spoke. "My brother told me dat I vould

pring de baper vat say how mine Fritz is not vicked mans. I did go, dis mornin', to der peoples dat know mine Fritz, Herr Excellenz." She took a paper out of the bag which hung from her waist, in plain sight so that she might always be secure of its presence, and presented it with the courtesy.

Some German had evidently drawn up the humble certificate to Fritz Jansen's honesty, good-nature, industry, and peaceableness. "I kin not for long stay," said the old woman, wistfully eying the Governor's face, "so I go to dem I knows. It is sign py Johann Mueller, dat Fritz did vork py — und Kurtz Claussen, dat have de farm ve puy, und Ernst Bürger, der saloon-keeper dat know Fritz well — in dee olt country also," said she with simple pride. In Germany one may be a liquor-seller and lose nothing in the social scale; indeed, it is a calling of respectability quite above Frau Jansen's former station.

The Governor looked most uncomfortable. He gave his wife a glance of appeal. "My dear, I don't see what I can do," he said desperately, rubbing at the wrinkles in his forehead. "There is no doubt about it, the fellow killed the girl out of jealousy, in the most brutal way, and then tried to throw suspicion on an innocent man. The evidence is quite conclusive; the girl lived long enough to identify her assailant. Besides, he is known to the police as a brutal, dissipated fellow; he nearly beat a man to death before. He has been sentenced justly, and I have no right to interfere. Such crimes as his are getting too common."

"Look at his mother," said the lady gently. She was still standing, her strained gaze bent on the Governor's face, her gaunt brown hands plucking at the strings of her bag.

"I am as sorry as you are for his mother," said the Governor, looking the other way; "but I have no right to let my pity blind me to my duty. If every jealous brute can kill the woman he is jealous of, and escape scot-free, what security have you women got?"

"I don't believe he killed her at all," said the lady. "Such a good boy as he was could n't do such a cruel thing as that. I 've read it all, Walter. It 's sickening, it 's atrocious; and that 's why I am convinced Fritz Jansen never did it."

"She says he did."

"Then she was mistaken. I don't think much of *her*."

The Governor put his hand over his mustache to hide an involuntary smile. "Well, you see *I* am sorry for her. Apart from the murder, he had not treated her well. He had not even been faithful to her. My dear, there are the police-court records. He has been up before the courts for drunkenness and assault half a dozen times. His mother says he was a carpenter, but he was n't anything so respectable. His principal business seems to have been a billiard-marker, which he combined with much shadier ways of getting money."

"Walter, I can't believe he was so bad, when he was such a good, unselfish boy. Don't you think it was touching the way he helped his mother when he was a child? I don't see how he could have changed so suddenly."

"My dear," said the Governor gravely, "he may have been a good boy, I don't know; unhappily, there is n't the least doubt that he was not a good man. You must remember his mother only tells the best of him now; besides, mothers are the last persons to know when their sons go to the bad; probably his uncle could tell a very different sort of story. Madam,"— turning to the old woman,— "what did you do with your money?"

She looked dazed and her eyes wandered to the lady, who repeated the question in German.

"I gif' all to Fritz, Excellenz," she answered, "und he have it in der pank to keep."

"Humph!" said the Governor.

"It may be all right," pleaded his wife.

"Did you ever hear — well, anything bad of your son since he went to the city?" the Governor went on.

"Bad? of mein Fritz?" said the old woman; "nefer vun vort."

"Can you read English? Have you read the paper?"

"No, Excellenz. I kin no English read, but der man he did tell to mein bruder vat it vas been. Yes."

"You see, Annie," said the Governor, "he might be a thorough-paced scamp, and his mother never know. I have no doubt he has used all the money she fancies is in the bank. He intended this crime; wrote to her he was going away; meant to run away, for that matter. Don't you notice that the murder was committed just after he wrote? I am afraid he is a bad-hearted fellow. I don't see how I can do anything for him. Such fellows as he are too dangerous to be let loose. Decent people have their rights too; they ought to be protected, even if the rogues must suffer. Your good heart —"

"I have n't any better heart than you," interrupted the Governor's wife with spirit; "only I don't sit down on it, as you do!"

—"Blinds you," pursued the Governor, "to the grim facts of the case. Not only would a pardon be an abuse of the pardoning power, which the people have vested in me, confiding in my honesty and justice; not only would it be a virtual encouragement of a peculiarly brutal class of murders; but, my darling wife, it would be cruelty in disguise to this poor old

mother herself. If the boy dies now, true, his mother will mourn him and miss him all her life; think him an innocent victim, and me a cruel murderer. Very well, so be it. She will still have her memories of his youth to console her, and her very conviction of the injustice of his fate will be a comfort to her; while on the other hand, if I release him, he will dissipate all her illusions, neglect her, ill-treat her, very likely spend every cent of her hard earnings, and at last convince even that trusting soul what a brute he is. It is the truest kindness to her to refuse."

"But I am sure he is n't a brute!"

"Unhappily, I am sure he *is*."

"Then," said the lady quickly, "you might commute his sentence to imprisonment for life; in the penitentiary he could n't ill-treat his mother, or spend her money, and if he happens to be innocent, you would have a chance to find it out!"

The Governor shook his head. "You want to open the whole question of capital punishment, I think. But, my dear, whatever your view or mine of the advisability of hanging, the laws make hanging the punishment for murder, and I am sworn to see that the laws are executed. And, frankly, I must say that if ever the extreme penalty of the law was deserved, it was in this case. Jansen's lawyer made all his fight on technicalities. He has appealed to me, and I have gone over the ground with him. It was a brutal, unprovoked, deliberate murder — just that. Were I to pardon Jansen, I should n't do it because there was a shadow of excuse for him, but because I pitied his mother. Now, I have n't the right to gratify my own feelings at the expense of the State. I am convinced that Jansen's immediate trial and his speedy execution will do more than anything else could to stop the wholesale murder that has been going on for the last six months in this State. But suppose I commute Jansen's sentence and, because of my leniency, a single murder — not to say five, or ten, or a dozen, as is probable — is committed; do you think I can hold myself guiltless of that bloodshed? No, Annie; I can't do it. It hurts me as much as it does you to have to refuse this poor creature; but the law must take its course. Tell her so, please, as kindly as you can."

His wife knew him well enough to perceive that further pleading would be useless. She went up to the old woman and took one of the big brown hands in hers. Her voice faltered as she tried to put into German her husband's conviction that he had no right to interfere; before she was through, her cheeks were wet with tears.

The listener's face lost its ruddy brown color: whether she grasped the meaning of the words is doubtful, but she knew that she had failed.

"Kann Excellenz nichts fur mich?" she stammered, her dim eyes still fixed with the same wistful intensity on the Governor's troubled face, her hands clasped again.

He shook his head.

"Wer, den, Excellenz? who? I vill go to him py de cars."

He shook his head again. "Good Heavens, Annie," he cried, "I can't stand this! Can't you help me out?"

"Alas," his wife said, in German, very gently, "I am so sorry — so sorry for you, but there is no one — no hope."

"No — hope," the mother repeated brokenly; "und my Fritz —" Taking a step forward, she tried to look more closely into the lady's face, but her strength failed her; she staggered, and must have fallen had she not caught at the corner of the table to steady herself.

Instantly the lady held the rejected glass of wine to her lips while the Governor pushed a chair towards her. Mechanically she took a swallow of the wine; but she would not sit.

"No, Excellenz; pardon," she said weakly, "but it vas so long vays und I haf veep so mooch for Greta. Now I vill go. I did already dersturp der pisiness too long, und I must see mein Fritz."

"I will give you a note to the jailer," said the Governor, suiting his action to his words; "and —"

He did not finish the sentence; but when he had written the note, he put a bank-bill into another envelope, on which he wrote a few German words.

The old woman stood a moment, collecting her strength, her face looking old and worn. She made none of the efforts to alter his decision which the Governor had dreaded. When he handed her the note, she took it with a low courtesy, saying, "Excellenz haf been ver goot to me. I bin sorry for troubles him," and placed the paper carefully in her bag. Then she turned to the Governor's wife, kissed her hand, courtesying again and murmuring some low words of gratitude, and passed, erect as ever, though with a feebler step, out of the room.

"Oh, poor soul!" said the Governor's wife. "Walter, send somebody to the train with her, — poor, simple, meek, broken-hearted creature!"

The Governor's face was almost as haggard as that of his petitioner. "If she had only reproached me, I could have borne it better," he muttered. "Now I sha'n't be able to get the look of her eyes out of my head!" He ques-

tioned Hopkins (who was the "some one" sent to the train) minutely about her. Hopkins said that she seemed like a woman dazed, but was quite docile and grateful and went off on the right train, safely committed to the conductor's care. He spoke warmly of her downstairs; he had a shrewd surmise as to the nature of her errand, and his pity was not lessened by the deep deference of her manner towards himself. The general opinion downstairs, shaped by Hopkins, was that the Governor ought to be ashamed of himself.

Indeed, the Governor found little comfort anywhere, unless it might be in his own conscience. His wife refused to be convinced by the abundant evidence of Fritz Jansen's guilt, which he was at the pains to lay before her. Even his children picked up some garbled version of the story from the maids, and his little girl, nestling her golden head on his heart, stabbed it with the question: "Does it hurt much to be hanged, papa? Wally says it does."

"Wally is a naughty boy to talk to you about hangings," said the Governor.

"It was n't Wally; it was just Sarah, when she and Ellen were making the beds. She said there was a poor man to be hanged, and you would n't prevent it; but you will, papa, won't you?"

"You may be sure, my dear," said the much-tried Governor, "that I sha'n't let any man be hanged who does n't deserve it."

"But, papa," pleaded the child, "don't let him *anyhow*. Wally says it hurts *awful*; he choked himself to see."

The Governor gave a sort of groan and put the child down; it was a relief to hear the door-bell ring, and have a chance to get away. "I wish that miserable Jansen were hanged and it was all over," he thought; "this is terrible!" He knew that the execution was to follow soon after the conviction; but he would not look at the papers to see the exact date. He could not keep his imagination away from the figure of the old German woman so meekly accepting her fate and going on that dismal journey to her son. Had she staid near him ever since, he wondered. On his part, he had written to the various prison officials and to the sheriff, bespeaking their kind offices to smooth the prisoner's last days. He had sent money to the jailer for Jansen's mother, "afterward." It seemed to him that he had done all in his power, and now he was only anxious to forget. For a month after the interview he was away from home most of the time,—just a month, to a day. He had come back, and was sitting in his library with his wife, when he happened to notice a paper on the table. His wife's eye followed his.

"It has the notice of Jansen's execution in it," said she; "he was hanged yesterday."

The Governor dropped the hand which he had extended. "I don't care to see it," said he. There was a wood fire burning in the open fire-place, and he turned his face towards the blaze. For the next few minutes there was silence. Hopkins's voice broke it. He spoke in his usual quiet tones, but he had a curious look of suppressed agitation on his impassive face.

"It is the old woman who was here the last time you was home, sir," said Hopkins. The Governor turned pale.

"I will see her, Walter," said the Governor's wife, gently; "it will be better."

"No," said the Governor, straightening himself in the chair with a distinct sensation of wanting to run out of the room. "You are very kind, Annie; but I will see her myself. Show her in, Hopkins."

She came in — behind her a young man with the aspect of a "naturalized American." The Governor had not the hardihood to lift his eyes to her face. He was dimly aware that she was courtesying in the familiar fashion; but his words stuck in his throat when he tried to speak.

"Excellenz," said the old woman, "I haf pring mein Fritz." She dragged the young man forward.

"Your Fritz!" cried the Governor and his wife together. "Ya, Excellenz; ya, gnädige Frau," said the old woman, with a beaming face. "Ya, ven I vas go py der prison und see der pad, vicked mans it vas not mein Fritz; it vas Fritz Jansen, but not mein schild, und it vas Lena und not mein Greta he vas kill, already, ya. Der baper vas tell kein lies. Mein Fritz vas in Canada, und I go by mein Greta und it vas tree days he come, mein Fritz, und I prings pack der money und tanks for him. He can goot English speak to Excellenz. Und, Excellenz, vill Excellenz gif to him different name to dat vicked mans dat is hang? He vish not be heist name of mans dat is hang!"

She paused and courtesied. The young man blushed and bowed. There was a strong likeness between him and his mother. He had the same round honest face and wide blue eyes. His profuse blonde hair was carefully parted on one side of his head, just above his ear. His clothes retained all the freshness of the shop creases, and his linen was spotless. Greta's hand might be traced in his blue cravat as well as in his mother's decent new bonnet and shawl. He was evidently abashed by his surroundings, but answered the Governor's questions frankly and to the point. He had written his mother, but the letters were delayed. Had either his mother or his uncle been able to read English, they would have

noticed circumstances about the story of the other Fritz Jansen's crime which would have made them suspect the truth. Greta had made everything plain to his mother and taken her home. He, himself, had returned three days before, and his mother was eager to have him go at once to the Governor and return the money given her, and also — this she had greatly at heart — beg the Governor to change his name. During the colloquy the old woman kept turning her head from one speaker to the other, smiling radiantly and courtesying whenever either the Governor or his wife looked in her direction.

"I 'm fery grateful," Jansen concluded, "to your Excellency and your" — he hesitated, seeming uncertain what was the proper title for a Governor's wife, and compromised on — "your lady, for all the kindness you 've showed my mother; and I vould like, too, as you should know I ain't that kind of a fellow like Fritz Jansen, but a honest man, like my mother said."

"Ya," said the old woman; "die gracious lady believe, but Excellenz vas not know."

"I am quite sure everything your mother said of you was true," said the Governor, in his most affable manner, "and I shall be glad to see about the legislature changing your name; but you must n't think of returning the money."

"Let it be our wedding gift to Miss Greta," said the Governor's wife, with her charming smile. So, indeed, it was settled; and a certain gorgeous coral and gold brooch which figured at Greta's wedding some weeks later was bought with that exact sum. Frau Jansen was far too conscientious to add or subtract one penny.

The simple people went away happy, after Hopkins had served them with wine and cake. The latter mighty personage received their confidences and heartfelt gratitude with stately suavity; indeed, Hopkins felt himself rather instrumental in Fritz Jansen's turning out to be a good fellow instead of a murderer, and an approving conscience swelled his imposing bosom. Meanwhile, the Governor and his wife were looking at each other. The Governor felt immensely relieved. Neither could he help rejoicing to himself that he had not weakly yielded. Principle had triumphed. Moreover, the triumph had that particular spice which comes from a victory over one's wife. He was quite too magnanimous to say: "Now, my dear, you see I know better than you about my own business. How embarrassing it would be had I followed your advice and pardoned that scoundrel!" But he stole a glance at his wife to see how she was taking things, expecting perhaps some hint of contrition on her face.

Instead she said, "Walter, dear, did n't I tell you so?"

"Tell me so!" gasped the Governor. "Of course you did n't tell me so! You wanted me to par — "

"But did n't I tell you over and over, and insist, that that pathetic old thing's son *could n't* be a cold-blooded murderer!"

The Governor stared a minute in dumb amazement before he got breath to laugh.

"Bless your feminine mind, Annie, and did n't *I* insist that Fritz Jansen *was?* Who was right?"

"Both of us, of course," said she.

Octave Thanet.

A DAY IN WINTER.

HOW could one live through a day like this,
Sweet! were one not with his books or in love?
I am both; I am happy; with that dear bliss
Of lovers who have no faith to prove,
Of readers who have no task for heeding,
But read from the sheer, sweet love of reading.

The sun is dead, and the clouds hang low,
And the winds are weeping a dirge. What though?
My life is full: in my heart I know
'T is only distance keepeth the kiss
On thy lips from mine,
On my lips from thine;
No task to learn, no faith to prove —
Oh, how could one live through a day like this,
Sweet! were one not with his books or in love?

Orelia Key Bell.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

X.

THE AFFAIR AT TIMBER CREEK CAMP-MEETING.

WHEN Tom Grayson found himself suddenly stranded on the farmstead in Hubbard Township he went to work to learn again the arts half forgotten during his three-years' absence in Moscow. It was necessary to put his soft hands to the plow, and to burn his fair face in the hot sun of the hay-field. With characteristic heedlessness of results he set out, on the very first day after his return, to mow alongside the stalwart hired man Bob McCord, the father of Mely. Bob lived in a little cabin not far from the Grayson place, and since Tom left the farm he had done most of the work for Mrs. Grayson. He was commonly known as "Big Bob," because he had a half-brother of sinister birth who was older than himself, but a small man, and who for distinction was "Little Bob." Big Bob fulfilled his name in every dimension. His chest was deep, his arms were gigantic in their muscularity, and no man had ever seen his legs show signs of exhaustion. His immense muscles were softened in outline by a certain moderate rotundity; his well-distributed adipose was only one of many indications of his extraordinary physical thriftiness. In more than one stand-up fight he had demonstrated his right to the title of champion of the county. Yet he was a boyishly good-natured man, with no desire to hurt anybody, and he never fought from choice. But every rising fisticuffer within half a hundred miles round had heard of Bob's strength, and the more ambitious of these had felt bound to "dare" him. It was not consonant with the honor of such a man as Bob to "take a dare"; so against first one and then another aspiring hero he had fought, until at length there was none that ventured any more to "give a dare" to the victor of so many battles. His physical perfections were not limited to mere bull strength: no man had a keener eye or a steadier hand; none could send a rifle-ball to its mark with a more unerring aim. Had he lived in the days of the Saxon invasion of England, McCord would have stood high on the list of those renowned for exploits of strength and daring, the very darling hero of the minstrel. Our own Indian wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries brought renown to just such men as he, semi-barbarian path-makers for the advance of civilization. He had lagged a generation late. In the peaceful time, when strength of muscle was secondary to mental power, and when a sure aim was no longer important for the defense of one's life, nor the chief means for winning one's meat, the powerful Bob McCord saw degenerate men, whom he could have held at arms-length, prevail over him in the struggle for existence. For though he was capable of hard work, he could never endure steady application; his nature was under mortgage to adventurous ancestors, the ancient Indian-fighters and scouts of the Appalachian country, and those more remote forefathers, the untamed emigrants who had been almost expelled from the Scottish border in the time of the Stuarts, to help resettle the devastated north of Ireland, to say nothing of the yet wilder Irish women with whom they had mated. Nothing less than the sound of the cup scraping on the bottom of the family meal-box would impel Bob to work. Every wind that came from the sea of grass to the westward brought him the whir of the wings of prairie-hens; dreams of bear-hunting filled his mind whenever he looked into the recesses of the woods. At every sight of the rising moon his hunter's soul imagined the innumerable deer which at that hour rise from their coverts to graze on the prairies. Every stream tantalized him with the thought of darting perch, and great prowling cat-fish hidden beneath its surface, and challenging him to catch them if he could. If, as we are taught to believe, the manliness of the English aristocracy and the American apery of it is only kept alive by outdoor sports, how much their superior in surplus manhood must such a man as Bob McCord be! In his estimation no days were counted a part of human life except those passed in circumventing and taking the wild creatures of the woods or the

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prairie, and those others spent in the rude fun of musters, barbecues, elections, corn-shuckings, wood-choppings, and like assemblages, where draughts from a generous big-bellied bottle, with a twisted neck, alternated with athletic feats, practical jokes, and tales as rude as the most unblushing of those told by pious pilgrims to Canterbury in the old religious time.

It was alongside this son of Anak that Tom set himself to do a full day's work at the start. The severity of labor accorded well with his pungent feeling of penitence. Big Bob regarded him as he might any other infant, not unkindly; he even had a notion that the Widow Grayson and her children were in some sense under his care, and he did not wish any harm to come to the boy, but a practical joke was too good a thing to be missed. For two hours and a half, on that morning of Tom's appearance in the field with a scythe, Bob did not once stop to take the usual rests. Tom felt inevitable exhaustion coming on, though he cut a much narrower swath than his companion. McCord's herculean right knee was bare, having that morning forced itself through his much-bepatched trousers of butternut-dyed cotton cloth. While swinging his wider-sweeping scythe at a desperate rate, he kept telling Tom stories of adventure and the well-worn joe-millers of the log-cabin firesides, never seeming to notice the poor fellow's breathless endeavors to keep up or his ever-narrowing swath. Only when at length he turned and looked at Tom's face and perceived that the persistency of his will might carry him too far, he said, as with his scythe he picked some good bunches of grass from the edge of an elder-patch and cast a wistful glance at the jug standing in a cool fence corner:

"Looky h-yer, Tom, you 're a-gittin' kind-uh white-like about the gills, un 'f you try to keep up weth me, yer hide 'll be a-hangin' on the fence afore night."

"I know that," said Tom, who found himself so thoroughly beaten that there was no use in denying it.

"Well, hang yer scythe on that air red-haw over there un take a leetle rest, un then try a pitch-fork awhile. I 'lowed I 'd see what sort uv stuff you 've got, seein's you wuz so almighty gritty. A bigger man 'n you could n' hold agin me"; and Bob let the amusement he felt at Tom's discomfiture escape in a long hearty chuckle, rising at length into a loud laugh, as he reversed his scythe and fell to whetting it, making the neighboring woods ring with the tune he beat on the resonant metal,— a kind of accompaniment to the briskness of his spirit.

And now Barbara appeared bringing the snack that was commonly served to the mowers in the forenoon. Bob hung up his scythe, and, having taken some whisky, joined the exhausted Tom under the shady boughs of a black walnut. Barbara uncovered her basket, which contained an apple-pie to be divided between the two and a bottle of sweet milk. Tom had stretched himself in sheer exhaustion on a swath of hay.

"You foolish boy," said Barbara. "You 've gone at your work too brash. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here, take some of this pie; and don't you work so hard the rest of the day."

"Tom," said Bob, speaking with his mouth full of pie, "'f I had the eddication you 've got, you would n't ketch me in this yere hot sun. I 'd take a school. What 's eddication good fer, anyhow, ef 't ain't to git a feller out uh the hot sun?"

But for the present Tom resolved to stick faithfully to his toil. As the days wore on, and he became accustomed to the strain, he found the work a sedative; he was usually too tired to think much of his disappointment. Only the face of Rachel Albaugh haunted his visions in lonely hours, and at times a rush of indignant feeling towards George Lockwood disturbed his quiet.

In the early days of August there came a time of comparative leisure. The summer harvests were over, and the fields of tall corn had been "laid by" after the last plowing. Then Illinois had a breathing spell; and shutting up its house, and hitching up its horse, and taking all the children, it went to visit its "relations," staying a week at a place. Farmers frequented the town, to meet old friends and get the better of them in swapping horses; and in this time of relaxation came the season of Baptist Associations and Methodist Camp-meetings and two-days' Basket Meetings — jolly religious picnics, where you could attend to your salvation and eat "roas'in' ears" with old friends in the thronged recesses of the forests, among a people who were perhaps as gregarious as any the world has ever produced. Children looked forward to this gypsying with eagerness, and adults gave themselves over to it with the abandon of children. What night-scenes there were! Within the oval of tents at a camp-meeting two great platforms were raised on posts six or eight feet high and covered with earth; on these were built great blazing bonfires, illuminating all the space inclosed by the tents and occupied by the enthusiastic assembly, which, as one great chorus, made the wide forest vocal with a tide of joyous or pathetic song. But there were two poles to the magnetism of a camp-meeting.

In the region of outer blackness, quite beyond the reach of any illumination from the platform bonfires, there were also assemblies of those who were attracted by the excitement, but to whom the religious influences were a centrifugal force. Here jollity and all conceivable deviltry rejoiced also in companionship.

The Great Union Camp-Meeting was held in the first half of August on the Timber Creek camp-ground, only a mile and a half from the Grayson place. The mother and Barbara went every evening and came back with accounts of the attendance, of the old friends encountered, and of the sermons of favorite preachers. They told how "powerfully" the elder had preached, and how the eloquent young preacher, who was junior on the next circuit, had carried all before him in a pathetic exhortation. But Tom showed no desire to attend. He was slowly sinking into a depression quite unusual with him. He had been accustomed to the excitement of the town, and the prospect of a life of dull routine on a farm ate into his spirit like a biting rust. Barbara amused him with stories of the camp-meeting; she told him of the eccentric German exhorter whose broken English she mimicked, and of the woman she had heard relate in a morning "speaking-meeting" that, when convinced of the sin of wearing jewelry, she had immediately taken off her ear-rings and given them to her sister. These things lightened his spirit but for a moment; he would relapse soon into the same state of mental lassitude, or more acute melancholy. Barbara endeavored to cheer him with projects; he could take a school the next winter, and with the money earned pay his board somewhere in town and take up the study of law again. But all of Barbara's projects were moderate and took full account of difficulties. Tom had little heart for a process that demanded plodding and patient waiting; nor did any of Barbara's suggestions hold out any prospect of his recovering his ground with Rachel, which was the thing he most desired.

One evening, as he finished a supper which he had eaten with little relish and in silence, he pushed back his chair and sat moodily looking into the black cave of the kitchen fire-place, where the embers were smoldering under the ashes. Then when his mother had left the kitchen, and Barbara was clearing away the plates, he said:

"The more I think of it, the worse I feel about George Lockwood. The tricky villain got me into that scrape and then told all about it where he knew it would do me the most harm. I 'd just like to shoot him."

"You 'd better shoot him and get yourself hanged!" said Barbara with impatience. "*That* would mend matters, would n't it?"

"'T would n't matter much to me," said Tom. "This country life does n't suit me; I 'd just as well be out of it, and they do say hanging is an easy way of dying." This last was spoken with a grim smile.

"I suppose you don't think of *us*," said Barbara.

"I 'm more trouble than good to you and mother."

"And now if you would only commit a crime"— Barbara was looking at him with a concentrated gaze — "that would put an end to all mother's sorrows; she would die in slow torture, and I would be left alone in the world to be pointed at by people, who would say in a whisper: 'That 's the sister of the fellow that was hanged.'" And Barbara caught her breath with a little gasp as she turned away.

"Oh, don't talk that way, Barb! Of course I don't mean to do anything of the sort. It 's a kind of relief to talk sometimes, and I do feel bitter enough."

Barbara turned sharply on him again and said: "That 's just the way to get to be a murderer — keep stirring up your spite. After a while the time 'll come when you can't control yourself, may be, and then you 'll do something that you only meant to think about."

Tom shuddered a little and, feeling uncomfortable under Barbara's gaze, got up and started away. But Barbara followed him and caught hold of his arm, and pulled him around till she could look in his face, and said, with more feeling than she liked to show:

"Look here, Tom! Give me your word and honor that you 'll put all such thoughts out of your mind."

"Of course I will, Sis, if you think there 's any danger."

"And come and go over to the camp-meeting to-night with mother and me. It 'll do you good to see somebody besides the cows."

"All right," said Tom, shaking himself to get rid of his evil spirit, and remembering, as he went out to harness old Blaze-face to the wagon, that he would stand a chance of catching a glimpse of Rachel in the light of the torches.

The preaching was vigorous and stirring, and the exhorter, who came after the preacher, told many pathetic stories, which deeply moved a people always eager to be excited. The weird scene no doubt contributed by its spectacular effect to increase the emotion. The bonfires on the platforms illuminated the circle of white tents, which stood out against

the wall of deep blackness in the forest behind; the rays of light mounted a hundred feet and more through the thick branches of lofty beech and maple trees, and was reflected from the under side of leaves quivering in the breeze. The boughs and foliage, illuminated from below, had an unreal and unworldly aspect. No imagery of the preacher could make the threatened outer darkness of the lost so weird to the imagination as this scene, in which the company of simple-minded people found themselves in the presence of savage Nature, and in a sphere of light bounded on every hand by a blackness as of darkness primeval.

Tom paid little attention to the eloquence of the preacher or to the tearful words of him who came after. At first he was interested and even excited by the scene: he watched the flickering of the great shadows of the tree trunks as the platform fires rose and fell; but presently he set himself to searching under the large straw bonnets of that time for a face. He knew well that the sight of that face could not make him happy, but he seemed driven by some evil impulse to seek for it. If Rachel was there he did not find her. When the exhorter had closed his artless string of disconnected anecdotes with an equally artless appeal, and a hymn was announced, Tom whispered to Barbara that he would go and see if the horse was all right, and would meet her at the door of the Mount Zion tent when meeting should "let out." Then as the congregation rose, he went out by a passage between two of the tents into the woods. The "exercises" lasted a full hour longer, and it was half-past 10 before the presiding elder gave the benediction. Barbara and her mother went to the door of the Mount Zion tent, where they stood watching the moving people and waiting for Tom. Mely McCord, who was to ride home with them, was talking in her fluent way to Barbara when an excited man rushed into the space within the tents, and, finding himself obstructed by the groups of people in the aisles, ran hurriedly across the boards that served for backless benches until he reached the great rude pulpit. He addressed a word to the white-haired presiding elder, who was standing on the steps of the stand, engaged in shaking hands with old friends from all parts of his district. Then the new-comer seized the tin horn that hung against a tree, and which was used to call the people to meeting. With this in his hand he mounted the rude board rostrum and blew a long, harsh blast. Part of the people out of curiosity had stopped talking when he made his appearance, and when the strident tin horn ceased, there was a momentary murmur and then the stillness of death, except for confused cries of excitement, in the remote outer regions, which now became audible. Then the man on the platform said in a breathless voice:

"A man has been killed in the woods outside of the camp-ground. The murderer has fled. The sheriff is wanted!"

"Here he is!" cried some voices, and the sheriff stood up on a bench and waved his hand to the messenger, who came down and communicated in a few words what he knew of the murder. The sheriff then hurriedly departed.

"Sit down there, mother," gasped Barbara. "Mely, you stay by mother."

Then Barbara's slight form pushed through the crowd, until her progress was arrested by a dense knot of eager inquirers that encompassed the man who had brought the news. It was quite impossible to get within twenty feet of him, or to hear anything he was saying; but bits of intelligence percolated through the layers of humanity that enveloped him. Barbara could only wait and listen. At last a man a little nearer the radiating center said in reply to the query of one who stood next to her:

"It 's George Lockwood, that clerks for Wooden & Snyder down 't Moscow, that 's killed, but I can't find out who 't wuz done it."

Barbara's heart stood still within her for a moment. Then dreading to hear more, she pushed out of the ever-increasing crowd and reached her mother.

"Come, mother; we must get home quick."

"What's the matter, Barb'ry? who 's killed?" asked Mely McCord.

"I don't know anything, only we *must* get home. Quick, mother!" She was impelled by instinct to save her mother as long as possible from the shock she felt impending. But it was of no use.

"What 's the matter, Sam; can you make out?" cried a man near her to one just emerging from the crowd about the messenger.

"W'y, they say as Tom Grayson 's shot an' killed a feller from Moscow, an' Tom 's made off, an' can't be found. They 's talk of lynchin' him."

Mrs. Grayson's lips moved; she tried to speak, but in vain; the sudden blow had blanched her face and paralyzed her speech. It was pitiable to see her ineffectual effort to regain control of herself. At length she sank down on a shuck-bottom chair by the door of the tent.

"Yer 's some smellin'-salts," said a woman standing by, and she thrust forward her leathery hand holding an uncorked bottle of ammonia.

"He did n't do it," murmured Mrs. Grayson, when she had revived a little. "Our

Tommy would n't do sech a thing. Go up there,"— and she pointed to the pulpit,— "you go up there, Barb'ry, an' tell the folks 't our Tommy never done it."

"Come, mother; let 's go home," said Barbara faintly, for all the energy had gone now.

"I 'll go with you," said Mely.

But Mrs. Grayson did not wish to go; she was intent on staying in order to tell the folks that Tommy "never, never done sech a thing."

She yielded at length to the gentle compulsion of Barbara and Mely and the neighbors who gathered about, and got into the wagon. Mely, who knew every inch of the road, took the reins, and drove slowly towards the Grayson house, picking a way among the stumps, roots, and holes of the new road.

XI.

FRIENDS IN THE NIGHT.

THE ride seemed to Barbara almost interminable. If she could have left her half-distracted mother she would have got out of the wagon and run through the fields, in hope of finding Tom and knowing from him the whole truth, and making up her mind what was to be done. When at length the wagon reached the gate in front of the Grayson house, Bob McCord was in waiting. He had heard that a bear had been seen on Broad Run, and had left the camp-meeting early, intent on a departure before daylight in pursuit of that "varmint." He had known nothing of the shooting, but he told Barbara that, when he came near the Grayson house, he had seen Tom run across the road and into the house,— and that Tom came out again almost at once, and reached the gate in time to meet the sheriff and give himself up. The sheriff had dismounted one of the men with him, and putting Tom in the saddle they had gone towards Moscow on a gallop. Bob was n't near enough to hear what Tom had said when the sheriff took him; but knowing that something must be wrong, he had waited for the return of the wagon.

It was some relief to the tension of Barbara's feelings to know that Tom was now in the hands of the lawful authorities and well on his way to Moscow, where he would be out of the reach of the angry crowd that was surging to and fro around the camp-meeting.

But there followed the long night of uncertainty. The mother sat moaning in her chair, only rousing herself enough now and then to assure some newly arrived neighbor that "poor Tom never done it." Barbara confided only to Mely McCord the very faint hope she entertained that Tom was not guilty. She could n't believe that he would break his solemn promise, made that very evening. But in her secret heart she could not get over the fact that George Lockwood was lying in the woods stark and dead, and no one was so likely to have killed him as her impetuous brother.

About 1 o'clock, the dreadful monotony of the night was dreadfully broken by the arrival of the deputy-sheriff. He spoke in an unsympathetic, official voice, but in a manner externally respectful. He must search Tom's room; and so, taking a candle, he went to the room alone, and soon came back bringing an old-fashioned single-barrel, flint-lock pistol, of the kind in use in the early part of the century. It had belonged to Tom's father, and the officer had found it in one of the drawers in the room. Barbara sat down and shut her eyes as the deputy passed through the sitting-room with the weapon, but Mrs. Grayson called the officer to her.

"I say, Mister — I don't know your name. Let me speak to you."

"Yes, ma'am," said the man. "My name 's Markham"; and he came and stood near her.

"Air you the son of Lijy Markham?" Mrs. Grayson always identified people by recalling their filiation, and she could not resist this genealogical tendency in her mind even in the hour of sorest trial.

"Yes," said the officer.

"Well, now, what I want to say is that Tommy did n't kill that man. I 'm his mother, an' I had ought to know, an' I tell yeh so. You had n't ought to 'a' took 'im up fer what he did n't do."

Markham was puzzled to know what to reply, but he answered presently:

"Well, the court 'll find out about it, you know, Mrs. Grayson." The man's official stiffness was a little softened by the tones of her heart-broken voice.

Barbara never could tell how she got through the hours from half-past 10 to 3 o'clock. Neighbors were coming and going — some from a desire to be helpful, others from curiosity, but Mely remained with them. Bob McCord was too faithful to leave the Graysons when he might be needed, but it was impossible for him to remain awake from mere sympathy. When Markham was gone, he lay down on the end of the porch farthest from the door, and slept the sleep of the man of the Bronze Age. His fidelity was like that of a great dog — he gave himself no anxiety, but he was ready when wanted.

At 3 o'clock Barbara said to Mely: "I can't stand it a minute longer; I can't wait for daybreak. Wake up your father and ask him to hitch up Blaze. I 'm going to see Tom as quick as I can get there. I ought to have started before."

"I 'm a-goin' too," said Mrs. Grayson.

"No, mother; you stay. It 's too much for you."

"Me, Barb'ry?" The mother's lip quivered, and she spoke in a tremulous voice, like that of a pleading child. "Me stay 't home an' my Tommy — my boy — in jail! No, Barb'ry; you won't make me stay 't home. I 'm goin' t' Moscow, ef it kills me. I must. I 'm his mother, Barb'ry. He 's the on'y boy 't 's left. All the rest is dead an' gone. An' him in jail!"

"Pap! pap! you wake up!" Mely was calling to her father lying there asleep, and Barbara came and stood in the door, fain to hasten Bob McCord's slow resurrection from the deeps of unconsciousness and at the same time to escape from the sight of her mother's despair.

As Bob got up and comprehended the urgent request that the horse be harnessed immediately, Barbara's attention was drawn to a man coming swiftly down the road in the moonlight. The figure was familiar. Barbara felt sure she recognized the new-comer; and when, instead of stopping to fumble for the gate-bolt, he rested his hands on the fence alongside and sprang over, she knew that it was Hiram Mason, whom she had not seen since the evening, nearly two weeks before, when they had peeled apples together. It would be hard to say whether pleasure or pain predominated in her mind when she recognized him.

By the time Mason got over the fence Bob McCord had gone to the stable, and Mely had reëntered the house. Barbara went forward and met Hiram on the steps to the porch.

"Poor, dear Barbara!" were his words as he took her hand. At other times her pride had been nettled by his pity, but her desolate soul had not fortitude enough left to refuse the comfort in his tender words.

"I came the very moment I heard," he said. "I was staying away down at Albaugh's, and Ike was the only one of them on the camp-ground. He was so excited, and so anxious to see and hear, that he did n't get home till 2 o'clock. And only think, I was sleeping quietly and you in such trouble!"

"You must n't come in," said Barbara. "We 're a disgraced family, and you must n't come in here any more."

"What notions!" answered Hiram. "I 'm here to stay. Let me ask your mother." He took hold of her arms and put her aside very gently and pushed on into the house, where Mely was pinning on Mrs. Grayson's wide cape preparatory to her ride to Moscow.

"Mrs. Grayson —" said he.

"W'y, ef 't ain't the master!" she interrupted in a trembling voice. "Mr. Mason, Tommy never killed that man, an' he had n't ought to 'a' been took up."

"Mrs. Grayson, won't you let me stay with you a few days, now you 're in trouble, and help you through?"

The old lady looked at him for a moment before she was able to reply.

"It ain't fer a schoolmaster an' a preacher's son to come here, now folks 'll be a-sayin' 't we 're — 't we 're — murderers." This last word, uttered with tremulous hesitation, broke down her self-control, and Mrs. Grayson fell to weeping again.

"I 'm going to stay by you awhile, and we 'll see what can be done," said Mason. "They 've taken your boy, and you 'll let me fill his place a little while, won't you, now?"

"God bless you, my son!" was all the weeping woman could say; and Barbara, who had followed Hiram into the room and stood behind him while he talked to her mother, turned her face to the dark window and wept heartily for the first time in this sorrowful night.

"You 'd jest orter 'a' heerd the master a-talkin' to Mrs. Grayson," said Mely McCord afterward. "He stood there lookin' at her with his head turned kind-uh cornerin'-like, un his words was so soft-like un pitiful; — lawsey! ef he did n' make me feel jes like 's ef my heart wuz a-comin' right up into my mouth."

Bob McCord led old Blaze up in front of the gate, and all in the house went down to the road.

"Mr. McCord," said Mason, "I want to drive that wagon."

"I don't b'lieve you kin do this fust piece uv road with nothin' but moonshine," said Bob.

"Oh, yes! I 've been over it a good many times." Only Barbara knew how often Hiram had traversed it.

When the schoolmaster had helped Mrs. Grayson and Barbara into the wagon, and while Mely was assisting them to adjust themselves, he went to the horse's head, where McCord was standing, and said in a low voice:

"They told me there was a rush to lynch him last night; and Ike Albaugh says that Jake Hogan, who worked for them this last harvest-time, told him at the camp-ground that the Broad Run boys were going to make another of their visits to Moscow to-night if the coroner's inquest was against Tom. Now, Tom *may* be innocent; and he ought to have a fair show, anyhow."

"I 'd better see to *that!*" said Bob. "I 'low I 'll jest drop in amongst 'em over onto the run, kind-uh accidental-like, afore dinner-time to-day, an' throw 'em off, one way er 'nother, ez the case may be."

Mrs. Grayson was seated in a chair placed in the springless wagon for her comfort, while Hiram and Barbara sat on a board laid across from one side to the other of the wagon. They departed out of sight slowly, Mason guiding the horse carefully over the rough ground in the obscurity of a moonlight not yet beginning to give way to the break of day.

XII.

A TRIP TO BROAD RUN.

As the wagon disappeared, Bob called to his daughter, who had been left in charge.

"Mely! Mely! You jes stir up the kitchen-fire there, honey, un bile me a cup of coffee, agin I go home un fetch my gun wi' the dogs, un come back." (Bob knew there was no coffee at home.) "I 'm a-goin' over onto Broad Run arter bears."

"Aw, now, pap, you 're al'ays off fer a hunt at the wrong time. Don' choo go away now, un the folks in sech a world uh trouble. Un besides, mammy hain't got anough to eat in the house to do tell you come back." All this Mely said in a minor key of protest, which she had learned from her mother, who was ever objecting in a good-natured, pathetic, impotent way to her husband's thriftless propensities.

"I know what I 'm up to, Mely. They 's reasons, un the schoolmaster knows 'em. You keep your tongue still in yer head, honey. On'y be shore to remember, 'f anybody axes about me, 't I 'm arter bears. Jes say 't bears uz been seed over onto Broad Run, un 't pap could n't noways keep still, he wuz so sot on goin' over 'n' sayin' howdy to 'em. That 'll soun' like me, un folks 'll never mistrust."

"But mammy hain't akchelly got anough fer the children to eat," responded Mely.

"Well, I 'low to fetch some bear meat home, un you kin borry some meal from Mrs. Grayson's bar'el tell I git back. 'F they knowed what kind uh varmints I wuz arter over there, they would n't begrudge me nuthin', Sis. Come, now, hump yer stumps; fer I 'll be back in a leetle less 'n no time."

And Bob went off in the darkness. In about a dozen minutes he returned with his powder-horn slung about his shoulders over his hunting-shirt and carrying his rifle. He was closely followed by Pup, Joe, and Seizer, his three dogs, whose nervous agitation, as they nosed the ground in every direction, contrasted well with the massive stride of their master. Having swallowed such a breakfast as Mely could get him out of Mrs. Grayson's stores, and put a pone of cold corn-bread into the bosom of his hunting-shirt, McCord was off for the Broad Run region at the very first horizon streak of daybreak. Though game was but a secondary object in this expedition, he could not but feel an exhilaration which was never wanting when he set out in the early morning with his gun on his shoulder and in the congenial companionship of his dogs. Hercules or Samson could hardly have rejoiced in a greater assurance of physical superiority to all antagonists. The most marked trait in Bob's mental outfit was the hunter's cunning, a craft that took delight in tricks on man and beast. The fact that he was akin to some of the families on Broad Run enhanced the pleasure he felt in his present scheme to get the better of them. He would "l'arn the Broad Run boys a thing uh two that 'd open their eyes." His great plump form shook with merriment at the thought. Plovers rose beating the air and whistling in the morning light as he passed, and the dogs flushed more than one flock of young prairie-chickens, which went whirring away just skimming the heads of the grass in low level flight, but Bob's ammunition was not to be spent on small game this morning. By 7 o'clock the increasing heat of the sun made the wide, half-parched plain quiver unsteadily to the vision. The sear August prairie had hardened itself against the heat — the grass and the ox-eyes held their heads up without sign of withering or misgiving: these stiff prairie plants never wilt — they die in their boots. But the foliage of the forest which Bob skirted by this time appeared to droop in very expectation of the long oppressive hours of breathless heat yet to come. In this still air even the uneasy rocking poplar-leaves were almost stationary on their edgewise stems.

Steady walking for more than three hours had brought Bob to the outskirts of the Broad Run region, and had sobered the dogs; these now sought fondly every little bit of shade, and lolled their tongues continuously. The first person that Bob McCord encountered after entering the grateful region was one Britton — "ole man Britton," his neighbors called him. This old settler led a rather secluded life. Neither he nor his wife ever left home to attend meetings or to share in any social assembly. They had no relatives among the people of the country, and there was a suspicion of mystery about them that piqued curiosity. Some years before, a traveler, in passing through the country, gave out that he recognized Britton, by his name and features, as one whom he had known in Virginia, where he said Britton had been an overseer and had run away with his employer's wife. The neighbors had never accepted the traveler's story in this way; though they were ready to believe that the woman might have run away with Britton. When Bob came in sight of him,

the saturnine old man was standing looking over the brink of a cliff into a narrow valley through which coursed the waters of Broad Run, steadying himself meanwhile by a sapling. Bob, following his first impulse, deposited his gun, beckoned his close-following little dog back, and crept stealthily towards Britton, keeping a tree between him and Britton when he could. Arrived in reach he made a spring, and laying firm hold of his victim by grasping him under the arms, he held him for a moment over the edge of the precipice. Then he brought him back and set him safely down as one might a child, and said innocently:

"W'y, Mr. Britton, I do declare, 'f I had n't 'a' cotcht you, you 'd 'a' fell off!"

The shriveled old man drew back to a safe distance from the brink and tried to force his insipid face into a smile, but he was pale from the deadly fright. Big Bob rubbed his legs and gave way to a spasm of boisterous boyish laughter.

"Seed any bear signs 'round about, Mr. Britton?" he said, when his laugh had died into a broad grin.

"No."

"What wuz you lookin' over the cliff fer?"

"Zeke Tucker. He 's workin' fer me, an' he 's been gone all the mornin' arter my clay-bank hoss. I 'm afeard sumpin 's happened."

"'F I find him I 'll set the dogs onto him an' hurry him up a leetle," said Bob, laughing again and going on, intent now on encountering Zeke, alone, for purposes of his own.

Then, when he had gone a little way, he stopped and looked back at the retreating old man, and grinned as he noted the doleful way in which his over-large trousers bagged behind.

"Mr. Britton," he called, "which way 'd Zeke go?"

"Up the crick; the hoss is up thar sumers."

Having secured this information, Bob went on, descending the cliff to the valley through which Broad Run rattled its shallow waters — a valley so broken and rugged as to render it almost unfit for cultivation. This glen was settled, as such regions are wont to be, by a race of "poor whiteys," or rather by a mixture of people belonging to two stocks originally different. The one race was descended from the lowest of the nomads, vagrants, and other poverty-stricken outcasts that had been spirited away from England by means legal and illegal, to be sold for a long term into bondage in the American colonies; the other, from the roughest wing of the great Scotch-Irish immigration of the last century — the hereditary borderers who early fought their way into the valleys and passes of the Alleghanies. Equally thriftless in their habits, and equally without any traditions of their origin, members of these two tribes mingled easily. The people in whom the Scotch-Irish blood preponderates are more given to violence, but their humor, their courage, and their occasional bursts of energy indicate that they have a chance of emerging from barbarism; while the poor whiteys of English descent are most of them beyond the reach of evolution, foreordained to extinction by natural selection, whenever the pressure of over-population shall force them into the competition for existence.

With that instinctive unthriftiness which is the perpetual characteristic of the poor whitey in all his generations, the Broad Run people had chosen the least inviting lands within a hundred miles for their settlement, as though afraid that by acquiring valuable homes they might lose their aptitude for migration; or afraid, perhaps, that fertile prairies might tempt them to profitable toil. The convenience of a brook by their doors, and a wood that was uncommonly "handy," had probably determined their choice. Then, too, the circumjacent cliffs gave them a sense of being shut in from prairie winds, and put some limit to the wanderings of their half-starved "critters." For the rest, their demands upon the land were always very modest — a few bushels of "taters," for roasting in the ashes; a small field of maize, for roasting-ears, hominy, and corn-dodgers; and such pumpkins and beans as could be grown intermingled with the hills of corn, were about all that one of these primitive families required, beyond what could be got with a gun or a fishing-line. The only real luxuries affected were onions and melons — "inyuns un watermillions," in Broad Run phrase. Their few pigs and cows ran at large, and lived as they could. Oxen they rarely owned, but whenever a man was in the least prosperous he was sure to possess a single inferior saddle-horse, though he often had no saddle. A horse was kept at the service of neighbors; for, like other savages, the Broad Run people were hospitable and generous to members of their own tribe, and the only economy they understood was that of borrowing and lending, by which a number of families were able to make use of the same necessary articles. This happy device, for example, enabled one circulating flat-iron to serve an entire neighborhood.

The Broad Run people entertained a contempt for the law that may have been derived from ancestors transported for petty felonies. It seemed to them something made in the interest of attorneys and men of property. A person mean enough to "take the law onto" his neighbor was accounted too "triflin'" to be

respectable; good whole-souled men settled their troubles with nature's weapons,—fists, teeth, and finger-nails,—and very rarely, when the offense was heinous and capital, with bullets or buckshot. Men who were habitually disgraceful in any way— as, for example, those who could not get drunk without beating their wives — were punished, without the delay of trial, by the infliction of penalties more ancient than statutes, such as ducking, riding on a rail, or sudden banishment. Hanging by lynch law was reserved for the two great crimes of horse-stealing and murder.

They put the killing of George Lockwood into the category of grudge-murder, since he was shot at night "without giving him a show for his life." But the shooting did not immediately concern Broad Run, and Broad Run folks would not have felt themselves responsible for seeing justice done, if it had not been for concurring circumstances. Lynch law is an outbreak of the reformatory spirit among people of low or recent civilization. Like other movements for reform, it is often carried by its own momentum into unforeseen excesses. It had happened recently that two brothers, thieves of the worst class, who had infested the country and had long managed to escape from the law, had been sent to prison for four years. They were believed to be guilty of an offense much blacker than the robbery for which they were sentenced; but the murder of a strange peddler had escaped notice until the body had been discovered two years after the crime, and the crime could not then be brought home by legal evidence. Their attorney, a lawyer notorious for chicanery, had, by appeal, got a new trial on account of some technical error in the proceedings of the lower court. The county had already been taxed many thousands of dollars to defray the expense of convicting them, and the people were exasperated by the prospect of a new expense with the possible escape of the criminals. Public expenses, it is true, sat lightly on Broad Run; the taxes levied on its barren patches and squalid cabins were not considerable, but Broad Run made much of the taxes it did pay, and it caught the popular indignation, and was indignant in its own prompt and executive fashion. The very night before the new trial was to begin, the doors of the jail were forced, and the two prisoners were shot to death by a mob. On the jail door was left a notice, warning the attorney of the criminals to depart from the county within thirty hours, on pain of suffering a like fate. Though Broad Run got most of the credit for this prompt vindication of justice, the leaving of this legible notice upon the door was taken as evidence of the complicity of some whose education was better than that of the settlers at the Run. This execution had taken place but three months before the shooting of George Lockwood, and the mob was like a werewolf. Perhaps I ought rather to liken it to those professional reformers who, having abolished slavery, or waved their hats while others abolished it, proceed to inquire for the next case on the docket, and undertake forthwith to do away with capital punishment or the marriage relation. Having found its local self-complacency much increased by success in discovering a method cheaper and more expeditious than those of the courts, Broad Run was readily inclined to apply its system of criminal jurisprudence to a new case.

But this local reformatory tendency, like many large movements of the sort, was very capable of lending itself to the promotion of personal aims and the satisfaction of private grudges. One of Tom Grayson's rash boyish exploits, soon after he took up his abode with his uncle in town, had been to avenge himself for an affront put upon him the year before by Jake Hogan of Broad Run. Jake, while working as a hired man for Butt, the next neighbor to the Graysons, had taken the side of his employer in the long-standing quarrel between the Butts and the Graysons about pigs in the corn-field and geese in the meadow, "breachy" horses and line fences. Jake had gone so far one day as to throw Tom, then a half-grown boy, into the "branch." A boy's memory of such events is good, and when Jake rode into Moscow, a year later, in company with his sweetheart to see the circus, Tom repaid the old grudge by taking the stirrups from Jake's saddle and dropping them into the public well; so that the consequential Jake had the mortification of escorting a giggling Broad Run girl to her home with his lank legs and his big boots dangling, unsupported, against the flanks of his horse. Hogan would have beaten Tom, if he had not received an intimation that this would perhaps involve the necessity of his settling the matter a second time with big Bob McCord. But he laid up his grudge, and from that time he had taken pleasure in testifying to his settled conviction that Tom "would n' never come t' no good eend." He always lent emphasis to this sinister prediction by jerking his head back, with the self-confident air of a man who knows what he knows. From the moment of the shooting of Lockwood, when Jake found that Tom was on the direct road to the gallows, he began to twit all his cronies.

"Hain't I al'ays said so? Go to thunder! D' yeh think Jake Hogan don' know a feller as the rope 's already got a loop onto?" And

he would jerk his chin back, and stiffen his neck, as he defiantly waited for a reply.

Not content with exulting in successful prophecy, Jake got a notion from the first that it devolved on him now to see that this young scapegrace should not fail of merited punishment. His neighbors at the Run, having boasted much of the value of what they called "Broad Run law," were willing to add a leaf to their laurels as reformers of the county; and he counted also on finding recruits among the loafers on the outskirts of the camp-meeting, if the coroner's jury should return a verdict adverse to Tom.

Bob McCord was able to conjecture something of this state of affairs from the slender information the schoolmaster had given him. During all his morning's walk to Broad Run, Bob's thoughts had chiefly revolved about plans for circumventing Hogan. His first crude scheme was to join the reformers in their little excursion, and then mislead or betray them; but his friendly relations with the Graysons were too well known to Jake for this to be possible. It was not until the old man Britton had mentioned Zeke Tucker that there occurred to Bob's inventive mind a proper agent for his purpose. Wishing to have his coming known, he steered his course near to the rickety cabin of Eleazar Brown, or, as he was commonly called, "Ole Lazar Brown."

"G'-mornin', S'manthy," Bob called to Lazar Brown's daughter, at the same time giving his head a little forward jerk,—the very vanishing point of a bow,—but without stopping his march. S'manthy had buried two husbands, and had borne eight white-headed children, but she had never been called by any other name than S'manthy. Just now she was "batting" clothes on a block in front of the house, turning a wet garment over with her left hand from time to time, and giving it the most vindictive blows with a bat held in her right.

"Y' ain't heern nothin' 'v no bears a-cap'rin' 'round h-yer lately, eh?" Bob asked, relaxing his gait a little.

"They say as they 's a b'ar been seed furder upt the run, un I 'low you mout fine some thar ur tharabouts," replied the woman, intermitting her batting a moment and pushing back her faded pink sun-bonnet. "But wha' choo doin' away f'om home, I 'd thes like to know, when they 's so much a-goin' on in your diggin's? They say you 've had a murder 'n' all that."

"I don't talk, S'manthy. I 'm a-lookin' fer bears. They 's times when you 'd orter hole onto yer tongue with both uh yore han's."

Bob quickened his stride again and was soon out of sight among the scrubby trees of the rugged valley.

"I say, daddy!" called S'manthy, when Bob had had time to get out of hearing; "looky h-yer, daddy!"

Old Lazar Brown, in answer to this call, came and stood in the door, taking his cob-pipe from his mouth with his shaky hand and regarding his daughter.

"Big Bob McCord 's thes gone along upt the run a-huntin' fer b'ars," said S'manthy. "Un they say as the feller that killed t' other feller las' night 's the son uh the woman 't 'e works fer. Bob 's the beatinest hunter! Ef Gaberl wuz to toot his horn, Bob 'd ax him to hole on long anough fer him to git thes one more b'ar, I 'll bet."

Lazar Brown had shaking-palsy in his arms, and, being good for nothing else, could devote his entire time to his congenial pursuits as gossip and wonder monger of the neighborhood. Having listened attentively to S'manthy, he shook his head incredulously.

"Yeh don' think ez he 's arter b'ars, do yeh, S'manthy? Bob 's got some trick er 'nother 'n 'is head. W'y, thes you look, he mus' uh le't home afore daybreak. Now, Bob 'd natterly go to the carner's eenques' to-day, whar they 'll be a-haulin' that young feller up that shot t' other feller las' night. Big Bob 's got some ornery trick 'n 'is head." Here Lazar Brown stopped to replace his pipe in his mouth. He was obliged to use both hands, but after two or three attempts he succeeded. "Looky h-yer, S'manthy, you thes keep one eye out fer Bob; I 'low he 'll go down the run to-wurds ev'nin'. He 'll be orful dry by that time, fer he 's one of the *driest* fellers. Thes you tell him 't I 've got a full jug, un ax him in, un we 'll kind-uh twis' it out uh 'im. I 'low I 'll go 'n find Jake."

Lazar returned to the house, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and refilled it. Then with some difficulty he succeeded in taking a live coal from the ashes: holding it in the leathery palm of his shaking left hand, he got it deposited at last on the corn-cob bowl of his pipe. As soon as this operation of firing-up was completed, he set out in a trotty little walk, glad to have news that would make the neighbors hearken to him.

Meantime Bob McCord, having passed out of sight of S'manthy in his progress up the creek, had faced about and come back through the bushes to a point overlooking Lazar Brown's cabin, where, in a dense patch of papaws, he stood in concealment. This movement greatly perplexed the old dog Pup, who stood twitching his nose nervously, unable to discover what was the game that had attracted his master's eye. When at length

Bob saw Lazar start off down the run, he smote his knee with his hand and gave vent to half-smothered laughter.

"Tuck like the measles!" he soliloquized. "Un it 'll spread too. See 'f it don't! Come, Pup — bears! bears! ole boy!"*

The dogs took the hint and ceased their nosing about the roots of trees for squirrels, and in beds of leaves and bunches of grass for hares. They began to make large circles through the trees about Bob, who moved forward as the center of a sort of planetary system, the short-legged dog keeping near the center, while Pup ranged as far away as he could without losing sight of his master,— the remote Uranus of the hunt. Joe, having "tairrier" blood in him, ran with his nozzle down; but long-legged Pup, with a touch of greyhound in his build, carried his head high and depended on his eyes. The fact that Tom Grayson's life was at stake afforded no reason, in Bob's view, for giving over the pursuit of bears. Nor did he hunt in serious earnest merely because there was neither bread nor meat at home. A cat will catch mice for the mere fun of it, and with Bob the chase was ever the chief interest of life. But Bob did not forget his other errand: while the dogs were seeking for bears, he was eagerly scanning the bushes in every direction for Zeke Tucker. Half a mile above Lazar Brown's he encountered Zeke, carrying a blind-bridle on his arm, and still looking in vain for Britton's stray horse.

"Hello, Zeke! the very feller I wuz lookin' fer. Don't ax me no questions about what I 'm a-doin' over h-yer, an' I won't tell you no lies. Let 's set down a minute on that air hackberry log."

The writer of a local guide-book to the city of Genoa recounts, among the evidences of piety exhibited by his fellow-citizens, the hospital built by them for those "*al quale non è conceduto di bearsi nel sorriso di un padre.*" Zeke was one of those to whom, in the circumlocution of the Genoese writer, had not been granted the benediction of a father's smile. Such unfortunates were never wanting in a community like Broad Run, but no one had ever thought of building an asylum for them, though there were many ready to make them suffer the odium of sins not their own. From that unexpected streak of delicacy which is sometimes found in a rough man of large mold, Bob McCord had always refrained from allusion to the irregularity of Zeke's paternity, and had frequently awed into silence those who found pleasure in jibing him. This had awakened in Zeke a grateful adhesion to Bob, and in the young man's isolation among his neighbors and his attachment to himself Bob saw a chance to secure an ally.

"Zeke," said McCord, when once they were seated on the hackberry log, "you 'n' me 's al'ays been frien's, hain't we?"

"Toobshore, Bob! they hain't no man a-livin' I 'd do a turn fer quicker."

"Well, now, you tell me this: Is Jake Hogan a-goin' to town weth the boys to-night?"

"I had n't no ways orter tell, but I 'low 't 'e is."

"You a-goin' along?"

"I dunno. 'F you don't want me to, I don't reckon ez I shall."

"Yes, but I 'd ruther you 'd go. I don't want that air fool boy hung 'thout a fair stan'-up trial, 'n' I may 's well tell you 't I don't mean he shall be nuther, not 'f I have to lick Jake Hogan tell his ornery good-fer-nothin' hide won't hold shucks. But don't choo tell him a word 't I say."

"Trust *me*." Zeke was pleased to find himself in important confidential relations with a man so much "looked up to" as Bob McCord. "Jake 's been the *hardest* on me 'v all the folks, un they 's been times when I 'lowed to pull up, un cl'ar out fer the Injun country, to git shed uv 'im. I wish to thunder you *would* lick him 'thin 'n inch 'viz life. He 's a darnsight wuss 'n git-out."

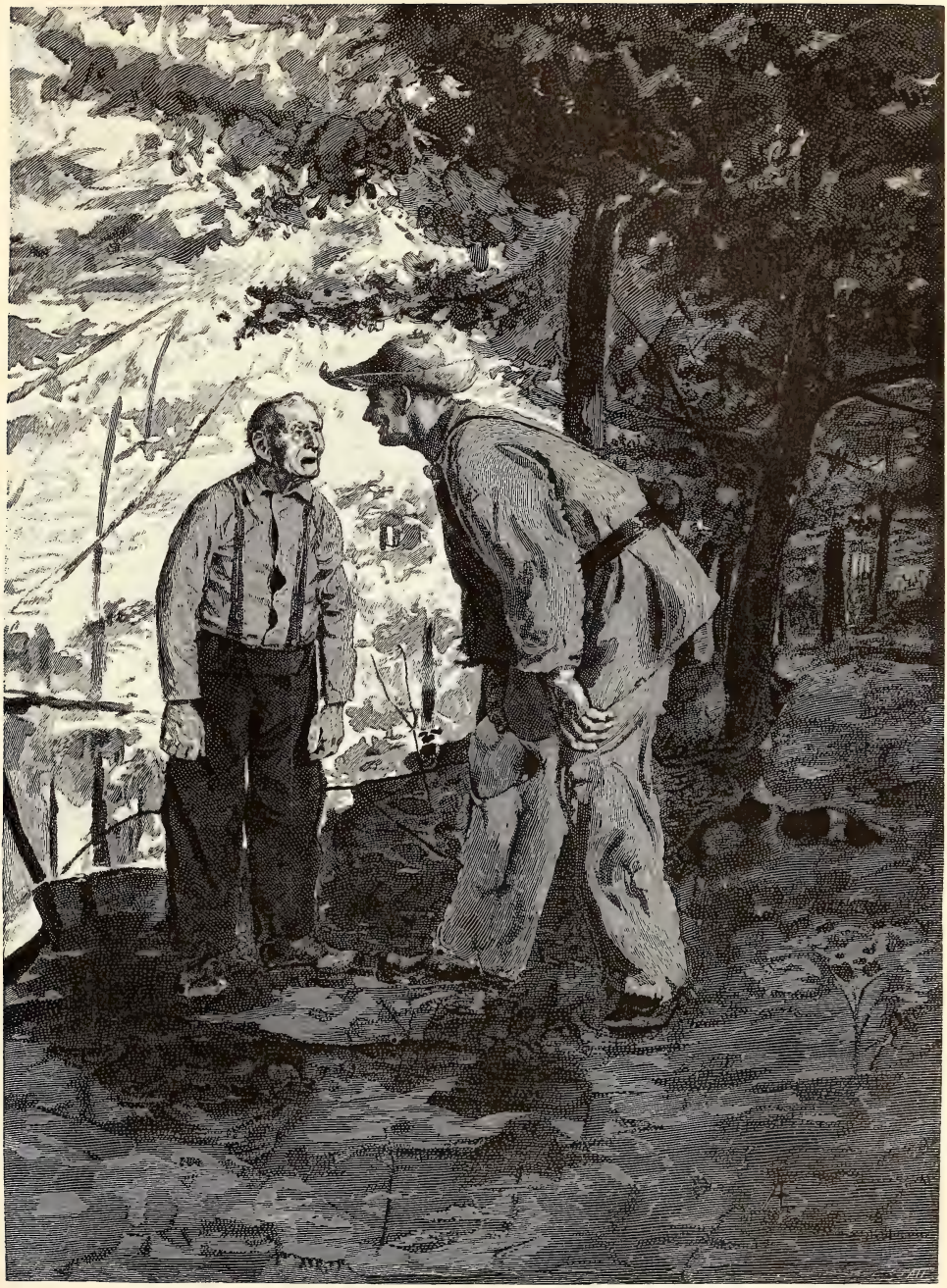
"Looky h-yer, Zeke; I 'll tell you how you kin git even with Jake. You jest go 'long weth the boys to-night, wherever they go. I 'm goin' to fix it so 's they won't do nuthin' to-night. You 're livin' 't ole man Britton's now, ainch yeh?"

"Yes."

"Well, you git off fer half a day f'om Britton's, un go to the eenques' this arternoon, un fine out all you kin. Arter supper, you go over to the groc'ry; un jest as soon 's you fine out whech way the wind sets, you 've got to let me know. 'T won't do fer me to be seed a-talkin' to you, ur fer me to loaf aroun' Britton's. But ef Jake makes up his mine to go to Moscow, you light a candle to-night un put it in the lof' where you sleep, so 't 'll shine out uv a crack on the south side uv the chimbley, in the furder eend uv the house."

"But his mine 's already made up," said Zeke.

* Why it was that Bob said "bears." and did not say "b'ars," as some of his class did, I do not know. Broad as his dialect was, it was perceptibly less aberrant than that of Lazar Brown's family, for example. It is impossible to trace the causes for local and family variations of speech; nor is a word always pronounced in the same way in a dialect,— it varies in sound sometimes, when more or less stress is put upon it. The varieties are here set down as they existed, except that print can never give those shades of pronunciation and inflection that constitute so large a part of the peculiarities of speech, local, personal, and temporary.



MR. BRITTON AND BIG BOB.

"They 's time to change afore night. Ef he 's goin' to Perrysburg —"

"Perrysburg? They ain't no talk uv Perrysburg," said Zeke.

"They may be," answered Bob. "Un ef Perrysburg 's the place, you put the candle at the leetle winder on the north side uv the chimbley. Un when I shoot, you put out the candle, un then I 'll know it 's you, un you 'll know 't I understan'. You see, 't won't do fer me to stop any nearder 'n the hill, un I 'll wait there till I see your candle. Then you go weth Jake." Here Bob got up and strained his long-sighted eyes at some object in the bushes on the other side of the brook. "Is yon hoss yourn, on t' other side of the branch?"

"I don't see no hoss," said Zeke.

"Well, you watch out a minute un you 'll ketch sight uv 'im. He 's gone in there to git shed of the flies."

"That 's our clay-bank, I believe," said Zeke, getting up and carefully scanning the now half-visible horse.

"Mine! you hain't seen nor heern tell of me, un you b'long to Jake's crowd weth all your might."

With these words Bob set out again for his bear-hunt, while the bare-foot Zeke waded through the stream, which was knee-deep, and set himself to beguile Britton's clay-bank horse into standing still and forfeiting his liberty.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

LIVING IN PARIS.

IT is in Paris as it is everywhere else — men may spend what they please. There lived in the garret of a house where I was a tenant a man, wife, and two children, who literally spent nothing. They were from the mountains on the Swiss frontier of France. They there owned land which yielded four hundred dollars a year. They had determined to make their annual income six hundred dollars, and to amass twenty-five hundred dollars for each of their children on marriage. The hall-porter gave them the garret closet free. The tenants gave them scraps of bread and broken victuals. They drank only water. The wife did the washing in the yard; neither soap nor irons were used. The husband was employed all night at the goods-station of a railway, and he there got odd jobs during the day; the wife did chores. The children went to a free school. A great many of the hall-porters spend nothing. They have their lodging free; the wife is employed as a char-woman in the house or neighborhood; the husband is often a tailor. They get broken victuals and second-hand clothes and shoes from tenants, and sometimes a bottle of wine.



A TYPE OF THE SHARPER.

There are eighty thousand houses in Paris, and nearly every one of them has a hall-porter; some of them have two. There are petty needle and thread shops, or shops for notions, which anybody can manage. The husband is a clerk in some office. If the shop yields income enough to pay its rent, both husband and wife are content.

The absence of servants is very remarkable. I have lived in houses where I was the only person who kept a servant, and she was merely a char-woman.

This work is much easier than in America. No fuel is used in the kitchen but charcoal, which is burned in a sort of shelf with four holes, one of which is for the soup-pot, another for the stew-pan or gridiron; the others are rarely used. I have, while hunting lodgings, visited thousands of kitchens. I have seen only these two holes which bore marks

of use. Eighty pounds of charcoal (all wood is sold by weight), costing one dollar and sixty cents for the very best quality of Yonne make, medium thickness, last a month or six weeks. It makes no dust, leaves few ashes, and is easily lighted. Recently a sort of artificial "lightwood" has come into great favor. It is sold in coarse paper boxes, holding from forty to forty-eight pieces, which cost one cent a box; for four cents a month the fires are lighted instantly and without paper. A match and this lightwood are all that is required.

The butcher calls twice a day, first to get orders, lastly with the orders filled. The baker comes every morning, bringing what bread you want. The grocer calls twice on an appointed day (always the same), once to get, next to fill orders. The vintner calls on an appointed day, if you please, bringing a week's or a fortnight's or a month's supply, just as you wish. Your laundress comes once in ten days if she live in the country: Saturday to return the clean, Monday to get the soiled linen, if she live in town. A note to your coal-dealer brings fuel. Every morning costermongers call at the door, one with fish, another with oysters, another still with vegetables; you may order from them what you desire; but don't order anything anywhere in Paris; find what you want and there buy. If you order, you are sure to be cheated in quality, in quantity, or in price; commonly in all three. To make costermongers bring what you want, say: "You have no strawberries?" or, "You have no tomatoes?" When you get a tolerably good costermonger, especially a fishmonger, stick to him. There is at least one good pastry-cook in every respectable neighborhood. Visit, buy from each of them, and select the best. The pastry-cook is very useful. He supplies delicious meat and fish pies and such dessert (I use the word in the American sense) as an ordinary cook could not be expected to make; for instance, Charlotte Russe, St. Honoré, Frangipane, and the like. Never buy cake of any sort at a baker's. All bakers make several sorts of bread, but scarcely a baker in Paris makes bad bread; some of them make bread as good as cake. If you want to see bread in perfection, the *beau idéal* of bread, go to Versailles and buy it, especially their *pain marquise* for Sunday's sale. Do not buy fuel of any sort from the petty coal-dealers found in every street, unless you have no place to store a large quantity; then you must buy of your neighbor.



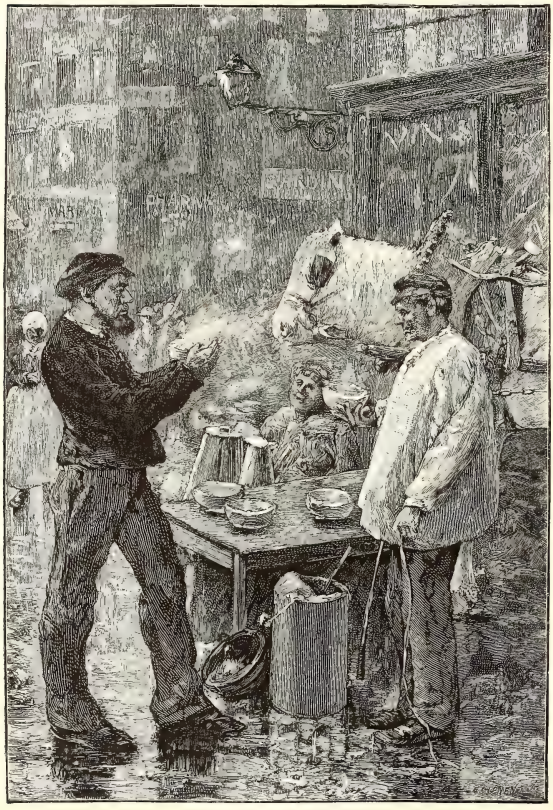
IN A CHURCH CORNER.

Lodgings in Paris are of several classes. The lowest is *cabinet*, which is a cupboard with room enough for a cot, if the cot be not long, if the cot be not wide, if the cot be not high, and if the cot can enter. There is never a fire-place, rarely a window, unless the cabinet be next to the roof, where there may be a skylight. A cabinet is to be had for from twelve to twenty-four dollars a year. It is tenanted by servants, sometimes husband and wife, but commonly by unmarried servants, by shop-boys in their first wrestle with fortune, and by other persons who are employed all day, eat at public dining-rooms, and ask of home only shelter from rain and a place to lie down.

Next is *chambre*, which is a room with a fire-place and commonly with a window, or at least an apology for a window. It is let for from twenty-four to fifty dollars a year, but the latter price is very rare and could be gotten

only in the busiest parts of Paris. Then comes *chambre et cabinet* — a bedchamber with a smaller room for orts and ends: the chamber has a window; the smaller room has a window generally, but no fire-place. They are to be had for from thirty to sixty dollars.

Above these is *logement*, which always has a kitchen and two chambers, with fire-places and windows. All well-to-do married working people live in logements, which are very comfortable in the newer houses of Paris; but perhaps the balance is even between the older and the newer houses.



SOUP IN THE MORNING.

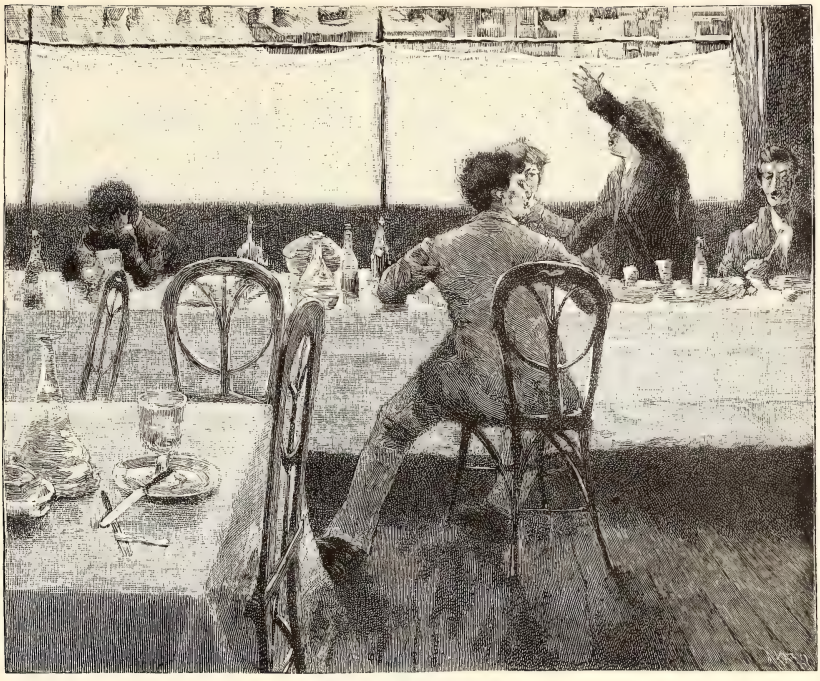
Higher in the social scale is *petit appartement*. Here glimmerings of gentility begin to appear.

A petit appartement must contain a sitting-room and a dining-room, though no larger than a pocket handkerchief. It is amusing to see the importance the French attach to a sitting-room.

Some petits appartements are very cozy. They have sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, and bedchamber. Next comes *appartement*, which contains a sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, antechamber, one, sometimes two, bedchambers, and other conveniences. There is a mirror on the marble mantel-piece of the sitting-room and the bedchamber, a porcelain stove in the dining-room, a cellar, and a servant's chamber in the garret. In new houses there is water in the kitchen, and gas everywhere. Rent for appartements varies from one hundred and sixty to three hundred dollars.

Then you have *grand appartement*, which has commonly two sitting-rooms and several bedchambers, besides the rooms to be found in an appartement. Above grand appartement is *hôtel*, which is a private mansion; while a *grand hôtel* is a public-house or a tavern. There are as many sorts of refectories in Paris as of lodgings.

At all of the convents and barracks broken meats are distributed during winter. There are "economical kitchen ranges," where soup with its meat and vegetables is sold for one cent a ration; and there are innumerable places where free tickets for even these cheap rations are to be had. A ticket for bread is commonly given with the soup-ticket. At all of the markets, and especially at the Great Markets, there are itinerant coffee-sellers and soup-sellers. Frenchmen and soup are convertible terms. Whenever a Frenchman is ill, or exhausted, or hungry, or about to take a long journey, he orders soup. The first thing he orders when he gets up in the morning is soup. The last thing he takes at night before donning his night-cap (all Frenchmen wear night-caps) is soup. So, of course, soup-houses are found everywhere. Our wood-cut represents a scene in the neighborhood of the Great Markets, where from 3 A. M. to sunset hundreds of similar scenes are to be found. An old woman has a small table on which white earthenware bowls, made so thick that they might fall on the ground without breaking, and so thick that the buyer feels he has a large ration for his money, are laid; by her side are two large tin cans, both with chafing-iron in the bottom to keep the contents hot. One can holds soup, the other hot water to wash bowls after use. In old times — that is, before the ground around the Innocents' Fountain was sodded and made a public garden — all this space was covered with soup-cooks, each under a wide, red umbrella, with soup-pot simmering on a portable kitchen. Each customer was given election — a bowl of soup or pot-luck. Armed with an iron fork whose



A STUDENTS' RESTAURANT.

handle was three feet long, he had the right to try his pot-luck; if he speared a bit of meat, it was added to his soup-bowl. These picturesque kitchens have been improved out of existence. Pot-luck has been lost.

The poorest young artist or student scarcely ever enters a *gargote*. He prefers eating bread and cheese or bread and sausage at home to mingling with coarse throngs. If he has a little money, he goes to some *crèmerie*. No soup is to be had here; but coffee or chocolate, an omelette, a chop or beef-steak, and a salad are to be gotten for five cents each; bread, for two cents. Some of these crèmeries are quite clean, and the cooking is good and plain, such as one sees in peasants' houses.

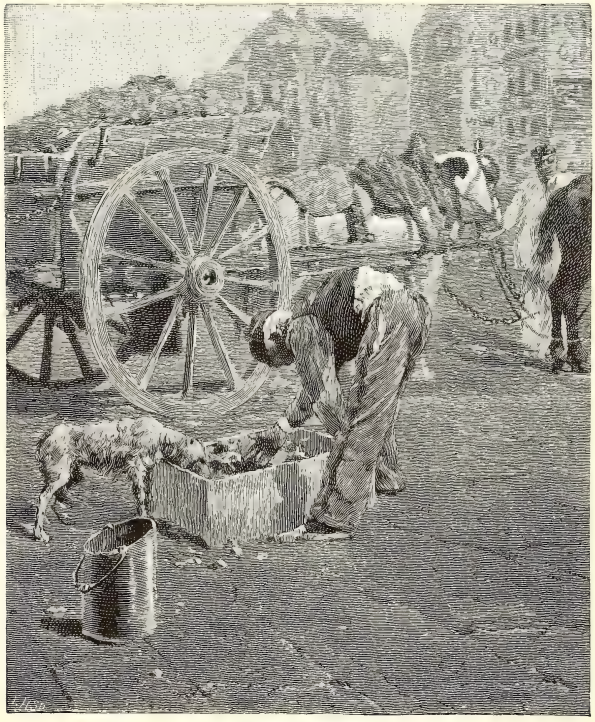
A little higher in grade above the crèmerie is the *bouillon;* for in the business parts of Paris (where such eating-houses alone are to be found) it is frequented from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. by business men and the better-paid clerks and shopmen. Later in the day it is frequented by the poor who are too proud, or whose position (as Government clerks and the like) forbids them, to go to the lower classes of eating-houses. You can get nothing in a bouillon but beef soup, boiled beef (the beef of the soup), cheese, currant jelly, bread, and wine. The prices are three cents for soup, five cents for beef (which has been boiled to shreds, and is as tasteless as so much twine), and two cents for bread. Few of the customers order anything else, except a vial of wine, which costs four cents; cheese and currant jelly are three cents a ration. *Bouillons Duval* were originally such places as these. Duval was a butcher near the Great Markets. He every day had left odds and ends of meat, mere waste. He, like all butchers in working people's quarters, used this waste to make beef soup, which he sold to his neighbors. Being a first-rate judge of meat on the hoof (a very rare talent; the butchers in Paris who have this talent are widely known and have more business than they can attend to), he got the Hôtel du Louvre and two or three of the great clubs for customers. They wanted only the best cuts. He did not know what to do with the lower qualities of meat. In thinking over the best way to end this embarrassment, he determined to establish bouillons, where not only soup but roast meats should be sold, and so low as to tempt even customers of restaurants. They at once became popular, and poured so much money into his pocket that he turned them into restaurants, where he sold not only inferior but the highest qualities of meat.

Nearly all vintners supply food. The majority of them ought to be classed with gargotes, but many of them have two rooms, one

for working people, the other for a higher class of customers. The cooking, meats, and vegetables are very coarse, but large rations are given. This is their recommendation.

The price is six cents a ration for everything but bread, which is three cents. Some vintners have a reputation for dishes which brings them in a great deal of custom. There is a vintner in Rue du Temple whose delicious tripe draws people from every part of Paris. There are several near the Great Markets famous for snails.

Above the vintners are the fixed-price restaurants — that is, public dining-rooms where, for a given sum of money, you have for breakfast as much bread as you can eat on the spot, one ration of meat, one ration of vegetables, a dessert, and a vial of wine, or a second ration of meat or of vegetables instead of wine; for dinner, soup, two rations of meat, a ration of vegetables, a dessert, and a vial of wine, which may be exchanged as above mentioned. The cheapest of these restaurants are in the Latin Quarter. They are students' restaurants. All students' restaurants are crowded — not on account of excellence, but of cheapness. When a man has only sous in his pocket, he does not stop to frame a bill of fare; he runs for low prices. He has not reached the hour when he may listen to his palate and humor all its whims. Prices at restaurants are of all rates, but fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen sous, with two sous to the waiter, will still get in the Latin Quarter a full dinner. As for quality — "Don't you think, Mr. Surface, we had better leave honor out of the argument?" Beggars must not be choosers. All cheap and especially all students' restaurants are most democratic places. Nobody hesitates to chat with his neighbor. After you have eaten three or four meals, the waiter looks on you as his property; and even before this initiation, if you order a bottle of wine (vials are the largest liquid measure known to the general customer), the waiter is sure to bring his own glass with bottle and to toss off a bumper to your health. The victualer always sidles up to you, unless you seem to be unusually poor or hold unsatisfactory theories of credit, under which circumstances the instinct of self-preservation keeps him at a safe distance from you. What would become of his daughters' dowries and sons' marriage settlements if, while he crammed you with bread and soup, you crammed him with airy promises to pay? His eyes have two other duties to discharge. He gives as much bread as the customer can carry off under his epidermis; but some fellows (there are black sheep in all flocks!) translate epidermis *overcoat*, failing to distinguish between meal eaten and meal saved. These cheap restaurants are disappearing even in the Latin Quarter. Rents, taxes, and everything else are rising, and to give a meal of any sort for less than a franc is becoming a miracle which it is daily harder to work. On the other hand, it is easier to make money in Paris than it ever was. But this is a knack which some men never find out. When the price is twenty-five cents for breakfast and fifty cents for dinner, a half bottle of wine is given. There are public dining-rooms where, for forty cents, a breakfast, and, for from seventy cents to one dollar, a dinner may be had, but where the bill of fare is apparently more limited than in restaurants. Here you are given a book and asked to select what you want; but ninety-five of every hundred dishes set down in the book are not to be had. In public dining-rooms you have a bill of fare (such as is given



MORNING SCAVENGER.

in hotels), which you may eat your way through. The secret of the low prices of the cheaper restaurants is this: they make arrangements with butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers to take from them, a little while before they close for the day, all meat, poultry, and fish left over, and which would be unsalable by next morning. They get these objects below cost, and at once cook them enough to prevent spoiling. They go to the Great Markets just before the markets close. The peasants, sooner than carry their market stuff home again, will sell it for a mere song. Fruit and vegetables which could not have been bought during the morning for less than six cents apiece may be had, then, three for one cent.

Lastly come restaurants where one pays not only for what he takes, but for everything he uses — even for the knives, forks, and spoons. There are all sorts of these restaurants, cheap and dear; the cheapest are, however, dearer than the highest fixed-price restaurant.

I must not omit to mention cafés, although they are becoming mere billiard saloons. Clubs have hurt them. Then the introduction of bars gave them another blow. A still more serious blow was the establishment of musical cafés. Cafés are a cheap club. Artists, literary men, and business men living in the same neighborhood meet at cafés after dinner. Cafés are neutral ground, where there is no etiquette of visits, where everybody is equally at home, where one may order what he pleases, may come when he chooses, and leave the instant he feels tired; where the room is handsome, brilliantly lighted, comfortably warm, always animated. If these habitual frequenters be numerous enough to warrant it, a room is set apart solely for their use: it is really a club-room. The musical cafés require customers to take some refreshment (all refreshments served in them are dear and bad), but at most of them tickets, costing ten cents, are sold at the counter, which relieve visitors from the importunities of waiters. Neighbors who are known to be frequent visitors are commonly told that they are welcome without payment of admittance fee; even in these musical cafés there are corners reserved for neighbors who come with their wives and children to spend the evening.

Were I poor and wished to master French quickly and thoroughly, to see a great deal of French life, to understand the current of unwritten French thought, and to spend as little money as possible, I should, were I a man, become a boarder in a third-rate boys' school; were I a woman, in a third-rate girls' school in the suburbs of Paris or, which would every way be better, in some small provincial town. Here I should attend all the lessons, especially all the French and English lessons, given. I should select the most intelligent tutor, and win him, or her, by taking private lessons (they would not cost more than two dollars a month) and by making timely presents; he or she would on holy-day show you sights missed by general travelers. He would explain them to you, and call attention to particulars which else had escaped notice. You would visit the churches of Paris and mark the difference between them.



A GUARDIAN OF THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

Or he or she would go with you to public gardens and analyze the people met. There are no more majestic figures in Paris (beadles of the great churches excepted) than the constables of the public gardens. Strangers take them for marshals of France. The cross of the Legion is on their breast; immense epaulettes hang on their shoulders; their clothes are brilliant military uniforms; their hat is that worn by the infantry. So strangers' eyes may well gaze on them for glories of France. They are old non-commissioned officers, whose declining days are made more comfortable by having the pay of constable added to pension. Their duties are light. They are expected to wage war on turbulent boys, to give chase to dogs that invade the garden, to guard flowers from hands that can not distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*. Their campaign never begins



GOING TO COMMUNION.

until long after sunrise and always ends with twilight. Their longest forced march is from chair to chair. Their existence is a Frenchman's *beau idéal* of life — plenty to eat and drink, nothing to do, sauntering in a public promenade till legs whisper "seat," and clothed from head to foot in gaudy clothes.

He or she would warn you against the adventurers with whom public resorts in Paris swarm. Once familiar with their physiognomy you would detect them everywhere, and find this knowledge useful even on your return to the United States. Faces such as our wood-cut portrays are to be seen hourly in Paris. When this knave gets up in the morning he does not know where he will breakfast, still less where he will dine; and should his landlord be harsh, or have lost patience, he does not know where he will sleep. His only hope is that, if he eat very moderately and content himself with soup and bread, the mistress of the crèmerie will still give him credit, or that he may meet some acquaintance who will treat him to meat or drink. He is utterly without scruple. If he does not steal, it is solely from cowardice — fear of being caught.

Now the tutor already mentioned would take you to one of the most charming sights of Paris — the "first communion" of all the

boys and girls of a large parish. What putting on the *toga virilis* was to a Roman youth, what buying the first fan is to a Spanish girl, what "coming out" is to our sisters, what presentation at court is to our English high-born cousins,— so is the "first communion" to French boys and girls. It taken, they are men and women. Is iron fortune theirs? After "first communion" they must set to work; life's race has begun. It is the great family festival. All persons do not figure as bride or groom, but all persons (at least it was the rule before war was declared on religion) take the "first communion." Girls are robed as brides, but trinkets are forbidden. The utmost purity of appearance is sought, to give all spectators "the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace." Each girl wears a white veil, and her hair, no matter how luxuriant, or blue black, or Venetian auburn, is held a close prisoner in a white cap, though the head have right to duchess diadem; the dress is muslin and as white as the veil; the waist girdled by a broad white ribbon ending in a large bow-knot behind. Boys wear white trousers, waistcoat, cravat, gloves, and an armlet of broad white ribbon tied in a large bow-knot, while from both ends hangs long gold or silver fringe; black coat; hair as well dressed as the nearest barber's skill can go; hat left at home. In one hand is held a missal, and a white rosary ending in a cross; in the other, a long white wax taper with a red velvet gold-trimmed holder round it.* Girls and boys wear these clothes at confirmation and at "renewal," which takes place a year afterward, though the armlet is discarded from the boy's arm at "renewal." Where poverty is unable to provide this livery of heaven, wealth supplies not only the dress but the substantial meal which adds memories to the day, for round the board all kindred are assembled — often for the first, oftener for the last, time. The day ended, boy's armlet and girl's white reticule are put in a paper box and are laid in a secure corner of a chest of drawers, to be joined in time by the bride's garter or her orange wreath as souvenirs of life's great days. The church to which grandma and kinswomen are wending their way in our illustration is St. Médard, the parish church of Mouffetard Quarter — the parish church of the famous Gobelins tapestry manufactory and of the Garden of Plants. It has twice been inundated with blood in our day — in June, 1848, in May, 1871.

J. D. Osborne.

* Until 1882, girls too bore lighted tapers. The transept viewed from behind the high altar was a striking scene. Tapers' flames seemed like St. Elmo's lights hovering over the boys and girls, and might easily be taken for the Spirit falling from heaven on purity, blessing it and fitting it for the good fight in life's battle to be begun to-morrow. In 1881, a girl in St. Sulpice Church set her veil on fire, and there came nigh being a catastrophe fatal to as many as that at Lima, Peru, a few years since. Calamity was averted by a priest, who in putting out the fire was seriously burned. Since then no tapers have been intrusted to girls.

EMMA LAZARUS.

WHEN on thy bed of pain thou layest low
Daily we saw thy body fade away,
Nor could the love wherewith we loved thee stay
For one dear hour the flesh borne down by woe;
But as the mortal sank, with what white glow
Flamed thy eternal spirit, night and day,—
Untouched, unwasted, though the crumbling clay
Lay wrecked and ruined! Ah, is it not so,
Dear poet-comrade, who from sight hast gone,—
Is it not so that spirit hath a life
Death may not conquer? But, O dauntless one!
Still must we sorrow. Heavy is the strife
And thou not with us,— thou of the old race
That with Jehovah parleyed, face to face.

R. W. G.



AWAITING THE ENEMY. FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GRAND STRATEGY OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

TWENTY-TWO years have passed since the termination of the civil war in America; a new generation of men has the destiny of our country in their possession, and we who probably lag superfluous on the stage watch with jealous interest the drift of public opinion and of public events. These are mainly guided by self-interest, by prejudice, by the teachings of books, magazines, and newspapers.

We veterans believe that in 1861–5 we fought a holy war, with absolute right on our side, with pure patriotism, with reasonable skill, and that we achieved a result which enabled the United States of America to resume her glorious career in the interest of all mankind, after an interruption of four years by as needless a war as ever afflicted a people.

The causes which led up to that war have been well described by Mr. Greeley, Dr. Draper, Mr. Blaine, and General Logan — the opposite side by Mr. Davis, Governor Foote, General Johnston, and the recent biographers of General Lee. In addition to these, innumerable volumes have been published, and nearly all the leading magazines of our country have added most interesting narratives of events, conspicuously so THE CENTURY. The editors of this magazine, armed with a personal letter from General Grant, applied long ago to have me assist them in their laudable purpose. I declined, but the pendulum of time seems to have swung too far in the wrong direction: one is likely to receive the impression that the civil war was only a scramble for power by mobs, and not a war of high principle, guided by men of great intelligence according to the best light they possessed. Discovering that one branch of the history of that war, "Grand Strategy," has been overlooked or slighted by writers, I have undertaken to discuss it, not with any hope to do full justice to the subject, but to attract the attention of younger and stronger men to follow up and elaborate it to the end.

War is the conflict of arms between peoples for some real or fancied object. It has existed from the beginning. The Bible is full of it. Homer immortalized the siege and destruction of Troy. Grecian, Roman, and European history is chiefly made up of wars and the deeds of soldiers; out of their experience arose certain rules, certain principles, which made the "art of war" as practiced by Alexander, by Cæsar, by Gustavus Adolphus, and by Frederick the Great.

These principles are as true as the multiplication table, the law of gravitation, of virtual velocities, or of any other invariable rule of natural philosophy. The "art of war" has grown to be the "science of war," and probably reached its summit in the wars of Europe from 1789 to 1815. Its fundamental principles are as clearly defined as are those of the laws of England by Blackstone. Jomini may be assumed as the father of the modern science of war, and he has been supplemented by "great masters" such as Napoleon, Marmont, Wellington, Napier, Hamley, Soady, Chesney, and others, all of whom agree in the fundamental principles; but to me the treatise of France J. Soady,

Lieutenant-Colonel, R. A., published in London, 1870, seems easiest of reference and best suited to my purpose, because he admits the elements of local prejudice and the temperament of the people to enter into the problem of war.

Lieutenant-Colonel Soady divides the "lessons of war as taught by the great masters" into the following heads:

1. Statesmanship in its relationship to war. 2. Strategy, or the art of properly directing masses upon the theater of war, either for offense or invasion. 3. Grand tactics. 4. Logistics, or the art of moving armies. 5. Engineering — the attack and defense of fortifications. 6. Minor tactics.

He further subdivides these "heads," and illustrates by historic examples the following branches: "Aim and principles," "Lines of communication," "Zone of operations," "Offensive and defensive warfare," Fortresses, Battle, Modern improvement in arms, Steamboats and Railroads, the Telegraph; and indeed more nearly approaches the science of war as it exists to-day than any author of whom I have knowledge. Any non-professional reader who will cast his eyes over the 555 pages of Lieutenant-Colonel Soady's volume, as well as those of "The Operations of War," by Colonel (now General) Hamley, will discover that war as well as peace has a large field in the affairs of this world, demanding as much if not more study than most of the sciences in which the human mind is interested.

Every man who does to his neighbor as he wishes his neighbor should do unto him finds on examining the law of the day that he has been a law-abiding citizen; so a soldier or general who goes straight to his object with courage and intelligence will find that he has been a scientific soldier according to the doctrines laid down by the great masters. Many of us in our civil war did not think of Jomini, Napoleon, Wellington, Hamley, or Soady; yet, as we won the battle, we are willing to give these great authors the benefit of our indorsement.

Now in the United States of America, in the year of our Lord 1861, some ambitious men of the Southern States, for their own reasons, good or bad, resolved to break up the union of States which had prospered beyond precedent, which by political means they had governed, but on which they were about to lose their hold. By using the pretext of slavery which existed at the South they aroused their people to a very frenzy, seceded (or their States seceded) from the Union, and established a Southern Confederacy, the capital of which was first at Montgomery, Alabama, afterwards at Richmond, Virginia, with Jefferson Davis as their president. By a conspiracy as clearly established as any fact in history, they seized all the property of the United States within the seceded States, except a few feebly garrisoned forts along the seaboard, and proclaimed themselves a new nation, with slavery the corner-stone. Old England, the first modern nation to abolish slavery and to enforce the noble resolve that no man could put his foot on English soil without "*eo instante*" becoming a free man, looked on with complacency, and encouraged this enormous crime of rebellion.

The people of the Northern free States, accustomed to the usual criminations of our system of elections, supposed this to be a mere incident of the presidential election of the previous November; went along in their daily vocations in the full belief that this episode would pass away as others had done; and treated the idea of civil war in this land of freedom as a pure absurdity.

In due time, March 4, 1861, the new President, Abraham Lincoln, was installed as the President of the United States. He found the seven cotton-States in a condition which they called "out of the Union," claiming absolute independence, and seeking to take into their confederacy every State which tolerated slavery. In the end they succeeded, except with Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, so that in the spring of 1861, April 12th, when the Southern Confederacy began actual war by bombarding Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, it awakened a response which even they could not misunderstand.

The people of the United States loved their Government and their history; they realized perfectly the advantages they possessed over the inhabitants of other lands, but had no army or navy adequate to meet so grave a crisis. The boom of the cannon in Charleston Harbor was carried by electricity to every city, town, and village of the land, and the citizens realized for the first time that civil war was upon them; they were told to form themselves into companies and regiments, and to go with all expedition to Washington, the national capital, to defend the civil authorities and the archives of government. This done, the cry went up, "On to Richmond!" and the battle of Bull Run resulted. The South was better prepared than the North, and victory went to the former, according to the established rules of war. Had Johnston or Beauregard pushed their success and occupied Washington, it would not have changed the final result, because twenty millions of freemen would never have submitted tamely to the domination of the slave-holder faction. Johnston himself records that his army was as much

confused and disordered as ours, both being green and badly organized and disciplined.

Then began the real preparation. Soady quotes from Napoleon: "When a nation is without establishments and a military system, it is difficult to organize an army." We found this perfectly true; yet the people of the United States, on the call of their President, organized voluntarily three hundred regiments of a thousand men each, which were distributed to the places of immediate danger. Soady says further: "Although wars of opinion, national wars and civil wars are sometimes confounded, they differ enough to require separate notice. . . . In a military sense these wars are fearful, since the invading force not only is met by the armies of the enemy, but is exposed to the attacks of an exasperated people."

The very nature of the case required the North to invade the South, to recover possession of the forts, arsenals, dock-yards, mints, post-routes, and public property which had been wrongfully appropriated by the public enemy. We had not only to meet and conquer the armies and the exasperated people of the South, but the obstacles of nature — woods, marshes, rivers, mountains — and the climate of a region nearly as large as all Europe.

Omitting the States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri (3,024,745), which supplied each belligerent a fair quota, the Northern States had a population of 19,089,944 to 9,103,332 in the Confederate States. In the autumn of 1861, these faced each other in angry controversy, the North resolved to maintain the Union, and the South to establish a separate government, necessarily hostile to it. Each side maintained throughout the same form of government, with a president elected by the people as their chief magistrate and commander-in-chief of the army and navy, with a cabinet of his choice to assist in the administration of government, a congress to enact the laws and provide the ways and means, and a supreme court to sit in judgment on those laws. Both parties, following common precedents, raised their armies by the same methods — first by volunteering, and then by a draft of citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, induced by bounties or enforced by severe penalties. At first the Southern youth were clamorous to be led against the detested Yankees and Abolitionists, each claiming to be equal to five of the shop-keepers and mud-sills of the North; but they soon became convinced that man to man was all they wanted.

According to Captain Frederick Phisterer, in his valuable "Statistical Record of the Armies"* (1883), the "calls" on the North for men were, in the four years of war, 2,763,670, which resulted in an aggregate of 2,772,408;† but as these calls were for three months, one year, two years, three years, and "during the war," the actual soldiers are counted two, three, and four times.

On p. 62 occurs a table, which every officer who has had to fight with men present for duty, instead of on paper, well understands, in which is given, "Present":

July 1, 1861	183,588
January 1, 1862	527,204
March 31, 1862	533,984
January 1, 1863	698,802
January 1, 1864	611,250
January 1, 1865	620,924
March 31, 1865	657,747
May 1, 1865	797,807

and on the latter date 202,709 absent — aggregating 1,000,516 on the muster-rolls at the end of the war. I have no doubt this is as correct as possible.

The "absent" were not present with the armies at the front, but were generally in rear of the base of supplies; and even of the "present" we had to estimate at least one-third as detached, guarding our long lines of supplies, sick in hospital, company cooks, teamsters, escorts to trains, and absent from the ranks by reason of the many causes incident to war.

Assuming one soldier to sixteen of the population, — at times more, at times less, — the Southern armies must have had an average of 569,000 men. I cannot find even an approximate table of their numbers; but we know they had in their ranks every man they could get, subject to the same causes of absenteeism as the Union armies.

Before I enter upon the real subject of this paper, let me attempt to portray the two great leaders of these mighty hosts, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, both of whom, in addition to their civil functions, often exercised their unquestioned right to command their respective armies. They, in fact, commissioned all general officers, assigned them to posts, gave military orders, defined the "objects" of campaigns, and often the exact "lines of operation."

* Captain Phisterer in this record gives the date and place of 2261 distinct battles and engagements, and for 149 of them he gives the estimated losses. I do not know the source of his information, but I do know that it is very difficult to ascertain the exact facts even as to the Union forces, much more the Confederate. His tables are more complete and easier of reference than those supplied by the adjutant-general, and are offered in this paper only as approximate, to illustrate the argument and demonstrate the magnitude of these "operations of war."— W. T. S.

† A recent officially revised statement increases this number to 2,778,304.— EDITOR.

Lincoln was by nature and choice a man of peace. Born in Kentucky, but taken by his parents in early youth to Indiana and Illinois, he grew up to manhood the type of the class of people who inhabit our North-west. He in time became a lawyer in Springfield, the capital of Illinois, had a fair practice, and always took a lively interest in all public questions — in other words, "politics." He became skilled in debate, and during the discussions which arose from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the extension of slavery over the vast territories acquired by the Mexican war of 1846–8, he was compelled to meet in debate one of the ablest men of his day, Stephen A. Douglas, whom he fairly excelled, whereby he acquired national fame; was, according to the usage of our country, nominated as the Republican candidate for President, and was duly and fairly elected in November, 1860. At that time he was somewhat a stranger to the country, especially to the South, who regarded him as an Abolitionist, then the vilest of mortals in their estimation. But no sooner was he legally inducted into his office, March 4, 1861, than he began to display those qualities of head and heart which will make him take rank with the most renowned men of earth.

He never professed any knowledge of the laws and science of war, yet in his joyous moments he would relate his *large experience* as a soldier in the Black Hawk war of 1832, and as an officer in the Mormon war at Nauvoo, in 1846. Nevertheless, during the progress of the civil war he evinced a quick comprehension of the principles of the "art," though never using military phraseology. Thus his letter of April 19, 1862, to General McClellan, then besieging Yorktown, exhibits a precise knowledge of the strength and purpose of each of the many armies in the field, and of the importance of "concentric action." In his letter of June 5, 1863, to General Hooker, he wrote:

> In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river [Rappahannock], like an ox jumped half-way over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way, or to kick the other.

Again, June 10, 1863, writing to General Hooker:

> If left to me, I would not go south of the Rappahannock upon Lee's moving north of it. If you had Richmond invested to-day, you would not be able to take it in twenty days. Meanwhile your communications, and with them your army, would be ruined. I think Lee's army and not Richmond is your objective point. If he comes toward the Upper Potomac, follow him on his flank and on the inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his. If he stop, *fret him* and *fret him*.

This is pure science, though the language is not technical.

It is related by General Grant in his memoirs that when he was explaining how he proposed to use the several scattered armies so as to accomplish the best results, referring to the forces in western Virginia, and saying that he had ordered Sigel to move up the Valley of Virginia from Winchester, make junction with Crook and Averell from Kanawha, and go towards Saltville or Lynchburg — Mr. Lincoln said, "Oh, yes! I see that. As we say out West, if a man can't skin, he must hold a leg while somebody else does."

In his personal interview with General Grant about March 8, 1864, Mr. Lincoln recounted truly and manfully that

> he had never professed to be a military man, or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them; but the procrastination of commanders, and the pressure from the people at the North and Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him to issuing his series of military orders, one, two, three, etc. He did not know but all were wrong, and did know that some were. All he wanted or ever had wanted was some one who would take the responsibility and *act*, and call on him for all the assistance needed, pledging himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance.

At last he had found that man.

Jefferson Davis also was born in Kentucky. He removed in youth to the State of Mississippi, whence he was appointed a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point, September 1, 1824. He was graduated No. 23 in a class of 33 members in June, 1828; served on the North-west frontier, now Wisconsin and Iowa, as a lieutenant of the First Infantry, till March 4, 1833, when he was appointed to the First Dragoons as a first lieutenant; with that regiment he served on the frontier of Arkansas, now Fort Gibson in the Indian Territory, till he resigned, in 1835. He was in civil life in his State of Mississippi till the breaking out of the Mexican war, in 1846, when, as colonel of a Mississippi regiment, he took a conspicuous part under General Zachary Taylor at Monterey and at Buena Vista, where he was badly wounded.

With the disbandment of his regiment he resumed his civil and political career; was a senator in the National Congress, 1847–53; Secretary of War under President Pierce, 1853–57; and again a senator, from 1857 to 1861, when he became the President of the Southern Confederacy, and Commander-in-chief of its armies and navy.

He was by nature and education a soldier, giving orders to his armies, laying down plans of campaign, lines of operation, and descending into details which it might have been wiser to have left to subordinates.

No one has ever questioned the personal integrity of Mr. Davis, but we his antagonists have ever held him as impersonating a bad

cause from ambitious motives, often exhibiting malice, arrogance, and pride.

Such, in my judgment, were the two great antagonist forces, and such their leaders in our civil war.

Recurring now to the autumn of 1861, these two forces stood facing each other with one of the most difficult problems of the science of war before them. The line of separation was substantially the Potomac, the Ohio, and a line through southern Missouri and the Indian Territory to New Mexico, fully two thousand miles long; but this naturally divided itself into three parts — the east or Potomac (McClellan), the center or Ohio (Buell), and the west or Missouri (Halleck). Confronting them was the Army of Northern Virginia (Johnston — Lee), that of the Cumberland (Albert Sidney Johnston), and that of the trans-Mississippi (McCulloch — Price). All these were educated and experienced soldiers. The North necessarily took the offensive, and the South the defensive. After much preliminary skirmishing the first significant movement was that of General Thomas, January 20, 1862, who moved forward, attacked, defeated, and killed General Zollicoffer, at Mill Springs, Kentucky; the next was that of General Grant from Cairo, Illinois, up the Tennessee River in conjunction with the gunboat fleet under Commodore Foote, which captured Fort Henry, and afterwards (February 14th–16th) Fort Donelson, in which the Union losses are reported, 2886, and the Confederate, 15,067,* most of these prisoners of war. The prompt capture of these two fortified positions with their garrisons compelled the Confederate general, Johnston, to abandon his fortified flanks at Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Columbus, on the Mississippi River, and to fall back two hundred miles to a new line along the Memphis and Charleston railroad. The Union armies followed up this movement, the one (Grant) to Shiloh, abreast of Corinth, the other (Pope) directly down the Mississippi River, the real "objective" of this grand campaign. There was still another army, under General S. R. Curtis, an educated and professional soldier, moving southward, west of the Mississippi River, which encountered its enemy at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, on the 6th–8th of March, defeated him, inflicting a loss of 5200* men to his of 1384. These three armies, under the command of General Halleck at St. Louis, were operating from a secure base, with abundant supplies on "concentric lines," with a well-defined and important "objective," the recovery of the Mississippi River, the chief navigable river of the continent, which had been forcibly taken possession of by the enemy, its banks fortified with heavy guns, and with several fleets of armed gun-boats to patrol and defend it.

The Army of the Ohio, General Buell, moved forward to Nashville and the Tennessee River.

Here the Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston, displayed great skill and generalship by using his railroads, collecting all his scattered forces at Corinth, Mississippi, completely reorganizing them and hurling them with terrific energy on Grant at Shiloh, timing his attack so as to overwhelm this army before the arrival of the Army of the Ohio, approaching from the direction of Nashville. On the first day, April 6, 1862, he was partially successful, but met a foe of equal skill and determination, and there lost his life, necessitating a change of commanders in the very crisis of battle. He was succeeded by Beauregard, who continued the attack; but the Union forces under Grant held the key-points of the position till night, when arrived the division of Lew Wallace, which had been detached, and three divisions of the Army of the Ohio. The next morning the Union armies assumed the "offensive," drove the Confederates back to Corinth, and won the victory. The losses are recorded 13,573 to the Union, and 10,699 to the Confederates. This was a highly critical battle, more important in its moral than its physical results. It gave the Union army great confidence in itself, and in its ability not only to defeat the Confederate armies, man to man, but to overcome the "obstacles of nature" and the machinations of an "exasperated people."

While these movements were in progress down the Mississippi, Commodore Farragut, with his sea-going fleet, a flotilla of mortar-boats under Commodore Porter, and a land force under General Butler, was preparing to reach the same "objective" from the mouth of the river. On the 20th of April, Farragut began by breaking the chain of obstacles at Forts Jackson and Saint Philip, both works planned by scientific engineers and built by competent workmen; both were well garrisoned and supplied, with heavy artillery and abundance of ammunition. Then he steamed by these forts, fighting right and left in his "wooden ships with hearts of steel," instantly attacked the Confederate fleet above, utterly annihilated it, went on up to the city of New Orleans and captured it — all inside of ten days. No bolder or more successful act of war was ever done than this, which was fully equal to Nelson's attack on the French fleet at Aboukir, and infinitely more important in its conse-

* The Official Records, while not conclusive, would seem to place this loss at a much smaller figure.— EDITOR.

quences. Had not events elsewhere delayed the movement from the North, the Mississippi would have been ours in the summer of 1862, whereas its recovery was only postponed till 1863.

Almost coincident with the battle of Shiloh, General Pope, operating down the Mississippi in coöperation with the gun-boat fleet of Commodore Foote, attacked the fortified Island No. 10, and on the 8th of April captured it, with all its stores and most of its garrison. The gun-boat fleet, pushing on down the river, encountered Fort Pillow on the 14th of April, again on the 10th of May, and June 4th captured it; and under command of Commodore Davis pushed on to Memphis, where, June 6th, it absolutely destroyed the Confederate fleet of gun-boats, thus leaving no obstacle, except Vicksburg, to the free navigation of the river.

General Halleck, after the battle of Shiloh, ordered General Pope's army by water from Island No. 10 to Shiloh, and proceeded there himself to command the several armies in person. He organized these, viz., of the Ohio, Tennessee and Mississippi, into the usual right and left wings, center, and reserve, and moved, about the end of April, with great deliberation on the Confederate army intrenched at Corinth, Mississippi, a strategic place of value, being the point of intersection of two important railroads. After some immaterial skirmishing the Confederate general, Beauregard, abandoned the place, fell back to Tupelo, fifty miles south on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and the Union forces occupied Corinth, May 30, 1862. General Halleck then had in hand one of the strongest and best armies ever assembled on this continent, and could easily have pursued Beauregard, scattered his army, marched across to Vicksburg, then unfortified, occupied it, and thus brought to a brilliant conclusion the campaign he had so well begun; he could have made the Mississippi open to commerce, created a complete isolation of the trans-Mississippi department of the Confederates, and thereby set free, for other uses, three-fourths of his army of one hundred thousand men. But the reverses to McClellan in the worthless peninsula of James River, and the appeal of the good Union people of East Tennessee, caused our President and commander-in-chief to break up that army and call General Halleck to Washington, send Buell's army towards Chattanooga, and leave General Grant with the Army of the Tennessee to defend a line of one hundred and fifty miles (Tuscumbia to Memphis), placing him on the defensive with a bold, skillful, and enterprising enemy at his front. The Confederate armies of Price and Van Dorn were brought from across the Mississippi to face Grant from Holly Springs. Bragg, who succeeded Beauregard at Tupelo, moved his army, reënforced by recruits, detachments, and exchanged prisoners, rapidly by rail to Chattanooga to meet Buell, who had marched across from Corinth. Feeling himself equal if not superior to Buell, Bragg, August 21, 1862, began that really bold and skillful campaign which forced Buell back to his base of supplies at Louisville, on the Ohio River. Here, in his turn, Buell received reënforcements and resumed the offensive, encountering Bragg at Perryville, Kentucky, on the 8th of October, 1862, inflicting a loss to the enemy of 7000, to his own of 4348, which induced Bragg to fall back to Murfreesboro', Tennessee.

Meantime Price and Van Dorn began to be aggressive against General Grant's long, thin line of defense; but Grant met them with consummate skill, at every point, as at Iuka, September 19th–20th, and at Corinth, October 3d–4th, the casualties of which are reported 2359 Union and 14,221* Confederate — a fiercely contested battle at which Rosecrans commanded, and which was conclusive of events in that quarter to the end of the war.

Grant then, November, 1862, resumed the original offensive against Vicksburg,— known to be strongly fortified, occupied by a competent garrison, and covered by the armies of Price and Van Dorn, under the command of Lieutenant-General Pemberton, whose headquarters were at Holly Springs, Mississippi. Leaving small detachments to guard the key-points to his rear, Grant moved with all his force straight against Pemberton, who first formed his defensive line behind the Tallahatchie, and, this being too long for his strength, fell behind the Yalabusha at Grenada. Grant moved his scattered forces concentrically on Oxford, Mississippi, which he occupied on the 2d of December, and then resolved to send Sherman back to Memphis with one of his four brigades to organize, out of new troops arrived there and other troops belonging to Curtis at Helena, Arkansas, an expeditionary force to move by the river direct against Vicksburg, whilst he held the main force under Pemberton so occupied that he could not detach any of his men to that fortress. After Sherman had started, Pemberton detached Van Dorn with a strong cavalry command to pass around the flanks of Grant's army, to capture his depot of supplies at Holly Springs, and to go on northward, destroying his line of communication. Van Dorn, an educated soldier, did his work well, and compelled Grant to halt and finally to take up a new base of supplies at Memphis. Meantime Sherman went

* Later compilations make this 4707.— EDITOR.

on to Vicksburg, but, instead of meeting a small garrison, found Vicksburg not only strong by nature and art, but fully reënforced by Pemberton. He failed because the condition of facts had changed. He was superseded by McClernand, and he in time by General Grant, who came in person to direct operations against Vicksburg from the river. Then followed that long period of searching for the possession of some dry land whence Vicksburg could be reached, first above the place, finally below. The passage at night by the gun-boat fleet, led by Admiral Porter in person, accompanied by some transports, was as bold and successful an "operation of war" as was the passage of Forts Jackson and Saint Philip by Farragut the previous year. Then the march of Grant's army by roads which would have been pronounced impracticable by any European engineer, his attack on Grand Gulf, and subsequent landing at Bruinsburg; the movement and battle at Port Gibson; the rapid march to Jackson whereby he interposed his army between those of Pemberton in Vicksburg and of Johnston outside; the battle of Champion's Hill, whereby he drove Pemberton to his trenches and then invested him till his surrender in July — these operations illustrated the highest principles of war, one of whose maxims is to divide your enemy and beat each moiety in detail. I do believe that when this campaign is understood by military critics it will rank with the best of the young Napoleon in Italy, in 1796. The fall of Vicksburg resulted in the fall of Port Hudson below, after which, in the language of Mr. Lincoln, the Mississippi "went unvexed to the sea." In my judgment, the recovery of the Mississippi River was conclusive of the civil war. Whatever power holds that river can govern this continent. Its possession in 1863 set free the armies which were in at the death of the Southern Confederacy, in 1865.

Recurring now to the great central line of operations: I left Bragg on the defensive at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, and Buell at Perryville, Kentucky. The authorities at Washington became dissatisfied with Buell, and replaced him by Rosecrans, who had deservedly won great fame by his defense of Corinth. Soady records, as a standard rule of war, that an army assuming the offensive must maintain the offensive. So Rosecrans moved forward to Nashville, where he picked up Thomas's corps, which had been left there by Buell in his retrograde movement, and then to Murfreesboro' on Stone's River, where, December 31, 1862 – January 2, 1863, ensued one of the bloodiest battles of the war, resulting in a Union loss of 11,578, and a Confederate loss of 25,500 (Phisterer).* The Union forces held the ground and Bragg gradually fell back to Chattanooga — by nature a strategic place of the first importance, made so because here the main spurs of the Alleghanies are broken by the Tennessee River. To possess this place was Rosecrans's "objective." His army was adequate; his corps, divisions, and brigades were well commanded; yet the great distance from his base of supplies, on the Ohio River, made the logistics very difficult. In September, 1863, he moved forward, crossed the Tennessee River at Bridgeport, sent one corps direct to Chattanooga, and with the other three crossed the Sand Mountain and Raccoon range, debouching into the Valley of the Chickamauga, in rear of Chattanooga. Bragg, detecting this "turning" movement, fell back to Lafayette, in the same valley of the Chickamauga, where he was reënforced by Longstreet's corps from Virginia, and at the critical moment attacked vehemently on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, breaking the right flank of Rosecrans's army; but when he reached the Fourteenth Corps, General George H. Thomas, he could not move the "Rock of Chickamauga." Rosecrans gained Chattanooga, the object of his campaign, but he was therein besieged by Bragg; his losses were 15,851, to Bragg's 17,804. Calls for reënforcements to that army came: the Eleventh and Twelfth corps under Hooker were sent by rail from Washington, and the Fifteenth Corps, Sherman, from Vicksburg. General Grant also, having finished his task on the Mississippi, was summoned to Louisville by the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, and after a consultation was ordered to Chattanooga to supersede Rosecrans. All these combinations were concluded by November, and Bragg had made the fatal mistake, laid down in all the books, of detaching Longstreet's corps to Knoxville, 110 miles away, to capture Burnside's army. He was over-confident in the strength of his position on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, whence he could look down upon his supposed victims, who he believed would by starvation be compelled to surrender. But a master-mind had arrived, who soon solved the question of supplies and then addressed himself to the question of battle. Grant promptly detected Bragg's mistake in detaching Longstreet, and resolved to attack and drive him away the very moment the reënforcements hastening to him could be available. On the 23d of November, 1863, having all his troops in position, he began the attack, beginning on both flanks, and at the right moment hurling his center against Bragg's "unassailable" position on Missionary Ridge, he drove him in defeat and disorder to and through

* Later compilation: Union, 13,249; Confederate, 10,266. — EDITOR.

Ringgold Gap, twenty-six miles; and then only paused because of the necessity to send relief to General Burnside at Knoxville. This was fully accomplished, so that by the end of November the enemy was beaten at all points, and the temporary check at Chickamauga was fully redeemed. The losses in the Union army were 5615, to the Confederate loss of 8684. All the movements were made strictly according to the lessons of war as taught by the great masters, and they will stand the test of the most rigid critic.

I now turn with some degree of hesitation to the great Army of the Potomac, operating directly in front of Washington, and which European and Eastern critics, whose sight apparently could not penetrate beyond the Alleghanies, watched with painful solicitude.

That army was from the beginning to the end of the war the controlling military force of the Union cause; and never was an army more true and loyal to its government, more obedient to its generals, more patient in adversity, more magnanimous in victory than was the Army of the Potomac. After the episode of Bull Run in July, 1861, General McClellan was called from the West by universal acclaim to command it; and on the retirement of General Scott, by reason of age, November 1st, General McClellan was appointed by President Lincoln to command all the armies of the United States. He proceeded with commendable skill and energy to the work of organization, equipment, and transportation; but the season for active operations had passed, and his army remained on the banks of the Potomac at the beginning of 1862. The Confederate army, under General Joseph E. Johnston, was at Centreville, twenty-six miles south, with outposts in sight of the National Capitol, and had established batteries on the river below threatening the water-line of supply from the direction of the Chesapeake. General McClellan's "Own Story," now a part of history, shows that he was conscious of the impatience of the whole country at his seeming quiescence; and I am not surprised that Mr. Lincoln should have assumed his unquestioned power to issue his General Order No. 1, of January 27th, ordering a simultaneous advance of all the armies on the 22d of February, 1862. The Army of the Potomac advanced directly from their camps to the front at Fairfax and Centreville, to find that the Confederates had gone behind the Rappahannock.

At Fairfax Court House, on the 11th of March, General McClellan received President Lincoln's war order, No. 3, relieving him of the command of the armies of the United States; restricting his authority to the single Army of the Potomac; and in common with all other department commanders requiring him to report promptly and frequently to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. Meantime had been fully discussed the plan of campaign, the bases of supply, lines of operation, fortresses, etc., partly by conference, and partly by a correspondence given at length in McClellan's "Own Story," culminating in the two letters of February 3, 1862, on p. 229. The result was the movement against Richmond by way of Fort Monroe, resulting in innumerable delays at Yorktown, Williamsburg, etc., till the 31st of May, when was fought the first considerable battle of "Fair Oaks," or "Seven Pines," near Richmond, at which General Johnston was wounded, and General Lee succeeded him in command of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. Soon followed the battle of Gaines's Mill, and McClellan's "retreat," fighting for seven days (June 25th–July 1st) to reach Harrison's Landing on the James River, twenty-five miles below Richmond, as a new "base" from which to renew his offensive against Richmond, when his army had become rested and reënforced from the North. During his stay at Harrison's Landing, July 2d–August 17th, the temper of his correspondence, official and private, was indicative of a spirit not consistent with the duty of the commanding general of a great army.

After reading McClellan's "Own Story," and the principal histories of that period, coupled with conversations with many of his principal subordinates, I am convinced that McClellan's fatal mistake was in the choice of his "line of operations" in the spring of 1862. I believe that had he moved straight against his antagonist behind the Rappahannock with his then magnificent army, and had he fought steadily and persistently, as Grant did two years later, he would have picked up his detachments, including McDowell's corps, would have reached Richmond with an overwhelming force, would have captured the city, possibly the Confederate army,—at least would have dispersed it,—thus ending the war.

I do not entertain the idea that Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Chase, and General Halleck could have conspired for his defeat, lest McClellan should become a rival presidential candidate, or for any motive whatsoever. He had ample power and adequate force, but failed in his "objective," which should have been the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, instead of the city of Richmond. Of course, the withdrawal of Blenker's division and McDowell's corps at the crisis of his attack on Richmond were large factors in his failure, but these were direct consequences of his own plan of campaign, which involved the defense of Washington as well as the capture of Rich-

mond. General McClellan was unquestionably a man of pure character, of great intelligence, learned in the science of war, and with all the experience possible in our country with its limited military establishment. He was graduated at West Point, No. 2 in the class of 1846; went directly to the war in Mexico, whence he returned with an exalted reputation for soldiership under fire; was selected by the War Department for many scientific purposes, among them to proceed to Sebastopol in 1856, to observe the operations of the armies there engaged; and soon after the outbreak of our Rebellion was chosen with universal assent to command the principal army of the Union. No man knew better than he that the problem of war demanded an aggressive soldier. He failed because he chose a wrong "objective" and a wrong "line of operation"— a common mistake in strategy.

Meantime General Halleck, July 16, 1862, had been summoned from Corinth, Mississippi, to Washington, to command the armies of the United States, and thus the Army of the Potomac had four commanding generals,—the President, the Secretary of War, General Halleck, and General McClellan,—each giving orders, planning campaigns, ordering detachments hither and thither, seemingly without concert, and based on the latest information by "spies and informers." Nothing but Divine Providence could have saved this nation from humiliation at that crisis of our history. General John Pope, whose work at Island No. 10 and at Corinth had been personally seen by General Halleck, was brought east by him and given command of the scattered forces left behind by McClellan to protect Washington against Stonewall Jackson and the Confederate hosts who believed that Washington was synonymous with the Union cause, and that if Washington could be captured "the game was up." General Pope skillfully collected and disposed his forces, and fought them manfully. The Army of the Potomac, by Halleck's orders, was withdrawn from Harrison's Landing and sent as rapidly as possible to the assistance of General Pope, who was threatened by Stonewall Jackson, followed by Lee's whole army. The battle of Groveton, or the second Bull Run, has been the subject of the most critical investigation, and I do not propose to mingle in that controversy; but I believe Pope fought valiantly and well, that he checked Lee in his full career for Washington, and brought his "forlorn-hope" to the defenses of Washington in as good condition as could have been done by any of his critics.

At all events the Army of the Potomac was back in front of Washington about the end of August, 1862, confronting its old enemy commanded by Lee, which believed itself invincible. On the 2d of September Major-General McClellan was ordered by the President to "have command of the fortifications of Washington, and of all the troops for the defense of the capital."* Pope's Army of Virginia was merged into that of the Potomac, then commanded by McClellan.

Lee then began his invasive campaign into Maryland, crossing the Potomac by its upper fords east of Harper's Ferry, having detached Stonewall Jackson to capture Harper's Ferry and its garrison, which he did promptly on the 15th of September, at a loss to the Union of 11,783 men, to the Confederates of 500, and thereafter joined Lee at Antietam in time to render material assistance in that battle.

As soon as McClellan became convinced that Lee designed to cross the Potomac, he followed by roads leading north of that river, his left near it and his right extending to Frederick City, which he reached September 12th. The Confederates had been there the day before, and had fallen back along the old National Road by Turner's and Crampton's Gaps of South Mountain (Blue Ridge), where a battle was fought on the 14th, in which the Union loss was 2325 to the Confederate 4343. Lee called in all his detachments and prepared for battle at Sharpsburg, covering a ford of the Potomac River with Antietam Creek to his front, assuming the defensive. McClellan closed down on him and prepared to defeat him with a considerable river to his rear. This battle also has been one which has been discussed with crimination and recrimination in which I do not propose to engage, limiting myself to quotations from Soady:

> It is an approved maxim in war never to do what the enemy wishes you to do, for this reason alone — that he desires it. A field of battle, therefore, which he has previously studied and reconnoitered should be avoided, and double care should be taken where he has had time to fortify or intrench. One consequence deducible from this principle is never to attack a position in front which you can gain by turning (Napoleon) [p. 75].
>
> General McClellan at the battle of Antietam, beside that [*sic*] of making his attacks so disconnectedly that they afforded no help to each other, . . . kept 15,000 men in strict reserve to the very end of the battle — a force which properly employed might have been used to obtain some decisive advantage. For any practical effect . . . Porter's corps might as well have been at Washington. There is no example of any great tactician thus making useless his superiority of force of his own choice, except the single one of Napoleon refusing to employ his guard to decide the desperate struggle at Borodino; and although the great emperor had the strongest possible reason for thus reserving his best troops in the enormous distance from his depots which he arrived at, and the consequent impossibility of replacing them, yet he has been more condemned than admired for this striking deviation from his usual practice, which rendered his victory so

* "McClellan's Own Story," p. 536.

indecisive and ultimately so useless. But McClellan was in the very reverse of such a position, and could have had no similar reason; for his reënforcements were near, and those of his opponent exhausted. The only excuse that can be made for his timidity as to the use of his reserve must be in the ignorance he labored under as to the great numerical inferiority of Lee [p. 234].

The battle of Antietam was fought September 17, 1862, soon after which McClellan was superseded by Burnside, who followed Lee up to the old lines of the Rappahannock, crossed at Fredericksburg, and on December 13th fought that desperate battle, losing 12,353 to Lee's loss of 4576; soon after which he was replaced by Hooker, who crossed the Rapidan and May 1–4, 1863, fought Lee at Chancellorsville, losing 16,030 to Lee's 12,281, when he fell back again north of the Rappahannock. Then Lee in his turn assumed the offensive and made his campaign into Pennsylvania, resulting in the famous battle of Gettysburg, fought almost coincident with the capture of Vicksburg, viz., July 1–3, 1863, in which Lee was the assailant, losing 23,186 men to 34,621 on the part of Meade,* who fought purely on the defensive. General Meade is entitled to extraordinary honor for his conduct of that battle, because he was ordered to command that army whilst actually on the march, with no time to reconnoiter, study the ground, or become acquainted with his corps and division commanders,— that too in the presence of a victorious army of unknown strength, commanded by a general of known ability and great repute.

The defeat of the Confederate army at Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg should have ended the civil war July 4, 1863, — but no! the leaders demanded the "last ditch," and their followers seemed willing. The Army of Northern Virginia fell back behind the Rappahannock, and the Army of the Potomac followed and occupied their old ground about Warrenton.

On the 4th day of March, 1864, General U. S. Grant was summoned to Washington from Nashville to receive his commission of lieutenant-general, the highest rank then known in the United States, and the same that was conferred on Washington in 1798. He reached Washington on the 7th, had an interview for the first time with Mr. Lincoln, and on the 9th received his commission at the hands of the President, who made a short address, to which Grant made a suitable reply. He was informed that it was desirable that he should come east to command all the armies of the United States, and give his personal supervision to the Army of the Potomac. On the 10th he visited General Meade at Brandy Station, and saw many of his leading officers, but returned to Washington the next day and went on to Nashville, to which place he had summoned Sherman, then absent on his Meridian expedition. On the 18th of March he turned over to Sherman the command of the western armies and started back for Washington, Sherman accompanying him as far as Cincinnati. Amidst constant interruptions of a business and social nature, these two commanders reached the satisfactory conclusion that as soon as the season would permit, all the armies of the Union would assume the "bold offensive" by "concentric lines" on the common enemy, and would finish up the job in a single campaign if possible. The main "objectives" were Lee's army behind the Rapidan in Virginia, and Johnston's army at Dalton, Georgia.

On reaching Washington, General Grant studied with great care all the minutiæ of the organization, strength, qualities, and resources of each of the many armies into which the Union forces had resolved themselves by reason of preceding events, and in due time with wonderful precision laid out the work which each one should undertake. His written instructions to me at Nashville were embraced in his two letters of April 4, and April 19, 1864, both in his own handwriting, which I still possess, and which, in my judgment, are as complete as any of those of the Duke of Wellington contained in the twelve volumes of his published letters and correspondence.

With the month of May came the season for *action*, and by the 4th all his armies were in motion. The army of Butler at Fort Monroe was his left, Meade's army the center, and Sherman at Chattanooga his right. Butler was to move against Richmond on the south of James River, Meade straight against Lee, intrenched behind the Rapidan, and Sherman to attack Joe Johnston and push him to and beyond Atlanta. This was as far as human foresight could penetrate. Though Meade commanded the Army of the Potomac, General Grant substantially controlled it, and on the 4th of May, 1864, he crossed the Rapidan, and at noon next day attacked Lee. He knew that a certain amount of fighting, "killing," had to be done to accomplish his end, and also to pay the penalty of former failures. In the "wilderness" there was no room for grand strategy, or even minor tactics; but the fighting was desperate, the losses to the Union army being, according to Phisterer, 37,737,† to the Confederate loss of 11,400 — the difference due to Lee's intrenchments and the blind nature of the country in which the battle was fought. On the night of May 7th both par-

* Later compilations make the losses: Confederate, 25,873; Union, 23,001.— EDITOR.

† Later compilation, 17,666.— EDITOR.

ties paused, appalled by the fearful slaughter; but General Grant commanded "Forward by the left flank." That was, in my judgment, the supreme moment of his life: undismayed, with a full comprehension of the importance of the work in which he was engaged, feeling as keen a sympathy for his dead and wounded as any one, and without stopping to count his numbers, he gave his orders calmly, specifically, and absolutely—"Forward to Spotsylvania." But his watchful and skillful antagonist detected his purpose, having the inner or shorter line, threw his army across Grant's path, and promptly fortified it. These field intrenchments are peculiar to America, though I am convinced they were employed by the Romans in Gaul in the days of Cæsar. A regiment, brigade, division, or corps, halting for the night or for battle, faced the enemy; moved forward to ground with a good outlook to the front; stacked arms; gathered logs, stumps, fence-rails, and anything which would stop a bullet; piled these to their front, and, digging a ditch behind, threw the dirt forward, and made a parapet which covered their persons as perfectly as a granite wall.

When Grant reached Spotsylvania, on the 8th of May, he found his antagonist in his front thus intrenched. He was delayed there till the 20th, during which time there was incessant fighting, because he was compelled to attack his enemy behind these improvised intrenchments. His losses according to Phisterer were 24,461,* to the Confederate loss of 9000. Nevertheless, his renewed order, "Forward by the left flank," compelled Lee to retreat to the defenses of Richmond.

Grant's memoirs enable us to follow him day by day across the various rivers which lay between him and Richmond, and in the bloody assaults at Cold Harbor, where his losses are reported 14,931 † to 1700 by his opponent. Yet ever onward by the left flank, he crossed James River, and penned Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia within the intrenchments of Richmond and Petersburg for ten long months on the pure defensive, to remain almost passive observers of local events, whilst Grant's other armies were absolutely annihilating the Southern Confederacy.

Whilst Grant was fighting desperately from the Rapidan to the James, there were two other armies within the same "zone of operations,"—that of the "James" under General Butler, who was expected to march up on the south and invest Petersburg and even Richmond; and that of Sigel at Winchester, who was expected to march up the Valley of Virginia, pick up his detachments from the Kanawha (Crook and Averell), and threaten Lynchburg, a place of vital importance to Lee in Richmond. Butler failed to accomplish what was expected of him; and Sigel failed at the very start, and was replaced by Hunter, who marched up the Valley, made junction with Crook and Averell at Staunton, and pushed on with commendable vigor to Lynchburg, which he invested on the 16th of June.

Lee, who by this time had been driven into Richmond with a force large enough to hold his lines of intrenchment and a surplus for expeditions, detached General Jubal A. Early with the equivalent of a corps to drive Hunter away from Lynchburg. Hunter, far from his base, with inadequate supplies of food and ammunition, retreated by the Kanawha to the Ohio River, his nearest base, thereby exposing the Valley of Virginia, whereupon Early, an educated soldier, promptly resolved to take advantage of the occasion, marched rapidly down this valley northward to Winchester, crossed the Potomac to Hagerstown, and thence boldly marched on Washington, defended at that time only by armed clerks and militia. General Grant, fully alive to the danger, dispatched to Washington by water, from his army investing Petersburg, two divisions of the Sixth Corps and the Nineteenth Corps, just arriving from New Orleans. These troops arrived at the very nick of time,—met Early's army in the suburbs of Washington, and drove it back to the Valley of Virginia, whence it had come.

This most skillful movement of Early demonstrated to General Grant the importance of the Valley of Virginia, not only as a base of supplies for Lee's army in Richmond, but as the most direct, shortest, and easiest route for a "diversion" into the Union territory north of the Potomac. He therefore cast around for a suitable commander for this field of operations, and settled upon Major-General Philip H. Sheridan, whom he had brought from the West to command the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac.

Sheridan promptly repaired to his new sphere of operations, quickly ascertained its strength and resources, and resolved to attack Early in the position which he had chosen in and about Winchester, Va. He delivered his attack across broken ground on the 19th of September, beat his antagonist in fair, open battle, sending him "whirling up the Valley," inflicting a loss of 5500 men to his of 4873, and followed him up to Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill. There Early recomposed his army and fell upon the Union army on the 19th of October, gaining a temporary advantage during General Sheridan's absence; but on his opportune return his army resumed the

* Later compilation, 18,399.— EDITOR.
† Later compilation, 12,737.— EDITOR.

offensive, defeated Early, captured nearly all his artillery, and drove him completely out of his field of operations, eliminating that army from the subsequent problem of the war. Sheridan's losses were 5995 to Early's 4200; but these losses are no just measure of the results of that victory, which made it impossible to use the Valley of Virginia as a Confederate base of supplies and as an easy route for raids within the Union lines. General Sheridan then committed its protection to detachments and with his main force rejoined General Grant, who still held Lee's army inside his intrenchments at Richmond and Petersburg.

I now turn with a feeling of extreme delicacy to the conduct of that other campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, Savannah, and Raleigh, which with liberal discretion was committed to me by General Grant in his minute instructions of April 4, and April 10, 1864. To all military students these letters must be familiar, because they have been published again and again, and there never was and never can be raised a question of rivalry or claim between us as to the relative merits of the manner in which we played our respective parts. We were as brothers — I the older man in years, but he the higher in rank. We both believed in our heart of hearts that the success of the Union cause was not only necessary to the then generation of Americans, but to all future generations. We both professed to be gentlemen and professional soldiers, educated in the science of war by our generous Government for the very occasion which had arisen. Neither of us by nature was a combative man; but with honest hearts and a clear purpose to do what man could we embarked on that campaign which I believe, in its strategy, in its logistics, in its grand and minor tactics, has added new luster to the old science of war. Both of us had at our front generals to whom in early life we had been taught to look up,— educated and experienced soldiers like ourselves, not likely to make any mistakes, and each of whom had as strong an army as could be collected from the mass of their nine millions of Southern people,—of the same blood as ourselves, brave, confident, and well equipped; in addition to which they had the most decided advantage of operating in their own difficult country of mountain, forest, ravine, and river, affording admirable opportunities for defense, besides the other equally important advantage that we had to invade the country of our unqualified enemy and expose our long lines of supply to the guerrillas of an "exasperated people." Again, as we advanced we had to leave guards to bridges, stations, and intermediate depots, diminishing the fighting force, whilst our enemy gained strength by picking up his detachments as he fell back, and with railroads to bring supplies and reënforcements from his rear. In Europe war is confined to actual belligerents wearing uniforms, publicly proclaiming their character. Not so with us. Men professing to be peaceful farmers and physicians — yea, preachers of the Gospel — were apprehended in doing acts of a most damaging nature; and I recall to memory a case when our pickets brought to me three preachers with double-barreled guns who said they were hunting for birds as food for their tables. On drawing the charges, each gun contained twelve buckshot, which would have killed a man at sixty yards. I instance these facts to offset the common assertion that we of the North won the war by brute force, and not by courage and skill.

On the historic 4th day of May, 1864, the Confederate army at my front lay at Dalton, Georgia, composed, according to the best authority, of about 45,000 men, commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston, who was the equal in all the elements of generalship with General Lee, and who was under instructions from the war powers in Richmond to assume the offensive northward as far as Nashville. But he soon discovered that he would have to conduct a defensive campaign. Coincident with the movement of the Army of the Potomac, as announced by telegraph, I put my armies in motion from our base at Chattanooga. These were the armies of the Ohio, 13,559 men; of the Cumberland, 60,773; of the Tennessee, 24,465 — grand total, 98,797 men and 254 guns.

I had no purpose to attack Johnston's position at Dalton in front, but marched from Chattanooga to feign at his front and to make a lodgment in Resaca, eighteen miles to his rear, on "his line of communication and supply." The movement was partially, not wholly, successful; but it compelled Johnston to let go Dalton and fight us at Resaca, where, May 13th–16th, our loss was 2747 and his 2800. I fought offensively and he defensively, aided by earth parapets. He then fell back to Calhoun, Adairsville, and Cassville, where he halted for the battle of the campaign; but, for reasons given in his memoirs, he continued his retreat behind the next spur of mountains to Allatoona.

Pausing for a few days to repair the railroad without attempting Allatoona, of which I had personal knowledge acquired in 1844, I resolved to push on towards Atlanta by way of Dallas; this Johnston quickly detected, and forced me to fight him at New Hope Church, four miles north of Dallas, resulting in losses of 3000 to the Confederates to 2400 to us.

The country was almost in a state of nature — few or no roads, nothing that a European could understand, but where the bullet killed its victim as surely as at Sevastopol. Johnston had meantime picked up his detachments, and had received reënforcements from his rear which raised his aggregate strength to 62,000 men, and warranted him in claiming that he was purposely drawing us far from our base, and that when the right moment should come he would turn on us and destroy us. We were equally confident and not the least alarmed. He then fell back to his position at Marietta, with Brush Mountain on his right, Kenesaw his center, and Lost Mountain his left. His line of ten miles was too long for his numbers, and he soon let go his flanks and concentrated on Kenesaw. We closed down in battle array, repaired the railroad up to our very camps, and then prepared for the contest. Not a day, not an hour or minute was there a cessation of fire. Our skirmishers were in absolute contact, the lines of battle and batteries but little in rear of the skirmishers; and thus matters continued until June 27th, when I ordered a general assault, with the full coöperation of my great lieutenants, Thomas, McPherson, and Schofield, as good and true men as ever lived or died for their country's cause; but we failed, losing 3000 men, to the Confederate loss of 630. Still, the result was that within three days Johnston abandoned the strongest possible position and was in full retreat for the Chattahoochee River. We were on his heels; skirmished with his rear at Smyrna Church on the 4th day of July, and saw him fairly across the Chattahoochee on the 10th, covered and protected by the best line of field intrenchments I have ever seen, prepared long in advance. No officer or soldier who ever served under me will question the generalship of Joseph E. Johnston. His retreats were timely, in good order, and he left nothing behind. We had advanced into the enemy's country 120 miles, with a single track railroad, which had to bring clothing, food, ammunition, everything requisite for 100,000 men and 23,000 animals. The city of Atlanta, the gate city opening the interior of the important State of Georgia, was in sight; its protecting army was shaken but not defeated, and onward we had to go,— illustrating the principle that an army "once on the offensive must maintain the offensive."

We feigned to the right, but crossed the Chattahoochee by the left, and soon confronted our enemy behind his first line of intrenchments at Peach Tree Creek, prepared in advance for this very occasion. At this critical moment the Confederate Government rendered us most valuable service. Being dissatisfied with the Fabian policy of General Johnston, it relieved him, and General Hood was substituted to command the Confederate army. Hood was known to us to be a "fighter," a graduate of West Point of the class of 1853, No. 44, of which class two of my army commanders, McPherson and Schofield, were No. 1 and No. 7. The character of a leader is a large factor in the game of war, and I confess I was pleased at this change, of which I had early notice. I knew that I had an army superior in numbers and *morale* to that of my antagonist; but being so far from my base, and operating in a country absolutely devoid of food and forage, I was dependent for supplies on a poorly constructed, single-track railroad back to Louisville, five hundred miles. I was willing to meet our enemy in the open country, but not behind well-constructed parapets.

Promptly, as expected, the enemy sallied from his Peach Tree line on the 18th of July, about midday, striking the Twentieth Corps (Hooker), which had just crossed Peach Tree Creek by improvised bridges. The troops became commingled and fought hand to hand desperately for about four hours, when the Confederates were driven back within their lines, leaving behind their dead and wounded. These amounted to 4796 men, to our loss of 1710. We followed up, and Hood fell back to the main lines of the city of Atlanta. We closed in, when again, Hood holding these lines by about one-half his force, with the other half made a wide circuit by night, under cover of the woods, and on the 22d of July enveloped our left flank "in air," a movement that led to the hardest battle of the campaign. He encountered the Army of the Tennessee,— skilled veterans who were always ready to fight, were not alarmed by flank or rear attacks, and met their assailants with heroic valor. The battle raged from noon to night, when the Confederates, baffled and defeated, fell back within the intrenchments of Atlanta. Their losses are reported 8499 to ours of 3641; but among these was McPherson, the commander of the Army of the Tennessee. Whilst this battle was in progress, Schofield at the center, and Thomas on the right, made efforts to break through the intrenchments at their fronts, but found them too strong to assault.

The Army of the Tennessee was then shifted, under its new commander (Howard), from the extreme left to the extreme right, to reach, if possible, the railroad by which Hood drew his supplies, when he again, on the 28th of July, repeated his tactics of the 22d, sustaining an overwhelming defeat, losing 4632 men to our 700. These three sallies convinced him that his predecessor, General Johnston, had not erred in standing on the defensive. There-

after the Confederate army in Atlanta clung to his parapets. I never intended to assault these, but gradually worked to the right to reach and destroy his line of supplies, because soldiers, like other mortals, must have food. Our extension to the right brought on numerous conflicts, but nothing worthy of note, till about the end of August I resolved to leave one corps to protect our communications to the rear, and move with the other five to a point (Jonesboro') on the railroad twenty-six miles below Atlanta, *not* fortified. This movement was perfectly strategic, was successful, and resulted in our occupation of Atlanta, on the 3d of September, 1864. The result had a large effect on the whole country at the time, for solid and political reasons. I claim no special merit to myself, save that I believe I followed the teachings of the best masters of the "science of war" of which I had knowledge; and better still, I had pleased Mr. Lincoln, who wanted "success" very much. But I had not accomplished all, for Hood's army, the chief "objective," had escaped.

Then began the real trouble. We were in possession of Atlanta, and Hood remained at Lovejoy's Station, thirty miles south-east, on the Savannah railroad, with an army of about 40,000 veterans inured to war, and with a fair amount of wagons to carry his supplies, independent of the railroads. On the 21st of September he shifted his position to Palmetto Station, twenty-five miles south-west of Atlanta, on the Montgomery and Selma railroad, where he began his systematic preparations for his aggressive campaign against our communications to compel us to abandon our conquests. Here he was visited by Mr. Davis, who promised all possible coöperation and assistance in the proposed campaign; and here also Mr. Davis made his famous speech, which was duly reported to me in Atlanta, assuring his army that they would make my retreat more disastrous than was that of Napoleon from Moscow. Forewarned, I took immediate measures to thwart his plans. One division was sent back to Rome, another to Chattanooga; the guards along our railroad were reënforced and warned of the coming blow. General Thomas was sent back to the headquarters of his department at Nashville, Schofield to his at Knoxville, and I remained in Atlanta to await Hood's "initiative." This followed soon. Hood, sending his cavalry ahead, crossed the Chattahoochee River at Campbelltown with his main army on the 1st of October, and moved to Dallas, detaching a strong force against the railroad above Marietta which destroyed it for fifteen miles, and then sent French's division to capture Allatoona. I followed Hood, reaching Kenesaw Mountain in time to see in the distance the attack on Allatoona, which was handsomely repulsed by Corse. Hood then moved westward, avoiding Rome, and by a circuit reached Resaca, which he summoned to surrender, but did not wait to attack. He continued thence the destruction of the railroad for about twenty miles to the tunnel, including Dalton, whose garrison he captured. I followed up to Resaca, then turned west to intercept his retreat down the Valley of Chattooga; but by rapid marching he escaped to Gadsden, on the Coosa, I halting at Gaylesville, whence to observe his further movements. Hood, after a short pause, crossed the mountains to Decatur, on the Tennessee River, which, being defended by a good division of troops, he avoided, and finally halted opposite Florence, Alabama, on the Tennessee River. Divining the object of his movement against our communications, which had been thus far rapid and skillful, I detached by rail General Schofield and two of my six corps to Nashville, all the reënforcement that Thomas deemed necessary to enable him to defend Tennessee, and began my systematic preparations for resuming the offensive against Georgia. Repairing the broken railroads, we collected in Atlanta the necessary food and transportation for 60,000 men, sent to the rear all impediments, called in all detachments, and ordered them to march for Atlanta, where by the 14th of November were assembled 4 infantry corps, 1 cavalry division, and 65 field guns, aggregating 60,598 men. Hood remained at Florence, preparing to invade Tennessee and Kentucky, or to follow me. We were prepared for either alternative.

According to the great Napoleon, the fundamental maxim for successful war is to "converge a superior force on the critical point at the critical time." In 1864 the main "objectives" were Lee's and Johnston's armies, and the critical point was thought to be Richmond or Atlanta, whichever should be longest held. Had General Grant overwhelmed or scattered Lee's army and occupied Richmond he would have come to Atlanta; but as I happened to occupy Atlanta first, and had driven Hood off to a divergent line of operations far to the west, it was good strategy to leave him to a subordinate force, and with my main army to join Grant at Richmond. The most practicable route to Richmond was near a thousand miles in distance, too long for a single march; hence the necessity to reach the sea-coast for a new base. Savannah was the nearest point, distant three hundred miles, and this we accomplished from November 12th to December 21, 1864. According to the Duke of Wellington, an army moves upon its belly, not upon its legs; and no army dependent on wagons

can operate more than a hundred miles from its base, because the teams going and returning consume the contents of their wagons, leaving little or nothing for the maintenance of the men and animals at the front, who are fully employed in fighting; hence the necessity to "forage liberally on the country," a measure which fed our men and animals chiefly on the very supplies which had been gathered near the railroads by the enemy for the maintenance of his own armies. "The march to the sea" in strategy was only a shift of base for ulterior and highly important purposes.

Meantime Hood, whom I had left at and near Florence, Alabama, three hundred and seventeen miles to my rear, having completely reorganized and re-supplied his army, advanced against Thomas at Nashville, who had also made every preparation. Hood first encountered Schofield at Franklin, November 30, 1864, attacked him boldly behind his intrenchments, and sustained a positive "check," losing 6252 of his best men, including Generals Cleburne and Adams, who were killed on the very parapets, to Schofield's loss of 2326. Nevertheless he pushed on to Nashville, which he invested. Thomas, one of the grand characters of our civil war, nothing dismayed by danger in front or rear, made all his preparations with cool and calm deliberation; and on the 15th of December sallied from his intrenchments, attacked Hood in his chosen and intrenched positions, and on the next day, December 16th, actually annihilated his army, eliminating it thenceforward from the problem of the war. Hood's losses were 15,000 men to Thomas's 305.

Therefore at the end of the year 1864 the war at the west was concluded, leaving nothing to be considered in the grand game of war but Lee's army, held by Grant in Richmond, and the Confederate detachments at Mobile and along the sea-board north of Savannah. Of course Charleston, ever arrogant, felt secure; but it was regarded by us as a "dead cock in the pit," and fell of itself when its inland communications were cut. Wilmington was captured by a detachment from the Army of the Potomac, aided by Admiral Porter's fleet and by Schofield, who had been brought by Grant from Nashville to Washington and sent down the Atlantic coast to prepare for Sherman's coming to Goldsboro', North Carolina,—all "converging" on Richmond.

Preparatory to the next move, General Howard was sent from Savannah to secure Pocotaligo, in South Carolina, as a point of departure for the north, and General Slocum to Sister's Ferry, on the Savannah River, to secure a safe lodgment on the north bank for the same purpose. In due time — in February, 1865 — these detachments, operating by concentric lines, met on the South Carolina road at Midway and Blackville, swept northward through Orangeburg and Columbia to Winnsboro', where the direction was changed to Fayetteville and Goldsboro', a distance of 420 miles through a difficult and hostile country, making junction with Schofield at a safe base with two good railroads back to the sea-coast, of which we held absolute dominion. The resistance of Hampton, Butler, Beauregard, and even Joe Johnston was regarded as trivial. Our "objective" was Lee's army at Richmond. When I reached Goldsboro', made junction with Schofield, and moved forward to Raleigh, I was willing to encounter the entire Confederate army; but the Confederate armies — Lee's in Richmond and Johnston's in my front — held interior lines, and could choose the initiative.

Few military critics who have treated of the civil war in America have ever comprehended the importance of the movement of my army northward from Savannah to Goldsboro', or of the transfer of Schofield from Nashville to coöperate with me in North Carolina. This march was like the thrust of a sword towards the heart of the human body; each mile of advance swept aside all opposition, consumed the very food on which Lee's army depended for life, and demonstrated a power in the National Government which was irresistible.

Therefore in March, 1865, but one more move was left to Lee on the chess-board of war — to abandon Richmond; make junction with Johnston in North Carolina; fall on me and destroy me if possible, a fate I did not apprehend; then turn on Grant, sure to be in close pursuit, and defeat him. But no! Lee clung to his intrenchments for political reasons, and waited for the inevitable. At last, on the 1st day of April, General Sheridan, by his vehement and most successful attack on the Confederate lines at the "Five Forks" near Dinwiddie Court House, compelled Lee to begin his last race for life. He then attempted to reach Danville, to make junction with Johnston, but Grant in his rapid pursuit constantly interposed, and finally headed him off at Appomattox, and compelled the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, which for four long years had baffled the skill and courage of the Army of the Potomac and the power of our National Government. This substantially ended the war, leaving only the formal proceedings of accepting the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina and of the subordinate armies at the South-west.

All these movements were on a grand scale, strictly in conformity with the lessons of the great masters, and illustrate every branch of

the science of war as defined by Soady,—strategy, logistics, grand and minor tactics, and engineering.

In thus summarizing these controlling events, extending through four years of time and embracing a continent, I have endeavored to confine myself to the chief campaigns and battles which illustrate military principles. The first year of the war was necessarily one of preparation, but in the last three I contend that every principle of the science of war was illustrated and demonstrated by examples in our war. "Divergent" operations were generally useless or failures; "convergent" operations, with good "bases," though far apart, when persevered in resulted in success and victory. All I aim to establish is that the civil war brought forth, on both sides, out of the mass of the American people, the knowledge, talents, and qualities which were necessary to the occasion; that success resulted from the same qualities, the same knowledge and adherence to the rules of war, which have achieved military success in other ages and in other lands; and that military knowledge acquired beforehand was most valuable, though not conclusive. The same knowledge might have been and was acquired in actual war, though often at a terrible expense in human life and misery.

There is an old familiar maxim, "In peace prepare for war," so that I would deem it the part of wisdom for our Government to accumulate in our arsenals a large supply of the best cannon, small arms, ammunition, and military equipments, ready for instant use; to encourage military education, and to foster a national militia.

I will quote here an expression of a personal friend who was a good soldier of the civil war, now a senator in Congress, contained in an address which he recently delivered to the graduating class of a college in Michigan:

> Of course knowledge is power, we all know that: but mere knowledge is not power, it is simply possibility. *Action* is power, and its highest manifestation is action with knowledge.

How true this is, is felt by every soldier who has been in battle. 'T is not the man who knows most, but the one who *does* best, that wins. Grant, and Meade, and Sheridan at the close of the war could have been taught many lessons by our learned professors, but none of these could have guided the forces to victory as Grant did at Chattanooga, defended his position as Meade did at Gettysburg, or hurled his masses as Sheridan did at Winchester. Action guided by knowledge is what is demanded of the modern general. He must know as much of the school of the soldier as any man in the ranks; he must know what men can do, and what they cannot do; he must foresee and forereach to provide in advance the food, clothing, ammunition, and supplies of every nature and kind necessary for the maintenance of his command; and, moreover, he must gain the confidence and affections of all the men committed to his charge. Above all, he must *act* according to the best knowledge and information he can obtain, preferably coupled with experience acquired long in advance. If we demand of the engineer of a locomotive, composed of bits of iron, both knowledge and experience, how much more should we demand these qualities of the commander of an army, composed of living men, of flesh and blood, with immortal souls! There may be such men as born generals, but I have never encountered them, and doubt the wisdom of trusting to their turning up in an emergency.

The aggressive demands a great moral force, the defensive less. A man who has not experienced the feeling cannot comprehend the sensation of hurling masses of men against an intrenched enemy, almost sure to result in the death of thousands, and, worse still, the mangling of more, followed by the lamentations of families at the loss of fathers, brothers, and sons. We in America, with a free press behind us, which sympathized with their neighbors and rarely comprehended the necessities of battle, felt this moral force far more than would any European general with his well-organized corps and battalions which he could move with little more feeling than he would the ivory figures on a chess-board.

In 1872 I visited Europe in the frigate *Wabash*, and was landed at Gibraltar, held by England with a full war garrison, composed of all arms of service, commanded by Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, a general of great renown, whose officers were thoroughly educated and of marked intelligence. They naturally questioned me as to the conduct of our civil war; they could comprehend how we might, out of our intelligent citizens, create battalions of infantry, but were incredulous when I explained that we had been equally successful with artillery, engineers, ordnance and staff, the scientific branches of the military service; and when I further claimed that most of our campaigns had been conducted according to the highest military principles, as taught by their General Hamley in the staff school at Aldershot, I could read in their faces signs of more than doubt. The same or similar experiences occurred afterwards at Malta, and in the clubs of London.

In Russia I found the army officers specially well informed about American affairs. At Vladi Kavkas, a city at the north base of the

Caucasian range of mountains, Mr. Curtin and I, with our party, were entertained by a brigadier-general and the officers of his command, who welcomed us in a speech referring to Grant and Sheridan, Farragut and Porter, with as much precision as could have been expected at Denver. In Italy also there prevailed a similar public feeling, and there I encountered several who had been to America, and had shared in some of our campaigns.

In Germany the army officers seemed so well satisfied with themselves, by reason of their then recent victories over the French, that they gave little heed to our affairs on this side of the Atlantic. In all their garrisoned towns they were drilling morning, noon, and night, at the squad drill, at the company drill, and in the school of the battalion; and if industry and attention to details are ruling elements in the science of war, then will the German battalions maintain the cohesion and strength they displayed in the war of 1870–71. With such battalions as units, there can be no scarcity of skilled officers and generals.

In like manner the French had not yet recovered from their defeats at Woerth, Metz, Gravelotte, Sédan, and Paris. With them the separation of the officer from the soldier was much more marked than in any other of the military establishments I witnessed in Europe, and one of their most renowned generals attributed to this cause their defeat and national humiliation; specifying that when their armies were hastily assembled on the Rhine, the soldiers did not personally know their captains and company officers, and these in turn could not distinguish their own commanders. I infer, however, from recent accounts, that General Boulanger, who attended our centennial celebration at Yorktown in 1881, has corrected much of this, and has infused into the French army somewhat of his own youthful ardor and spirit, so that if a new war should arise in Europe we may expect different results.

Nevertheless, for service in our wooded country, where battles must be fought chiefly by skirmishers and "thin lines," I prefer our own people. They possess more individuality, more self-reliance, learn more quickly the necessity for organization and discipline, and will follow where they have skilled leaders in whom they have confidence. Any one of the corps of the Army of the Potomac, or of the West, would not have hesitated to meet after 1863, in open ground, an equal number of the best drilled German troops. This, of course, may seem an idle boast; it is only meant to convey my opinion that the American people need not fear a just comparison in warlike qualities with those of any other nation. We are more likely to err in the other direction, in over-confidence, by compelling inferior numbers and undisciplined men to encounter superior troops, exposing them to certain defeat — a "cruel and inhuman" act on the part of any government. Strength in war results from organization, cohesion, and discipline, which require time and experience; but war is an expensive luxury, too costly to maintain even to secure these important results: therefore the greater necessity for fostering a national militia, and supporting military schools like that at West Point, which has proven its inestimable value to the nation as General Washington predicted, and as every war in America during this century has demonstrated.

W. T. Sherman.

New York, May 1, 1887.

VALUES.

I MAKE apprisal of the maiden moon
For what she is to me:
Not a great globe of cheerless stone
That hangs in awful space alone,
And ever so to be;
But just the rarest orb,
The very fairest orb,
The star most lovely-wise
In all the dear night-skies!

So thou to me, O jestful girl of June!
I have no will to hear
Cold calculations of thy worth
Summed up in beauty, brain, and birth:
Such coldly strike mine ear.
Thou art the rarest one,
The very fairest one,
The soul most lovely-wise
That ever looked through eyes!

Richard E. Burton.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

PREMIER OR PRESIDENT?

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE REBEL GAME.

THE rebel conspirators were not unmindful of the great advantages they had hitherto derived from their complaints, their intrigues, their assumptions, their arrogant demands. No sooner was the provisional government organized at Montgomery than they appointed a new embassy of three commissioners to proceed to Washington and make the fourth effort to assist, protect, and if possible to establish the rebellion through a negotiation. They not only desired to avert a war, but, reasoning from the past, had a well-grounded faith that they would secure a peaceful acquiescence in their schemes. The commissioners were instructed to solicit a reception in their official character, and if that were refused, to accept an unofficial interview; to insist on the *de facto* and *de jure* independence of the Confederate States; but nevertheless to accede to a proposition to refer the subject of their mission to the United States Senate, or to withhold an answer until the Congress of the United States should assemble and pronounce a decision in the premises, provided the existing peaceful status were rigidly maintained.†

This modest programme was made necessary by the half-fledged condition of the rebellion: its personal jealousies were not yet hushed; its notions of State rights were not yet swallowed up in an imperious military dictatorship; above all, its military preparation consisted mainly of a self-sacrificing enthusiasm. Notwithstanding the two months' drill and battery-building at Charleston, Davis did not agree with Governor Pickens that the moment had come to storm Sumter. "Fort Sumter should be in our possession at the earliest moment possible," wrote the rebel war secretary, but "thorough preparation must be made before an attack is attempted. . . . A failure would demoralize our people and injuriously affect us in the opinion of the world as reckless and precipitate."‡ Therefore they made Beauregard a brigadier-general and sent him to command in the harbor of Charleston. Beauregard's professional inspection justified this prudence.

> If Sumter was properly garrisoned and armed [wrote he (March 6th)], it would be a perfect Gibraltar to anything but constant shelling night and day from the four points of the compass. As it is, the weakness of the garrison constitutes our greatest advantage, and we must for the present turn our attention to preventing it from being reënforced. This idea I am gradually and cautiously infusing into the minds of all here; but should we have to open our batteries upon it, I hope to be able to do so with all the advantages the condition of things here will permit. All that I ask is time for completing my batteries and preparing and organizing properly my command.§

The first of the three commissioners, Martin J. Crawford, arrived in Washington the day before Lincoln's inauguration. He would have nothing more to do with Buchanan, he wrote.

> His fears for his personal safety, the apprehensions for the security of his property, together with the cares of state and his advanced age, render him wholly disqualified for his present position. He is as incapable now of purpose as a child.‖

With the arrival of the second commissioner, John Forsyth, they prepared to begin operations upon the new Administration. It was comparatively easy to call into caucus the active or disguised secessionists who yet remained in the city. Wigfall, Mason, Hunter, and Breckinridge were still in the Senate; Virginia and the other border States had a number of sympathizing Congressmen in the House; Bell, Crittenden, and Douglas, though loyal, had no love for Lincoln, and could be approached with professions of peace; Seward, in order to gain information, had kept himself during the whole winter in relation with all parties, and had openly proclaimed that his policy was one of peace and conciliation.¶

The prospect of beginning negotiations seemed flattering; nevertheless, their first caucus over the inaugural agreed that "it was Lincoln's purpose at once to attempt the col-

† Toombs to commissioners, Feb. 27, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Walker to Pickens. War Records.

§ Beauregard to Walker. War Records.

‖ Crawford to Toombs, March 3, 1861. Unpublished MS.

¶ Senate speech, Jan. 12, 1861. "Globe."

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lection of the revenue, to reënforce and hold Forts Sumter and Pickens, and to retake the other places."* A day or two later, on comparing the fragmentary gossip they had raked together, in which the difficulties of reënforcing Sumter were dimly reflected, with a general conversation alleged to have been held by one of their informants with Seward, they framed and reported to Montgomery a theory of probable success.

Seward, they thought, was to be the ruling power of the new Administration. Seward and Cameron were publicly committed to a peace policy. They would establish an understanding with the Secretary of State.

> This gentleman [they wrote] is urgent for delay. The tenor of his language is to this effect: I have built up the Republican party; I have brought it to triumph; but its advent to power is accompanied by great difficulties and perils. I must save the party and save the Government in its hands. To do this, war must be averted; the negro question must be dropped; the "irrepressible" conflict ignored; and a Union party to embrace the border slave-States inaugurated. I have already whipped Mason and Hunter in their own State. I must crush out Davis, Toombs, and their colleagues in sedition in their respective States. Saving the border States to the Union by moderation and justice, the people of the cotton-States, unwillingly led into secession, will rebel against their leaders and reconstruction will follow.

The commissioners therefore deemed it their duty to support Mr. Seward's policy. "Until we reach the point of pacific negotiations, it is unimportant what may be his subsequent hopes and plans. It is well that he should indulge in dreams which we know are not to be realized." They of course make no mention of the arguments, agencies, and influences which we may infer they employed in their deceitful intent to foster these dreams; unless, indeed, they were instrumental in provoking the Senate debate of March 6th and 7th, in which Clingman attacked the inaugural as an announcement of war, while Douglas defended it as a manifesto of peace, "for the purpose," as Mr. Forsyth wrote that Douglas told him, "of fixing that construction on it and of tomahawking it afterwards if it [the Administration] departed from it."†

Acting upon this assumed anxiety of Seward for delay and for peace, the commissioners now agreed upon what they elaborately described in a long dispatch to Montgomery as a most ingenious plan. They would force the Administration to accept or reject their mission, and thereby confront the immediate issue of peace or war, unless Seward would consent to maintain the present military status. Having reached this conclusion, they laboriously drew up a memorandum which they purposed to ask Seward to sign, and sent it to the State Department by an "agent," but Mr. Seward was at home ill, and could not be seen.

Their long dispatches home, and their mysterious allusions to conversations, to agents, and intermediaries, convey the impression that they were "in relation" with the Secretary of State; but whether they were duped by others, or whether they were themselves duping the Montgomery cabinet, indisputable indications in these documents contradict their assertions. At last, however, their vigilance was rewarded with what they considered an item of important news, and they hurried off several telegrams to Montgomery: "Things look better here than was believed."‡ "The impression prevails in Administration circles that Fort Sumter will be evacuated within ten days."‡ This was on Saturday night, March 9th, and so far from being exclusive or advance information, it was substantially printed in next morning's newspapers.§ After four days' consideration by the Lincoln government, and extended discussion in a Cabinet meeting, the loss of Sumter seemed unavoidable; and the rumor was purposely given out to prepare the public mind, if the need should finally come for the great sacrifice.

The Jefferson Davis cabinet at Montgomery clutched at the report with avidity. Under this hope they were no longer satisfied with the "existing peaceful status" specified in their instructions of February 27th, and repeated in the prepared memorandum of the commissioners. "Can't bind our hands a day without evacuation of Sumter and Pickens," replied Toombs imperatively by telegraph on Monday, March 11th.‖ Until Sumter should be evacuated it was idle to talk of peaceful negotiation, he added in his written dispatch to the commissioners, while they were further instructed to "pertinaciously demand" the withdrawal of the troops and vessels from Pickens and Pensacola.¶

Thus spurred into activity, the commissioners now deemed it incumbent on them to make an effort. The whole tenor of their previous dispatches was calculated to convey the impression that they were twisting the Secretary of State at pleasure between their diplomatic thumb and finger. On Monday, March 11th, they sent him their first message — not the demand of Toombs that day received by tel-

* L. Q. Washington to Walker. War Records.

† Forsyth to Toombs, March 8, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Commissioners to Toombs, March 9, 1861. Unpublished MS.

§ "New York Herald," March 10, 1861.

‖ Toombs to commissioners, March 11, 1861. Unpublished MS.

¶ Toombs to commissioners, March 14, 1861. Unpublished MS.

egraph, not even the mild suggestion of their original instructions to maintain the status and appeal to Congress, but a meek inquiry whether they would be allowed to make a sort of back-door visit to the State Department. To describe it in their own words: "We availed ourselves of the kind consent of Senator Hunter of Virginia to see Mr. Seward, and learn if he would consent to an informal interview with us."* Mr. Seward of course received Senator Hunter politely, for he still professed to be a loyal senator representing a loyal State, and gave him the stereotyped diplomatic reply, that "he would be obliged to consult the President." The next morning Seward sent Hunter a note of irreproachable courtesy but of freezing conclusiveness. "It will not be in my power," he wrote, "to receive the gentlemen of whom we conversed yesterday. You will please explain to them that this decision proceeds solely on public grounds and not from any want of personal respect." †

This was a cold bath to the commissioners, and the theories of their own finesse, and of the torturing perplexities into which Seward had been thrown, became untenable.

> To-day at 11 o'clock [so runs their own report] Mr. Hunter brought us the promised reply, a copy of which is appended to this dispatch. It is polite; but it was considered by us at once as decisive of our course. We deemed it not compatible with the dignity of our Government to make a second effort, and took for granted that having failed in obtaining an unofficial interview with the Secretary of State, we should equally fail with the President. Our only remaining course was plain, and we followed it at once in the preparation of a formal note to the State Department informing the United States Government of our official presence here, the objects of our mission, and asking an early day to be appointed for an official interview.

They then repeat the gossip of the day — what Mr. Lincoln was said to have told a gentleman from Louisiana, that "there would be no war and that he was determined to keep the peace"; also what Crittenden told Crawford, "that General Scott was also for peace and would sustain Mr. Seward's policy." Finally, showing in what complete ignorance they were of events happening about them, they ask with bewildered curiosity, "Can it be that while they refuse to negotiate with us to keep the Republican party in heart, they mean to abandon both forts on military grounds and thus avoid the occasion of a collision, or do they mean to refer the questions raised by our note to the Senate? Time only can determine, and we await the result. We are still of the opinion that Fort Sumter will be evacuated. The opinion gains ground here that Lieutenant Slemmer and garrison will also be withdrawn from Fort Pickens."*

Toombs was ready to sue or bluster as occasion demanded.

> You have shown to the Government of the United States [he wrote back to the commissioners] with commendable promptness and becoming dignity that you were not supplicants for its grace and favor, and willing to loiter in the antechambers of officials to patiently await their answer to your petition; but that you are the envoys of a powerful confederacy of sovereignties, instructed to present and demand their rights.

Nevertheless, instead of recalling these neglected envoys, he instructs them to "communicate freely and often," and to employ a secretary to assist them, "at such monthly compensation as you may deem reasonable." ‡

The hint to remain was hardly necessary. The commissioners apparently had no idea of abandoning their intrigues, unpromising as they were.

Their secretary, John T. Pickett, now besieged the State Department for an answer to the commissioners' formal note. Seward replied (March 15th) in a lengthy and courteous but dignified memorandum that he did not perceive in the "Confederate States" a rightful and accomplished revolution or an independent nation; that he could not act on the assumption or in any way admit that they constituted a foreign power with which diplomatic relations ought to be established; that he had no authority, nor was he at liberty, to recognize the commissioners as diplomatic agents, or hold correspondence or other communication with them. §

This paper, if delivered, would have terminated the labors and functions of the commissioners. But they were in no hurry to return empty-handed to Montgomery, and still fondly nursed the theory so elaborately described in their long dispatches. One of them repeated it with emphasis in a private letter to a member of the Montgomery cabinet:

> We are feeling our way here cautiously. We are playing a game in which time is our best advocate, and if our Government could afford the time I feel confident of winning. There is a terrific fight in the Cabinet. Our policy is to encourage the peace element in the fight, and at least blow up the Cabinet on the question. ‖

This dispatch is a frank confession that the rebel embassy was so far a complete failure,

* Commissioners to Toombs, March 12, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† Seward to Hunter, March 12, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Toombs to commissioners, March 20, 1861. Unpublished MS.

§ Seward, memorandum. "Rebellion Record."

‖ Forsyth to Walker, March 14, 1861. Unpublished MS.

and that its future opportunity lay solely in the barren regions of hotel gossip and newspaper rumors. The commissioners would have merited no further historical mention had they not unexpectedly secured a most important ally — John A. Campbell, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed from Alabama, and therefore in the confidence and, as it soon turned out, in the secret interest of the South and the rebellion. Justice Campbell now made himself the voluntary intermediary between the commissioners and the Secretary of State. Owing to his station and his professions, Seward gave him undue intimacy and confidence, enabling Campbell, under guise of promoting peace, to give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States, in violation of his oath and duty. The details of the intrigue rest entirely upon rebel statements, and mainly upon those of Campbell himself, who gave both a confidential and a semi-official version to Jefferson Davis; the latter Davis transmitted in a special message to the Confederate Congress to "fire the Southern heart." Campbell having thus made his share of the transaction official, and having for a quarter of a century stood before the public accusing Seward and the Lincoln administration of "equivocating conduct" and "systematic duplicity," history must adjudge the question as well as it may with the help of his own testimony.

It has already been stated that Seward's official refusal to receive the commissioners was being prepared at the State Department. The Assistant Secretary had promised to send it to the commissioners' hotel. The commissioners thus relate the beginning of Campbell's intrigue:

> The interview between Colonel Pickett and the Assistant Secretary of State occurred on Friday morning the 14th* inst. Immediately thereafter, and within a brief space of time after Colonel Pickett's statement to us, the Hon. John A. Campbell, of the Supreme Court of the United States, sought an interview with Mr. Crawford of this commission, and after stating what he knew to be the wish and desire of Mr. Seward to preserve the peace between the two Governments, asked if there could be no further delay for an answer to our note to the Government, stating at the same time that he had no doubt if it were pressed that a most positive though polite rejection would be the result.†

Commissioner Crawford's official reply to this overture is best described by Toombs's formula that he should "pertinaciously demand" the evacuation of Sumter and maintenance of the "status" elsewhere; the alternative and confidential reply we can only conjecture. But it may well be presumed that Campbell fully revealed to Crawford his sympathy with the rebellion and his purpose to aid it, and that he was in return thoroughly instructed in the game, which was "to encourage the peace element in the fight, and at least blow up the Cabinet on the question."

Thus instructed and prepared, Justice Campbell on the same day (March 14th or 15th) made a voluntary call on Mr. Seward, and in the general conversation which he induced evidently played his part of the game of peace and reconciliation with consummate ability. He probably painted the "dreams which we know are not to be realized" in such rosy colors as to call forth from Seward the hopeful observation "that a civil war might be prevented by the success of my [Campbell's] mediation."‡ The impression upon Seward that Campbell was laboring honestly for the preservation of the Union was also strengthened by his having brought Justice Nelson with him, to whom the slightest suspicion of disloyalty has never attached. It seems clear that these professions of patriotic zeal threw Mr. Seward off his guard as to Campbell's motives, and that he accepted his intervention as a Union peacemaker, not as a rebel emissary.

Seward replied confidentially, "that it was impossible to receive the commissioners in any diplomatic capacity or character, or even to see them personally." Campbell adds that he said "it was not desirable to deny them or to answer them."§ As part of a general policy of delay and avoidance of conflict he may have said and meant it: as an immediate and urgent diplomatic step he certainly did not mean it, because his Assistant Secretary had already promised to send the answer to the commissioners' hotel, when for mere temporary delay dozens of expedients might have been used. Continuing his conversation and unguardedly enlarging his confidence, Seward, in answer to Campbell's direct inquiry, ventured the opinion that Sumter would be evacuated and collision avoided at Charleston. The idea was not new; the rumor had been openly and half-officially printed in the newspapers nearly a whole week; the commissioners had telegraphed it to Montgomery. Campbell, however, caught eagerly at the suggestion, and proposed to write the peaceful news to Jefferson Davis; and Seward, with a momentary excess of enthusiasm, authorized him (so Campbell relates) to write: "Before this letter

* The almanac shows that Friday was the 15th. There is, therefore, an error either in the day of the week or day of the month.

‡ Campbell to Seward. "Rebellion Record."

† Commissioners to Toombs, March 22, 1861. Unpublished MS.

§ Campbell to Jefferson Davis, April 3, 1861. Unpublished MS.

reaches you Sumter will be evacuated, or the orders will have issued for that purpose — and no change is contemplated at present in respect to Pickens."* Campbell rushed off in a fever of delight to tell the commissioners, and magnified the confidence to the proportions of a pledge. The incident began to grow more rapidly than the story of the three black crows. The commissioners, on their part, hurried a telegram to Montgomery:

> By pressing we can get an answer to our official note to-morrow. If we do, we believe it will be adverse to recognition and peace. We are sure that within five days Sumter will be evacuated. We are sure that no steps will be taken to change the military status. With a few days' delay a favorable answer may be had. Our personal interests command us to press. Duty to our country commands us to wait. What shall we do ?†

To all of which Toombs answered laconically, "Wait a reasonable time and then ask for instructions."

It is needless to point out the absurd variance of this announcement with Seward's alleged statement, which was simply an opinion that orders would be issued to evacuate Sumter within five days. He undoubtedly believed every word of this at the moment. Seward was then, as he declared to Lincoln in writing, in favor of evacuation;‡ and Scott's written draft of an order to that effect, under date of the 11th, was in the President's hands. The President had as yet announced no decision. On the 15th, for the first time, the Cabinet voted — five to evacuate, two to attempt to supply. Seward still had every reason to suppose that the necessity, the Cabinet majority, General Scott's influence, and Lincoln's desire to avoid war would, acting together, verify his prediction. Presuming that he was talking to a friend and not an enemy, to a judge and not an advocate, to a Unionist and not a rebel, he undoubtedly and properly thought his words were received as a prediction, and not as a pledge.

The five days elapsed, but Lincoln sent no order to Anderson, and announced no decision to the Cabinet. He was still patiently seeking, and had not found his way out of the dilemma. He had not yet beheld "the salvation of the Lord." He was neither optimist nor pessimist. He wished to decide, not upon impulse or even necessity, but upon judgment and advantage. He was neither stubbornly headstrong nor cravenly submissive. If, like the farmer in his favorite illustration, he could not plow through the log, perhaps he might plow around it. He was meditating on the visit of Fox to Sumter, of Lamon and Hurlbut to Charleston; he was deliberating about a diversion upon the Virginia convention; above all, he was waiting to hear from his order to reënforce Pickens, dispatched on the 12th of March. His Cabinet ministers did not yet understand him. Seward on the one hand, and Blair on the other, unused to men of his fiber, began to fear this was vacillation, indecision, executive incompetence. The atmosphere of Washington had hitherto largely produced two classes of men — those who bluster and domineer, those who protest and yield. Lincoln belonged to neither class; and his persistent non-committal, his silent hopefulness, his patient and well-considered inaction, baffled their prophecy. Such tenacity of purpose, combined with such reticence of declaration, was an anomaly in recent Federal administration.

The hopes of the rebels, so unexpectedly inflated, began once more to collapse. Governor Pickens sent inquiries to the commissioners. Toombs telegraphed them, "We can't hear from you."§ Campbell was summoned and dispatched post-haste to the State Department. He had interviews on March 21st and 22d. But in reality Seward was no wiser than he had been in the previous interviews, and could only repeat his beliefs and his predictions, and declare, in his philosophic vein, that "governments could not move with bank accuracy."‖

For a third time the conspirators grew impatient, and again Campbell, on Saturday, March 30th, and Monday, April 1st, went to the State Department as the messenger of rebellion.¶ By this time Seward had real information. A second Cabinet vote had been taken, on March 29th, in which the majority was reversed. The President had ordered the preparation of the Sumter expedition; and Seward himself, though still advising the abandonment of Sumter, was personally preparing an expedition to reënforce Fort Pickens.

Seward at this point must have realized how injudicious he had been to give Campbell any confidence whatever, since to preserve secrecy for his own project he must abruptly break off the intimacy. Perhaps he had by this time divined that he was dealing with a public enemy. At all events, whatever may have been his reasons, he took occasion to correct any misunderstanding which might previously have sprung up by giving Campbell a written mem-

* Campbell to Jefferson Davis, April 3, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† Commissioners to Toombs, March 15, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Seward to Lincoln, March 15, 1861. Opinion on Sumter.

§ Toombs to commissioners, March 20, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‖ Commissioners to Toombs, March 22, 1861. Unpublished MS.

¶ Campbell to Seward. "Rebellion Record."

orandum (April 1st), as follows: "The President may desire to supply Sumter, but will not do so without giving notice to Governor Pickens"; adding verbally (Campbell says) that he still did not believe the attempt would be made, and that there was no design to reënforce Sumter. Campbell acknowledges that he took notice of this very important correction and definition. "There was a departure here from the pledges of the previous month," he writes; "but with the verbal explanation I did not consider it a matter then to complain of."*

The commissioners and their game here drop into the background, and Mr. Justice Campbell takes up the rôle of leading conspirator. History will ask, Of what had this high minister of the law any right to complain? Two days afterward we find him making a confidential report to the insurrectionary chief at Montgomery, as follows:

I do not doubt that Sumter will be evacuated shortly, without any effort to supply it; but in respect to Pickens I do not think there is any settled plan, and it will not be abandoned spontaneously, and under any generous policy, though perhaps they may be quite willing to let it be beleaguered and reduced to extremities. I can only infer as to this. All that I have is a promise that the status will not be attempted to be changed prejudicially to the Confederate States without notice to me. It is known that I make these assurances on *my own responsibility*. I have no right to mention any name or to pledge any person. I am the only responsible person to you, I consenting to accept such assurances as are made to me and to say, "I have confidence that this will or will not be done." I have no expectation that there will be bad faith in the dealings with me.

Now I do not see that I can do more. I have felt them in a variety of forms as to the practicability of some armistice or truce that should be durable and would relieve the anxiety of the country. But at present there can be no compact, treaty, recognition of any kind. There will be no objection to giving the commissioners their answer; but if the answer is not called for it will not be sent, and it is intimated that it would be more agreeable to withhold it. So far as I can judge, the present desire is to let things remain as they are, without action of any kind. There is a strong indisposition for the call of Congress, and it will not be done except under necessity. The radicals of the Senate went off in anger, and Trumbull's coercion resolution was offered after a contumelious interview with the President. My own notion is that the inactive policy is as favorable to you as any that this Administration could adopt for you, and that I would not interrupt it.

Here the learned judge might have stopped, and perhaps would have left posterity to question his method rather than his motives. But inexorable History demanded her tribute of truth: under her master-spell he went on, and in the concluding paragraph of the letter his own hand recorded a confession little to have been expected from an officer whose duty it was to expound and to administer the law of treason as written in the Constitution of the United States and the acts of Congress.

The great want [he continued] of the Confederate States is peace. I shall remain here some ten or fifteen days. My own future course is in some manner depending upon circumstances and the opinions of friends. At present I have access to the Administration I could not have except under my present relations to the Government, and I do not know who could have the same freedom. I have therefore deferred any settlement on the subject until the chance of being of service at this critical period has terminated. This letter is strictly confidential and private. †

There is no need of comment on this "aid and comfort" to the enemies of his Government by a member of the highest court of the United States. It only remains to note the acknowledgment and estimate of it by Jefferson Davis, replying from Montgomery under date of April 6th:

Accept my thanks for your kind and valuable services to the cause of the Confederacy and of peace between those who, though separated, have many reasons to feel towards each other more than the friendships common among nations. Our policy is, as you say, peace. . . . In any event I will gratefully remember your zealous labor in a sacred cause, and hope your fellow-citizens may at some time give you acceptable recognition of your service, and appreciate the heroism with which you have encountered a hazard from which most men would have shrunk. ‡

While this direct correspondence between Davis and Campbell was being carried on, the commissioners, to whom Mr. A. B. Roman had been sent as a reënforcement, were, partly as a matter of form, partly for ulterior purposes, kept in Washington by the Montgomery cabinet to "loiter in the ante-chambers of officials." The occupation seems to have grown irksome to them; for, nowise deceived or even encouraged by Campbell's pretended "pledges," they asked, under date of March 26th, "whether we shall dally longer with a Government hesitating and doubting as to its own course, or shall we demand our answer at once?" § On April 2d, Toombs gave them Jefferson Davis's views at length. He thought the policy of Mr. Seward would prevail. He cared nothing for Seward's motives or calculations. So long as the United States neither declare war nor establish peace, "it affords the Confederate States the advantages of both conditions, and enables them to make all the necessary arrangements for the public defense, and the solidifying of their Government, more safely, cheaply, and expeditiously than they could were the attitude of the United States more definite and decided." ‖ The commis-

* Campbell to Seward. "Rebellion Record."

† Campbell to Jefferson Davis, April 3, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Jefferson Davis to Campbell, April 6, 1861. Unpublished MS.

§ Commissioners to Toombs, March 26, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‖ Toombs to commissioners, April 2, 1861. Unpublished MS.



A. B. ROMAN, CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

sioners were therefore to make no demand for their answer, but maintain their present position. In view of this confident boast of the chief of the rebellion of "the advantages of both conditions," his subsequent accusation of bad faith on the part of the Lincoln administration is culminating proof of the insincerity and tortuous methods of the rebel game.

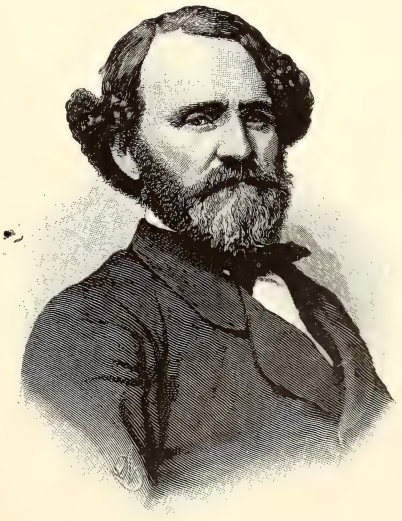
VIRGINIA.

Civil war, though possible, did not at the moment seem imminent or necessary: Lincoln had declared in his inaugural that he would not begin it; Jefferson Davis had written in his instructions to the commissioners that he did not desire it. This threw the immediate contest back upon the secondary question — the control and adhesion of the border slave-States; and of these Virginia was the chief subject of solicitude. The condition of Virginia had become anomalous; it was little understood by the North, and still less by her own citizens. She retained all the ideal sentiment growing out of her early devotion to and sacrifices for the Union; but it was warped by her coarser and stronger material interest in slavery. She still deemed she was the mother of presidents; whereas she had degenerated into being, like other border States, the mother of slave-breeders and of an annual crop of black-skinned human chattels to be sold to the cotton, rice, and sugar planters of her neighboring commonwealths. She thought herself the leader of the South; whereas she was only a dependent of the Gulf States. She yet believed herself the teacher of original statesmanship; whereas she had become the unreasoning follower of Calhoun's disciples — the Ruffins, the Rhetts, and the Yanceys of the ultra South.

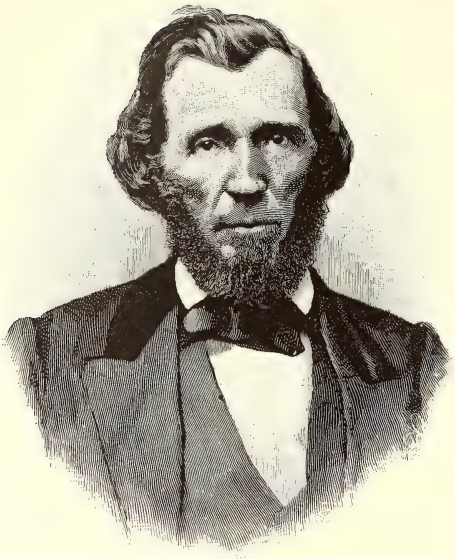
The political demoralization of Virginia was completed by the John Brown raid. From that time she dragged her anchors of state; her faith in both constitution and liberty was gone. The true lesson of that affair was indeed the very reverse. The overwhelming popular sentiment of the North denounced the outrage; the national arms defended Virginia and suppressed the invasion; the State vindicated her local authority by hanging the captured offenders. Thus public opinion, Federal power, and State right united in a precedent amounting of itself to an absolute guaranty, but which might have been easily crystallized into statute or even constitutional law. Sagacious statesmanship would have plucked this flower of safety. On the contrary, her blind partisanship spurned the opportunity, distrusted government, and sought refuge in force. Her then governor confesses that from that period

> we began to prepare for the worst. We looked carefully to the State armory; and whilst we had the selection of the State quota of arms we were particular to take field ordnance instead of altered muskets; and when we left the gubernatorial chair, there were in the State armory at Richmond 85,000 stand of infantry arms and 130 field-pieces of artillery, besides $30,000 worth of new revolving arms purchased from Colt. Our decided opinion was that a preparation of the Southern States in full panoply of arms, and prompt action, would have prevented civil war.*

* Wise, "Seven Decades."



JOHN FORSYTH, CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)



MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Many strong external signs indicated the persistent adherence of Virginia to the Union. Her legislature refused the proposition of South Carolina for a conference of the Southern States, made in the winter of 1859–60. In the presidential election her citizens voted overwhelmingly for Bell and Everett and their platform of "The Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws." Notwithstanding these manifestations of allegiance, public sentiment took on a tone and a determination which, paradoxical as it may seem, was rebellion in guise of loyalty. It is perhaps best illustrated by the declaration of ex-Governor Wise that he meant to fight in the Union,* not out of it. To the nation at large the phrase had a pretty and patriotic sound; but when explained to be a determination to fight the Federal Government "in the Union," it becomes as rank treason as secession itself.

However counterfeit logic or mental reservations concealed it, the underlying feeling was to fight, no matter whom, and little matter how, for the protection of slavery and slave property. In this spirit Virginia continued her military preparations. To this end half a million dollars were voted in the winter of 1859–60, and a million more in that of 1860–61. Commissioners were appointed to purchase arms; companies were raised, officers appointed, regiments organized, camps of instruction formed. It was one of these that Floyd sent Hardee to inspect and drill in November, 1860. Before the end of January, this appeal to military strength by Virginia was duly paraded in the United States Senate as a menace, to extort a compromise and constitutional guarantees for slavery. Nor did the threat seem an empty one. The State professed to have an actual army of 62 troops of cavalry, numbering 2547 men; 14 companies of artillery, numbering 820 men; and 149 companies of infantry, numbering 7180 men. All these were uniformed and armed; while 6000 men additional were formed into companies, ready to have arms put into their hands.†

Governor Letcher, the successor of Wise, had begun his administration with the announced belief that disunion was "not only a possible but a highly probable event."‡ The defeat of his favorite, Douglas, and the success of Lincoln, served therefore as a pretended justification of his fears, if not an actual stimulant of his hopes. The presidential election was scarcely over when he called an extra session of the legislature, to "take into consideration the condition of public affairs" consequent on the excitement produced by "the election of sectional candidates for President and Vice-President."‖ That body met January 7, 1861; the doctrine of non-coercion, South Carolina secession, and the Fort Sumter affair had become every-day topics, and the South generally was in a seething ferment. On Federal affairs Governor Letcher's message was a medley of heterogeneous and contradictory arguments and recommendations. He declared a disruption of the Union inevitable. He desired a national convention. He thought that four republics might be formed. He scolded South Carolina for her precipitate action. He joined a correct and a false quotation of Lincoln's sentiments. He opposed a State convention. He recommended sending commissioners to other slave-States. He proposed terms to the North, and thought they

* "As to parting from the Union in my affections, I shall never do that. As to leaving its flag, whenever I leave this confederacy, this north star confederacy, which makes the needle tremble northward, sir, I shall carry the old flag of the Union out with me; and if ever I have to fight,— so help me, God! — I will fight with the star-spangled banner still in one hand and my musket in the other. I will never take any Southern cross or any palmetto for my flag. I will never admit that a Yankee can drive me from the Union and take from me our capital. I will take from him forts; I will take from him flags; I will take from him our capital; I will take from him, if I can, my whole country, and save the whole. Will that satisfy the gentleman as to fighting in the Union?" [Speech of H. A. Wise in the Virginia Convention, April 10, 1861. "Richmond Enquirer."]

† Report Adj.-General of Virginia, Feb. 27, 1861.

‡ Inaugural message, Jan. 7, 1860.

‖ Governor Letcher, proclamation, Nov. 15, 1860.

would be "freely, cheerfully, and promptly assented to." He said, "Let the New England States and western New York be sloughed off." He wanted railroads to Kansas and direct trade to Europe. And finally he summed up: "Events crowd upon each other with astonishing rapidity. The scenes of to-day are dissolved by the developments of to-morrow. The opinions now entertained may be totally revolutionized by unforeseen and unanticipated occurrences that an hour or a day may bring forth." The simple truth was, that in Governor Letcher's hands the "Old Dominion" was adrift towards rebellion without rudder or compass.

His quarrel with South Carolina turned upon an important point. The irascible Palmetto State was offended that Virginia had a year before rejected her proposal for a Southern conference. In retaliation she now intimated that she would help to destroy Virginia's slave-market. "The introduction of slaves from other States," said her governor, "which may not become members of the Southern Confederacy, and particularly the border States, should be prohibited by legislative enactment, and by this means they will be brought to see that their safety depends upon a withdrawal from their enemies, and a union with their friends and natural allies."* Mississippi made a similar threat. "As it is more than probable," said her executive, "that many of the citizens of the border States may seek a market for their slaves in the cotton-States, I recommend the passage of an act prohibiting the introduction of slaves into this State unless their owners come with them and become citizens, and prohibiting the introduction of slaves for sale by all persons whomsoever." Governor Letcher grew very indignant over these declarations. "These references to the border States," said he, "are pregnant with meaning, and no one can be at a loss to understand what that meaning is. While disavowing any unkind feeling towards South Carolina and Mississippi, I must still say that I will resist the coercion of Virginia into the adoption of a line of policy whenever the attempt is made by Northern or Southern States."†

Incensed against the North and distrustful of the South, the governor pushed forward his military preparations. Especially did he cast a longing eye at Fort Monroe. "As far back as January 8th" (1861), says he, "I consulted with a gentleman whose position enabled him to know the strength of that fortress, and whose experience in military matters enabled him to form an opinion as to the number of men that would be required to capture it. He represented it to be one of the strongest fortifications in the world, and expressed his doubts whether it could be taken unless assailed by water as well as by land, and simultaneously."‡ Since Governor Letcher had neither a fleet nor a properly equipped army, he did not follow up this design. The discussion of the project, however, illustrates the condition of his allegiance to the flag of his country and the constitution he was then under oath to uphold.

Like the governor, the legislature at once put itself in an attitude of quasi-rebellion by resolving, on the second day of the session, that it would resist any attempt of the Federal Government to coerce a seceding State. It soon passed an act to assemble a convention; and by a large appropriation for defense, already mentioned, by issuing treasury notes,



JOHN LETCHER, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. A. TURNER.)

by amending the militia laws, and by authorizing counties to borrow money to purchase arms, and especially by its debates, further fostered and stimulated the prevailing secession undertow during the whole of its extra session, from January 7th to April 4th.

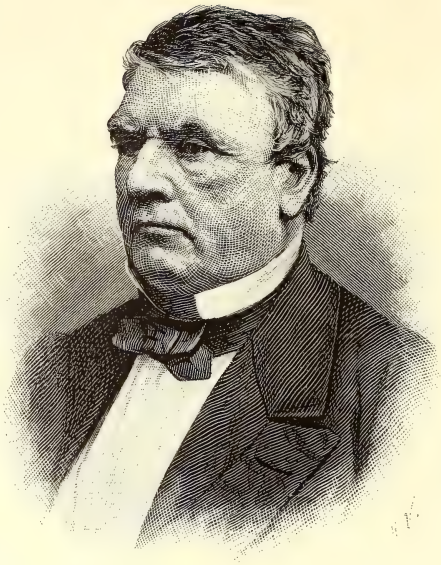
The election for a convention was held February 4th, and provoked a stirring contest. Its result was apparently for union; the Union members claimed a majority of three to one. This was, however, evidently an exaggerated estimate. The precise result could not be well defined. Politics had become a Babel. Discussion was a mere confusion of tongues.

* Governor Gist, message.
† Governor Letcher, message, Jan. 7, 1861.
‡ Governor Letcher, message, Dec. 2, 1861.

Party organization was swallowed up in intrigue; and conspiracy, not constitutional majorities, became the basis and impulse of legislation.

The Virginia convention met February 13th, and its proceedings reflect a maze of loose declamation and purposeless resolves. It had no fixed mind, and could, therefore, form no permanent conclusion. The prevailing idea of the majority seemed to be expressed in a single phrase of one of its members, that "he would neither be driven by the North nor dragged by the cotton-States." It was virtually a mere committee of observation, waiting the turn of political winds and tides. It gave, however, two encouraging though negative signs of promise; the first, that it had undoubtedly been chosen by a majority of voters really attached to the Union and desiring to remain in it; the second, that during a session of well-nigh a month it had not as yet passed an ordinance of secession, which had so far been a quick result in other State conventions.

As said at the beginning of this chapter, the course of the border States, and especially of Virginia, was on all hands the subject of chief solicitude. Her coöperation was absolutely essential to the secession government at Montgomery. This point, though not proclaimed was understood by Jefferson Davis, and to powerful intrigues from that quarter many otherwise unaccountable movements may doubtless be ascribed. Neither was her adherence to the Union undervalued by Lincoln. Seward was deeply impressed both with the necessity and the possibility of saving her from secession "as a brand from the burning." He relied (too confidently, as the event proved) on the significance of the late popular vote. He sent an agent to Richmond, who brought him hopeful news. He had already proposed to strengthen the hands of the Virginia Unionists by advising Lincoln to nominate George W. Summers to fill the existing vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court.* Under his prompting, no doubt, Lincoln now perhaps thought it possible to bring his personal influence to bear on the Virginia convention. He authorized Seward to invite Summers, or some equally influential and determined Union leader, to come to Washington. It is not likely that he had any great faith in such an effort; for the refusal or neglect of Scott, Gilmer, and Hunt to accept a cabinet appointment, offered each of them with more or less distinctness, had proved that Southern Unionism of this type was mere lip-service and not a living principle. It so turned



JOHN MINOR BOTTS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

out in this instance. Summers, pleading important business in the convention, excused himself from coming. It would appear, however, that he and others selected one John B. Baldwin as a proper representative, who came to Washington and had an interview with the President on the morning of April 4, 1861. There is a direct conflict of evidence as to what occurred at this interview. The witnesses are Mr. Baldwin himself and Mr. John Minor Botts, both of whom gave their testimony under oath before the Reconstruction Committee of Congress in 1866, after the close of the war.

Mr. Botts testifies that on the 7th of April he called upon the President, who related to him, in confidence, that a week or ten days previously he had written to Summers to come to Washington, and he, instead of obeying the summons, had, after that long delay, sent Baldwin. On Baldwin's arrival (on the 5th of April, as Botts relates the story) Lincoln took him into a private room in the Executive Mansion, and said to him in substance:

> Mr. Baldwin, why did you not come here sooner? I have been waiting and expecting some of you gentlemen of that convention to come to me for more than a week past. I had a most important proposition to make to you. But I am afraid you have come too late. However, I will make the proposition now. We have in Fort Sumter, with Major Anderson, about eighty men. Their provisions are nearly exhausted. I have not only written to Governor Pickens, but I have sent a special messenger† to him to say that I will not permit these

* Seward to Lincoln, March 9, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† This messenger was not sent until the evening of April 6th.

people to starve; that I shall send them provisions. If he fires on that vessel, he will fire upon an unarmed vessel loaded with bread. But I shall at the same time send a fleet along with her, with instructions not to enter the harbor of Charleston unless that vessel is fired into; and if she is, then the fleet is to enter the harbor and protect her. Now, Mr. Baldwin, that fleet is now lying in the harbor of New York, and will be ready to sail this afternoon at 5 o'clock; and although I fear it is almost too late, yet I will submit the proposition which I intended when I sent for Mr. Summers. Your convention in Richmond has been sitting now nearly two months, and all that they have done has been to shake the rod over my head. You have recently taken a vote in the Virginia convention on the right of secession, which was rejected by ninety to forty-five, a majority of two-thirds, showing the strength of the Union party in that convention. If you will go back to Richmond, and get that Union majority to adjourn and go home without passing the ordinance of secession, so anxious am I for the preservation of the peace of this country, and to save Virginia and the other border States from going out, that I will take the responsibility of evacuating Fort Sumter, and take the chance of negotiating with the cotton-States.

Mr. Botts here asked how Baldwin received that proposition.

Sir [replied Lincoln, with a gesture of impatience], he would not listen to it for a moment; he hardly treated me with civility. He asked me what I meant by an adjournment; did I mean an adjournment *sine die?* Why, of course, Mr. Baldwin, said I. I mean an adjournment *sine die*. I do not mean to assume such a responsibility as that of surrendering that fort to the people of Charleston upon your adjournment, and then for you to return in a week or ten days and pass your ordinance of secession.

Mr. Botts then relates that he asked permission of the President to go himself and submit that proposition to the Union members of the convention, but that Lincoln replied it was too late, the fleet had sailed. Further, that Baldwin returned to Richmond without even disclosing the President's offer; and that he eventually became an active secessionist, and held a commission in the rebel army.*

On the material point Baldwin's testimony is directly to the contrary. He states that Seward's messenger reached Richmond April 3d; that at the request of Summers he immediately returned with him to Washington and called on the President on the morning of April 4th; that Lincoln took him into a private room and said, in substance: "I am afraid you have come too late; I wish you could have been here three or four days ago. Why do you not adjourn the Virginia convention?" "Adjourn it how?" asked Baldwin. "Do you mean *sine die?*" "Yes," said Lincoln; "*sine die*. Why do you not adjourn it? It is a standing menace to me which embarrasses me very much."

Baldwin then relates how he made a grandiloquent speech to the President about the balance of power, the safeguards of the Constitution, and the self-respect of the convention; that the Union members had a clear majority of nearly three to one; they were controlling it for conservative results, and desired to have their hands upheld by a conciliatory policy; that if he had the control of the President's thumb and finger for five minutes he could settle the whole question. He would issue a proclamation, call a national convention, and withdraw the forces from Sumter and Pickens. But Mr. Baldwin declares and reiterates that he received from Mr. Lincoln "no pledge, no undertaking, no offer, no promise of any sort." "I am as clear in my recollections," he says, "as it is possible to be under the circumstances, that he made no such suggestion as I understood it, and said nothing from which I could infer it." †‡

A careful analysis and comparison with established data show many discrepancies and errors in the testimony of both these witnesses. Making due allowances for the ordinary defects of memory, and especially for the strong personal and political bias and prejudice under which they both received their impressions, the substantial truth probably lies midway between their extreme contradictory statements. The actual occurrence may therefore be summed up about as follows:

Mr. Seward had an abiding faith in the Unionism and latent loyalty of Virginia and the border States. He wished by conciliation to re-awaken and build it up; and thereby not merely retain these States, but make them the instruments, and this feeling the agency, to undermine rebellion and finally reclaim the cotton-States. Lincoln did not fully share this optimism; nevertheless he desired to avoid actual conflict, and was willing to make any experimental concession which would not involve the actual loss or abandonment of military or political advantage. The acts of the previous Administration had placed Fort Sumter in a peril from which, so the military authorities declared, he could not extricate it. His Cabinet advised its evacuation. Public opinion would justify him in sacrificing the fort to save the garrison. He had ordered Fort Pickens reënforced; he was daily awaiting news of the execution of his announced policy to "hold, occupy, and possess" the Government posts. Pickens once triumphantly secured, the

* Testimony of John Minor Botts. Report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, 1st sess. 39th Cong.

† Testimony of John B. Baldwin. Report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, 1st sess. 39th Cong.

‡ The article "A Piece of Secret History," in the "Atlantic Monthly" for April, 1875, contains only the substance of Baldwin's testimony before the Reconstruction Committee.

loss of Sumter could be borne. But might not the loss of Sumter be compensated? Might he not utilize that severe necessity, and make it the lever to procure the adjournment of the Virginia convention, which, to use his own figure, was daily shaking the rod over his head? This we may assume was his reasoning and purpose when about March 20th, either directly or through Seward, he invited Summers, the acknowledged leader of the Union members of the convention, to Washington.

Summers, however, hesitated, delayed, and finally refused to come. His plea of business was evidently a pretext, not a valid excuse. Meanwhile things had changed. The anxiously-looked-for news of the reënforcement of Fort Pickens did not arrive. The Cabinet once more voted, and changed its advice. The President ordered the preparation of the Sumter expedition. A second expedition to Fort Pickens had been begun. Another perplexing complication, to be hereafter mentioned, had occurred. At this juncture Baldwin made his appearance, but clearly he had come too late. By this time (April 4, 1861) his presence was an embarrassment, and not a relief. Fully to inform him of the situation was hazardous, impossible; to send him back without explanation was impolite and would give alarm at Richmond. Lincoln therefore opened conversation with him, manifesting sufficient personal trust to explain what he intended to have told Summers. This called forth Baldwin's dogmatic and dictatorial rejoinder, from which Lincoln discovered two things: first, that Baldwin was only an embryo secessionist; and, second, that the Virginia convention was little else than a warming-pan for the rebellion. Hence the abrupt termination of the interview, and the unexplained silence at Richmond.

PREMIER OR PRESIDENT?

At noon on the 29th of March the Cabinet assembled and once more took up the all-absorbing question of Sumter. All the elements of the problem were now before them—Anderson's condition and the prospects of relief as newly reported by Fox; the state of public opinion in Charleston as described by Hurlbut; the Attorney-General's presentation of the legal aspects of an attempt at collecting the customs on shipboard; the Secretary of the Treasury's statement of the condition and resources of the revenue service; the report of the Secretary of the Navy as to what ships of war he could supply to blockade the port of Charleston; and, finally, the unexpected attitude of General Scott in advising the evacuation of Fort Pickens. All these features called out so much and such varied discussion, that at length the Attorney-General, taking up a pen, rapidly wrote on a slip of paper a short summing-up of his own conclusions. This he read aloud to the President, who thereupon asked the other members of the Cabinet to do the same.* They all complied, and we have therefore the exact record of the matured opinions of the Cabinet members then present. The importance of the occasion renders these memoranda of enduring interest. Placed in their order they read as follows:

By Mr. Seward:

First. The dispatch of an expedition to supply or reënforce Sumter would provoke an attack, and so involve a war at that point.

The fact of preparation for such an expedition would inevitably transpire and would therefore precipitate the war — and probably defeat the object. I do not think it wise to provoke a civil war beginning at Charleston and in rescue of an untenable position.

Therefore I advise against the expedition in every view.

Second. I would call in Captain M. C. Meigs forthwith. Aided by his counsel I would at once and at every cost prepare for a war at Pensacola and Texas, to be taken, however, only as a consequence of maintaining the possessions and authority of the United States.

Third. I would instruct Major Anderson to retire from Sumter forthwith. †

By Mr. Chase:

If war is to be the consequence of an attempt to provision Fort Sumter, war will just as certainly result from the attempt to maintain possession of Fort Pickens.

I am clearly in favor of maintaining Fort Pickens, and just as clearly in favor of provisioning Fort Sumter.

If that attempt be resisted by military force Fort Sumter should, in my judgment, be reënforced.

If war is to be the result, I perceive no reason why it may not be best begun in consequence of military resistance to the efforts of the Administration to sustain troops of the Union stationed, under the authority of the Government, in a fort of the Union, in the ordinary course of service. ‡

By Mr. Welles:

I concur in the proposition to send an armed force off Charleston, with supplies of provisions and reënforcements for the garrison at Fort Sumter, and of communicating at the proper time the intentions of the Government to provision the fort, peaceably if unmolested. There is little probability that this will be permitted, if the opposing forces can prevent it. An attempt to force in provisions without reënforcing the garrison at the same time might not be advisable; but armed resistance to a peaceable attempt to send provisions to one of our own forts will justify the Government in using all the power at its command to reënforce the garrison and furnish the necessary supplies.

Fort Pickens and other places retained should be strengthened by additional troops, and, if possible, made impregnable.

The naval force in the Gulf and on the Southern coast should be increased. Accounts are published that vessels having on board marketable products for the

* Bates, diary. Unpublished MS.
† Seward, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
‡ Chase, memorandum. Unpublished MS.

crews of the squadron at Pensacola are seized — the inhabitants we know are prohibited from furnishing the ships with provisions or water; and the time has arrived when it is the duty of the Government to assert and maintain its authority.*

By Mr. Smith:

Viewing the question whether Fort Sumter shall be evacuated as a political one, I remark that the effect of its evacuation upon the public mind will depend upon the concurrent and subsequent action of the Government. If it shall be understood that by its evacuation we intend to acknowledge our inability to enforce the laws, and our intention to allow treason and rebellion to run its course, the measure will be extremely disastrous and the Administration will become very unpopular. If, however, the country can be made to understand that the fort is abandoned from necessity, and at the same time Fort Pickens and other forts in our possession shall be defended, and the power of the Government vindicated, the measure will be popular and the country will sustain the Administration.

Believing that Fort Sumter cannot be defended, I regard its evacuation as a necessity, and I advise that Major Anderson's command shall be unconditionally withdrawn.

At the same time I would adopt the most vigorous measures for the defense of the other forts, and if we have the power I would blockade the Southern ports, and enforce the collection of the revenue with all the power of the Government. †

By Mr. Blair:

First. As regards General Scott, I have no confidence in his judgment on the questions of the day. His political views control his judgment, and his course as remarked on by the President shows that, whilst no one will question his patriotism, the results are the same as if he was in fact traitorous.

Second. It is acknowledged to be possible to relieve Fort Sumter. It ought to be relieved without reference to Pickens or any other possession. South Carolina is the head and front of this rebellion, and when that State is safely delivered from the authority of the United States it will strike a blow against our authority from which it will take years of bloody strife to recover.

Third. For my own part, I am unwilling to share in the responsibility of such a policy. ‡

By Mr. Bates:

It is my decided opinion that Fort Pickens and Key West ought to be reënforced and supplied, so as to look down opposition at all hazards — and this whether Fort Sumter be or be not evacuated.

It is also my opinion that there ought to be a naval force kept upon the Southern coast sufficient to command it, and if need be actually close any port that practically ought to be closed, whatever other station is left unoccupied.

It is also my opinion that there ought to be immediately established a line of light, fast-running vessels, to pass as rapidly as possible between New York or Norfolk at the North and Key West or other point in the Gulf at the South.

As to Fort Sumter — I think the time is come either to evacuate or relieve it. §

The majority opinion of the Cabinet on the 15th of March had been against the expediency of an attempt to provision Fort Sumter; but now, after a lapse of two weeks, the feeling was changed in favor of the proposed measure. Irrespective of this fresh advice, however, the President's own opinion was already made up. On the day previous he had instructed Captain Fox to prepare him a short order for the ships, men, and supplies he would need for his expedition, ‖ and that officer complied with characteristic and promising brevity:

Steamers *Pocahontas* at Norfolk, *Pawnee* at Washington, *Harriet Lane* at New York, to be under sailing orders for sea, with stores, etc., for one month. Three hundred men to be kept ready for departure from on board the receiving ships at New York. Two hundred men to be ready to leave Governor's Island in New York. Supplies for twelve months for one hundred men to be put in portable shape, ready for instant shipping. A large steamer and three tugs conditionally engaged. ¶

The Cabinet meeting over, the President wrote at the bottom of this preliminary requisition the following order to the Secretary of War: "Sir: I desire that an expedition, to move by sea, be got ready to sail as early as the 6th of April next, the whole according to memorandum attached, and that you coöperate with the Secretary of the Navy for that object." ** This order and its duplicate to the Secretary of the Navy †† duly signed and transmitted to the two departments, Captain Fox hurried away to New York to superintend the further details of preparation in person.

It will be observed that the President's order is simply to prepare the expedition; "which expedition," in his own language, was "intended to be ultimately used or not, according to circumstances." ‡‡ But he was by this time convinced that the necessity would arise. Nothing had yet been heard from the order to reënforce Fort Pickens sent two weeks previously; on the contrary, there were rumors through the Southern newspapers that the *Brooklyn*, containing the troops, had left her anchorage off Pensacola and gone to Key West. As a matter of fact, she had first transferred her troops to the *Sabine;* but this was not and could not be known, and the necessary inference was that the *Brooklyn* had carried them away with her. The direction to land them would therefore unavoidably fail, and both Sumter and Pickens be thus left

* Welles, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
† Smith, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
‡ Blair, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
§ Bates, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
‖ Fox to Lincoln, March 28, 1861. MS.
¶ Fox, memorandum. War Records.

** Lincoln to Secretary of War, March 29, 1861. War Records.
†† Lincoln to Secretary of Navy, March 29, 1861. "Galaxy," Nov., 1870.
‡‡ Lincoln, Message to Congress, July 4, 1861.

within the grasp of the secessionists. Such was the contingency which had decided the President to prepare the Sumter expedition.*

The logic of daily events had by this time also wrought a change in the mind of Seward. In his written opinion of March 15th he had declared, "I would not provoke war in any way now"; but on the 29th, apparently alarmed, like the rest, at the advice of General Scott to make further concession to the rebels, he wrote, "I would at once, and at every cost, prepare for a war at Pensacola and Texas." That very afternoon, as he had suggested in this same paper, he brought Captain M. C. Meigs, the engineer officer in charge of the work on the new wings of the Capitol building, to the President. One reason for selecting him, in addition to his special training and acknowledged merit, was that he had in January personally accompanied the reënforcements then sent to Key West and Tortugas. On the way to and from the President's, Seward explained to Meigs that he wished the President to see some military man who would not talk politics; that they had Scott and Totten, but no one would think of putting either of those old men on horseback. They were in a difficulty. Scott had advised giving up both Sumter and Pickens. For his part, his policy had been to give up Sumter; but he wished to hold Pickens, making the fight there and in Texas, throwing the burden of the war, which all men of sense saw must come, upon those who, by revolting, had provoked it.†

The President talked freely with Captain Meigs, and after some inquiries about Sumter asked him whether Fort Pickens could be held. Meigs replied, "Certainly, if the navy would do its duty." The President then asked him whether he could go down there again and take general command of those three great fortresses, Taylor, Jefferson, and Pickens, and keep them safe. Meigs answered that he was only a captain, and could not command the majors who were there. Here Seward broke in with: "I understand how that is; Captain Meigs must be promoted." "But there is no vacancy," answered the modest captain. Mr. Seward, however, made light of all difficulties, and told the President if he wanted this thing done to put it in Meigs's charge. When Pitt wished to conquer Canada, he said, he sent for a young man whom he had noticed in the society of London, and told him to take Quebec,— to ask for the necessary means and do it,— and it was done. Would the President do this now? Lincoln replied he would consider it, and let him know in a day or two.

Two days afterward (Sunday, March 31st) Meigs was about starting for church when Colonel Keyes, General Scott's military secretary, called and took him to Mr. Seward, who requested them to go forthwith and in consultation with General Scott to put upon paper an estimate and project for relieving and holding Fort Pickens, and to bring it to the President before 4 o'clock that afternoon. The two officers went directly to the engineer's bureau to inspect the necessary charts of Pensacola Harbor and drawings of the fortifications, and over these they matured their plans. The rapid lapse of the few hours allowed compelled them to report back to the President before seeing General Scott. Lincoln heard them read their paper, and then directed them to submit it to the general. "Tell him," said he, "that I wish this thing done, and not to let it fail unless he can show that I have refused him something he asked for as necessary."† The officers obeyed, and on the way encountered Mr. Seward, who went with them. "General Scott," said he, on entering the old soldier's presence, "you have formally reported to the President your advice to evacuate Fort Pickens; notwithstanding this, I now come to bring you his order, as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, to reënforce and hold it to the last extremity." The old general had his political crotchets, but he was at heart a soldier and a disciplinarian. "Sir," replied he, drawing himself up to his full height, "the great Frederick used to say, 'When the king commands, all things are possible.' It shall be done." Meigs and Keyes submitted their plan, which he approved in the main, adding a few details they had in their haste overlooked; the project was further discussed and definitely adopted.

Fort Pickens stands on the western extremity of Santa Rosa Island, and serves, in connection with its twin fort, McRae, on the mainland opposite, to guard the entrance to Pensacola Harbor. But in this case the two forts intended to render mutual assistance were held by opposing forces, bent not upon protecting but upon destroying each other, and restrained only by the existence of the "Sumter and Pickens truce," described in a previous chapter. So far as a mere cannonade might go, Pickens was perhaps as strong as McRae; but Lieutenant Slemmer in Pickens had only a handful of Union men, forty-six soldiers and thirty ordinary seamen all told, while some thousands of rebels were either encamped or within reach of the secession General Bragg, himself a trained and skillful soldier. The chief danger was that Bragg might organize a large

* Lincoln, Message to Congress, July 4, 1861.
† Meigs, diary. Unpublished MS.

body of men, and by means of boats, crossing the bay at night or in a fog, carry Fort Pickens by a sudden assault long before the reënforcements in the Union fleet could be landed, as they were by the terms of the truce authorized to do in such an emergency. The substance of Meigs's plan was, that while a transport vessel bearing troops and stores landed them at Fort Pickens, outside the harbor, a ship-of-war, arriving simultaneously, should boldly steam past the hostile batteries of Fort McRae, enter the harbor, and take up such a position within as to be able to prevent any crossing or landing by the rebels. The ship destined to run the batteries would necessarily encounter considerable peril, not only from the guns of McRae, but also from those of Fort Barrancas and supposed batteries at the navy yard — all, like McRae, on the mainland, and forming part of the harbor defenses.

For such coöperation Meigs needed a young, talented, and daring naval officer, and accordingly he made choice of Lieutenant David D. Porter, a companion and intimate friend, who, as he believed, combined the requisite qualities.

One important characteristic of this Pickens expedition was to be its secrecy. Seward in his argument on Sumter had much insisted that preparation for reënforcement would unavoidably come to the knowledge of the rebels, and enable them to find means to oppose it. This argument applied with even greater force to Fort Pickens; the rebels controlled both the post and the telegraph throughout the South, and it was thought that upon the first notice of hostile design Bragg would assault and overwhelm the fort. Besides, the orders transmitted through regular channels two weeks before had apparently failed. But now that the ships to supply Sumter were being got ready, it was doubtless thought that under this guise the Pickens relief could be prepared without suspicion. On Monday, April 1, 1861, Captain Meigs, Colonel Keyes, and Lieutenant Porter were busy, under the occasional advice of Seward and General Scott, in perfecting the details of their plans and in drawing up the formal orders required. These were in due time signed by the President himself, it being part of the plan that no one but the officers named, not even the Secretaries of War or Navy, should have knowledge of them.* This was an error which only the anomalous condition and extreme peril of the Government would have drawn Lincoln into, and it was never repeated. He doubtless supposed they were entirely consistent with the Sumter plans, especially as General Scott's written request for his signature accompanied the papers — the general being perfectly cognizant of both expeditions.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, April 1, 1861.

DEAR SIR: The immediate departure of a war steamer, with instructions to enter Pensacola Harbor and use all measures in his power to prevent any attack from the mainland upon Fort Pickens, is of prime importance. If the President, as Commander-in-chief, will issue the order of which I inclose a draft, an important step towards the security of Fort Pickens will be taken. I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient servant, WINFIELD SCOTT.

HON. W. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, etc. †

But although useful to secrecy, this course was bound to produce confusion and bad discipline; and such was its immediate result. That afternoon the commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard received two telegrams, in very similar language, directing him to "fit out the *Powhatan* to go to sea at the earliest possible moment." One was signed by the Secretary of the Navy, the other by the President; the former intending the ship to go to Sumter, the latter to Pickens, and neither being aware of the other's action. Neither had reason to anticipate any such conflict of orders: the *Powhatan* was not included in Fox's original requisition, and Meigs did not even know that the Sumter expedition was being prepared.

On the same afternoon several additional orders, made out under Seward's supervision, were brought to Lincoln. Supposing they all related to this enterprise, he signed them without reading; but it soon turned out that two of them related to a matter altogether different. These orders changed the duty of several naval officers: Captain Pendergrast was to be sent to Vera Cruz on account of "important complications in our foreign relations"; and Captain Stringham was to go to Pensacola.

When these last-mentioned orders reached the hands of the Secretary of the Navy, to whom they were addressed and immediately transmitted, that official was not only greatly mystified but very seriously troubled in mind. He hastened to the President, whom he found alone in the executive office, writing. "What have I done wrong?" Lincoln inquired playfully, as he raised his head, and with his ever-accurate intuition read trouble in the countenance of his Secretary. Mr. Welles presented the anomalous papers and asked what they meant; he had heard of no "foreign complications," and he preferred Stringham in his present duty.

The President [says Mr. Welles] expressed as much surprise as I felt, that he had signed and sent me such a document. He said Mr. Seward, with two or three young men, had been there through the day on a matter which Mr. Seward had much at heart; that he had yielded to the project of Mr. Seward, but

* Meigs, in "National Intelligencer," Sept. 16, 1865.

† Unpublished MS.

as it involved considerable detail, and he had his hands full, and more too, he had left Mr. Seward to prepare the necessary papers. These papers he had signed, some of them without reading, trusting entirely to Mr. Seward, for he could not undertake to read all papers presented to him; and if he could not trust the Secretary of State, whom could he rely upon in a public matter that concerned us all? He seemed disinclined to disclose or dwell on the project, but assured me he never would have signed that paper had he been aware of its contents, much of which had no connection with Mr. Seward's scheme. . . . The President reiterated they were not his instructions, and wished me distinctly to understand they were not, though his name was appended to them — said the paper was an improper one — that he wished me to give it no more consideration than I thought proper — treat it as canceled — as if it had never been written.*

Mr. Welles acted upon this verbal assurance, and was highly gratified that the President thus corrected what he felt to be an encroachment upon the duties and powers of the Navy Department. Nevertheless it is apparent that he had his doubts whether Lincoln had fully and unreservedly given him his confidence in this affair. In these surmises he was correct; a circumstance had occurred between the President and Seward which the former could not communicate, and so far as is known never did communicate to any person but his private secretary, and of which the President's private papers have also preserved the interesting record. In order rightly to understand it, a brief glance at contemporary affairs is needful.

It will hardly be possible for the readers of history in our day to comprehend the state of public sentiment in the United States during the month of March, 1861. The desire for peace; the hope of compromise; the persistent disbelief in the extreme purposes of the South; and, strongest of all, a certain national lethargy, utterly impossible to account for,— all marked a positive decadence in patriotic feelings. The phenomenon is attested not only in the records of many public men willing to abandon constitutional landmarks and to sacrifice elementary rights of mankind, but also shown in the words and example of military officers like Scott and Anderson in their consenting to shut their eyes to the truths and principles of their own profession,— that it is the right of the Government to repel menaces as well as blows, and that building batteries is as effective and aggressive war as firing cannon-balls.

This perversion of public opinion in fact extended back to the meeting of Congress in December. Under the spell of such a political nightmare the revolution had been half accomplished. The Union flag had been fired upon, the Federal laws defied, the secession government organized and inaugurated. The work of the conspirators was done, but the popular movement had not yet fully ratified it. Ours is preëminently a country of mass meetings and conventions, of high-sounding resolves and speeches of flaming rhetoric. Perhaps their constant recurrence makes us less critical than we ought to be in scanning their real or fictitious value. Because a certain number of delegates assembled at Montgomery and framed a paper government, it did not necessarily follow that the people of the cotton-States stood behind them. In this case it was even so; but the military thrall by which revolution swept away conservatism was not understood by the North. The difficult problem was presented to the Lincoln administration, not alone whether it should endeavor to knock down the revolutionary edifice half built, but also whether such an effort might not excite the whole Southern people to rise *en masse* to complete it. The disease of rebellion existing in an advanced stage, could the cure be best effected with sedatives or irritants?

From our point of view the answer is easy; but it was not of so ready solution in March, 1861. Lincoln in his hesitation to provision Sumter at all hazards was not executing his own inclinations, but merely submitting to what for the time seemed the military and, more than all, the political necessities of the hour. The Buchanan administration had first refused and then postponed succor to the fort. Congress had neglected to provide measures and means for coercion. The conservative sentiment of the country protested loudly against everything but concession. His own Cabinet was divided in council. The times were "out of joint." Public opinion was awry. Treason was applauded and patriotism rebuked. Laws were held to be offenses, and officials branded as malefactors. In Lincoln's own forcible simile, sinners were "calling the righteous to repentance."

It must be remembered too, that during the month of March, 1861, Lincoln did not yet know the men who composed his Cabinet. Neither, on the other hand, did they know him. He recognized them as governors, senators, and statesmen, while they yet looked upon him as a simple frontier lawyer at most, and a rival to whom chance had transferred the honor they felt to be due to themselves. The recognition and establishment of intellectual rank is difficult and slow. Perhaps the first real question of the Lincoln cabinet was, "Who is the greatest man?" It is pretty safe to assert that no one — not even he himself — believed it was Abraham Lincoln. Bearing this in mind, we shall be better able to understand and explain acts done and acts omitted during that memorable month.

* Welles, in "Galaxy," November, 1870.

In this state of affairs the policy of the new Administration was necessarily passive, expectant, cautious, and tentative. Other causes contributed to their embarrassments. The change from a long Democratic to a Republican régime involved a sweeping change of functionaries and subordinates. The impending revolution made both sides suspicious and vindictive; the new appointees could not, as in ordinary times, lean upon the experience and routine knowledge of the old. Passion swayed the minds of men. There was little calm reasoning or prudent counsel. The new party was not yet homogeneous. A certain friction mutually irritated Republicans of Whig, of Democratic, or of Free-soil antecedents against each other. Douglas was artfully leading a Senate debate to foster and strengthen the anti-war feeling of the North. The Cabinet had not become a working unit. Each Cabinet minister was beset by a horde of applicants, by over-officious friends, by pressing and most contradictory advice.

Seward naturally took a leading part in the new Cabinet. This was largely warranted by his prominence as a party manager; his experience in the New York governorship and in the United States Senate; the quieting and mediating attitude he had maintained during the winter; the influence he was supposed to wield over the less violent Southerners; the information he had gained from the Buchanan cabinet; his intimacy with General Scott; his acknowledged ability and talent; his optimism, which always breathed hope and imparted confidence. During the whole of March he had been busy with various measures of tentative administration. He had advised appointments, written diplomatic notes and circulars, carried on a running negotiation with the rebel commissioners, sought to establish relations with the Virginia convention, sent Lander to Texas to kindle a "back fire" against secession, elaborated his policy of evacuating Sumter, proposed a change of party name and organization, and set on foot the secret expedition to Fort Pickens. All this activity, however, did not appear to satisfy his desires and ambition. His philosophic vision took a yet wider range. He was eager to enlarge the field of his diplomacy beyond the boundaries of the republic. Regarding mere partisanship as a secondary motive, he was ready to grapple with international politics. He would heal a provincial quarrel in the zeal and fervor of a continental crusade. He would smother a domestic insurrection in the blaze and glory of a war which must logically be a war of conquest. He would supplant the slavery question by the Monroe Doctrine. And who shall say that these imperial dreams did not contemplate the possibility of changing a threatened dismemberment of the Union into the triumphant annexation of Canada, Mexico, and the West Indies?

On this same first day of April, while Meigs and Porter were busy with plans and orders about Fort Pickens, Seward submitted to Lincoln the following extraordinary state paper, unlike anything to be found in the political history of the United States:

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CONSIDERATION, April 1, 1861.

First. We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign.

Second. This, however, is not culpable, and it has even been unavoidable. The presence of the Senate, with the need to meet applications for patronage, have prevented attention to other and more grave matters.

Third. But further delay to adopt and prosecute our policies for both domestic and foreign affairs would not only bring scandal on the Administration, but danger upon the country.

Fourth. To do this we must dismiss the applicants for office. But how? I suggest that we make the local appointments forthwith, leaving foreign or general ones for ulterior and occasional action.

Fifth. The policy at home. I am aware that my views are singular, and perhaps not sufficiently explained. My system is built upon this *idea* as a ruling one, namely, that we must

CHANGE THE QUESTION BEFORE THE PUBLIC FROM ONE UPON SLAVERY, OR ABOUT SLAVERY, for a question upon UNION OR DISUNION.

In other words, from what would be regarded as a party question, to one of *Patriotism or Union.*

The occupation or evacuation of Fort Sumter, although not in fact a slavery or a party question, is so *regarded.* Witness the temper manifested by the Republicans in the free States, and even by Union men in the South.

I would therefore terminate it as a safe means for changing the issue. I deem it fortunate that the last Administration created the necessity.

For the rest I would simultaneously defend and reenforce all the forts in the Gulf, and have the navy recalled from foreign stations to be prepared for a blockade. Put the island of Key West under martial law.

This will raise distinctly the question of *Union* or *Disunion.* I would maintain every fort and possession in the South.

FOR FOREIGN NATIONS.

I would demand explanations from Spain and France, categorically, at once.

I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America, to rouse a vigorous continental spirit of independence on this continent against European intervention.

And, if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France,

Would convene Congress and declare war against them.

But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it.

For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

Devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide.

It is not in my especial province.

But I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility.*

The conscientious historian must ask the reader to pause and re-read this most remarkable and pregnant document. It is a little difficult to imagine what must have been the feelings of a President, and particularly of a frank, loyal, and generous nature like that of Lincoln, to receive from his principal councilor and anticipated mainstay of his Administration such a series of proposals. That he should delegate his presidential functions and authority; that he should turn his back upon the party which elected him; that he should ignore the political battle which had been fought and the victory for moral government which had been won; that he should by an arbitrary act plunge the nation into foreign war; that he should ask his rival to rule in his stead — all this might be romantic statesmanship, but to the cool, logical mind of the President it must have brought thoughts excited by no other event of his most eventful life. What was to be said in answer? The tender of a grave issue like this presupposed grave purposes and determinations. Should he by a fitting rebuke break up his scarcely formed Cabinet and alienate the most powerful leader after himself, who might perhaps carry with him the organized support of all the Northern States which had voted for this rival at Chicago?

The President sent his reply the same day. He armed himself with his irresistible logic, his faultless tact, his limitless patience, his kindest but most imperturbable firmness. Only the "hand of iron in the glove of velvet" could have written the following answer:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

MY DEAR SIR: Since parting with you I have been considering your paper dated this day, and entitled "Some thoughts for the President's consideration." The first proposition in it is, "*First*, We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign."

At the beginning of that month, in the inaugural, I said, "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts." This had your distinct approval at the time; and, taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you now urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter.

Again, I do not perceive how the reënforcement of Fort Sumter would be done on a slavery or party issue, while that of Fort Pickens would be on a more national and patriotic one.

The news received yesterday in regard to St. Domingo certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy; but up to that time we have been preparing circulars and instructions to ministers and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

Upon your closing proposition, that "whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it,

"For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly,

"Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

"Devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide," I remark that if this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the Cabinet.

Your Ob't Serv't,

A. LINCOLN. †

In this reply not a word is omitted which was necessary, and not a hint or allusion is contained that could be dispensed with. The answer was conclusive and ended the argument. So far as is known, the affair never reached the knowledge of any other member of the Cabinet, or even the most intimate of the President's friends; nor was it probably ever again alluded to by either Lincoln or Seward. Doubtless it needed only the President's note to show the Secretary of State how serious a fault he had committed, for all his tireless industry and undivided influence continued to be given for four long years to his chief, not only without reserve, but with a sincere and devoted personal attachment. Lincoln, on his part, easily dismissed the incident from his thought with that grand and characteristic charity which sought only to cherish the virtues of men — which readily recognized the strength and acknowledged the services of his Secretary, to whom he unselfishly gave, to his own last days, his generous and unwavering trust.

* Unpublished MS.

† Unpublished MS.

UNDER THE FOAM.

LIGHTNESS and laughter are with such as he
Only the surf upon the soul's deep sea;
Passions of time but froth the upper main,
While far beneath, eternal passions reign.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE DUSANTES.*

A SEQUEL TO "THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

III.

MR. ENDERTON'S letter astonished and angered me, but in spite of my indignation I could not but feel amused at the crafty way in which he had put a stop to the probable perpetual peregrinations of the ginger-jar. I handed the letter to Mr. Dusante, and when he had read it his face flushed, and I could see that he was very angry, although he kept his temper under excellent control.

"Sir," he said presently, "this shall not be allowed. That jar, with its contents, is my property until Mrs. Lecks has consented to receive it. It is of my own option that I return it at all, and I have decided to return it to Mrs. Lecks. Any one interfering with my intentions steps entirely beyond the line of just and warrantable procedure. Sir, I shall not go westward to-morrow morning, but, with my family, will accompany you to Chicago, where I shall require Mr. Enderton to return to me my property, which I shall then dispose of as I see fit. You must excuse me, sir, if anything I have said regarding this gentleman with whom you are connected has wounded your sensibilities."

"Oh, don't think of that!" I exclaimed. "Pitch into Enderton as much as you please, and you may be sure that I shall not object. When I took the daughter to wive, I did not marry the father. But, of course, for my wife's sake I hope this matter will not be made the subject of public comment."

"You need have no fear of that," said Mr. Dusante; "and you will allow me to remark that Mr. Enderton's wife must have been a most charming lady."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"I judge so," he answered, with a bow, "from my acquaintance with Mrs. Craig."

I now went immediately to Ruth, who, I found, knew nothing of what had occurred, except that her father had gone on to Chicago in advance of our party, and had had time only to bid her a hasty good-bye. I made no remarks on this haste which would not allow Mr. Enderton to take leave of us, but which gave him time to write a letter of some length; and as Ruth knew nothing of this letter, I determined not to mention it to her. Her father's sudden departure surprised her but little, for she told me that he always liked to get to places before the rest of the party with whom he might be journeying. "Even when we go to church," she said, "he always walks ahead of the rest of us. I don't understand why he likes to do so, but this is one of his habits."

When I informed Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine of what had happened, they fairly blazed.

"I don't know what Mr. Dusante calls it," exclaimed Mrs. Lecks, "but I know what I call it!"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Mrs. Aleshine, her round eyes sparkling with excitement; "if that is n't ex-honesty, then he ain't no ex-missionary! I pity the heathen he converted!"

"I 'll convert him," said Mrs. Lecks, "if ever I lay eyes on him! Walkin' away with a package with my name on it! He might as well take my gold spectacles or my tortoise-shell comb! I suppose there 's no such thing as ketchin' up with him, but I 'll telegraph after him; an' I 'll let him know that if he dares to open a package of mine, I 'll put the law on him!"

"That 's so," said Mrs. Aleshine. "You kin send telegraphs all along the line to one station an' another for conductors to give to him in the cars, an' directed to Mr. Enderton, a tall man with gray-mixed hair an' a stolen bundle. That 's the way they did in our place when Abram Marly's wife fell into the cistern, an' he 'd jus' took the cars to the city, an' they telegraphed to him at five different stations to know where he 'd left the ladder."

"Which ain't a bad idea," said Mrs. Lecks, "though his name will be enough on it without no description; an' I 'll do that this minute, an' find out about the stations from the clerk."

"You must be very careful," I said, "about

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anything of that kind, for the telegrams will be read at the stations, and Mr. Enderton might be brought into trouble in a way which we all should regret; but a dispatch may be worded so that he, and no one else, would understand it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Lecks, "an' let 's get at it; but I must say that he don't deserve bein' saved no trouble, for I 'm as sure as that I 'm a livin' woman that he never saved nobody else no trouble sence the first minute he was born."

The following dispatch was concocted and sent on to Bridger, to be delivered to Mr. Enderton on the train:

The package you know of has been stolen. You will recognize the thief. If he leaves it at Chicago hotel, let him go. If he opens it, clap him in jail.

MRS. LECKS.

"I think that will make him keep his fingers off it," said Mrs. Lecks; "an' if Mr. Dusante chooses to send somethin' of the same kind to some other station, it won't do no harm. An' if that Enderton gets so skeered that he keeps out of sight an' hearin' of all of us, it 'll be the best thing that 's happened yet. An' I want you to understan', Mr. Craig, that nothin' 's goin' to be said or done to make your wife feel bad; an' there 's no need of her hearin' about what 's been done or what 's goin' to be done. But I 'll say for her, that though, of course, Mr. Enderton is her father and she looks up to him as such, she 's a mighty deal livelier and gayer-hearted when he 's away than when he 's with her. An' as for the rest of us, there 's no use sayin' anythin' about our resignedness to the loss of his company."

"I should say so," said Mrs. Aleshine; "for if there ever was a man who thought of himself ninety-nine times before he thought of anybody else once, an' then as like as not to forgit that once, he 's the man. An' it 's not, by no means, that I 'm down on missionaries, for it 's many a box I 've made up for 'em, an' never begrudged neither money nor trouble, an' will do it ag'in many times, I hope. But he ought n't to be called one, havin' given it up,— unless they give him up, which there 's no knowin' which it was,— for if there 's anythin' which shows the good in a man, it 's his bein' willin' to give up the comforts of a Christian land an' go an' convert heathens; though bein' willin' to give up the heathens an' go for the comforts shows him quite different, besides, as like as not, chargin' double an' only half convertin'."

Mr. Dusante was fully determined to go on with us until he had recovered possession of the ginger-jar. His courteous feelings towards Mrs. Craig and myself prevented his saying much about Mr. Enderton, but I had good reason to believe that his opinions in regard to my father-in-law were not very different from those of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. Ever since Mr. Enderton had shown his petulant selfishness, when obliged to give up his room at the railroad station for the use of the women of his party, Mr. Dusante had looked upon him coldly, and the two had had but little to say to each other.

We were all very glad that our pleasant party was not to be broken up; and although there was no resignation at the absence of the ginger-jar, we started on our journey the next day in a pleasanter mood for the absence of Mr. Enderton. Before we left, Mr. Dusante sent a telegram to Kearney Junction, to be delivered to Mr. Enderton when he arrived there. What this message was I do not know, but I imagine its tone was decided.

Our journey to Chicago was a pleasant one. We had now all become very well acquainted with each other, and there was no discordant element in the combined party. Some of us were a little apprehensive of trouble, or annoyance at least, awaiting us in Chicago, but we did not speak of it; and while Ruth knew nothing of her father's misbehavior, it might have been supposed that the rest had forgotten it.

At Chicago we went at once to Brandiger's Hotel, and there we found, instead of Mr. Enderton, a letter from him to Ruth. It read as follows:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: I have determined not to wait here, as originally intended, but to go on by myself. I am sorry not to meet you here, but it will not be long before we are together again, and you know I do not like to travel with a party. Its various members always incommode me in one way or another. I had proposed to go to Philadelphia and wait for you there, but have since concluded to stop at Meadowville, a village in the interior of Pennsylvania, where, as they have informed me, the two women, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, reside. I wish to see the party all together before I take final leave of them, and I suppose the two women will not consent to go any farther than the country town in which they live. Inclosed is a note to your husband relating to business matters. I hope that he will take the best of care of you during the rest of the journey, and thus very much oblige

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

This was my note:

MR. CRAIG. SIR: I should have supposed that you would have been able to prevent the insolent messages which have been telegraphed to me from some members of your party, but it is my lot to be disappointed in those in whom I trust. I shall make no answer to these messages, but will say to you that I am not to be browbeaten in my intention to divide among its rightful claimants the money now in my possession. It is not that I care for the comparatively paltry sum that will fall to myself and my daughter, but it is the principle of the matter for which I am contending. It was due to me that the amount should have been returned

to me, and to no other, for me to make the proper division. I therefore rest upon my principles and my rights; and, desiring to avoid needless altercations, shall proceed to Meadowville, where, when the rest of my party arrive, I shall justly apportion the money. I suppose the man Dusante will not be foolish enough to protract his useless journey farther than Chicago. It is your duty to make him see the impropriety of so doing.

Yours, etc.
D. J. ENDERTON.

Ruth's letter was shown to all the party, and mine in private to Mr. Dusante and Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. When the first moments of astonishment were over, Mrs. Lecks exclaimed:

"Well, after all, I don't know that I 'm so very sorry that the old sneak has done this, for now we 're rid of him for the rest of the trip; an' I 'm pretty certain, from the way he writes, that he has n't dipped into that jar yet. We 've skeered him from doin' that."

"But the impidence of him!" said Mrs. Aleshine. "Think of his goin' to the very town where we live an' gittin' there fust! He 'll be settin' on that tavern porch with every loafer in the place about him, an' tellin' 'em the whole story of what happened to us from beginning to end, till by the time we git there it 'll be all over the place an' as stale as last week's bread."

"'The man Dusante,'" quietly remarked that individual, "will not abandon the purpose of his journey. He left his island to place in the hands of Mrs. Lecks, on behalf of her party, the ginger-jar with the money inclosed. He will therefore go on with you to Meadowville, and will there make formal demand, and, if necessary, legal requisition, for the possession of that jar and that money; after which he will proceed to carry out his original intentions."

We all expressed our pleasure at having him, with his ladies, as companions for the remainder of our journey, and Mrs. Lecks immediately offered them the hospitalities of her house for as long a time as they might wish to stay with her.

"The weather there," she said, "is often splendid till past Thanksgivin' Day, an' nobody could be welcomer than you."

"I 'd have asked you myself," said Mrs. Aleshine, "if Mrs. Lecks had n't done it,— which of course she would, bein' alive,— but I 'm goin' to have Mr. Craig an' his wife, an' as our houses is near, we 'll see each other all the time. An' if Mr. Enderton chooses to stay awhile at the tavern, he can come over to see his daughter whenever he likes. I 'll go as fur as that, though no further can I go. I 'm not the one to turn anybody from my door, be he heathen, or jus' as bad, or wuss. But tea once, or perhaps twice, is all that I can find it in my heart to offer that man after what he 's done."

As the Dusantes and Ruth expressed a desire to see something of Chicago, where they had never been before, we remained in this city for two days, feeling that as Mr. Enderton would await our coming, there was no necessity for haste.

Early in the afternoon of the second day I went into the parlor of the hotel, where I expected to find our party prepared for a sight-seeing excursion; but I found the room tenanted only by Mrs. Aleshine, who was sitting in her bonnet and wraps, ready to start forth. I had said but a few words to her when Mrs. Lecks entered, bonnetless and shawlless, and with her knitting in her hand. She took a seat in a large easy-chair, put on her spectacles, and proceeded to knit.

"Mrs. Lecks!" exclaimed her friend in surprise, "don't you intend goin' out this afternoon?"

"No," said Mrs. Lecks. "I 've seen all I want to see, an' I 'm goin' to stay in the house an' keep quiet."

"Is n't Mr. Dusante goin' out this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Aleshine.

Mrs. Lecks laid her knitting in her lap; then she took off her spectacles, folded them, and placed them beside the ball of yarn; and, turning her chair around, she faced her friend. "Barb'ry Aleshine," said she, speaking very deliberately, "has any such a thing got into your mind as that I 'm settin' my cap at Mr. Dusante?"

"I don't say you have, an' I don't say you have n't," answered Mrs. Aleshine, her fat hands folded on her knees, and her round face shining from under her new bonnet with an expression of hearty good-will, "but this I will say,— an' I don't care who hears it,— that if you was to set your cap at Mr. Dusante there need n't nobody say anythin' agin it, so long as you are content. He is n't what I 'd choose for you, if I had the choosin', for I 'd git one with an American name an' no islands. But that 's neither here nor there, for you 're a grown woman an' can do your own choosin'. An' whether there 's any choosin' to be done is your own business too, for it 's full eleven years sence you 've been done with widder fixin's; an' if Mr. Lecks was to rise up out of his grave this minute, he could n't put his hand on his heart an' say that you had n't done your full duty by him, both before an' after he was laid away. An' so, if you did want to do choosin', an' made up your mind to set your cap at Mr. Dusante, there 's no word to be said. Both of you is ripe-aged and qualified to know your own minds, an' both of you is well off enough, to all intents and purposes,

to settle down together, if so inclined. An' as to his sister, I don't expect she will be on his hands for long. An' if you can put up with an adopted mother-in-law, that 's your business, not mine; though I allus did say, Mrs. Lecks, that if you 'd been 'Piscopalian, you 'd been Low Church."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Lecks.

"Yes," replied the other; "it 's all I have to say jus' now, though more might come to me if I gave my mind to it."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Lecks, "I 've somethin' to say on this p'int, and I 'm very glad Mr. Craig is here to hear it. If I had a feelin' in the direction of Mr. Dusante that he was a man, though not exactly what I might wish, havin' somethin' of foreign manners with ties in the Sandwich Islands, which I should n't have had so if I 'd had the orderin' of it, who was still a Christian gentleman,— as showed by his acts, not his words,— a lovin' brother; an' a kind an' attentive son by his own adoption; and who would make me a good husband for the rest of our two lives; then I 'd go and I 'd set my cap at him — not bold nor flauntin', nor unbecomin' to a woman of my age, but just so much settin' of it at him, that if he had any feelin's in my direction, and thought, although it was rather late in life for him to make a change, that if he was goin' to do it he 'd rather make that change with a woman who had age enough, and experience enough in downs as well as ups, and in married life as well as single, to make him feel that as he got her so he 'd always find her; then I say all he 'd have to do would be to come to me an' say what he thought, an' I 'd say what I thought, an' the thing would be settled, an' nobody in this world need have one word to say, except to wish us joy, an' then go along and attend to their own business.

"But now I say to you, Barb'ry Aleshine, an' just the same to you, Mr. Craig, that I have n't got no such feelin's in the direction of Mr. Dusante, an' I don't intend to set my cap at him, an' if he wore such a thing and set it at me, I 'd say to him, kind though firm, that he could put it straight again as far as I was concerned; an' that if he chose to set it at any other woman, if the nearest an' dearest friend I have on earth, I 'd do what I could to make their married lives as happy as they could be under the circumstances; and no matter what happened, I would n't say one word, though I might think what I pleased. An' now you have it, all straight and plain: if I wanted to set caps, I 'd set 'em; and if I did n't want to set 'em, I would n't. I don't want to, and I don't."

And, putting on her spectacles, she resumed her knitting.

Mrs. Aleshine turned upon her friend a beaming face.

"Mrs. Lecks," she said, "your words has lifted a load from off my mind. It would n't ha' broke me down, an' you would n't never have knowed I carried it, but it 's gone, an' I 'm mighty glad of it. An' as for me an' my cap,— an' when you spoke of nearest and dearest friends, you could n't meant nobody but me,— you need n't be afraid. No matter what I was, nor what he was, nor what I thought of him, nor what he thought of me, I could n't never say to my son when he comes to his mother's arms, all the way from Japan: 'George, here 's a Frenchman who I give to you for a father!'"

Here I burst out laughing, but Mrs. Lecks gravely remarked: "Now I hope this business of cap-settin' is settled an' done with."

"Which it is," said Mrs. Aleshine, as she rose to meet the rest of our party as they entered the room.

For several days I could not look upon the dignified and almost courtly Mr. Dusante without laughing internally and wondering what he would think if he knew how, without the slightest provocation on his side, a matrimonial connection with him had been discussed by these good women, and how the matter had been finally settled. I think he would have considered this the most surprising incident in the whole series of his adventures.

On our journey from Chicago to the little country town in the interior of Pennsylvania we made a few stops at points of interest for the sake of Ruth and the Dusante ladies, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine generously consenting to these delays, although I knew they felt impatient to reach their homes. They were now on most social terms with Mrs. Dusante, and the three chatted together like old friends.

"I asked her if we might call her Emily," said Mrs. Aleshine in confidence to me, "an' she said, 'yes,' an' we 're goin' to do it. I 've all along wanted to, because it seemed to come nat'ral, considerin' we knowed 'em as Emily an' Lucille before we set eyes on 'em. But as long as I had that load on my mind about Mrs. Lecks an' Mr. Dusante, I could n't 'Emily' his adopted mother. My feelin's would n't ha' stood it. But now it 's all right; an' though Emily is n't the woman I expected her to be, Lucille is the very picter of what I thought she was. An' as for Emily, I never knowed a nicer-mannered lady, an' more willin' to learn from people that 's had experience, than she is."

We arrived at Meadowville early in the afternoon, and when our party alighted from the train we were surprised not to see Mr. Ender-

ton on the platform of the little station. Instead of him, there stood three persons whose appearance amazed and delighted us. They were the red-bearded coxswain and the two sailor men, all in neat new clothes and with their hands raised in maritime salute.

There was a cry of joy. Mrs. Aleshine dropped her bag and umbrella, and rushed towards them with outstretched hands. In a moment Mrs. Lecks, Ruth, and myself joined the group, and greeted warmly our nautical companions of the island.

The Dusante party, when they were made acquainted with the mariners, were almost as much delighted as we were, and Mr. Dusante expressed in cordial words his pleasure in meeting the other members of the party to whom his island had given refuge.

"I am so glad to see you," said Mrs. Aleshine, "that I don't know my bonnet from my shoes! But how, in the name of all that 's wonderful, did you git here?"

"'T ain't much of a story," said the coxswain, "an' this is just the whole of it. When you left us at 'Frisco we felt pretty downsome, an' the more that way because we could n't find no vessel that we cared to ship on; an' then there come to town the agent of the house that owned our brig, and we was paid off for our last v'yage. Then, when we had fitted ourselves out with new togs, we began to think different about this shippin' on board a merchant vessel, an' gittin' cussed at, an' livin' on hard-tack an' salt prog, an' jus' as like as not the ship springin' a leak, an' all hands pumpin' night an' day, an' goin' to Davy Jones after all. An' after talkin' this all over, we was struck hard on the weather bow with a feelin' that it was a blamed sight better — beggin' your pardon, ma'am — to dig garden-beds in nice soft dirt, an' plant peas, an' ketch fish, an' all that kind of shore-work, an' eatin' them good things you used to cook for us, Mrs. Aleshine, and dancin' hornpipes fur ye, an' tamin' birds when our watch was off. Was n't that so, Jim an' Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the black-bearded sailor men.

"Then says I, 'Now look here, mates, don't let 's go an' lark away all this money, but take it an' make a land trip to where Mrs. Aleshine lives,' which port I had the name of on a piece of paper which you give me, ma'am."

And here Mrs. Aleshine nodded vigorously, not being willing to interrupt this entrancing story.

"'An' if she 's got another garden, an' wants it dug in, an' things planted, an' fish caught, an' any other kind of shore-work done, why we 're the men for her; an' we 'll sign the papers for as long a v'yage as she likes, an' stick by her in fair weather or foul, bein' good for day work an' night work, an' allus ready to fall in when she passes the word.' Ain't that so, Jim and Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" returned the sailor men with sonorous earnestness.

"Up'n my word!" cried Mrs. Aleshine, tears of joy running down her cheeks, "them papers shall be signed if I have to work night an' day to find somethin' for you to do. I 've got a man takin' keer of my place now; but many a time have I said to myself that, if I had anybody I could trust to do the work right, I 'd buy them two fields of Squire Ramsey's an' go into the onion business. An' now you sailor men has come like three sea angels, an' if it suits you we 'll go into the onion business on sheers."

"That suits us tip-top, ma'am," said the coxswain; "an' we 'll plant inyans for ye on the shears, on the stocks, or in the dry dock. It don't make no dif'rence to us where you have 'em; jes pass the word."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Lecks, "I don't know how that 's goin' to work, but we won't talk about it now. An' so you came straight on to this place?"

"That did we, ma'am," said the coxswain. "An' when we got here we found the parson, but none of you folks. That took us aback a little at fust, but he said he did n't live here, an' you was comin' pretty soon. An' so we took lodgin's at the tavern, an' for three days we 've been down here to meet every train, expectin' you might be on it."

Our baggage had been put on the platform, the train had moved on, and we had stood engrossed in the coxswain's narrative, but now I thought it necessary to make a move. There was but one small vehicle to hire at the station. This would hold but two persons, and in it I placed Mrs. Dusante and Ruth, the first being not accustomed to walking, and the latter very anxious to meet her father. I ordered the man to drive them to the inn, which was about a mile from the station, where we would stay until Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine should get their houses properly aired and ready for our reception.

"Mrs. Craig will be glad to get to the tavern and see her father," said Mrs. Aleshine. "I expect he forgot all about it 's bein' time for the train to come."

"Bless you, ma'am!" exclaimed the coxswain, "is she gone to the tavern? The parson 's not there!"

"Where is he, then?" asked Mrs. Aleshine.

"He 's at your house, ma'am," replied the coxswain.

"An' what in the name of common sense is he doin' at my house?" exclaimed Mrs.

Aleshine, her eyes sparkling with amazement and indignation.

"Well, ma'am, for one thing," said the coxswain, "he 's had the front door painted."

"What!" cried Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine in one breath.

"Yes," continued the coxswain; "the parson said he hated to see men hangin' around doin' nothin'. An' then he looked about, an' said the paint was all wore off the front door, an' we might as well go to work an' paint that, an' he sent Jim to a shop to git the paint an' brushes —"

"An' have 'em charged to me?" cried Mrs. Aleshine.

"Yes, ma'am," continued the coxswain. "An' Jim an' Bill holy-stoned all the old paint off the door an' I painted it, havin' done lots of that sort of thing on shipboard; an' I think it 's a pretty good job, ma'am — red at top and bottom an' white in the middle, like a steamer's smoke-stack."

Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine looked at each other. "An' he told you to do that?" said Mrs. Lecks.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the coxswain. "The parson said he never liked to be nowhere without doin' what good he could. An' there was some other paintin' he talked of havin' done, but we ain't got at it yit. I s'posed he was actin' under your orders, an' I hope I have n't done no wrong, ma'am."

"You 're not a bit to blame," said Mrs. Aleshine; "but I 'll look into this thing. No fear about that! An' how did he come to go to my house? An' how did he get in, I 'd like to know?"

"All I know about that," said the coxswain, "is what the gal that 's livin' there told me, which she did along of askin' us if we was comin' to live there too, an' if she should rig up beds for us somewhere in the top-loft, but we told her no, not havin' no orders, an' payin' our own way at the tavern. She said, said she, that the parson come there an' 'lowed he was a friend of Mrs. Aleshine's an' travelin' with her, an' that if she was at home she would n't let him stay at no tavern; an' that knowin' her wishes he 'd come right there, an' 'spected to be took care of till she come. She said she felt oncertain about it, but she tuck him in till she could think it over, an' then we come an' certified that he was the parson who 'd been along with Mrs. Aleshine an' the rest of us. Arter that she thought it was all right, an', beggin' your pardon if we was wrong, so did Jim an' Bill an' me, ma'am."

"Now," exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "if that is n't exactly like Elizabeth Grootenheimer! To think of Elizabeth Grootenheimer thinkin'! The Grootenheimers always was the dumbest family in the township, an' Elizabeth Grootenheimer is the dumbest of 'em all! I did say to myself when I went away: 'Now Elizabeth Grootenheimer is so stone dumb that she 'll jus' stay here an' do the little I tell her to do, an' has n't sense enough to git into no mischief.' An' now, look at her!"

She waved her hand in the direction of the invisible Elizabeth Grootenheimer.

Mrs. Lecks had said very little during this startling communication, but her face had assumed a stern and determined expression. Now she spoke.

"I guess we 've heard about enough, an' we 'd better be steppin' along an' see what else Mr. Enderton an' Elizabeth Grootenheimer is doin'."

The homes of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine were not far from each other and were situated about midway between the station and the village inn, and in the direction of these our party now started. Mrs. Aleshine, contrary to her custom, took the lead, and walked away with strides of unusual length. Mrs. Lecks was close behind her, followed by the two Dusantes and myself, while the three mariners, who insisted upon carrying all the hand-baggage, brought up the rear. We stepped quickly, for we were all very much interested in what might happen next; and very soon we reached Mrs. Aleshine's house. It was a good-sized and pleasant-looking dwelling, painted white, with green shutters and with a long covered porch at the front. Between the road and the house was a neat yard with grass and flower-beds, and from the gate of the picket-fence in front of the yard a brick-paved path led up to the house.

Our approach had been perceived, for on the porch, in front of the gayly painted door, stood Mr. Enderton, erect and with a bland and benignant smile upon his face. One hand was stretched out as if in welcome, and with the other he gracefully held the ginger-jar, now divested of its wrappings.

At this sight Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine made a simultaneous dash at the gate, but it was locked. The two women stamped their feet in fury.

"Put down that jar!" shouted Mrs. Lecks.

"Elizabeth Grootenheimer! Elizabeth Grootenheimer!" screamed Mrs. Aleshine. "Come here and open this gate."

"Break it down!" said Mrs. Lecks, turning to the sailors.

"Don't you do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, throwing herself in front of it. "Don't you break my gate! Elizabeth Grootenheimer!"

"My friends," said Mr. Enderton in clear, distinct tones, "be calm. I have the key of that gate in my pocket. I locked it because

I feared that on your first arrival you would hurry up to the house in a promiscuous way, and give heed to irrelevant matters. I wished to address you in a body and in a position where your attention would not be diverted from me. I hold here, my friends, the receptacle containing the money which under a misapprehension was paid for our board while on a desert island. This money I have taken care of and have carefully guarded for the benefit of us all. Unfortunately objections have arisen to this guardianship, which were forwarded to me by telegraph, but I have not heeded them. If you cannot see for yourselves the propriety of my assumption of this trust, I will not now undertake to enlighten you. But I hope there is no necessity for this, for, having had time to give the matter your fullest attention, I doubt not that you entirely agree with me. I will merely add, for I see you are impatient, that the sum which will fall to the share of each of us is comparatively insignificant, and in itself not worth striving for; but what I have done has been for the sake of principle. For the sake of principle I have insisted that this money should be received by its rightful owners; for the sake of principle I assumed the custody of it; and for the sake of principle I shall now empty the contents of this jar — which by me has not been examined or touched — upon the floor of this porch, and I shall then proceed to divide said contents into five suitable portions — the three mariners, as I understand, having paid no board. The gate can then be opened, and each one can come forward and take the portion which belongs to him or to her. The portion of my daughter, whom I saw pass here in a carriage, going, doubtless, to the inn, will be taken charge of by myself."

"You man!" shrieked Mrs. Lecks, shaking her fist over the fence, "if you as much as lift that paper of fish-hooks from out the top of that ginger-jar, I 'll —"

Here she was interrupted by the loud, clear voice of Mr. Dusante, who called out: "Sir, I require you to put down that jar, which is my property."

"I 'll let you know," said Mrs. Lecks, "that other people have principles!"

But what more she said was drowned by the voice of Mrs. Aleshine, who screamed for Elizabeth Grootenheimer, and who was now so much excited that she was actually trying to break open her own gate.

I called out to Mr. Enderton not to make trouble by disturbing the contents of the jar; and even Miss Lucille, who was intensely amused at the scene, could be heard joining her voice to the general clamor.

But the threats and demands of our united party had no effect upon Mr. Enderton. He stood up, serene and bland, fully appreciating the advantage of having the key of the gate's padlock in his pocket and the ginger-jar in his hand.

"I will now proceed," said he. But at that moment his attention was attracted by the three mariners, who had clambered over the pointed pales of the fence and who now appeared on the porch, Bill to the right hand of Mr. Enderton, Jim to the left, and the red-bearded coxswain at his back. They all seemed to speak at once, though what they said we could not hear, nothing but a few hoarse mutterings coming down to us.

But in consequence of what Bill said, Mr. Enderton handed him the key of the gate; and in consequence of what Jim said, Mr. Enderton delivered to him the ginger-jar; and in consequence of what the coxswain said, he and Mr. Enderton walked off the porch; and the two proceeded to a distant corner of the yard, where they stood, out of the way, as it were, while the gate was opened. Bill bungled a little, but the padlock was soon removed, and we all hurried through the gate and up to the porch, where Jim still stood, the ginger-jar held reverently in his hands.

The coxswain now left Mr. Enderton, and that gentleman proceeded to the open gate, through which he passed into the road, and then turned, and in a loud and severe tone addressed Mrs. Aleshine:

"I leave your inhospitable house and go to join my daughter at the inn, where I request you to send my valise and umbrella as soon as possible."

Mrs. Aleshine's indignation at this invasion of her home and this trampling on her right to open her own gate had entirely driven away her accustomed geniality, and in angry tones she cried:

"Jus' you stop at that paint-shop when you git to the village, an' pay for the paint you had charged to me; an' when you 've done that you can send for your things."

"Come, now, Barb'ry," said Mrs. Lecks, "don't let your feelin's run away with you. You ought to be thankful that he 's let you off so easy, an' that he 's gone."

"I 'm all that," said Mrs. Aleshine; "an' on second thoughts, every whip-stitch of his bag and baggage shall be trundled after him as soon as I kin git it away."

We all now stood upon the porch, and Mrs. Aleshine, in calmer tones, but with her face still flushed from her recent excitement, turned to us and said: "Now, is n't this a pretty comin' home? My front gate fastened in my very face; my front door painted red and white; the inside of the house, as like as not,

turned upside down by that man jus' as much as the outside; an' where in the world, I 'd like to know, is Elizabeth Grootenheimer?"

"Now, don't you be too hard on her," said Mrs. Lecks, "after havin' been away from her so long. I have n't a doubt she 's feedin' the pigs; an' you know very well she never would leave them as long as she felt they needed her. You need n't mind if your house is upset, for none of us is comin' in, havin' only intended to see you to your door, which I must say is a pretty blazin' one."

"And now, Mrs. Lecks," said Mr. Dusante, taking, as he spoke, the ginger-jar from the hand of Jim, "I think this is a suitable opportunity for me to accomplish the object for which my present journey was undertaken, and to return to you the contents of this jar."

"Which," said Mrs. Lecks, in a very decided tone, "I don't take now no more 'n I did before."

Mr. Dusante looked surprised and troubled. After all the dangers and adventures through which that ginger-jar had gone, I believe that he expected that Mrs. Lecks would at last relent and consent to accept it from him.

"Now, look here," said Mrs. Aleshine; "don't let us have any more fuss about the ginger-jar or anything else. Let 's put off talkin' about that till we 're all settled an' fixed. It won't do for you to take the jar to the tavern with you, Mr. Dusante, for like as not Mr. Enderton will git hold of it ag'in, an' I know Mrs. Lecks won't let it come into her house; so, if you like, you may jus' leave it here for the present, an' you may make up your minds nobody 'll touch it while I 'm about. An' about I intend to be!"

This arrangement was gladly agreed upon, and the jar being delivered to Mrs. Aleshine, we took our leave of her.

Mrs. Lecks found no difficulty in entering her gate, where she was duly welcomed by a man and his wife she had left in charge, while the Dusantes and myself walked on to the inn, or "Hotel," as its sign imported, about which the greater part of the little town clustered. The three mariners remained behind to await further orders from Mrs. Aleshine.

By the afternoon of the next day the abodes of those two most energetic and capable housewives, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, were fully prepared for the reception of their visitors, and the Dusante family were ensconced beneath the roof of the one, while my wife and I were most warmly welcomed at the gayly adorned door of the other.

Mr. Enderton remained at the inn, where he found very comfortable quarters, an arrangement satisfactory to all parties.

In Mrs. Aleshine's dwelling, where, from the very first, Lucille took her position as a most constant visitor, being equally welcomed by Ruth and the mistress of the house, all was satisfaction and high good-humor. The ceaseless activity and cheerful spirits of our hostess seemed to animate us all. At Mrs. Lecks's home the case was different. There, I could plainly see, there was a certain uneasiness amounting almost to stiffness between Mrs. Lecks and Mr. Dusante. The latter had not accomplished the purpose for which he had made this long journey; and although if things had turned out as he wished, he would have been very glad to be the guest of Mrs. Lecks, still, under the present circumstances, the situation did not suit him. Mrs. Lecks, too, possessed an unsettled mind. She did not know when Mr. Dusante would again endeavor to force back upon her the board-money in the ginger-jar, and in this state of uneasy expectancy she was not at her best.

"He 's not satisfied," said she to me, on the morning after the Dusantes had come to her; "he wants to do somethin', or else to go away. I wish that ginger-jar had dropped into the bottom of the sea while he was bringin' it, or else had smashed itself into a thousand bits while we was slidin' down the mountain, and the money had melted itself into the snow. S'posin' at the end of the week he was to come to me and offer to pay me board for himself and his family, sayin' that was no more than I 'd done to him! Of course the two cases are not a bit alike; for we went to his house strangers, without leave or license, while he comes to mine as a friend, bein' fully invited an' pressed. But I don't suppose I could make him see it in that light, an' it worries me."

I was convinced that something ought to be done to end this unpleasant state of affairs, and I took my wife and Miss Lucille into council on the subject. After we had deliberated a little while an idea came to Ruth.

"In my opinion," said she, "the best thing we can do with that board-money is to give it to those three sailors. They are poor and will be glad to get it; Mr. Dusante and Mrs. Lecks ought to be fully satisfied, for the one does n't keep it, and the other does n't take it back, and I 'm sure that this plan will please all the rest of us."

This plan was unanimously agreed to by the council, and I was appointed to go immediately and lay it before the parties interested.

Mr. Dusante gave his ready consent to the proposition. "It is not what I intended to do," said he, "but it amounts to almost the same thing. The money is in fact restored to its owners, and they agree to make a certain disposition of it. I am satisfied."

Mrs. Lecks hesitated a little. "All right,"

said she, in a few moments. "He takes the money and gives it to who he chooses. I 've nothin' to say against it."

Of course no opposition to the plan was to be expected from anybody else, except Mr. Enderton. But when I mentioned it to him I found, to my surprise, that he was not unwilling to agree to it. Half closing the book he had been reading, he said: "What I have done was on behalf of principle. I did not believe, and do not believe, that upon an entirely deserted island money should be paid for board. I paid it under protest, and I do not withdraw that protest. According to all the laws of justice and hospitality the man who owned that island should not retain that money, and Mrs. Lecks had no right to insist upon such retention. But if it is proposed to give the total sum to three mariners, who paid no board and to whom the gift is an absolute charity, I am content. To be sure, they interfered with me at a moment when I was about to make a suitable settlement of the matter, but I have no doubt they were told to do so; and I must admit that while they carried out their orders with a certain firmness characteristic of persons accustomed to unreasoning obedience, they treated me with entire respect. If equal respect had been shown to me at the beginning of these disputes, it would have been much better for all concerned."

And, opening his book, he recommenced his reading.

That afternoon, all of us, except Mr. Enderton, assembled on Mrs. Aleshine's porch to witness the presentation of the board-money. The three sailors, who had been informed of the nature of the proceedings, stood in line on the second step of the porch, clad in their best toggery, and with their new tarpaulin hats in their hands. Mrs. Aleshine went into the house and soon reappeared, carrying the ginger-jar, which she presented to Mr. Dusante. That gentleman took it, and stood holding it for a moment as if he were about to speak; but even if he had intended to say anything he had no further opportunity, for Mrs. Lecks now stepped forward and addressed him:

"Mr. Dusante," said she, "from what I have seen of you myself an' heard tell of you from others, I believe you are a man who tries to do his duty, as he sees it, with a single heart an' no turnin' from one side to the other. You made up your mind that you 'd travel over the whole world, if it had to be done, with that ginger-jar an' the board-money inside of it, till you 'd found the people who 'd been livin' in your house; an' then that you 'd give back that jar, jus' as you 'd found it, to the person who 'd took upon herself the overseein' of the reg'lar payin' of the money, an' the puttin' of it therein. With that purpose in your mind you carried that jar over the ocean; you wandered with it up an' down California; an' holdin' it tight fast in your arms, you slid down the slipperiest mountain that was ever made yet, I believe, an' if it had been your only infant child, you could n't have held it firmer, nor regarded it more careful. Through ups an' downs, an' thicks an' smooths, you carried that jar or followed it, an' for the sake of doin' what you 'd set your mind on you came all the way to this place; to which, if it had n't been for that one idea, it is n't likely you 'd ever dreamed of comin'. Now, Mr. Dusante, we 've all agreed on what we think is the right thing to do, an' you agreed with us, but I can see by your face that you 're disapp'inted. The thing you set out to do you have n't done; an' I 'm not goin' to have it to say to myself that you was the only one of all of us that was n't satisfied, an' that I was the stumblin'-block that stood in your way. So I 'll back down from sayin' that I 'd never touch that jar again, an' you can put it into my hands, as you set out to do."

Mr. Dusante made no answer, but stepped forward, and taking Mrs. Lecks's large brown and work-worn hand, he respectfully touched it with his lips. It is not probable that Mrs. Lecks's hand had ever before been kissed. It is not probable that she had ever seen any one kiss the hand of another. But the hard sense and keen insight of that independent country-woman made her instantly aware of what was meant by that old-fashioned act of courteous homage. Her tall form grew more erect; she slightly bowed her head; and received the salute with a quiet dignity which would have become a duchess.

This little scene touched us all, and Mrs. Aleshine afterwards informed me that for a moment she had n't a dry eye in her head.

Mr. Dusante now handed the ginger-jar to Mrs. Lecks, who immediately stepped towards Ruth and Lucille.

"You two young ones," she said, "can jus' take this jar, an' your hands can be the first to lift off that paper of fish-hooks an' take out the money, which you will then divide among our good friends, these sailor men."

Ruth and Lucille immediately sat down on the floor of the porch and the one emptied the board-money into the lap of the other, where it was speedily divided into three equal portions, one of which was placed in the hands of each mariner.

The men stood motionless, each holding his money in his open right hand, and then the red-bearded coxswain spoke.

"It ain't for me, nor for Bill, nor for Jim nuther, to say a word agin what you all think

is right and square. We 've stood by ye an' obeyed orders since we first shipped on that island, an' we intend to do so straight along, don't we, Jim an' Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Jim and Bill, in hearty hoarse response.

"There 's some of ye, 'specially Mrs. Aleshine, though meanin' no disrespec' to anybody else, that we 'd foller to the cross-trees of the top-gallant mast of the tallest ship that ever floated in the middle of the ragin'est typhoon that ever blowed. Would n't we, Jim an' Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" sang out Jim and Bill.

"But though we stand ready to obey orders," said the coxswain, "we made up our minds, when we heard what was goin' to be done, that we 'd listen keerful fer one thing, an' we have listened keerful an' we have n't heard that one thing, an' that thing was what we should do with this money. An', not havin' heard it, an' so bein' under no orders as to the spendin' of it, we take the money, an' thank you kindly, one an' all. Don't we, Jim and Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Jim and Bill.

And into the pocket of each mariner clinked the money.

Mr. Dusante now took up the ginger-jar and approached Mrs. Lecks. "I hope, madam," he said, "that as the subject of our little differences has now been removed from this jar, you will consent to accept it from me as a memento of the somewhat remarkable experiences through which it has accompanied us."

"Take it, sir?" said she. "To be sure I will. An' very glad am I to get it. As long as I live it shall stand on the mantel-piece in my parlor; an' when I die, it shall be left to my heirs, to be taken care of as long as it holds together."

Every reason for dissatisfaction having now been banished from our little company, we all settled down for a season of enjoyment. Even Mr. Enderton, who had found on the top shelf of a closet in his room a lot of old leather-bound books, appeared to be in a state of perfect content. To the Dusantes a residence in this absolutely rural portion of our Middle States in the autumnal season was an entirely novel experience. The crisp and invigorating air, the mists and glowing hues of the Indian summer time, the softness of the sunshine, and even those masses of limbs and twigs which had already dropped their leaves and spread themselves in a delicate network against the clear blue sky, were all full of a novel beauty for these people who had lived so long in tropical lands and among perennial foliage, and had never known the delights of an American country life out of season. Having enjoyed Mrs. Lecks's hospitality for a suitable period, they proposed to that sensible woman that she should receive them as boarders until the winter should set in; and to this practical proposition she gave a ready assent, hoping that the really cold weather would long defer its coming.

Ruth and I established ourselves on the same terms with Mrs. Aleshine. A prolonged holiday from the labors of my business had been the object of my attempted journey to Japan, and I could think of no place where it would better please my young wife and myself to rest for a time than here among these good friends.

A continual source of amusement to us were the acts and doings of Mrs. Aleshine and her three sailor men. These bold mariners had enlisted, soul and body, into the service of the thrifty housewife; and as it was impossible to do anything in connection with the growing of the onions until the desired fields should be acquired and the spring should open, many and diverse were the labors at which the coxswain and those two able-bodied seamen, Bill and Jim, set themselves or were set by Mrs. Aleshine.

The brilliantly painted front-door, which at first had excited the good woman's ire, gradually came to command her admiration; and when her sailor men had done everything else that they could in the barns, the fields, or at the wood-pile, she gave them privilege to paint various portions of her property, leaving designs and colors to their own taste and fancy. Whether they milked the cows, cut the wood, or painted the sides of the house, they always worked like good fellows, and in nautical costume. They holy-stoned the front deck, as they called the floor of the porch, until it seemed sacrilegious to set foot upon it; and when the house and the pale-fence had been suitably painted, they allowed their fancies lofty flights in the decoration of the smaller out-buildings and various objects in the grounds. One of the men had a pocket-chart of the colors adopted by the different steamship companies all over the world, and now smoke-houses, corn-cribs, chicken-houses, and so on, down to pumps and hitching-posts, were painted in great bands of blue-and-red and white-and-black, arranged in alternating orders, until an observer might have supposed that a commercial navy had been sunk beneath Mrs. Aleshine's house-grounds, leaving nothing but its smoke-stacks visible.

The greatest work of decoration, however, was reserved by the red-bearded coxswain for himself, designed by his own brain, and executed by his own hands. This was the tattooing of the barn. Around this building, the sides

of which were already of a color sufficiently resembling a well-tanned human skin, the coxswain painted, in blue spots resembling tattooing, an immense cable passing several times about the structure, a sea-serpent almost as long as the cable, eight anchors, two ships under full sail, with a variety of cannons and flags which filled up all the remaining spaces. This great work was a long time in execution, and before it was half finished its fame had spread over the surrounding country.

The decoration of her premises was greatly enjoyed by Mrs. Aleshine. "It gives 'em somethin' to do," said she, "till the onion-season comes on; it makes 'em happy; an' the leaves an' flowers bein' pretty nigh gone, I like to see the place blossomin' out as if it was a cold-weather garden."

In the evenings, in the large kitchen, the sailor men danced their hornpipes, and around the great fire-place they spun long yarns of haps and mishaps on distant seas. Mrs. Aleshine always, and the rest of us often, sat by the fire and enjoyed these nautical recreations.

"Havin' myself done housekeepin' in the torrid zone," she once said, "a lot of the things they tell come home to me quite nat'ral. An' I 'd do anythin' in the world to make 'em content to live on dry land like common Christians, instid of cavoortin' about on the pitchin' ocean, runnin' into each other, an' springin' leaks with no likelihood of findin' a furnished island at every p'int where their ship happened to go down."

On one subject only did any trouble now come into the mind of Mrs. Aleshine, and she once had a little talk with me in regard to it.

"I 've been afeared from the very beginnin'," she said, "an' after a while I more 'n half believed it, that Elizabeth Grootenheimer was settin' her cap at the coxswain, so I jus' went to him an' I spoke to him plain. 'This sort o' thing won't do at all,' says I; 'an' although I have n't a doubt you see it for yourself, I thought it my dooty to speak my mind about it. There 's plenty of young women in this township that would make you sailor men fust-rate wives, an' glad enough I 'd be to see you all married an' settled an' gone to farmin' right here amongst us, but Elizabeth Grootenheimer won't do. Settin' aside everything else, if there was to be any children, they might be little coxswains, but they 'd be Grootenheimers too; stone-dumb Grootenheimers; an' I tell you plain that this county can't stand no more Grootenheimers!' To which he says, says he, 'I want you to understan', ma'am, that if ever me or Jim or Bill makes up our mind to set sail for any sort of a weddin' port, we won't weigh anchor till we 've got our clearance papers from you.' By which he meant that he 'd ask my advice about courtin'. An' now my mind 's easy, an' I can look ahead with comfort to onion-time."

I found it necessary to go to Philadelphia for a day or two to attend to some business matters; and the evening before I started, the coxswain came to me and asked a favor for himself and his mates.

"It may n't have passed out of your mind, sir," said he, "that when me an' Jim an' Bill took that money that you all give us, which was n't zackly like prize-money, because the rest of the crew, to put it that way, did n't get any, we listened keerful to see if anythin' was said as to what we was to do with the money; an' nothin' bein' said, we took it, an' we was n't long makin' up our minds as to what we was goin' to do with it. What we wanted to do was to put up some sort of signal what could n't git blowed away, or, more like, a kind of reg'lar moniment as would make them that looked at it remember the rough squalls an' the jolly larks we 've gone through with together, an' it was when we was talkin' about Mrs. Lecks bein' give the ginger-jar to put on her mantel-piece an' keep forever, that me an' Jim an' Bill we said, says we, that Mrs. Aleshine should have a ginger-jar too, havin' as much right to one as her mate, an' that that would be the signal-flag or the moniment that we 'd put up. Now, sir, as you 're goin' to town, we ask you to take this money, which is the whole lot that was give' us, an' have a ginger-jar built, jus' the size an' shape an' gen'ral trim of that other one, but of no pottery-stuff, fur you kin buy 'em jus' like that, an' that ain't what we want. We want her built of good oak, stout an' strong, with live-oak knees inside to keep her stiff an' save her from bein' stove in, in case of a collision. We want her bottom coppered up above the water-line with real silver, an' we want a turtle-back deck with a round hatchway, with a tight-fittin' hatch, jus' like common jars. We want her sides caulked with oakum, an' well scraped an' painted, so that with water inside of her or outside of her she won't leak. An' on the bottom of her, so they kin be seen if she keels over, we wants the names of me, an' Jim, an' Bill, which we 've wrote on this piece of paper. An' on her sides, below the water-line, on the silver copperin', we wants the names of all the rest of you, an' the latitood an' longitood of that island, an' anythin' out of the logs that might 'a' been kep' by any of you, as might help to be remembered the things what happened. An' then, if there 's any room left on the copperin' an' any money lef' to pay for 'em, you might have cut on as many anchors, an' hearts, an' bits of cable, an' such like suitable things as would fill up. An' that jar

we 're goin' to give to Mrs. Aleshine to put on her mantel-piece, to stay there as long as she lives, or anybody that belongs to her. An', by George, sir!" he added behind his hand, although there was nobody to hear, "if ever them two jars run into each other, it won't be Mrs. Aleshine's that 'll go down!"

I undertook this commission, and in due course of time there came to the village the most astonishing ginger-jar that was ever built, and which satisfied the three mariners in every particular. When it was presented to Mrs. Aleshine, her admiration of this work of art, her delight in its ownership, and her gratitude to the donors were alike boundless.

"However could I have had the idee," said she privately to me, "that any one of them noble sailor men could have brought himself down to marry Elizabeth Grootenheimer!"

It was not long after this happy event that another great joy came to Mrs. Aleshine. Her son returned from Japan. He had heard of the loss of the steamer in which his mother and Mrs. Lecks had set sail, and was in great trouble of mind until he received a letter from his mother which brought him speedily home. He had no intention of settling in Meadowville, but it had been a long time since he had seen his mother.

He was a fine young man, handsome and well educated, and we were all delighted with him; and in a very short time he and Lucille Dusante, being the only young bachelor and maiden of the company, became so intimate and super-friendly that it was easy to see that to Mrs. Aleshine might come the unexpected rapture of eventually being the mother of Lucille.

We staid much later at Meadowville than we had expected. Even after the little hills and vales had been well covered with snow, sleighing and coasting parties, led by the lively new-comer, offered attractions, especially to Lucille, which bound us to the cheery homes of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. But, after a time, the Dusantes considered it prudent to go to Florida for the rest of the winter; Mr. Enderton had long since read all the books on his closet-shelf and departed for New York; and Ruth and I determined that we, too, must move eastward.

But, before our little company separated, Mrs. Aleshine's son and Lucille Dusante had settled it between them that when the spring-time came they would set sail for a wedding port. This match was a highly satisfactory one to all concerned, for Mr. Dusante could scarcely have found a young brother-in-law who would make his sister so happy, and who was, at the same time, so well fitted by disposition and previous occupation to assist in his increasing business cares.

In the spring the Dusante family came North again and Lucille and her lover were married; and then all of us, except Mr. Enderton, who had obtained a most congenial position as assistant librarian in a public institution seldom visited, gathered at Meadowville to spend a week or two together before Ruth and I repaired to the New England town which was to be our home; and the Dusante family, the young husband included, set out on a tour, partly of business and partly of pleasure, through Canada and the far Northwest.

It was arranged that, whenever it should be possible, Lucille and Mrs. Dusante should spend their summers at Meadowville; and as this would also give her much of the society of her son, the heart of Mrs. Aleshine could ask no more.

This visit to Meadowville was in the onion-season; and one morning Ruth and I sat upon a fence and watched the three sailor men busily at work. The soil looked so fine and smooth that one might almost have supposed that it had been holy-stoned; and the three nautical farmers, in their tight-waisted, loose-bottomed trousers, their tarpaulin hats, and their wide-collared shirts, were seated on the ground at different points, engrossed in the absorbing task of setting out young onions as onions had never been set out before. All the careful attention to patient minutiæ which nautical handiwork had taught them was now displayed in their new vocation. In a portion of the field which had been first planted the onions had sprouted, and we could see evidences of astonishing designs. Here were anchors in onions; hearts in onions; brigs, barks, and schooners in onions; and more things pertaining to ships, the heart's affections, and the raging main outlined in onions than Ruth and I could give names to.

"It seems to me," said I, "that there must have been some sort of enchantment in that little island in the Pacific, for in one way or another it has made us all very happy."

"That is true," answered Ruth; "and, do you know, I believe the cause of a great part of that happiness was the board-money in the ginger-jar!"

Frank R. Stockton.

THE END.

IT is incorrect to suppose that astrology has no votaries at the present time. Zadkiel's Almanac, which has been published for nearly forty consecutive years, sells more than one hundred and twenty thousand copies per annum, and it is not a publication which ignorant persons could understand,— nor does it appear to make any appeals to that class. The "Saturday Review" for July 4, 1863, says: "Without doubt there are a million of people who have some sort of confidence in Zadkiel; certainly there is ample encouragement to them in the countenance afforded Zadkiel by the great and wise and learned of the land." This writer also states that "society believes in astrology." It is quite possible that this is exaggerated, for "society" affects the study of all strange or new things. If its interest in any passing novelty or new aspect of something old should be allowed any value as indicating what it "believed," it might be held to accept almost anything.

I should not, however, think it a prudent economy of time or space to treat astrology here merely to delay its final disappearance. It is because the exhibition of its principles and methods will afford us an almost indispensable aid in the studies to which this series of articles is devoted, and account for and explain certain conditions of current thought, that it is worthy of investigation.

Goethe begins his autobiography with these words:

> On the 29th of August, 1749, at midday, as the clock struck 12, I came into the world at Frankfort-on-the-Main. My horoscope was propitious: the Sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and had culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus looked on him with a friendly eye and Mercury not adversely, while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent; the Moon alone, just full, exerted the power of her reflection all the more as she had then reached her planetary hour. She opposed herself, therefore, to my birth, which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed. These good aspects, which the astrologers managed subsequently to reckon very auspicious for me, may have been the causes of my preservation; for, through the unskillfulness of the midwife, I came into the world as dead, and only after various efforts was I enabled to see the light.

This mighty intellect, representing, according to Madame de Staël, in himself alone the whole of German literature, whose knowledge and insight, sensibility and imagination, were so extraordinary as to elevate him for all time to the highest rank, appears to have been somewhat under the influence of that belief in astrology which, from the earliest ages, had dominated the human mind, and from which, at the date of his birth, even the most enlightened, with comparatively few exceptions, had not been emancipated. For there was scarcely an extraordinary character in antiquity who did not believe in astrology. Hippocrates and Galen,— the first names in medicine,— Pythagoras, Democritus, and Thales gave it credit. Hippocrates said in substance that a physician who was ignorant of astrology deserved to be called a fool rather than a physician; and Galen, that no man should "trust himself to that physician, or rather pretender, who is not skilled in astrology." In China, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome it was universally accepted, while Chaldea may be called the center of its power.

There are many references to it in the Bible, such as "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" The Magi, who came from the East following the star of Christ, were astrologers. It seems probable from some passages that Daniel, who accepted the office of chief of the Magi, studied the heavens and astrological books. Only when the astrologers contradicted the direct revelation of God's word were they specially condemned. On such occasions the prophets denounced them: though seeming to admit that there might be an influence from the stars, they declared that they could not prevail against the will of God — as when Jeremiah says, "Be not dismayed at the signs of heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them"; or the similar injunction given by Isaiah, "Let now the astrologers, the stargazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee."

The ancient poets — Æschylus, Vergil, Horace, Homer, and many others — rose to the loftiest strains when praising astrology. In more modern times the chief physicians on the continent of Europe were astrologers, some of them very famous. One was Cardan of Milan, who was not only a physician but an algebraist. The "Text-book of Astrology" gives a list of eminent men in England who believed in astrology,— Roger Bacon; Duns Scotus; Baron Napier, the inventor of logarithms; Tycho Brahe; Francis Bacon; Kepler; Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal; Sir Elias

Ashmole, the founder of the Ashmolean Museum. Chaucer was also a believer, and wrote a treatise on the astrolabe. John Dryden, skilled in the theory, computed the nativities of his children, and foretold certain severe accidents to his son Charles.

Astrology has exerted great influence upon language and literature. Many of the words most frequently used are derived from astrology or kindred subjects — *augur*, *augury*, *auspices*, the common word *talisman*, and especially *influence*. In literature appeals to the heavens are common, as well as references to the stars as sources of prosperity.

Trench says we seem to affirm that we believe that

> the planet under which a man may happen to be born will affect his temperament, will make him for life of a disposition grave or gay, lively or severe. . . . For we speak of a person as "jovial," or "saturnine," or "mercurial" — jovial as being born under the planet Jupiter or Jove, which was the joyfullest star and of the happiest augury of all; a gloomy, severe person is said to be "saturnine" as born under the planet Saturn, who was considered to make those that owned his influence, and were born when he was in the ascendant, grave and stern as himself; another we call "mercurial," that is, light-hearted, as those born under the planet Mercury were accounted to be. The same faith in the influence of the stars survives, so far at least as words go, in "disaster," "disastrous," "ill-starred," "ascendant," "ascendancy," and, indeed, in the word "influence" itself.*

Or, again, do we keep in mind, or are we even aware, that whenever the word "influence" occurs in our English poetry, down to a comparatively modern date, there is always more or less remote allusion to the skyey, planetary influences supposed to be exercised by the heavenly luminaries upon men? How many a passage starts into new life and beauty and fullness of allusion, when this is present with us. Even Milton's

> Store of ladies, whose bright eyes
> Rain *influence*,

as spectators of the tournament, gain something when we regard them — and using this language, he intended we should — as the luminaries of this lower sphere, shedding by their propitious presence strength and valor into the hearts of their knights.†

If we turn to Shakspere, we find the belief molding some of his most beautiful expressions:

> Comets, importing change of times and states,
> Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky.

When *Romeo* and *Juliet* are married the prayer is:

> So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
> That after hours with sorrow chide us not.

In one of the most frequently quoted passages of Shakspere the astrological reference is generally omitted:

> In my stars I am above thee: . . . some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

* Trench, "On the Study of Words."
† Trench, "English Past and Present."

From Byron astrologers quote a fine passage, using it as though he were a believer:

> Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
> If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
> Of men and empires — 't is to be forgiven
> That, in our aspirations to be great,
> Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
> And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
> A beauty and a mystery, and create
> In us such love and reverence from afar,
> That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

Dante, writing of Mars, says:

> With him shalt thou see
> That immortal who was at his birth impressed
> So strongly with this star, that of his deeds
> The nations shall take note.

And speaks in another place thus:

> Where the planets roll
> To pour their wished influence on the world.

Longfellow, in a passage which has touched many a parent's heart, says:

> O child! O new-born denizen
> Of life's great city! on thy head
> The glory of the morn is shed,
> Like a celestial benison!
> . . . . . .
> By what astrology of fear or hope
> Dare I to cast thy horoscope!

What is astrology? According to Zadkiel's "Grammar of Astrology" the science consists of four branches or distinct parts, which are essentially different from each other. These are: *Nativities*, *Mundane Astrology*, *Atmospheric Astrology*, and *Horary Astrology*.

Nativities comprise "the art of foreseeing, from the figurings of the heavens at the moment of birth, the future fate and character of individuals."

Mundane Astrology is "the art of foreseeing, by the positions of the heavenly bodies at certain periods, the circumstances of nations, such as wars, pestilences, inundations, earthquakes, etc."

Atmospheric Astrology, Zadkiel defines as "the art of foreseeing, by the positions of the planets at the periods of the sun and moon being in mutual aspect, and some other circumstances, the quality of the weather at any required time or place."

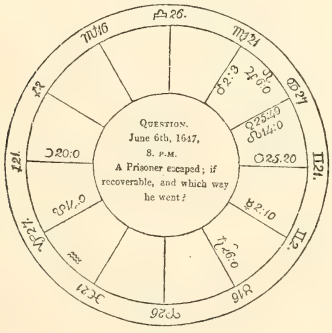
Horary Astrology is "the art of foreseeing, by the positions of the heavens at any period when an individual may be anxious about the matter, the result of any business or circumstance whatever."

Concerning Atmospheric Astrology, which is merely a system of meteorology based on the theory that the changes of the weather are produced by the influence of the planets, I shall say nothing. Mundane Astrology is in

some respects more complex than either Nativities or Horary Astrology.

The nature of the influence of the heavens upon human destiny has been differently taught by different astrologers, some claiming that the heavens merely exhibit the signs of events, so that when these are properly interpreted the future can be foretold, and others holding that they are the causes of the events. Most, however, seem to believe that they are both.

The calculations of astrology are made by means of the sun, moon, and planets, the signs of the Zodiac, and the various aspects and relations of the planets. To work the problems, a "figure of the heavens" is drawn. This is merely a map to represent the heavens at any particular moment, such as when a child is born, a question asked, etc. It is made by drawing three circles and then drawing lines to represent the horizon, and others at right angles with them to represent the meridian. Thus will be shown the natural divisions formed by the rising and setting of the sun, and by his passing the meridian at noon and midnight. Each of these quarters or quadrants is to be divided again into three equal parts, forming the twelve houses. The following figure, from Lilly's "Introduction to Astrology," exhibits the method:



In calculating a *nativity* the horoscope must be cast for the instant the child is born, and the figure show exactly the state of the heavens at that instant as viewed from the place of birth: the signs of the Zodiac and the planets, with their latitudes, declinations, etc., have to be determined, and the figure when completed must exhibit all these. This is difficult, and cannot be done without a knowledge of astronomical tables.

Suppose, then, the figure completed; what is the method of judging? Here we enter the most interesting part of the subject. From the time of Ptolemy down to the present, a system of significations has existed. These significations, which have been more or less changed and modified by the various astrologers who have arisen since his time, are assigned to the signs of the Zodiac, and also to the planets and to their relations to each other and to the Zodiac. Aries, one of the four cardinal signs, influences Britain, Germany, Denmark, Lesser Poland, Burgundy, Palestine, Syria, and Judea. Astrologers go so far as to specify towns: Naples, Capua, Florence, Verona, Padua, Brunswick, Marseilles, Cracow, and Utrecht. Gemini relates to the north-east coast of Africa, Lower Egypt, Flanders, Lombardy, Sardinia, Brabant, and Belgium. It is of particular interest to us because it rules the west of England and the United States. London, Marseilles, and other cities also come under its sway, and, the "Science of the Stars" modestly says, "perhaps Melbourne."

Astrologers hold that the signs of the Zodiac affect not only nations, but individuals — that Aries, for example, produces a spare and strong body, of stature rather above the average, face long, eyebrows bushy, neck long, etc.; while Taurus gives a middle stature, thick, well-set body, broad forehead, full face and prominent eyes, neck and lips thick, nose and mouth wide. Aries governs the head and face of man; and the diseases it produces (when evil planets are located in it) are small-pox, measles, ringworm, apoplexy, palsy, etc. Gemini governs the arms and shoulders. Its diseases are brain-fever, croup, fractures of the head, arms, etc.

Certain planets are called *malefics*. These are Mars, Saturn, and Uranus. Venus and Jupiter are specified as *benefics*. A planet is spoken of as being *afflicted* whenever the malefics are in certain relations to it, and as being free from affliction when the benefics are in these relations. Of the sun they say that if it is afflicted at birth the tendency is to the destruction of life. In order to have great prosperity, both the sun and the moon must be free from affliction; and if both are afflicted, the person will have a life-long struggle. If the sun is in good aspect with Mars, the child born will be very fortunate in war, surgery, chemistry, etc.; if it is in the zenith and free from affliction, he will have a great public career. If it is rising at the birth, it makes him bold, courageous, and proud. But if it is afflicted by Saturn, he is liable to consumption or paralysis; if by Mars, he will be cruel and blood-thirsty, unless Jupiter happens to assist the sun. If the moon is properly related it has a good, but if otherwise an exceedingly bad, effect. Its diseases are rheumatism, consumption, palsy, lunacy, scrofula, small-pox, and dropsy.

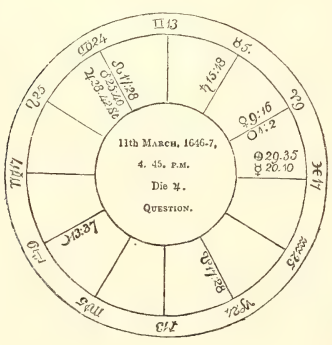
There are certain "eminent" fixed stars, to which great significance is attached. Some of

these are Aldebaran, Hercules, and Regulus. Alfred J. Pearce predicts that when "the martial star Aldebaran (α Tauri), of the first magnitude, shall arrive at 17 degrees, 54 minutes, Gemini, 700 years hence, there will probably happen a fearful conflagration in if not the total destruction of London." This is safer than anything which Professor E. Stone Wiggins has as yet attempted, since the author of the "Science of the Stars" will not be upon the scene at that time to rejoice at the fulfillment of his prophecy or mourn over the destruction of London.

When the figure is completed, and the positions and aspects of the planets are duly marked, the preparation is made to form a judgment.

The exact way of judicature in astrology is, first, by being perfect in the nature of the planets and signs; secondly, by knowing the strength, fortitude, or debility of the significators and well-poise of them (that is, the various rules, directions, aspects, etc., and several mixtures in your judgment); thirdly, by applying the influence of the figure of heaven erected and the planets' aspects to one another at the time of the question or nativity.*

To make the proper calculation is a work requiring experience.



The above is the famous figure which William Lilly drew to decide whether Presbytery should stand in England. Zadkiel adduces this figure with the judgment pronounced upon it as a decisive proof of the science, and of its ability to decide the most important questions, both public and private.

To demonstrate the truth of astrology its votaries appeal to the history of England for the past six hundred years. Aries is the principal sign influencing England. Saturn is a malefic planet, and they assign various coincidences of misfortune to England during the times "Saturn" was in "Aries," of which I give a few. In 1290, the desperate war with the Scots was waged by Edward I. and the English army defeated at Roslin, near Edinburgh; in 1378, the rebellion by Wat Tyler; in 1555, Queen Mary's time, 277 persons burned at the stake; in 1643, civil war between Charles I. and Parliament. The whole list is remarkable.

On the other hand, in 896 Jupiter was in Aries, and King Alfred beat the Danes; in 1215 King John signed the Magna Charta; in 1856 peace was signed between the allies, and the Crimean war ended; in 1868 the tide of prosperity set in.

An important incident is related to the United States. Gemini rules the United States and also the west of England. The rebellion of the American colonies coincided with the transit of Uranus through the sign Gemini; and on the very next occasion, as the "Science of the Stars" points out, when the same planet passed through the same sign, 1859 to 1866, the American civil war waged four years. During the same time the west of England suffered fearfully from the cotton famine, nearly a million people being in a state of semi-starvation.

Of the eclipses in their relation to Mundane Astrology the following illustrations may serve: On April 10, 1865, there occurred a partial eclipse of the moon at Washington; Jupiter was in the ascendant in Sagittarius, and about that time General Lee surrendered to General Grant. They make the point also upon the death of President Garfield, that in the midheavens of his horoscope the comet B appeared, and that this same comet was seen in the second decanate of Gemini on the 22d of May, and on the 2d of July, 1881, Garfield was shot.

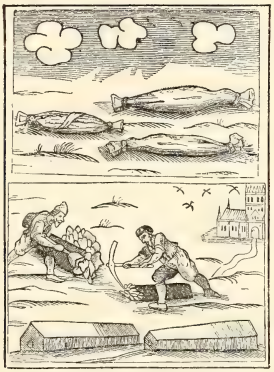
Another class of coincidences is striking. It is claimed by astrology that mental disease is likely to occur when Mars and Saturn — to which modern research has added Uranus — are at birth in conjunction, quadrature, or opposition with Mercury and the moon, but Mercury more particularly. The "Science of the Stars," from which we take some of these coincidences, though it has quoted them from another work, says: "It is by no means asserted that insanity always or even often occurs with such opposition; what is asserted is, that it rarely occurs without it." This proposition should be scrutinized, for it contains a serious if not fatal weakness.

There are nine great princes notoriously insane or deficient in intellect, upon whose birth Mercury or the moon, or both, will be found to have been afflicted by Mars, Saturn, or Uranus. These are: Paul of Russia, George III. of England, Gustavus IV. of Sweden, Ferdinand II. of Austria, Maria of Portugal, Charlotte, Empress of Mexico, Charles II. of

* Lilly, "Introduction to Astrology," p. 29.

Spain, Murad V. of Turkey, and Constantine of Russia. Six persons of genius, born under the same configuration, Gérard de Nerval; Alfred Rethel, the painter of "Der Tod als Freund"; Agnes Bury, the actress; Julien; Paul Morphy, the chess-player; and Pugin, became insane. Four distinguished men who lost their faculties in old age are also given — Swift, Southey, Moore, and Faraday. The histories of the Bourbon family, as derived from documents now in the British Museum, agree with the state of the heavens at the time of their births, according to the theories of astrology; their misfortunes, insanity, violent deaths, etc., are too well known to need recapitulation. Many coincidences between the aspect of the heavens at her birth and the events of her career are found in the life of Queen Victoria.

Lilly predicted, it is claimed, in 1651 the Great Plague which occurred in London in 1665. The following is a fac-simile of the hieroglyphic of the Great Plague:



FAC-SIMILE *of the* HIEROGLYPHIC *of the* GREAT PLAGUE *in* 1665, *published by* W. LILLY, *in the* YEAR 1651.

This hieroglyphic, as explained by Zadkiel,

signifies a great mortality, in which the vast number of deaths should so far exceed the supply of coffins that the dead should be buried in their shrouds, or merely stitched up in sheets, as therein rudely represented.

Lilly also predicted, in the same year, by means of an astrological hieroglyphic, the Great Fire in London, which took place September 3, 1666.

Zadkiel says that the hieroglyphic forecasting the Great Fire may be understood

by the horoscope being introduced therein, and the twins are intended to represent the sign Gemini, which in astrology is known to rule London, and the twins are, therefore, intended to denote that city. Their falling headlong into the fire signifies the extensive injury to be done to London by that element fifteen years afterwards.

The astrologers made a great deal out of these hieroglyphics, Zadkiel affirming that if there had been only these, whereas there were several others equally pointing out future events published with them, they would ever remain undeniable monuments of the author's skill and of the substantial truth of the science of astrology.



FAC-SIMILE *of the* ASTROLOGICAL HIEROGLYPHIC *of the* GREAT FIRE *in* LONDON, SEPTEMBER 2d, 1665, *published by* W. LILLY, *in the* YEAR 1651.

Americans cannot but be struck by a recent extraordinary coincidence. In Zadkiel's Almanac for 1886 occurs the following prediction:

Shocks of earthquake in the 77th degree of west longitude may be looked for. Great thunder-storms and waves of intense heat will pass over the States. There will be great excitement in America.

What are the facts? The terrific shocks of earthquake which visited Charleston, S. C., Washington, Richmond, Augusta, Raleigh, etc., on the night of August 31st, many lives being lost, took place in longitude 76 to 78 degrees west. Waves of intense heat passed over the States in July and August, the thermometer in the middle of the latter month in St. Louis rising to 104 in the shade. Coincidences more or less can be multiplied indefinitely, and it was by observing them that the system of astrology was constructed.

ITS PROBLEMS MERE PUZZLES.

HAVING traced the influence of astrology upon literature and given an explanation of the principles of the science, and an impartial outline of the supposed evidences of its truth which its professors advance, it is now necessary to subject those evidences to examination. Fortunately the cases adduced are of great historical interest, and a discussion which otherwise might be tedious is closely connected with the progress of civilization and of modern as well as ancient nations.

The ancients knew nothing of the two great planets Uranus and Neptune. Yet the "Text-book of Astrology" asserts that "the influence of Uranus is found to be very powerful in nativities, when he is angular or in as-

pect to the luminaries." Shortly after this planet was discovered, an astrologer called on an astronomer to secure his calculations of the periodical motions of Uranus, stating that it was very probable "that the want of a knowledge and use of its motions was the cause that, in judicial astrology, the predictions so often failed." The planet Neptune was discovered in 1846. The "Text-book of Astrology" affirms that "sufficient time has not elapsed to enable astrologers to determine the exact nature of Neptune's influence in nativities"; yet, the writer appropriately says, "until more experience has been gained as to his influence in nativities, it may be accepted that his general character is fortunate, and that persons born under his sway are healthy, good-natured, and romantic." When Mr. Proctor remarked, a number of years ago, "astrologers tell us now that Uranus is a very potent planet, yet the old astrologers seem to have gotten on very well without him," all that the standard authorities of the "Science" could reply was that "Democritus maintained that more planets would be discovered in succeeding ages." This is no answer to the proposition that the ancients seemed to succeed in total ignorance of the "very powerful" influence of Uranus, and the possible mighty influence of Neptune.

There are three fatal defects in the proofs they offer: (*a*) The number of instances investigated is too small to establish a law of cause and effect. (*b*) In the more remarkable predictions, reasoning upon existing conditions and tendencies, a shrewd guess or a mere coincidence can account for the fulfillment. (*c*) In the most striking cases there was ample time for the culmination of the operation of causes.

When William Lilly was examined by the British Parliament on his prophecies concerning the plague and the fire, he was thus addressed by Sir Robert Brooke:

> Mr. Lilly, this Committee thought fit to summon you to appear before them this day, to know if you can say anything as to the cause of the late fire, or whether there might be any design therein. You are called the rather hither, because, in a book of yours long since printed, you hinted some such thing by one of your hieroglyphicks.

Unto which Mr. Lilly replied:

> May it please your Honors: After the beheading of the late King, considering that in the three subsequent years the Parliament acted nothing which concerned the settlement of the nation's peace; and seeing the generality of the people dissatisfied, the citizens of London discontented, the soldiery prone to mutiny; I was desirous, according to the best knowledge God had given me, to make enquiry by the art I studied, what might, from that time, happen unto Parliament and the nation in general. At last, having satisfied myself as well as I could, and perfected myself as well as I could, and perfected my judgment therein, I thought it most convenient to signify my intentions and conceptions thereof in forms, shapes, types, hieroglyphicks, etc., without any commentary, that so my judgment might be concealed from the vulgar, and made manifest only unto the wise; I herein imitating the examples of many wise philosophers who had done the like. Having found, Sir, that the city of London would be sadly afflicted with a great plague, and not long after with an exorbitant fire, I framed these two hieroglyphicks, as represented in the book, which, in effect, have proved very true.
>
> "Did you foresee the year?" said one. "I did not," said I, "nor was desirous; of that I made no scrutiny." I proceeded: Now, Sir, whether there was any design of burning the City, or any employed to that purpose, I must deal ingenuously with you; that, since the fire, I have taken such pains in the search thereof, but cannot or could not give myself any the least satisfaction therein I conclude that it was the finger of God only; but what instruments he used thereunto, I am ignorant.

Those were troublous times; plagues were common in Europe, fires were of frequent occurrence, and modern methods of extinguishing them had not been invented.

Lilly did not pretend to have foreseen the year, or to reflect any light upon the instruments; yet he was constantly ascertaining "who stole fish" and what had become of lost dogs, and affirms that he never failed in questions of that sort. His hieroglyphics could have been applied to a variety of events. It would have been easy to interpret that which he afterwards declared foretold the Great Plague as signifying murders and the hasty concealment of bodies, or the burial of soldiers after a battle. The hieroglyphic typifying the fire could have been applied to any other of a hundred things, as falling into a fire might be made to illustrate most catastrophes.

The coincidences in English history, it is to be noted, consist of certain events drawn from a period of six hundred years, which events occurred during the progression of Saturn through Aries. Saturn remains long in that sign, and his returns are separated by a considerable time. In the confused history of England during those six centuries there were hundreds of battles and great events were numerous, and yet but thirteen of these having an evil character are produced. English history furnishes scores of disasters which occurred when Saturn was *not* in Aries. In like manner, Jupiter is in Aries every twelve years or thereabouts, and yet but seven prosperous events are produced from 1196—nearly seven hundred years! Those mentioned are great occurrences, but during the seven centuries more than a hundred occurred when Jupiter was *not* in Aries.

It will be observed that the American Revolution did concur with the transit of Uranus through the sign Gemini, and also that the next time that planet passed through Gemini,

from 1859 to 1866, the great American civil war raged four years. But the period from 1784 to 1859 was just long enough for the causes growing out of slavery and different views of State sovereignty to culminate in a rebellion. Had the malefic planet's orbit been smaller there would not have been time enough. This is all that appears. The astrologer declares that during the same time the west of England suffered fearfully from the cotton famine. This is not wonderful, as the cotton came from the South and its ports were blockaded. Had there been no cotton-mills in the west of England, or had the war begun sooner or later, they would not have suffered at that particular time.

The death of President Garfield, considered in connection with the appearance of comet B in his horoscope and also in the year of his death, is merely a proof that between the appearances of that comet sufficient time elapsed for the infant Garfield to grow to manhood and become President and for such modification of political parties as then existed.

As to the statements concerning mental diseases, in order to give them any value thousands of cases should be adduced, and it should be proved that the majority of those who were insane were born under such aspects of the heavens, and that comparatively few born under other signs lost their reason. A score or five hundred coincidences of this kind are not sufficient to lay the foundation for a law.

The prediction of Zadkiel that earthquakes would occur in the 77th degree of west longitude, followed immediately by the earthquakes in this country, appears at first sight very remarkable. Yet to read all the predictions of Zadkiel's Almanac for 1886 and compare them with subsequent events is sufficient to dissipate any belief that there was a foreseeing of those events. The Almanac for 1886 predicted for England that an effort would be made to abolish hereditary peerages; that the revenue would not be satisfactory; that theaters would suffer; that the school-board would be in bad odor, and that certain of its members would find their chances of reëlection very perilous; that some public buildings would be destroyed in Paris by fire; that German affairs would become entangled; that socialistic proceedings would cause trouble (a thing that has been true for several years, and no more true during 1886 and 1887 than it had been). An astounding prediction was made that there would be "some trouble in the Western States and a good deal of sickness, and that the President would find his office a burdensome one." The financial condition of Mexico was to be bad. In Australia there would be trouble connected with railroads, and serious accidents were only too probable. There would be a great outbreak of epidemic diseases, and naval forces would be increased. In Ottawa the Canadian government would find it difficult to maintain peace at home and abroad; and in Paris the Communists would resort to violence and the streets would be stained with blood. In all these there is scarcely another definite prediction of importance, or a fulfillment transcending the results of ordinary sagacity in conjecturing future events.

Much was made of the prediction of Zadkiel in his Almanac for 1853 of the fate of Louis Napoleon. That prediction was in the following words:

> But let him not dream of lasting honors, power, or prosperity. He shall found no dynasty, he shall wear no durable crown, but in the midst of deeds of blood and slaughter, with affrighted Europe trembling beneath the weight of his daring martial hosts, he descends beneath the heavy hand of fate, and falls to rise no more.

Some of this language is extravagant, but as a whole it may be considered a correct description of the career and doom of Louis Napoleon. Yet Zadkiel was not alone in this prediction; for students of French history, and every one acquainted with the events of the preceding thirty years, anticipated the speedy downfall of the Empire. The observations of writers, statesmen, and philosophers concurred in the opinion that the career of Louis Napoleon would be terminated by revolution or foreign war. The world was not surprised at his overthrow, for all perceived that he lacked the genius of his great uncle, and that he had lost the power to fire the heart of his country; while the condition of France financially and morally for years was not such as to promise success in any serious conflict with any one of the great Powers. At the time of his fall, "affrighted Europe" did not tremble beneath the weight of his daring martial hosts.

From time immemorial the different characters and histories of twins have been alleged against astrology. Cicero quotes the stoic Diogenes, who, when contending against the Chaldean astrologers, says:

> For instance, two twins may resemble each other in appearance, and yet their lives and fortunes be entirely dissimilar.

The characters and careers of Jacob and Esau have been alleged against them by Mr. Proctor and others. They answer very ingeniously that a difference of five minutes in the time of the birth of twins may imply such a difference in the position of the planets

as to indicate a great dissimilarity in their careers.*

If they were willing to adhere to this proposition they would be more consistent; but they advance in proof of the truth of astrology, in all their books, many instances of twins having similar careers when it was impossible for them to procure infallible data as to the precise moment of birth, and when they knew there must have been some difference.

This subject has of late been made interesting by the manner in which the astrologers of England have made use of Francis Galton's monograph on the "History of Twins." Mr. Galton sent out circulars to persons who were either twins themselves or near relatives of twins. He received "about eighty returns of close similarity, many of which entered into instructive details." From these replies he draws various conclusions, such as that "extreme similarity and extreme dissimilarity between twins of the same sex are nearly as common as moderate resemblance." He says that when twins are a boy and a girl they are never closely alike. In the thirty-five cases of great similarity, there were seven in which both twins suffered from some special ailment or some exceptional peculiarity. They were liable to sickness at the same time in nine out of thirty-five cases. Eleven pairs out of this number were remarkably similar in the association of ideas, making the same remarks on the same occasion. In sixteen cases their dispositions were very similar. He says that only a few retain their close resemblance through life, either physically or in disposition. Again, he says that it is a fact that "extreme dissimilarity, such as existed between Jacob and Esau, is a no less marked peculiarity in twins of the same sex than extreme similarity."

Since his views were published I have observed various twins and have seen some instances of astonishing similarity, but in other children, not twins, more instances which could readily be accounted for by the law of heredity and the influence of similar surroundings and nurture. A number of instances could be given of distinguished men, now living or but recently deceased, where the physical and mental resemblances between them and their twin brothers were no greater than ordinarily exist between brothers. Is it not important in a general examination to collect with equal care instances of as great similarities between children who have the same parents but who are not twins? Harmonies of disposition, similarity of personal appearance, and devotion to each other through life have been seen between brothers and sisters, more frequently between sisters, and occasionally between two brothers.

Driven to concede these things, the astrologers in modern times have been compelled to say:

> We do not deny the existence of many difficulties and anomalies, and fully admit that astral science is incompetent to explain the divergences in the human constitution and character without a free use of the doctrine of heredity. Our contention is that the two theories complete each other, the latter accounting for the element of stability, the former for the element of variability.†

An illustration of the wild manner in which a person competent to edit Zadkiel's Almanac may reason can be found in the "Text-book of Astrology," p. 164:

> Astrologers find that unless Mars afflicts either the ascendant or luminaries at birth (or in the fatal train of directions) there is no liability to take the small-pox.

How this can be ascertained without an acquaintance with the nativities of an immense number of persons and their histories in relation to small-pox is not set forth. The investigation is so difficult that they could not possibly show that every person who ever took small-pox was born when Mars was in a certain relation to the birth. They are not kind enough to inform us whether the vaccination of persons born under these circumstances would or would not "take." They may carry it a little farther yet and dispose of the liability to hydrophobia, cholera, yellow fever, etc., in a similar way!

Here is another case from the same source. An individual was born when the sun and moon were evilly configurated with Saturn and had no assistance from Jupiter. In harmony with theories of astrology, he did not prosper in Great Britain, but afterwards went to Australia, where he became one of the wealthiest and most highly respected citizens of Melbourne. How is this explained? It is sufficiently easy:

> At his birth the planets Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter were located in the fourth house (the northern angle). By crossing the equator, and pitching his tent in a southern latitude (38°), *he inverted his horoscope* and thereby brought the *benefics* nearly to zenith.

* They state this as follows: It is well known to *accoucheurs* that the intervals between the births of twins vary greatly; in some cases three or four minutes, in other cases hours and even days. Every four minutes' interval brings another degree of right ascension on the meridian, consequently a difference of half an hour in the times of birth would make a great difference in the part of the sign of the Zodiac ascending (as one degree in arc represents one hour of life in directions) and would alter the periods of occurrence of the subsequent events. The whole sign of Aries only takes (in the latitude of London) about fifty-two minutes in ascending; hence it is evident that a difference of half an hour might give Aries at the birth of one child and Taurus at the birth of the second.

† Wilson, "Dictionary of Astrology."

When any person declines to believe in astrology, he is disposed of without difficulty. For example, Luther condemned astrology. The "Text-book" says, perhaps this was owing to the very evil horoscope assigned to him by the great Cardan, and observes that Melancthon believed in it, and that "*phrenologists* [!] will understand that Melancthon's judgment on a scientific subject is entitled to far greater weight than Luther's."

DIVINATION.

Astrologers maintain that if the coincidences had not been sufficient in number and character to prove an intimate connection between the stars and the fate of men, it would have been impossible to maintain faith in their system through so many ages. This claim is shown to be worthless by an examination of divination in general. In all countries and times divination has been practiced, and to this day maintains itself in Asia and in various parts of the continent of Europe.

Divination was practiced in almost innumerable ways, such as by observing the flight of birds, called Augury; the living human body, such as Palmistry; dead bodies, such as Aruspicy, the inspection of animals slain in sacrifice; Anthropomancy, the examination of a dead human being; by fire, Pyromancy, of which there were six varieties; by natural phenomena, thunder and lightning, air and winds and water; by mirrors and glasses; by letters and figures; and by direct appeals to chance. Besides these salt, laurel, dough and meal, verses, dreams, and consulting the dead were used.

All these and many other methods were practiced and held in the highest reverence by many poets, philosophers, and warriors of Greece and Rome and other ancient nations. And coincidences followed the predictions of the diviners as remarkable as any that astrologers boast, and by these faith was maintained. When they failed they quibbled and equivocated, after the manner of the astrologers.

Cicero's treatise "On Divination," though written so long ago, exhausts the subject. That famous work is frequently misquoted so as to place the authority of Cicero in favor of divination. It consists of an introduction, in which Cicero declares that —

> It is an old opinion derived as far back as from the heroic times, and confirmed by the unanimous agreement of the Roman people, and indeed of all nations, that there is a species of divination in existence among men which the Greeks call μαντική; that is to say, a presentiment and foreknowledge of future events. A truly splendid and serviceable gift if it only exists in reality.

In testing this opinion he represents a discussion between his brother Quintus and himself. Quintus affirms that all nations have believed in divination. He asserts that when the statue of Plato, which stood on the top of the temple of Jupiter, was struck by lightning, and the head of the statue could not be found, the soothsayers said that it had been thrown down into the Tiber, and it was found in that very place; and that King Deiotarus never did anything without taking the auspices. An instance which he emphasizes is told of Tiberius Gracchus, an augur of the highest reputation, who, when two snakes were caught in his house, convoked the soothsayers. The answer which they gave him was that "if he let the male escape, his wife would die in a short time; but if he let the female escape, he would himself die: accordingly he let the female escape and died in a few days." One of the most striking passages concerns the oracle at Delphi:

> Would that oracle at Delphi have been so celebrated and illustrious, and so loaded with such splendid gifts from nations and kings, if all ages had not had experience of the truth of its predictions?

Some theologians, who should know better, to this day quote this passage for their own purpose, and attribute it to Cicero.

When Cicero replies he opens with metaphysical considerations, maintaining that if things come by chance they cannot be divined, and if by fate they cannot be changed. He then considers the inspection of the entrails of victims and says:

> Could you persuade any man in his senses that those events which are said to be signified by the entrails are known by the augurs in consequence of a long series of observations? How long, I wonder? For what period of time have such observations been continued? What conference must the augurs hold among themselves to determine which part of the victim's entrails represents the enemy, and which the people; what sort of cleft in the liver denoted danger, and what sort presaged advantage?

On the subject of the ox without the heart he asks:

> How is it that you think it impossible that an animal can live without a heart, and yet do not think it impossible that its heart could vanish so suddenly, no one knows whither? For myself I know not how much vigor is necessary to carry on vital function, and suspect that if afflicted with any disease, the heart of a victim may be found so withered, and wasted, and small as to be quite unlike a heart.

He then tells him that in trying to prove the truth of the auguries he is overturning the whole system of physics; and concludes his argument in these words:

> After having thus destroyed divination by the inspection of entrails, all the rest of the science of the soothsayers is at an end.

Of the head which was discovered he says:

> Oh! But a head was found in the Tiber. As if I affirmed that those soothsayers had no skill! What I deny is their *divination*.

He quotes the old saying of Cato, familiar enough to everybody, that

> he wondered that when one soothsayer met another he could help laughing. For of all the events predicted by them, how very few happened! And when one of them does take place, where is the proof that it does not take place by mere accident?

Cicero had little respect for the oracle of Delphi. He thus attacks it:

> I now come to you,
> Apollo, monarch of the sacred center
> Of the great world, full of thy inspiration,
> The Pythian priestesses proclaim thy prophecies.
>
> For Chrysippus has filled an entire volume with your oracles, many of which, as I said before, I consider utterly false, and many others only true by accident, as often happens in any common conversation. Others, again, are so obscure and involved that their very interpreters have need of other interpreters; and the decisions of one lot have to be referred to other lots. Another portion of them are so ambiguous that they require to be analyzed by the logic of dialecticians. Thus, when Fortune uttered the following oracle respecting Crœsus, the richest king of Asia,
>
> When Crœsus has the Halys crossed,
> A mighty kingdom will be lost,
>
> that monarch expected he should ruin the power of his enemies; but the empire that he ruined was his own. Whichever result had ensued, the oracle would have been true.

The use I make of divination is to show that in its diversified forms it was sustained by means similar to those employed by astrologers, and exerted the same kind of influence over the minds of men. Its supports were the occasional occurrence of striking coincidences which the superstition of the people accepted, while they were prevented from carefully examining the whole subject, both by fear of the consequences of unbelief to themselves personally, and by their habit of mind, which was in all respects the reverse of scientific. Also, many of the most powerful intellects were paralyzed by the opinion that if divination were given up belief in the gods must be renounced, and from that they shrank.

Many astrologers and diviners were undoubtedly wise men, acquainted with the laws of physics so far as they had been discovered, and with the progress of war and current events. They were as able to form rational conjectures of the future as any of their contemporaries. Some of them were masters of magic, very skillful in sleight-of-hand, and were also capable of practicing ventriloquism. When they exercised this knowledge and these powers they credited it to astrology or to the method of divination which they employed. As Lilly naïvely says, they saw by "*discretion* as well as art." The knowledge which they possessed in common with all persons of equal attainments, and the peculiar skill gained by long practice in observing the probable course of events, together with coincidences with casual but no causal connection, account for the apparent fulfillment of astrological and similar predictions.

To those who deny this *there exists the same reason for believing in the various forms of divination as in astrology.*

COINCIDENCES.

Suspicion may arise that this theory places a burden upon the possibilities of fortuitous coincidence which it is not able to support. It is therefore necessary to show that coincidences are far more frequent and astonishing than is generally supposed.

Coincidences in names are of such frequent occurrence as to be familiar; but some of them are surprising. Daniel Webster married Catherine Le Roy. A few months since in Boston a suit was noticed, the parties to which were Daniel Webster and Catherine Le Roy. The First Unitarian Church of the city of Baltimore was attended for more than forty years by a gentleman recently deceased. From that pulpit he heard discourses by Doctors Furness, Bellows, Sparks, Burnap, and Greenwood. Two were settled pastors; the others, eminent men who appeared on various occasions. In Guilford, Conn., till within a few years, the Second Congregational Church had had but three pastors in its entire history — Root, Wood, and Chipman. This society resulted from a disturbance in the First Church, and when Mr. Root was about to be installed, one of the members of the First Church, with equal bitterness and wit suggested a text, "And I saw the wicked taking root." Not many years since the city of New York had attention drawn to the names of four great criminals whose names contradicted their characters — Charles Peace, who had personated a clergyman, was hung for murder in England; Angel was the name of a defaulting cashier; John Hope, of one of the robbers of the Manhattan Bank; and the Rev. John Love was deposed for crime. On the day that the Hon. John P. Hale died, the schooner *John P. Hale* ran ashore on a reef called Norman's Woe. When James Buchanan was President of the United States, a ship-of-war was named after his niece, the accomplished Miss Harriet Lane. The officer in command was Henry Wainwright. An accident happened to that

vessel about the same time that Henry Wainright of England murdered a Miss Harriet Lane. The papers that announced the accident to the ship gave in another column the details of the murder.

The superstitions concerning dates occasionally exhibit remarkable coincidences. Thirty-three sovereigns have ascended the English throne since the time of William the Conqueror, every month except May witnessing the coronation of one or more; that month, not one. In the lives of men extraordinary coincidences often occur on particular days of the week.

Friday, commonly counted unlucky, in the early history of the United States seems to be a day of good fortune. The "Norfolk Beacon," many years ago, gave the following list of fortunate events in early American history which occurred on Friday:

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety. On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII. of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melandez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the *Mayflower* made the harbor of Provincetown; and on the same day was signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, June 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. Thus, by numerous examples, we see that, however it may be with foreign nations, Americans never need dread to begin on Friday any undertaking, however momentous it may be.

Impressive coincidences have occurred in the words of parts performed by actors in their last appearance on the stage previous to death or attacks of fatal illness. The same is true of clergymen whose texts for their last sermons, and frequently the very words which they uttered before being stricken with paralysis or apoplexy, have been singularly appropriate. An appalling instance occurred in a certain church near New York. Nearly fifty years ago, its pastor stood in the pulpit reading the stanza,

> Well, the delightful day will come
> When my dear Lord shall take me home,
> And I shall see his face.

At this point he was smitten with paralysis and soon ceased to breathe. Thirty-three years afterward, another pastor standing in the same pulpit, reading the same stanza, was also smitten and removed to die.

In marriages, both in the beginning and progress of the attachment, opportunities that are called casual, or coincidences in times, places, and circumstances of meeting, have to all appearance in many, if not in most cases, influenced the fate of the "high contracting parties" more powerfully than anything which they had intentionally arranged. Indeed, many persons when doubting the wisdom of a proposed marriage, encourage themselves in the belief that it was "meant to be," or that it was "providential," by recalling such circumstances.

How often resemblances of persons in no way related confuse the question of identity. Detectives frequently unravel difficult problems by their skill and sagacity, but owe their success in many cases to chance coincidences. Such happenings are of assistance to lawyers, and by them desperate cases are saved. Every lawyer of large practice has a list of anecdotes of this sort with which he delights young "limbs of the law."

In an unsigned article appearing in the "Cornhill Magazine" in 1872, which is now known to have been written by Richard A. Proctor, from the fact that he has incorporated it nearly all verbatim, without quotation, in his last work, is given a case which "relates to a matter of considerable interest apart from the coincidence." I condense the account.

Dr. Thomas Young was endeavoring to interpret the inscription of the famous Rosetta Stone. Sir George Francis Grey placed in Dr. Young's hands some of the most valuable fruits of his researches among Egyptian relics, including fine specimens of writing on papyrus, which he had purchased from an Arab at Thebes in 1820. Before this reached Young, a man named Casati had arrived in Paris bringing with him from Egypt a parcel of Egyptian manuscripts, among which Champollion observed one which bore in its preamble some resemblance to the text of the Rosetta Stone. Dr. Young procured a copy and attempted to translate it; then Sir George gave him the new papyri. He discovered that this document was a translation of the enchorial manuscript of Casati, and says: "The most extraordinary chance had brought unto me the possession of a document which was not very likely ever to have existed, still less to have been preserved uninjured, through a period of nearly two thousand years; but that this very extraordinary translation should have been brought safely to Europe, to England, and to me, at the very moment when it was most of all desirable to me to possess it, as the illustration of an original which I was then studying, but

without any other reasonable hope of comprehending it — this combination would, in other times, have been considered as affording ample evidence of my having become an Egyptian sorcerer."

Mr. Proctor regards this as most extraordinary.

Such coincidences are not very uncommon. About fifteen years ago seven old friends, who had casually met, were dining together at one of the hotels in the city of New York. The subject of spiritualism was introduced; the extraordinary "manifestations" given by Charles Foster were discussed, and one of the party said, "I don't believe in spiritualism, but the blood-red writing which Foster shows upon his arm, in which the name of a deceased friend of the visitor appears, confounds me." Having investigated the subject, I ventured to say that was not difficult to explain; when another member of the party said, "Oh, yes, it has been exposed in the United States courts." This remark excited great attention. He then stated that Colchester, a medium, was famous for producing the same phenomenon, and that the internal revenue officers had notified him to take out a license as a juggler. He put in a defense that he was not a juggler, but a spiritual medium; and that those things were done, not by his own personal procurement, but by supernatural beings. Prior to this time, Colchester had made an arrangement with a famous prestidigitator to travel with him in Europe and give exhibitions in which Colchester was to perform this feat. During their intimacy he explained to the professional wizard how it was done. Afterward Colchester became too intimate with alcoholic spirits and the tour abroad was abandoned. The revenue officers had become aware of this, and the wizard was summoned as a witness for the Government. He not only explained how it was done, but did it in the presence of the court and jury.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Three years afterward, while I was calling at a large furniture store in a city which I was not in the habit of visiting more than once in two or three years, a gentleman entered on business and the proprietor excused himself for a few minutes. On his return he said, "That was rather singular business on which I was called away. The gentleman you saw is the famous wizard ——. He wishes to rent some furniture for use in his performances here." I recognized the name of the man, whom I especially wished to see, to ascertain whether Colchester's methods and those of Foster were similar, and whether the results of my investigation were confirmed. At my request he was recalled and performed the feat — first with such rapidity of action as to invest it with all the mystery which perplexed most and appalled some of Foster's visitors; afterward more slowly, explaining the successive steps.

Such things occur with more or less frequency to every student, investigator, or professional man.

The science of medicine affords many examples. Ancient remedies, deemed of the utmost importance, are now utterly discarded; but they were long supported by coincidences. Men took them and recovered, the inference being that they were cured by them. Now a wider generalization and a more accurate induction establish either that they were inert, or that the patient recovered in spite of them. Great modifications have taken place in the most enlightened medical opinion in regard to the use of water in different diseases, and the relative value of bleeding and the occasions in which it is indicated. The growth of the idea that one or two remedies are sufficient for every disease is one, and the list of thousands of specifics for ten times that number of symptoms is another, illustration of deception by coincidence. In 1813 Sir Benjamin Brodie published a work on the diseases of the spine and joints, lauding the advantages of calomel, setons, blisters, and bleeding, with long confinement to a recumbent position. In 1834, in a new edition, he confirmed what he had enforced twenty-one years before. In 1850 he thus recants:

A more enlarged experience has satisfied me that, in the very great majority of instances, this painful and loathsome treatment is not only not useful, but absolutely injurious. For many years I have ceased to torment my patients thus afflicted in any manner.

In the realm of pure chance it is impossible to fix the limits of coincidence. Mr. Proctor's recent work, "Chance and Luck," quotes from Steinmetz this fact:

In 1813 a Mr. Ogden wagered one thousand guineas to one that *seven* could not be thrown with a pair of dice *ten* successive times. The wager was accepted (though it was egregiously unfair); and, strange to say, his opponent threw *seven* nine times running. At this point Mr. Ogden offered four hundred and seventy guineas to be off the bet. But his opponent declined, though the price offered was far beyond the real value of his chance. He cast yet once more and threw nine, so that Mr. Ogden won his guinea.

Commenting on this, Mr. Proctor says:

Now here we have an instance of a most remarkable series of throws, the like of which has never been recorded before or since. Before they had been made it might have been asserted that the throwing of nine successive sevens with a pair of dice was a circumstance which chance would never bring about; for experience was as much against such an event as it would seem to be against the turning up of a certain number ten successive times at roulette. Yet experience now shows that the thing is possible, and if we are to limit the action of chance we must assert that the throwing of seven ten times in succession is an event which will never happen.

I will present one more, which I think will justify the assertion that no coincidence more wonderful has ever occurred. The article was found by me in an Italian paper while Louis Napoleon was in prison at Wilhelmshöhe. If it has ever appeared in English it has escaped my notice.

THE LETTER M AND THE NAPOLEONS.

Marbœuf was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the École Militaire, Marengo was the greatest battle gained by Bonaparte, and Melas opened to him the way into Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals, Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr in his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies, Moscow was the abyss in which he was engulfed. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy. Six marshals (Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat, Moncey) and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. Murat, Duke of Bassano, was the counselor in whom he placed the greatest confidence; his first great battle was that of Montenotte, his last that of Mont-Saint-Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail, and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last in which he entered. He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou, and employed Miollis to make Pius VII. prisoner. Malet conspired against him; afterwards Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet, and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu, his last sojourn Malmaison. He gave himself up to Captain Maitland. He had for his companion at St. Helena Montholon, and for his valet Marchand.

If we examine the history of his nephew Napoleon III. we find that the same letter has no less influence, and we are assured that the captive of Wilhelmshöhe attaches still more importance to its mysterious influence than did his uncle. The Empress, his wife, is a Countess Montijo; his greatest friend was Morny; the taking of Malakoff and of the Mamelouvert the principal exploits of the Crimean war,— exploits due chiefly to the French. His plan in the Italian campaign was to give the first battle at Marengo, but this was not fought until after the engagement of Montebello at Magenta. McMahon received for the important services rendered by him in the battle the title of Duke of Magenta, as Pélissier received for a similar service that of Duke of Malakoff. Napoleon III. now made his entry into Milan and repulsed the Austrians at Melegnano.

After 1866 the letter M seems to have become for him a presage of misfortune. We pass over Mexico and Maximilian, and take the present war, in which he had founded a vain hope on three M's — Marshal McMahon, Montauban, and the Mitrailleuse. Mayence was to have been the base of operations for the French army, but, repulsed on the Moselle, his fate was decided upon the Meuse at Sedan. Finally we have to mention the fall of Metz. All these disasters are due to another M, the enemy of Napoleon — and this is a capital M — Moltke.

These incidents must be sufficient to show that, excluding wise forecasts and self-procured fulfillments, we do not place too great a burden upon coincidences when we attempt by them to account for the specious evidences of astrology and divination.

The following principles concerning coincidences will be found reliable as working laws:

First. As a general proposition, the law of coincidences is that when two phenomena always coincide they are either connected as "cause and effect" or are the "effect of a common cause." But if they do not always coincide, neither of these is proved. They may then be the effects of separate causes working in their respective planes.

The first question is, Do the phenomena always coincide? The importance of a wide generalization is often lost sight of, and erroneous conclusions are asserted with all the confidence of demonstration. A physician who lives near the sea says that during the past five years he has noted the hour and minute of death of ninety-three patients, and that every one has "gone out with the tide" save four, who died suddenly by accident. Yet about thirty-two years ago, a writer in the English "Quarterly Review" claimed to have ascertained the hour of death in 2880 instances of all ages. His observations show that the maximum hour of death is from 5 to 6 o'clock A. M., when it is 40 per cent. above the average; the next during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess. Between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning it is 17½ per cent. above, but from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. it is 16½ per cent. below the average. From 3 to 7 in the afternoon the deaths rise to 5½ per cent. above the average, and then fall from that hour to 11 P. M., averaging 6½ per cent. below mean. It is probable that both these observations are worthless in view of the small number of instances covered. It is clear that they do not concur; yet, taken separately, each would seem conclusive.

Second. Astronomical predictions are based upon a series of unvarying coincidences, in most cases in harmony with laws whose operations can be tested at any time. If these phenomena were irregular and unclassifiable such predictions would be wholly uncertain; but because they usually coincide, — and when they do not, interfering causes can be traced,— eclipses can be foretold for thousands of years in advance, and discoveries such as those of Uranus and Neptune can be made.

Third. Chemistry and cognate sciences also work with fixed phenomena, so that when the most diverse elements are combined and effects observed, formulæ can be deduced by which at all times the same effects can be produced.

Fourth. Many of the most wonderful inventions have been made by seeming accident; for example, photography. But reflection upon the accident reveals the cause; the cause and the effect are seen to be *scientific* coinci-

dences, and the art with its principles and practice is the result.

Fifth. The performances of jugglers are in harmony with the established methods of nature. The charm of their exploits is in the successful concealment of the causes, rapidity of motion, distraction of attention, and shrewdly contrived illusions of the senses.

Sixth. It is essential to remember that the so-called "laws of chance" reflect no light on the order of sequence. It may be rendered probable by those laws that a certain event will not occur on the average more than *once* in a *million* of times; but this gives no assistance in determining the order in which any two occurrences will take place. Thus, if it be shown that an event will occur once in a million of times, in the first million it may be the last in the series, and in the second it may be the first; and that will bring them side by side. Many years ago there was a famous lawsuit in New England. A wealthy woman died leaving large sums for benevolent purposes, and to her niece — already very rich — almost a million of dollars. The niece made strenuous efforts to break the will. A codicil was produced, the signature of which was found to be exactly like another signature of the testatrix. It was hinted, if not explicitly charged, by the counsel for the will that it was a forgery. Professor Peirce of Harvard University was brought in as a witness. He testified that not more than once in many millions of times would two signatures of the same person be written precisely alike. From this it was designed to raise the presumption that where there is an exact coincidence it must have been done by tracing. The court sustained the will on other grounds, and declined to decide that question. But the force of a presumption of this kind is much weakened, if not destroyed, by the fact that all to which Professor Peirce testified might be true, yet the two similar signatures might occur in the same month. Mr. Proctor states it thus:

> The balance is restored just as chance directs. It may be in the next thousand trials, it may not be before many thousands of trials. We are utterly unable to guess when or how it will be brought about.

The business of life insurance can be carried on with certainty, provided the system be constructed upon averages deduced from a sufficiently large number of lives; but the employment of a smaller number would make it ruinous. It is clear that "expectation of life," so called, cannot give the slightest hint as to the probable duration of the life of any man insured under a perfectly reliable system.

Seventh. When a phenomenon is seen with which human beings are not directly connected as actual or possible agents, and which appears to be unlike the course of nature, it should be studied scientifically to ascertain its cause. By such investigations every thing now attributed to natural forces has been wrested from the domain of superstition. The work began almost contemporaneously with the historic period. Its results are now the inheritance of the school-boy. He understands the causes of many things which were formerly attributed, even in classic Greece and Rome, to supernatural interferences.

Eighth. When phenomena are presented by human beings for which no natural cause is assigned and none appears, the first philosophical inquiry is, Is this deception or jugglery? Here the question of moral presumption comes into view. Has this person a motive to deceive? Is his character such as to raise doubts whether he be honest? The peculiar influence of that phase of human nature which loves to startle, to be regarded as extraordinary, either in action, knowledge, or susceptibility, and the strange opinions and morbid conditions which give fascination to the exercise of the ability to deceive, must not be ignored. When pay is received for such performances, the presumption of dishonesty is strong. The possible paralleling of the phenomena by confessed jugglers is also an important consideration.

Assuming, however, that no presumption of jugglery or deceit can be found, the next question is, Do the phenomena go beyond what is known of the possibility of chance coincidences? Not until it is shown that legerdemain cannot produce the effects; that the most painstaking investigation can find no explanation and no antecedent in the order of nature; and, further, that the phenomena transcend the possible bounds of coincidences, is there the least presumption that the cause is supernatural. Yet comparatively few of the investigators of occult phenomena have taken pains to comprehend the facts and principles of natural science or the tricks of jugglers,— some of whom have been masters of science,— or to comprehend the vast possibilities of coincidence.

It should not be supposed that common sense and learning, without special experience, qualify persons to investigate these things. Yet physicians who would sneer with just contempt at a non-professional person who should attempt to give an opinion on a difficult question in medical science, and lawyers who would despise a layman presuming to appear as a judge of abstruse legal questions, and ministers who have given no attention to methods of deception or to the "night side of nature," will join with merchants, teachers, and farmers to pronounce upon subjects much

further removed from their spheres than the pursuits of those whom they call "laymen" are from their own; and, because they cannot see how these things can be done or explained, will give support by testimonials and affirmations of mystery to every new, or renewal of an ancient, superstition. Thus astrology and divination were maintained, and so vast structures of deception at the present day are upheld.

J. M. Buckley.

THE EUROPEAN CRAZE FOR DECORATIONS.

MANY American travelers in Europe will have noticed in the principal thoroughfares of the largest capitals a number of small but elegant shops, the keepers of which earn their living, and in many instances accumulate considerable fortunes, by the vanity, not of women, but of the stronger sex. They are decoration merchants — the jewelers of men.

There are cheap and costly orders, modern and antique orders, and probably even a greater variety than there is in jewelry for ladies. The "man of society" in Europe requires orders just as his wife requires diamonds — not that it is the fashion to wear the glittering crosses and stars in their full blaze at every picnic or *soirée*, but at all such social occasions the Continental gentleman will, according to etiquette, wear in the shape of a *boutonnière* or colored button on his coat something to indicate his possession of such crosses. The more multicolored the button or rosette, the more crosses the wearer has, and the more respected and envied he will be in a certain set. Every American traveler on the Continent has probably noticed these *boutons* on at least one man out of ten, not counting the working-classes. These distinguished people are usually the object of some slight attention on the part of the railway conductor, hotel proprietor, or custom-house official. I know several Americans who, while in Europe, imitated this European custom by wearing rosettes in the American colors in their buttonholes, and thus enjoyed the slight advantages of a "*décoré*,"— at least with those whose knowledge of the orders of chivalry is somewhat limited.

Very few — probably not more than three — decorative institutions have retained their original organization and privileges through centuries down to the present time. Curiously enough the most ancient of these institutions, the order of the Holy Sepulcher, is still existing, although in a deteriorated state. Founded with the object of defending the holy grave at Jerusalem, it exercised its holy function for many centuries under the auspices of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. But it dwindled down to a mere name when the object of its existence, the defense of the Holy Sepulcher, became unnecessary. To-day the Patriarch of Jerusalem still retains the right to confer the insignia of the order, a red enameled cross curiously shaped. Some years ago, when the "crown of thorns" and the alleged pieces of the "true cross" were exhibited at the Chapel of Notre-Dame in Paris, the knights of the order were permitted to exercise their ancient privilege of guarding the holy relics.

Probably the next most ancient order was that of the mysterious Knights of the Round Table, said to have been founded by King Arthur in 516, though it is doubtful if it ever existed in reality. The most powerful impulse for the foundation of knightly orders was the defense of Christianity against the Saracens in the Holy Land, and, later on, against the Moors in Spain. The holy cross was the ensign adopted by all, and their names and attire simply varied according to their nationality and their patron saint. To-day, the object and organization of those noble institutions is preserved by only one order — that of the Knights of St. John (or Knights of Malta). They are recognized as a sovereign body, and have their ambassadors at various courts, and in their ranks are representatives of many leading Catholic, sovereign, and aristocratic families of Austria, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain. They have retained their ancient picturesque dress and their time-honored ceremonies.

All the other orders conformed themselves to modern views and requirements, and little more remains of them than the outside insignia, the cross, conferred by the sovereign upon persons distinguished for virtue, merit, or fidelity. Among them may be counted the order of Christ (a meager offspring of the once powerful order of the Knights Templar), the Spanish orders of Alcantara, of Calatrava, and the still more ancient of St. Jacob of the Sword. Aside from these historical orders many other decorations have been founded during the past two centuries, with the object of promot-

ing all possible virtues and as a recompense for all possible merits and achievements. They are not orders in the ancient meaning of the word. Their knights have to abide by no special laws, have to render no special service — in fact, are united as a body only once a year, at a religious ceremony and a banquet. Excepting some orders, like the Marie Thérèse of Austria, whose knights receive handsome annual pensions, the only value in belonging to an order is limited to-day to the visible distinction. None but persons of great achievements in science, art, literature, or on the battle-field will, for instance, be admitted into the Prussian order of Merit or the Bavarian order of Maximilian. The number of their knights is very limited, and the knights themselves choose the persons to be proposed to the sovereign as worthy to fill vacancies.

Only a few Americans and Englishmen are possessors of decorations; which, of course, does not imply that they are devoid of either merit or vanity. The English government is at all events not guilty of any wholesale distribution of decorations, and although England possesses a number of orders, they are in most instances conferred only upon persons of high rank or of real merit, military or diplomatic, and very rarely for scientific or literary achievements.

The highest English order — and indeed ranking in the same line with the Golden Fleece of Austria or the Black Eagle of Prussia — is the well-known Garter, only conferred upon princes and persons of the highest nobility. Lord Palmerston once said, "What I like about the Garter is, that it does not require any particular merit to get it."*

I have seen the Prince of Wales attired in the full paraphernalia of a K. G. (the usual abbreviation for Knight of the Garter), consisting of black costume and knee-breeches of the time of George III., the famous garter, a blue velvet ribbon lined with leather, under the left knee. The well-known inscription on it, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, is set in diamonds. The decoration belonging to the garter consists of an oblong gold medal worn on a blue ribbon around the neck, and showing St. George with the dragon, surrounded by the same inscription as on the garter; and, in addition, a brilliant star on the left breast, and a blue ribbon from the right shoulder to the left hip with another image of St. George suspended.

Among other English decorations the order of the Bath, mostly for civil services, and the Victoria Cross, for military valor, are the most distinguished; indeed, the letters G. C. B., K. C. B., C. B. (standing for "Grand Cross Bath," "Knight Commander Bath," and "Companion Bath" respectively), form a valuable addition to the long list of initials which is apt to form a sort of peacock's tail to the names of distinguished Englishmen. It is a sort of ribbon worn in the buttonhole of their signature. There are about half a dozen other decorations conferred in Great Britain, among them the order of the Thistle for the Scotch, and the Shamrock (or St. Patrick) for the Irish nobility. Foreigners rarely receive English distinctions of this sort.

There can be no doubt that many decorations in several large empires are conferred upon soldiers or statesmen for real merit only, especially when a council of well-known men is appointed to decide upon or recommend the investiture with this or that respected order. The Russian order of St. George, the Austrian order of Marie Thérèse, and the Prussian order of the Iron Cross, all three military distinctions, are conferred in this manner. Neither the Garter, nor the Austrian Golden Fleece, nor the Italian order of St. Annunciata can be compared with the little black iron cross, for the former are the ordinary attributes of every royal prince and every sovereign. Many of the latter receive these decorations on the day of their birth. Spanish royal babies wear the big yellow or blue ribbons on the day of their presentation to the court and state dignitaries, when but a few days old. The Iron Cross or the Cross of St. George, however, must be won on the battle-field.

Other decorations are given for universally acknowledged political or scientific achievements — in fact, for real merit in every branch of life, like the Belgian order of Leopold, and the Austrian order of St. Stephen and Leopold. Perhaps a dozen others are of equally high rank and respectability, like the Prussian Red Eagle, the Prussian order of the Crown, and others. The rulers of the central European empires and their responsible state ministers do not permit any abuse of them. It is mostly on account of the undisputed respectability of two or three different decorations in every state that speculation and abuse have found their way into the institution, and that an endless number of new decorations have been established of late. Each of the larger governments of Europe disposes of from ten to twelve different decorations, one or two for ladies of rank; while each of the minor states, down to the petty Republic of San Marino, may confer one, two, or more

*According to recent researches, the well-known story of the origin of the Garter is devoid of foundation. It was indeed King Edward III. who established the order after having used his own garter as a sign of rally at the battle of Crécy. The famous device is simply an allusion to his pretensions to the throne of France.

orders. There are but three governments in Europe which so far have been preserved from this institution — Switzerland, the principality of Liechtenstein, a patch of land fifty square miles in extent and inhabited by about 7000 people, and the nominally independent republic of Andorra.

The great scenes, however, of the decoration farce are the western and southern states of Europe, especially Turkey and Spain. In Latin countries this old European institution forms one of the secrets of the power and influence still exercised by kings and princes.

The governments of Europe dispose of about two hundred and fifty different decorations, most of them subdivided into four or five different grades — Grand Cross, Grand Officer, Commander, Officer, and Knight. Consequently, not less than about one thousand different crosses are at the disposal of the European governments, to recompense merit, reward favors, and foster the vanity of European society.

The subdivision of decorations into different degrees has its origin in the ancient knightly orders, as, for instance, the Knights of Malta, who were commanded by officers, commanders, grand officers, and grand commanders, somewhat similar to our armies. It was thought expedient to keep up these different degrees in the more modern institution of decorations, and to confer grand crosses only upon generals in command, state ministers, high court dignitaries, and ambassadors; the second degree, that of Grand Officer, is usually given to distinguished generals, princes, chiefs of departments, provincial governors; the degree of Commander is conferred upon staff officers, consul-generals, and dignitaries of similar rank; while the fourth and fifth degrees, those of Officer and Knight, are given to persons of minor rank or celebrity, however great their merits or achievements. The different degrees of decorations have also their different insignia. Thus the decoration of a Knight is usually the silver cross of the order, to be worn on a small ribbon suspended in the left buttonhole; the decoration of an Officer is worn in a similar way, but the cross is made of gold; the Commander wears a larger cross, on a broader ribbon around his neck; the distinction of a Grand Officer consists in the cross of the order placed on a silver or gold star, generally worn on the right side of the breast; while the Grand Cross or Grand Commander wears the same star on the left side of the breast. In addition, he wears the cross of the order suspended on a large, broad ribbon from the right shoulder to the left hip. On state occasions, grand crosses of several orders are also worn suspended on heavy gold chains around the neck. Sovereigns usually wear the stars of their own orders, of which they are the Grand Masters, while their royal consorts are Grand Masters of the female orders. The Emperor William is generally seen wearing the iron cross and the star of the most distinguished order of the Black Eagle. Emperor Francis Joseph invariably wears the decoration of the order of the Golden Fleece, it being one of the regulations of the order that every knight belonging to it must wear it at all times, in state or private. A similar regulation compels the knights of the Russian order of St. George to wear the cross at all times, and they would incur penalties if seen without it.

The ordinary decoration, including the ribbon, is about four inches long by three inches wide. To be able to wear all their decorations, Prince Bismarck or Count Moltke, for instance, would require a breast thirty feet in breadth. A man of merit in Europe should, however, not only be of large proportions, but also of superior strength; for the average weight of one gold grand cross is about half a pound. The aforesaid dignitaries would therefore have to carry about forty pounds, in addition to their heavy gold-embroidered uniform. Civilians are permitted to wear diminutive reductions of their orders, suspended on narrow gold chains; the stars of a Grand Officer or a Grand Cross, however, are worn in their original size.

It would be difficult to say who is the most decorated man of Europe. Each of the three emperors and the royal sovereigns of Europe average fifty grand crosses, with their respective appendages. Aside from the sovereigns and princes, I should think the most decorated man must be either Count Andrassy, the former Chancellor of Austria, or the station-master of ——, a well-known watering-place. The latter receives an average of three minor crosses annually, depending mainly on the number of sovereigns and princes visiting the place; station-masters, physicians, police commissioners, and others are in many instances remunerated for their services with crosses very much as the gate-keeper of the Castle of Chillon receives a shilling from every visiting Englishman.

Prince Gortschakoff was one of the most decorated men of his time, and I once saw at his house a large *étagère* full of the most varied crosses and stars, an exhibition similar to those at the Palais Royal. "I never wore them together," he told me, "and I suppose the first and last time will be at my funeral." (It is customary in Europe to carry all the decorations of a deceased dignitary on pillows behind the hearse.)

It is not usual for statesmen to receive foreign decorations set in diamonds or precious stones, unless there is a special object in it. About thirty years ago, for instance, the Shah of Persia began the new era of European civilization in his provinces by establishing glittering decorations. Now persons receiving a foreign decoration are not permitted to wear it, unless by special authorization of their sovereign. The newly established Oriental decorations were consequently of no value so long as the European governments withheld this authorization. In order to put the ruling men in a better disposition, the Oriental rulers tried a characteristic way of doing business by conferring upon them the grand crosses of the new decoration set in diamonds of great value. It was, however, of not much avail with many of the recipients.

Aside from the decorations at the disposal of sovereigns and governments in power, there are a number of others not officially recognized, but tolerated. Thus some benevolent societies, Italian cities, and formerly reigning families retain the right to confer titles and crosses. For instance, the royal house of Lusignan, which many centuries ago reigned over Jerusalem and Cyprus, disposes of an order; and, strangely enough, the crosses of these little princes are usually the handsomest and of the most elaborate design.

The innumerable number of crosses in existence, and the rage to obtain as large a collection of them as possible, of course causes many abuses of this ancient institution. Indeed, it is well known that quite a number of decorations can be bought for cash by persons of a certain outside respectability. Even as high a decoration as the *Légion d'honneur* has somewhat degenerated under the present republic, as has been shown by recent events. There is a proverb in France to the effect that nobody can escape death and the "Legion of Honor."

About ten or fifteen years ago the five-armed Cross of the Legion was a much-coveted decoration. The scarlet ribbon belonging to it was considered a sign of the wearer's authority or at least respectability, and the vast hordes of decoration-hunters therefore looked for another outlandish order having the same ribbon as the Legion. Several such were discovered, and the authorities of the respective states, finding their orders so much in demand, established secretly quite a tariff for the sale of the different degrees of the orders, and for years these crosses remained a source of considerable revenue to somebody.

The French authorities, noticing with surprise the sudden increase of red-lined boutonnières among the inhabitants of Paris, and discovering the real cause of this buttonhole inundation, compelled all persons possessing foreign decorations with ribbons similar to that belonging to the Legion of Honor to attach to the ribbon a diminutive cross of the same decoration, to distinguish it from the French cross. But this did not terminate the "*guerre aux boutonnières*," for instantly the decoration-hunters directed their attention to such easily obtainable foreign decorations whose ribbons contained, among other colors, at least a faint streak of red. The most welcome of these decorations was the Tunisian order of Merit, conferred with equal liberality on all respectable and deserving persons who pay hard cash for it. Its ribbons are green, with red borders. By making these borders very broad and leaving the faintest streak of green in the center, the boutonnière was made to resemble closely the Legion ribbon.

Aside from these minor decorations there are quite a number of other formerly much respected orders of knighthood accessible to the dollar, and a regular underhand traffic with them seems to have been established,—as certain European governments annually require enormous funds secretly to influence elections and the opposition press. This traffic, according to late revelations, appears to be in practice in certain powerful empires of Europe. Thus, until quite recently, a high decoration was sold to many otherwise respectable persons who paid considerable sums for it, amounting to twenty or thirty thousand dollars. The knights of this order were entitled to hereditary knighthood in their families, the commanders to a baronetcy. The ruler of the empire in question, recognizing the social danger connected with this system of ennobling, put a stop to it.

Enormous amounts of money are annually paid for these glittering stars and crosses, and quite frequently advertisements of the following style are to be found in European papers, especially in those of famous resorts or watering places:

> Any honorable person may obtain an officially recognized decoration, the ribbon of which can be worn in the buttonhole. Charges, moderate. Apply to Mr. ——, —— Street, London.

African and Asiatic monarchs, so much given to Oriental splendor and display, were not slow in recognizing the beauty of these glistening gold and silver stars. Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Tunis, Siam, Japan, China, etc., have their decorations, and the usual form of a cross being somewhat out of place with them, the form of a star is universally adopted in the Orient.

European republicanism does not appear to be incompatible with personal distinctions of

this sort, for not only did the French republic preserve the Legion of Honor, but two more decorations were recently established in that country — one for literary and artistic pursuits, to be conferred by the Secretary of Public Instruction; and another for agricultural merit, whose supreme chief is the Secretary of Agriculture. Several of the American republics have established similar decorations, as Honduras, Nicaragua, and Venezuela.

Aside from the decorations mentioned in the official "Almanac de Gotha," that old-established *vade mecum* of royalty and nobility in Europe, each government gives a number of other crosses and medals for civil and military merit, for art and science. Writers, poets, singers, and actors of reputation, and of either sex, are usually favored with a number of them; and many instances could be quoted where salaries have been paid in medals instead of hard cash. Extraordinary occasions, as the visit of a foreign monarch, the opening of a new theater, and jubilees of festival performances, are the occasions for such showers of medals, although some states confer them parsimoniously. I remember an amusing incident of this kind at the opening of a large new theater in Germany. The director of the theater was known to be an exceedingly vain man, whose gaping buttonhole was wide open, like a young sparrow's beak longing for food. He was expected to receive a little cross or medal on this occasion. After the first act of the festive opening performance, a chamberlain of the king entered the box of the director, and ceremoniously informed the latter that the king wished to confer upon him a mark of his esteem and a recognition of his services, and that he was sent to present to him the royal thanks. With this he handed to the director an elegant, small, leather case, and left. We congratulated him warmly, for at last his long-looked-for ribbon was in his hands! Was it the Crown? was it the Red Eagle? At last the case was opened with trembling hands, and the contents were found to be — a silver snuff-box! I shall never forget the manager's face at this solemn moment. Disgusted and disappointed, he left the theater and was not to be seen for several days. In the papers, however, it was jokingly reported that he had received the "Royal Snuff-box for Art and Science."

From the contents of this paper it will be gleaned that, aside from the knightly institutions of England, Germany, Austria, and some other countries, the system of decorations has deteriorated in no small degree, and in many instances is little more than a farce, unworthy the giver as well as the receiver. A few years ago, an envoy of a certain kingdom in a European capital used to pay his bills in decorations. Thus, his shoemaker, tailor, and butcher became knights, his landlord commander, of a certain order. Fortunately, "society" in Europe is well acquainted with the value of this or that distinction, and the sale of certain crosses has become a harmless sport.

Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Real Nature of Politics.

Stranger. And that common science which is over them all, and guards the laws, and all things that are in the State, and truly weaves them all into one, if we would describe under a name characteristic of this common nature, most truly we may call Politics. . . . This, then, according to our view, is the perfection of the web of political action. There is a direct intertecture of the brave and temperate natures, when the kingly science has drawn the two sorts of lives into communion. . . ; and, having completed the noblest and best of all webs of which a common life admits, and enveloping therein all other inhabitants of cities, binds them in one fabric, and governs and presides over them, omitting no element of a city's happiness.

Young Socrates. You have completed, Stranger, a very perfect image of the Statesman. — PLATO, *Politicus* (Jowett's translation).

Jailer. "What is your trade, Mr. Tweed?" *Tweed.* "Well, you may put me down as a Statesman."

THE degradation which has come upon the words "politics" and "politician," in their American use, their degeneration from the high estate to which the precedents of two thousand years have entitled them, mark a degeneration in political methods which deserves the attention of every lover of his country. "Politics" has become simply the work of managing a party for its own advantage, or that of its leaders; and the term "politician" is applied only to the campaign director, the local committee-man, the appointment-broker — in short, to the men who manage parties and distribute the public offices. If we wish a great public question — such as the labor question, the tariff question, the currency question, and others of the class — to be treated with ordinary common sense, we must "take it out of politics"; while if any party perpetrates a particularly mean act for mere partisan advantage, we are told that it was done for "political purposes." So evident has been the tendency that an effort has been made to differentiate terms, and, while leaving "politician" in its degradation, to use "statesman" as a designation for a real master of the art of government. But so sure are the laws which have been working in the case, that the only result has been a corresponding degradation in the new term also, and the only differentiation is this: the "politician" is still one who is "in politics" for the sake of what he can make there; while the "statesman" is now a *bouffe* politician — a politician with an element of conscious humbug about him.

All this is not due to loose thinking by Americans: this people is rather characterized by acute thinking in such matters, and the degradation of the word politician is but the outward sign and symbol of the degradation in political methods, which the people recognize as if by instinct, and which they mark by their use of the old words. It is the spoils system, combined with the lack for some years of any clearly defined issues in our public affairs, that has degraded our politics and politicians in fact as well as in name. While the chief work of Government officers is held to consist in getting and distributing offices, while matters of real public importance are neglected and not even discussed, it is inevitable that politics should be considered an inferior business, and its real nature and importance temporarily lost to view. There are, however, many signs among us now both of increased interest in politics and of a better understanding of what it really is; and with the progress of this improvement we may expect that the term will recover something of its old and honorable meaning. The recent courageous and remarkable surplus-and-tariff annual message of President Cleveland has greatly helped to lift current political discussion to a higher plane.

We purpose at this time to inquire a little more particularly what the old meaning of the term "politics" is. It has been said that politics is the government of nations; but the precise sense of so important and comprehensive a term cannot be fixed by a single phrase. To make the definition perfect, it would be necessary to state what are the true functions of government — a work of great difficulty, which we have no intention of undertaking at the present time. Again, it may be said that nations, or at least civilized nations, are governed by law; but politics, in every sense of the word, is clearly distinguished from law. It may be thought that the true function of politics, as distinguished from law, is to make new laws and amendments to old ones, so as to adapt the legal system to the wants of a changing and advancing society. And this is true; but even this does not reach the heart of the matter. The work of framing and enacting new laws would not be so difficult a task as it is, and would not excite the intellects and feelings of men as it does, if this was a complete account of it. The making of new laws, or changes in existing laws, is undoubtedly the ultimate outcome of politics; but the real nature of the work becomes apparent only when we consider why it is that new laws are needed and why it is often so difficult to get them enacted.

There are in the human soul many conflicting motives which display themselves in society no less than in individual character. Each of us has his own interests and his own views of what is desirable and right, and none of us is so absolutely right as never to do wrong to others. We are all likely not only to be mistaken in our opinions, but also to push the advancement of our interests beyond the line of strict justice to our neighbor; and hence the need of an overruling authority to maintain justice and keep all legitimate interests in harmony. Now, so far as the acts of individuals are concerned, the police and the courts are generally sufficient to maintain justice; but interests that are common to large numbers of men lead inevitably to great combinations seeking to control the law itself in their own interest, or to carry out some Government policy in which they believe. Thus the real work of politics, or statesmanship, consists in adjusting these conflicting social interests, which are too powerful for the ordinary law to control, so as to secure equal justice to all, and thus to enable all members of society to work together in harmony and for the common good. That this is the real nature of political work the political history of the world abundantly shows. The domestic history of every nation, and especially of every free nation, is full of the conflicts of interests and classes; while international politics in all ages has been little else than the endeavor to adjust the disputes which nations have had with each other.

Such being the real nature of politics in the higher and true sense of the word, it is not difficult to apply its lesson to our own affairs. American politics does not consist in winning elections and distributing offices, though these things are necessary as means to the end. It consists in harmonizing the various conflicting interests in American society; the interests of labor and of capital, of the farmers and of the railroads, of the manufacturer and of the importer, of the East and the West and the South — in short, of all classes and regions and individuals. To this end we must not only find out what laws are needed, but persuade the people to have them made; and when they are made we must have them impartially administered. This shows how important and how difficult and how dignified real politics is.

Honesty at Elections.

An editorial in the July number of The Century referred to recent addresses before the Commonwealth Club, by Mr. W. M. Ivins and Mr. J. B. Bishop, and advocated the adoption of the English system of managing elections, from the belief that its methods were far more democratic, far better calculated to obtain an expression of the general popular will and feeling, than our present unregulated system of nomination. A consideration fully as important, perhaps more important, is the probable influence of the success of Mr. Bishop's proposal (also made in a book on "Machine Politics" written by Mr. Ivins) of the best remedies for the universal evil of bribery at elections.

That the bribery of voters is an evil, and a general evil, of American elections will be the inevitable conclusion of any one who has had occasion to go below the surface of politics. And there is no truth in the common notion that the evil is peculiar to city elections, or even more common in them; the differences are only of methods. The large assessments of city elections are of course really corruption funds; but the multitude of election districts and of party employees makes it possible to bring most of the purchasable class of city voters into the actual or nominal service of one or other of the parties, and thus to cloak bribery under the form of wages. In agricultural districts bribery is not so completely disguised. The political evils of the former case are fully treated by Mr. Ivins and need not be repeated here; the purpose of this article is to show that the remedy may be successful in eliminating bribery from the elections outside of the cities.

Mommsen fastens on the appearance of organizations for traffic in votes as the first unmistakable sign of the fatal degeneration of the Roman popular body; and he traces from this the successive steps which followed

until Augustus sat in the place of the consuls, and the Republic had fallen. An American looks at the appearance of parallel evils in our own history as calls to a reformation, not as indications of the downfall of our republic. And yet the most optimistic of Americans may well see danger signals in many a sharply contested rural election. The ordinary party machinery is changed at once into something closely approximating an organization for traffic in votes; men who have taken little or no interest in more languid contests now begin to appear and reappear at the polling-places, each bringing with him, at each return, a voter of that large class of indifferent men who need the spur of personal and persistent solicitation, or a bribe, to undertake what they consider a burdensome task — for the sole benefit of the candidate for whom they are asked to vote. The appearance of bribery is always exaggerated, partly through braggadocio, partly through the desire of the "worker" to exalt himself before the party-managers and the people — there is never any fear of punishment. But there is bribery enough to be a danger, though the disgusted spectator may attempt to find comfort by persuading himself that after all, in the long run, each party will buy about the same number of votes, and the honest vote will decide the election.

Such comfort is of the very barrenest. It pays no regard to the most serious evil of all, the constantly increasing degeneration of our political ideals, with all the consequences which in practice have their root here. The degeneration of ideals shows itself in the fact that bribery is no longer confined to the originally purchasable class, the hirelings who vote for the side which bids highest; the virus has already spread farther. Political managers know that it is now not at all uncommon for well-to-do voters of good repute in the community to refuse to vote for their own party unless they are paid for the trouble of doing so; while lump sums to secure the presence of entire families at the polls have taken their place among the fixed expenses of party organizations. The venal vote may be overslaughed again and again by the honest vote; but an exclusive reliance on this remedy must result only in the decrease of the honest vote itself. And yet, what other remedy is open to us? The anti-bribery laws are notoriously the most difficult of all laws to be enforced, under present conditions. We have left the voter so utterly unguarded at the polls that the attractiveness of an offense so easy of commission quite outweighs any terrors to be found in an almost impossible detection.

How is the voter to be guarded further? In answering the question, we may as well get rid of the notion that there is honor among thieves, or among other rogues: on the contrary, the surest way to destroy the rogues' trade is to drive the rogues into a compulsory reliance upon honor, trust, and confidence. The first step of a prosecuting attorney, in attacking a criminal conspiracy, is to spread abroad the rumor that this, that, or the other confederate is about to "squeal"; he knows that it will be but a few days before one or more of the rogues will hurry to his office to anticipate the traitors by turning State's evidence. Bribery at elections is possible still, mainly because our laws release the briber from any necessity for reposing special trust and confidence in the voter whom he bribes: the briber is allowed to accompany the voter all the way to the polling-window, and to see that the vote paid for is deposited. Let communication between briber and voter be cut off for even a brief period just before the deposit of the ballot, and it is easy to see that the foundation of the trade of bribery at elections is greatly weakened.

Indirectly, then, honesty at elections outside of the cities ought to be very greatly promoted by the provisions, common to the English and Australian plans, that the voter, just before entering the polling-place to deposit his ballot, shall pass through another room and there have a few minutes of absolute seclusion. That seclusion, it is true, is primarily intended to give the voter an opportunity to prepare his ballot; but it just as certainly applies with peculiar force to a large part of our elections, in that it cuts the connection between the voter and any possible briber, and compels the latter, if he will pay money, to get in return only the bare word of the venal voter. Such an influence cannot but show itself in a steady decrease of the purchasable class, but the effects could not well stop there. Neither party dares now to enforce the statutory punishments for bribery at elections, for the offense is too common to all parties. But, as the offense itself lessens and becomes a less important weapon in the party armory, a party which feels itself to have been injured at any election by bribery will for the first time have an interest in seeing that the laws against bribery are enforced. This one provision, then, of the separation of the voter from other persons, not only makes bribery more difficult, but increases the probability of its punishment, while our present system makes the offense easy and its punishment difficult.

It is the unanimous testimony of those who have studied the working of the English and Australian laws that the complete exclusion of the voter from espionage or supervision while he is preparing and depositing his ballot has of itself put a stop to bribery.

There is, therefore, no shadow of reason why any reader, in any part of the country, should look upon the proposals of Mr. Bishop and Mr. Ivins as foreign to his interests, or as relating exclusively to New York or any other large city. The Ballot Act, on the general lines of the English statute, is essential as a foundation for the laws against bribery at elections, and it is therefore of interest everywhere. The effort is to be made, in several of our legislatures, at their sessions this winter, to pass such a ballot act, making the expense of printing and distributing the ballots a charge upon the State, providing for double rooms, or rooms with compartments, at polling-places, and securing to the voter a period of separation from all other persons while in the act of voting.

A bill providing for both these reforms was passed by one branch of the Michigan legislature last year, and we trust will be revived and made a law this year. It was based, in its main provision, upon the principles of the English law, and was the most carefully considered application of those principles to the needs of our American system which has yet been made. A similar application has been made in a bill which has been prepared for the New York legislature, and which ought to be made a law at this session. It places the expense of printing and distributing the ballots upon the State,

provides for secret ballot-rooms, with compartments in the proportion of one to every fifty voters, into which a voter can retire and, free from all observation, prepare his ballots, which he folds and deposits in the boxes. No "boss" or briber can follow him to see how he votes. As the State has entire charge of the ballots, there can be no peddlers of tickets about the polls. As the State pays the expense of printing and distributing, there will be no excuse for raising funds; and there being no funds, there will be no money with which to employ workers.

A law has already been adopted in Wisconsin, putting the work of distributing the ballots into the hands of the State, and providing for two polling-rooms, one in which sworn State officials shall distribute the ballots, and another, connected by a hall-way or passage, to which the voter shall pass and deposit his ballot without observation. But the printing of the ballots is left with the political parties, as heretofore. A bill providing for the State printing and charge of ballots was prepared, but not introduced, in the Connecticut legislature last year.

There is no State of the Union where honest and intelligent men have not reason to work for the adoption of a reform ballot act, not only as a positive good in itself, but as an essential prerequisite to the real and earnest enforcement of the laws prescribing punishments for bribery at elections.

"No Successful Substitute for Justice."

IT is somewhat surprising that the agitation in favor of abolishing, by means of just laws, the disgrace of American literary piracy should have been until lately carried on almost exclusively by those supposed to be directly interested: namely, writers and publishers.

Only lately have there been signs that the clergy — the guardians of both private and public morals — take any vital interest in the subject, or that the people at large are aroused to the national dishonor. But the stolen books with which the country is deluged are read by the country. How many among our citizens are alive to the shameful fact that American pirates and the American public have for generations been living upon stolen literature? Congress has been blamed for its indifference — but who among us can escape reproach; who among us has done his whole duty in attempting to right this gigantic wrong; to wipe out this unendurable national disgrace?

Mr. Lowell, in presiding over the very successful Author's Readings in New York last November, added to the number of his admirable sayings in favor of international copyright. He repeated two most fortunate phrases of his own on this subject — phrases used by him in his notable address to a committee of Congress: "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by"; "Our authors are the only workers among us who are forced to compete with men who receive no wages at all."

In the course of his Chickering Hall address, in which the above watch-words were again given out, Mr. Lowell said: "To steal a book I have bought is theft; to steal a book I have made — what is that?" In referring to the effect of the absence of international copyright upon the country at large, he put the question, "Whether it be prudent in a nation to allow its literature, or a great part of its literature, to be made for it by another nation — in other words, to allow the shaping of its thought, and therefore of its character, to be done by that other"? But the deepest word of all was this: "I prefer that the argument should rest, not upon interest and expediency, but upon honesty and justice. No successful substitute for justice has ever been discovered — nothing with the lasting quality of justice."

These are golden words, the key-note of a great national reform; or, to take another figure, shafts of light heralding the dawn of a new era of justice, a new era in the literature of the English-speaking race.

OPEN LETTERS.

About Mr. Irving.

A GREAT deal of space has been devoted in THE CENTURY, early and late, to the discussion of Mr. Irving's characteristics as an actor and as a manager. I should like, however, to tell briefly what it is that I like about this extraordinarily individual actor. I delight in going to see Mr. Irving; I delight more and more in going. I discover, in fact, that I give myself up more and more completely to the enjoyment of what I do find in him,— after having ceased to look for what I did not find.

Although so much has been said about Mr. Irving's pictorial qualities, I do not think that his pictorial genius is even yet duly appreciated. It is true that at times he does appear to think too much of this side of the dramatic art. But even if the virtue be overdone, for how much pleasure and satisfaction must we thank the virtue! Now, I do not refer merely to the general setting of the stage, the costumes and grouping, his own costume and get-up — all generously done and with an exquisite pictorial sense; — I mean something more subtile, more rare, and to me more remarkable than these. Mr. Irving is always making a picture of his own person, of his own figure and face: he is always in the right relation to the picture, which includes the whole stage; and the picture that he himself makes, by himself, is almost always fine. I follow him about with my eyes, fearing to miss each new, effective design. If it were pigments alone that he used, one would say that Mr. Irving had a strong feeling for landscape and was at the same time one of the most admirable figure-painters of our day. He is a master of color and of intense, picturesque expression.

I like Mr. Irving's humor. I like it immensely. It fascinates, it genuinely amuses me. It is a very individual and grotesque sort of humor. I never saw anything like it before and never expect to again. The more Mr. Irving gives me of his humor, the better I am pleased. "Jingle" races on so merrily, with such

a quick and saucy wit, that it is all over in the crack of a whip. I like the humor of Mr. Irving's *Mephistopheles*. The conception of the part is open to criticism. That uncertain-stepping, much-illuminated harlequin-devil seldom really scares me; but I often greatly admire his picturesqueness and sometimes his unearthly dignity, as when he warns his creature Faust, "I am a spirit!"—the finest piece of acting in the play; and I am entertained by his impish, satanic waggishness. It is, moreover, the humor of Irving's *Louis XI.* that adds force and humanity to the part.

In fact, I would almost wish Mr. Irving to play only a certain sort of comedy, did I not remember with what expressiveness he can interpret, in his own peculiar way, ideas of tragic intensity. Salvini is my ideal of tragedy — of perfection in detail and of sublimity in feeling. Two actors more unlike than Salvini and Irving cannot be named. But along with my most ineffaceable tragic impressions are certain memories of Irving — in "The Bells," in "Hamlet." But, no; it was not Irving, it was *Shylock* himself that I saw one night in Venice,— hunted, foiled, perplexed, dismayed; his sinister face and form sublimed for the moment by the shadow of all the woe and wrong wrought upon that race, which, in the language of Emma Lazarus, has "served through history as the type of suffering."

I like, it seems, many things about Mr. Irving aside from his managerial rôle; but I like him because he has brought before English and American audiences the world-tragedy of "Faust." He has led, as no one else has led, the English-speaking people, "the masses," to the study of Goethe's immortal poem. He has, in his own way, put a version of this work effectively upon the stage. It is right that the version and the way should be gravely reviewed, and that exceptions should be taken to them; but the obligation to Mr. Irving for what he has actually accomplished in this play, and in his whole interesting career as actor and manager in the Old World and the New, must never be lost sight of. It is for the serious, intellectual aims and accomplishments of his career that I like Mr. Irving; and, let me add, I like him too for letting us in America see, and see again, so individual and delightful an actress as Miss Ellen Terry,— one who so gracefully complements the sterner and more graphic qualities of the leading English-speaking actor-manager of our time.

G.

Miss Terry as Gretchen.

From Mr. Irving's production of "Faust" I brought away the deepest impression of the art value of Miss Terry's impersonation of the heroine. By her emotional genius she seemed to heighten the spiritual significance of the play. In the scene where the jewels are found, her simplicity divested the gewgaw motive of worldly taint; and at the crowning point of the action, kneeling before the Mater Dolorosa, she reached a height of human despair and devotional fervor which for its rarity on the stage and its spiritual elevation might well be noted as the greatest achievement of this remarkable actress. Coming after such a supreme revelation of human feeling, the closing scene of madness and death has in some degree the elements of an anticlimax, while the tableau at the end relieves by enforcing the sentiment of forgiveness and rest.

B.

"Lynching."

In an open letter on the above subject published in the November number of this magazine, the writer says:

> The number of reported murders in the United States in 1882 was 1266. There were only 93 persons executed and 118 lynched,— in all, 211. Consequently. . . 1055 criminals escaped.

Judge James A. Creighton of Springfield, Ill., objects to this statement on the ground that all degrees of homicide are here classed as murders, and that the writer has made no mention of the very large number of the 1055 criminals who have been sentenced to imprisonment for terms ranging from one to ninety-nine years, or for life, according to the degree of guilt.

He also objects to calling the 118 who were lynched "escaped criminals," saying that lynching is not resorted to by men who have lost patience because criminals have escaped punishment under the law, but by men excited by aggravated cases of crime not murder, in which the law would in all probability have taken its course.

Henry A. Davis of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, writes in relation to the same article as follows: "In no single State of the Union is a murderer punishable capitally unless the murder was willful, deliberate, and premeditated,— that is, unless the act was done with the fixed design and premeditated intent to take life, or was done in the attempt to commit some atrocious felony. So it will be seen that Dr. Deems's statistics, showing only the number of homicides, capital and otherwise, on the one hand, and the number of executions on the other hand, can have no value in showing what proportion of murderers were legally punished. A murder to be punishable capitally must not only be a willful, deliberate, and premeditated killing, but every element of such offense must be shown beyond a reasonable doubt."



BRIC-À-BRAC.

Beneath the Hood.

BENEATH the hood her eyes were bright,—
I shyly watched her where she stood,—
Her tresses looked like scraps of night
Beneath the hood.

Such smiles would stir a hermit's blood,
Such lips —like flowers warm with light —
Would quickly melt the iciest mood.

I stole behind her — 't was n't right,—
I call it neither wise nor good,—
I put propriety to flight
Beneath the hood!

William H. Hayne.

Content vs. Discontent.

ONE, satisfied with what must be her lot,—
'T was not a corner lot,— serenely meant
Never to wander from her humble cot,
Made beautiful by wise and sweet content.

And one, dissatisfied with all he had,
Roved from his place into the world's mad whirl.
What did he find? Well, it was not so bad,—
The fellow found that cottage and that girl.

A. W. R.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

I HAVE heard of men who knew more than they could tell, but I never have met one. If a man has a genuine idea, he can make himself understood.

LITERATURE is the diet of the common mind, but genius feeds on the unwritten things.

YOU may travel a good ways on whisky, and travel fast while you are going, but you can't get back when you want to.

WHEN you have learned to listen, you have already acquired the rudiments of a good education.

FAITH won't enable a man to lift a ton all at once, but it will, ten pounds at a time.

GENIUS invents, talent applies.

I NEVER have seen an idea too big for a sentence, but I have read thousands of sentences too big for an idea.

VANITY and jealousy are the two weakest passions in the human heart, and, strange to tell, they are the most common.

A THOROUGHLY neat woman is a joy unspeakable, but does n't she make it busy for the dust and for the people in her neighborhood!

MY young disciple, don't hunt for new things, but study to improve upon the old ones; every flat stone, and most of the bowlders, have been turned over already by the novelty-hunters.

WE find plenty of people who don't average well; they know too much for one man, and not quite enough for two.

Uncle Esek.

Young Lochinvar.

(AN AFTER-STUDY.)

THEY were married and settled, and if they repented
By times, that wild ride when the horse carried double,
They never confessed it; Papa had relented,
Being old, and averse to a family trouble.
And "the poor craven bridegroom" kept wisely afar
From the home of Fair Ellen and Young Lochinvar.

But Fair Ellen was moody: she 'd answer him shortly,
In a way which perplexed him, and which, at the least,
He considered uncalled for; and, as he grew portly,
She sneered at his fancy for frolic and feast.
"Ye 're aften forgettin'," she 'd say, "that ye are
No longer a callant, my Lord Lochinvar."

Yet she always went with him to wake or to wedding,
Though he kindly excused her, or tried to, poor man!
For the watch that she kept, as the dance he was treading,
Made him feel that he somehow was under her ban.
And the maidens would whisper, "I 'd gladly go far
To escape from a dance wi' that puir Lochinvar!"

He was nearly worn out with her moods and her tenses;
So he collared his courage, and told her, one day,
He 'd enlist, if she did n't soon come to her senses,
And endeavor to fall in the front of the fray.
"I can stand this no longer; 't were better, by far,
You had minded your father," said poor Lochinvar.

"If you 'd only just tell me what 's fashin' you, Ellen,"
He mournfully added, "and no be so blate,
Though what I 've put up wi' surpasses all tellin',
It may be that yet we could set it all straight;
And if we cannot, then I 'm aff to the war;
'T would be peace, just by contrast," said poor Lochinvar.

"Then tell you I will!" cried Fair Ellen. "I 've borne it
As lang as I can, and a great deal too lang!
As for jealousy, it 's a low thing, and I scorn it —
But some impudent scribbler 's put into a sang
That you said 'there were maidens more lovely by far'
Who would gladly have wed you, my Lord Lochinvar!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

An Example of the Superlative.

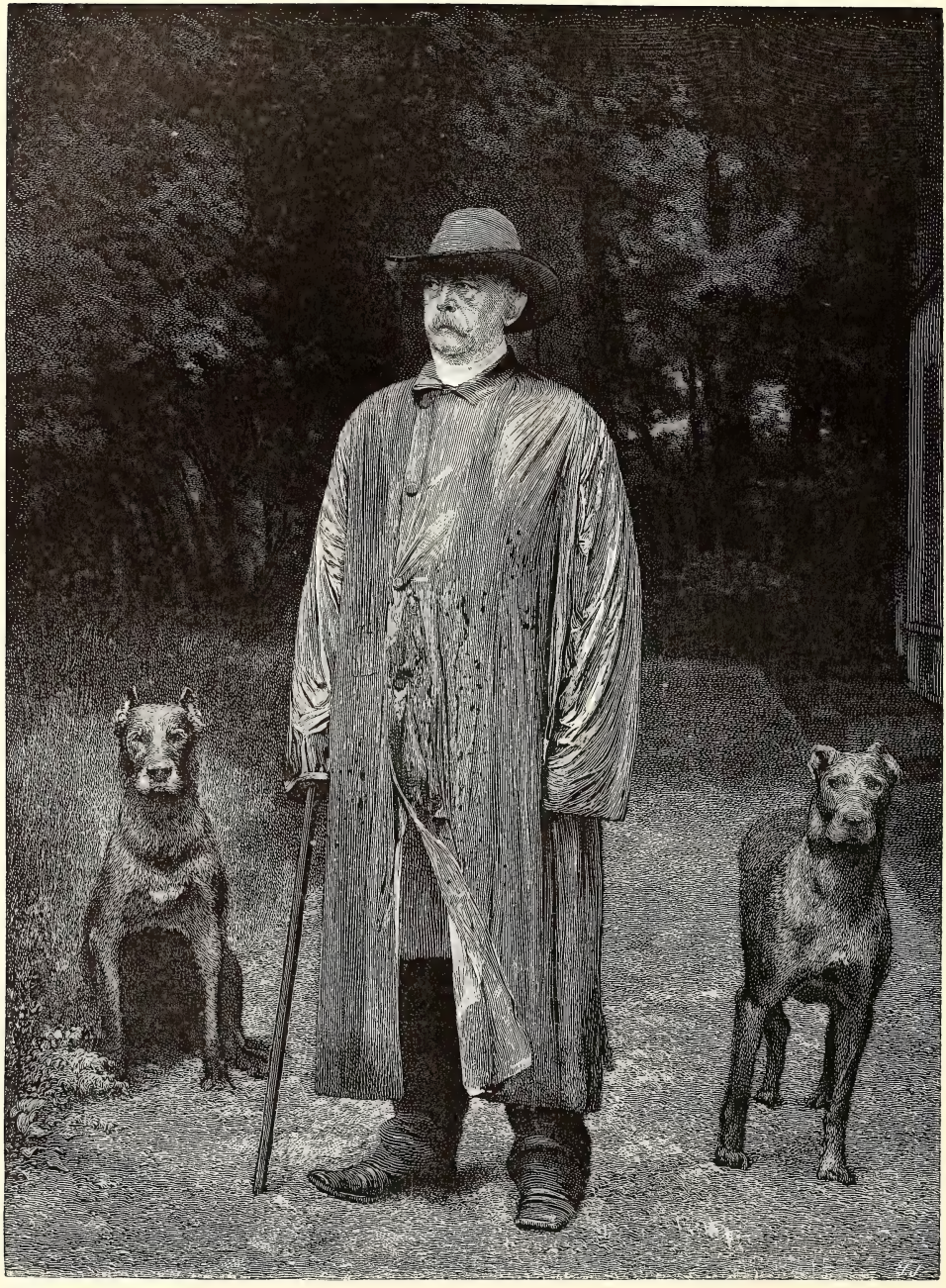
J. R. P. writes from Frankfort of a hand-bill he saw not long ago on the walls of a house in Breathell County in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. He sends it as a good example apropos of Emerson's remarks on the weakness of the superlative.

"FUN! FUN!
CARRY THE NEWS TO MARY!
WE ARE COMING.

"Happy Bill Buckles and the great original Australian troupe will give one of the Grandest Entertainments that has ever been Witnessed on this Continent at South Fork of Quicksand Creek.

"Happy Bill is the only French violin player in the world, the violin being one of the Grandest Musical instruments that has ever been on Exhibition in North America or any other Country. Happy Bill is the Gentleman who invented this superb instrument, which was made exclusively for him to please the public," etc., etc.

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BISMARCK IN HIS GARDEN.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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A MONTANA TYPE.

THE HOME RANCH.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

MY home ranch lies on both sides of the Little Missouri, the nearest ranchman above me being about twelve, and the nearest below me about ten, miles distant. The general course of the stream here is northerly, but, while flowing through my ranch, it takes a great westerly reach of some three miles, walled in, as always, between chains of steep, high bluffs half a mile or more apart. The stream twists down through the valley in long sweeps, leaving oval wooded bottoms, first on one side and then on the other; and in an open glade among the thick-growing timber stands the long, low house of hewn logs.

Just in front of the ranch veranda is a line of old cottonwoods that shade it during the fierce heats of summer, rendering it always cool and pleasant. But a few feet beyond these trees comes the cut-off bank of the river, through whose broad, sandy bed the shallow stream winds as if lost, except when a freshet fills it from brim to brim with foaming yellow water. The bluffs that wall in the river-valley curve back in semicircles, rising from its alluvial bottom generally as abrupt cliffs, but often as steep, grassy slopes that lead up to great level plateaus; and the line is broken every mile or two by the entrance of a coulée, or dry creek, whose head branches may be twenty miles back. Above us, where the river comes round the bend, the valley is very narrow, and the high buttes bounding it rise, sheer and barren, into scalped hill-peaks and naked knife-blade ridges.

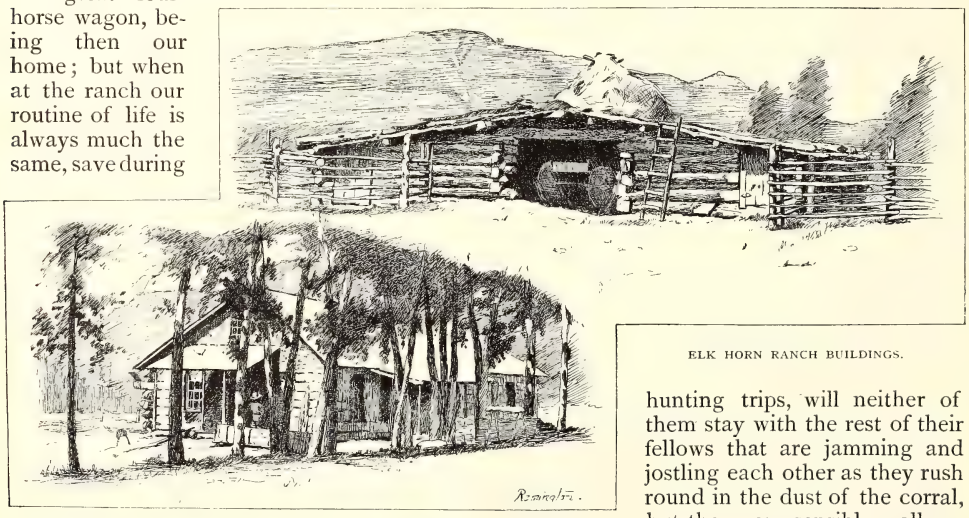
The other buildings stand in the same open glade with the ranch house, the dense growth of cottonwoods and matted, thorny underbrush making a wall all about, through which we have chopped our wagon roads and trodden out our own bridle-paths. The cattle have now trampled down this brush a little, but deer still lie in it, only a couple of hundred yards from the house; and from the door sometimes in the evening one can see them peer out into the open, or make their way down, timidly and cautiously, to drink at the river. The stable, sheds, and other outbuildings, with the hayricks and the pens for such cattle as we bring in during winter, are near the house; the patch of fenced garden land is on the edge of the woods; and near the middle of the glade stands the high, circular horse-corral, with a snubbing-post in the center, and a wing built out from one side of the gate entrance, so that the saddle band can be driven in without trouble. As it is very hard to work cattle where there is much brush, the larger cow-corral is some four miles off on an open bottom.

A ranchman's life is certainly a very pleasant one, albeit generally varied with plenty of hardship and anxiety. Although occasionally he passes days of severe toil,—for example, if he goes on the round-up he works as hard as any of his men,—yet he no longer

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has to undergo the monotonous drudgery attendant upon the tasks of the cowboy or of the apprentice in the business. His fare is simple; but, if he chooses, it is good enough. Many ranches are provided with nothing at all but salt pork, canned goods, and bread; indeed, it is a curious fact that in traveling through this cow country it is often impossible to get any milk or butter; but this is only because the owners or managers are too lazy to take enough trouble to insure their own comfort. We ourselves always keep up two or three cows, choosing such as are naturally tame, and so we invariably have plenty of milk and, when there is time for churning, a good deal of butter. We also keep hens, which, in spite of the damaging inroads of hawks, bob-cats, and foxes, supply us with eggs, and in time of need, when our rifles have failed to keep us in game, with stewed, roast, or fried chicken also. From our garden we get potatoes, and unless drought, frost, or grasshoppers interfere (which they do about every second year), other vegetables as well. For fresh meat we depend chiefly upon our prowess as hunters.

During much of the time we are away on the different round-ups, that "wheeled house," the great four-horse wagon, being then our home; but when at the ranch our routine of life is always much the same, save during the excessively bitter weather of midwinter, when there is little to do except to hunt, if the days are fine enough. We breakfast early — before dawn when the nights have grown long, and rarely later than sunrise, even in midsummer. Perhaps before this meal, certainly the instant it is over, the man whose duty it is rides off to hunt up and drive in the saddle band. Each of us has his own string of horses, eight or ten in number, and the whole band usually split up into two or three companies. In addition to the scattered groups of the saddle band, our six or eight mares, with their colts, keep by themselves, and are rarely bothered by us, as no cowboy ever rides anything but horses, because mares give great trouble where all the animals have to be herded together. Once every two or three days somebody rides round and finds out where each of these smaller bands is, but the man who goes out in the morning merely gathers one bunch. He drives these into the corral, the other men (who have been lolling idly about the house or stable, fixing their saddles or doing any odd job) coming out with their ropes as soon as they hear the patter of the unshod hoofs and the shouts of the cowboy driver. Going into the corral, and standing near the center, each of us picks out some one of his own string from among the animals that are trotting and running in a compact mass round the circle; and after one or more trials, according to his skill, ropes it and leads it out. When all have caught their horses the rest are again turned loose, together with those that have been kept up overnight. Some horses soon get tame and do not need to be roped; my pet cutting pony, little Muley, and good old Manitou, my companion in so many hunting trips, will neither of them stay with the rest of their fellows that are jamming and jostling each other as they rush round in the dust of the corral, but they very sensibly walk up and stand quietly with the men in the middle, by the snubbing-post. Both are great pets, Manitou in particular; the wise old fellow being very fond of bread and sometimes coming up of his own accord to the ranch house and even putting his head into the door to beg for it.



ELK HORN RANCH BUILDINGS.

Once saddled, the men ride off on their different tasks; for almost everything is done in the saddle, except that in winter we cut our firewood and quarry our coal,— both on the

ranch,— and in summer attend to the garden and put up what wild hay we need.

If any horses have strayed, one or two of the men will be sent off to look for them; for hunting lost horses is one of the commonest and most irksome of our duties. Every outfit always has certain of its horses at large; and if they remain out long enough they become as wild and wary as deer and have to be regularly surrounded and run down. On one occasion, when three of mine had been running loose for a couple of months, we had to follow at full speed for at least fifteen miles before exhausting them enough to enable us to get some control over them and head them towards a corral. Twice I have had horses absent nearly a year before they were recovered. One of them, after being on the ranch nine months, went off one night and traveled about two hundred miles in a straight line back to its old haunts, swimming the Yellowstone on the way. Two others were at one time away nearly eighteen months, during which time we saw them twice, and on one occasion a couple of the men fairly ran their horses down in following them. We began to think they were lost for good, as they were all the time going farther down towards the Sioux country, but we finally recovered them.

If the men do not go horse-hunting they may ride off over the range; for there is generally some work to be done among the cattle, such as driving in and branding calves that have been overlooked by the round-up, or getting some animal out of a bog-hole. During the early spring months, before the round-up begins, the chief work is in hauling out mired cows and steers; and if we did not keep a sharp lookout, the losses at this season would be very serious. As long as everything is frozen solid there is, of course, no danger from miring; but when the thaw comes, along towards the beginning of March, a period of new danger to the cattle sets in. When the ice breaks up, the streams are left with an edging of deep bog, while the quicksand is at its worst. As the frost goes out of the soil, the ground round every little alkali-spring changes into a trembling quagmire, and deep holes of slimy, tenacious mud form in the bottom of all the gullies. The cattle, which have had to live on snow for three or four months, are very eager for water, and are weak and in poor condition. They rush heedlessly into any pool and stand there, drinking gallons of the icy water and sinking steadily into the mud. When they try to get out they are already too deep down, and are too weak to make a pro-



ROPING IN A HORSE-CORRAL.

longed struggle. After one or two fits of desperate floundering, they resign themselves to their fate with dumb apathy and are lost, unless some one of us riding about discovers and hauls them out. They may be thus lost in wonderfully small mud-holes; often they will be found dead in a gulch but two or three feet across, or in the quicksand of a creek so narrow that it could almost be jumped. An alkali-hole, where the water oozes out through the thick clay, is the worst of all, owing to the ropy tenacity with which the horrible substance sticks and clings to any unfortunate beast that gets into it.



A DEEP FORD.

In the spring these mud-holes cause very serious losses among the cattle, and are at all times fruitful sources of danger; indeed, during an ordinary year more cattle die from getting mired than from any other cause. In addition to this they also often prove very annoying to the rider himself, as getting his steed mired or caught in a quicksand is one of the commonest of the accidents that beset a horseman in the far West. This usually happens in fording a river, if the latter is at all high, or else in crossing one of the numerous creeks; although I once saw a horse and rider suddenly engulfed while leisurely walking over what appeared to be dry land. They had come to an alkali mud-hole, an old buffalo-wallow, which had filled up and was covered with a sun-baked crust, that let them through as if they had stepped on a trap-door. There being several of us along, we got down our ropes and dragged both unfortunates out in short order.

When the river is up it is a very common thing for a horseman to have great difficulty in crossing, for the swift, brown water runs over a bed of deep quicksand that is ever shifting. An inexperienced horse, or a mule, — for a mule is useless in mud or quicksand, — becomes mad with fright in such a crossing, and, after speedily exhausting its strength in wild struggles, will throw itself on its side and drown unless the rider gets it out. An old horse used to such work will, on the contrary, take matters quietly and often push along through really dangerous quicksand. Old Manitou never loses his head for an instant; but, now resting a few seconds, now feeling his way cautiously forward, and now making two or three desperate plunges, will go on wherever a horse possibly can. It is really dangerous crossing some of the creeks, as the bottom may give way where it seems hardest; and if one is alone he may work hours in vain before getting his horse out, even after taking off both saddle and bridle, the only hope being to head it so that every plunge takes it an inch or two in the right direction.

Nor are mud-holes the only danger the

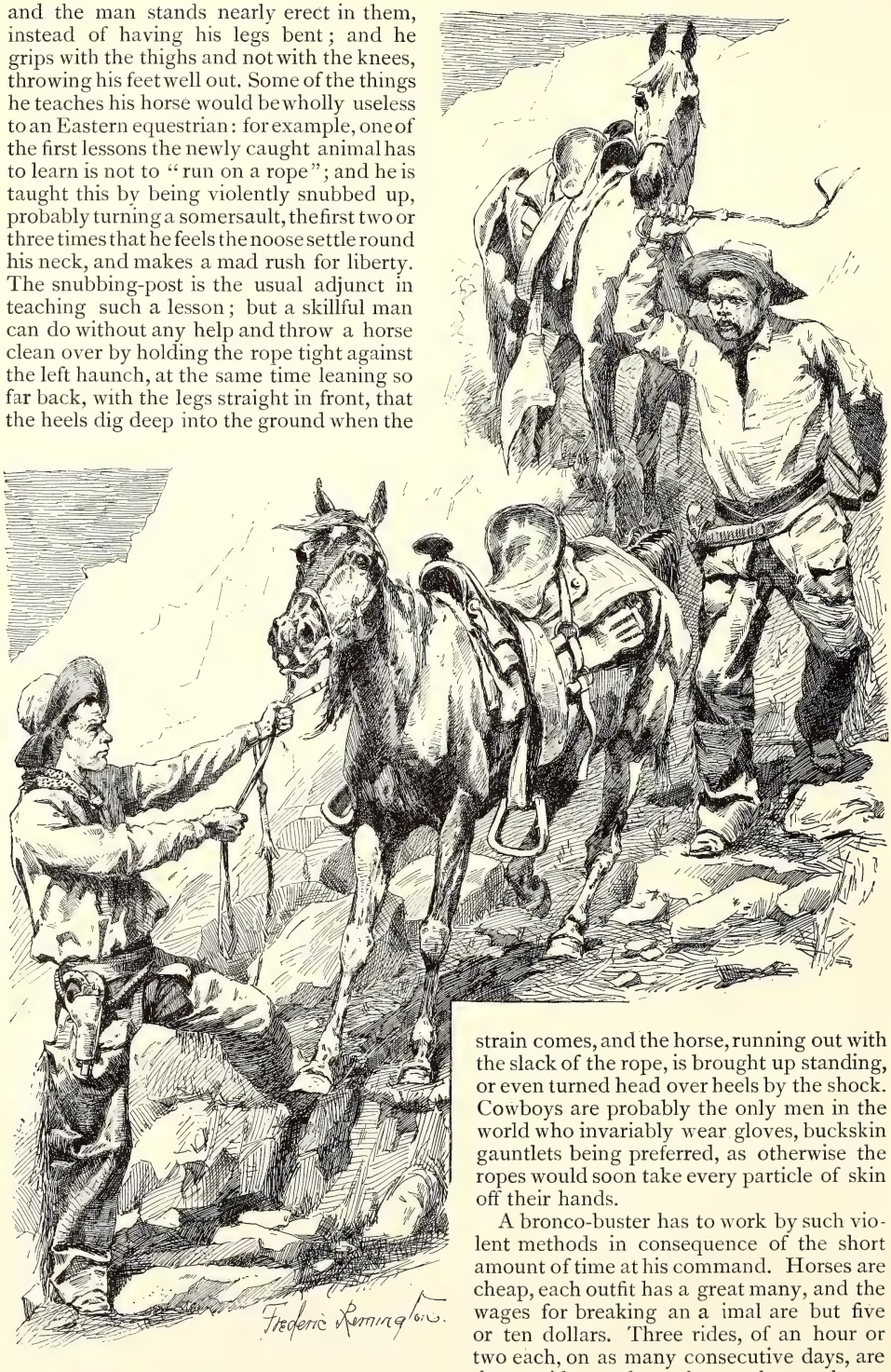
horseman has to fear; for in much of the Bad Lands the buttes are so steep and broken that it needs genuine mountaineering skill to get through them, and no horse but a Western one, bred to the business, could accomplish the feat. In many parts of our country it is impossible for a horseman who does not know the land to cross it, and it is difficult enough even for an experienced hand. For a stretch of nearly ten miles along the Little Missouri above my range, and where it passes through it, there are but three or four places where it is possible for a horseman to get out to the eastern prairie through the exceedingly broken country lying back from the river. In places this very rough ground comes down to the water; elsewhere it lies back near the heads of the creeks. In such very bad ground the whole country seems to be one tangled chaos of cañon-like valleys, winding gullies, and washouts, with abrupt, unbroken sides, isolated peaks of sandstone, marl, or "gumbo" clay, which rain turns into slippery glue, and hill chains whose ridges always end in sheer cliffs. After a man has made his way with infinite toil for half a mile, a point will be reached around which it is an absolute impossibility to go, and the adventurer has nothing to do but painfully retrace his steps and try again in a new direction, as likely as not with the same result. In such a place the rider dismounts and leads his horse, the latter climbing with cat-like agility up seemingly inaccessible heights, scrambling across the steep, sloping shoulders of the bluffs, sliding down the faces of the clay cliffs with all four legs rigid, or dropping from ledge to ledge like a goat, and accepting with unruffled composure an occasional roll from top to bottom. But, in spite of the climbing abilities of the ponies, it is difficult, and at times — for our steeds, at any rate — dangerous work to go through such places, and we only do it when it cannot be avoided. Once I was overtaken by darkness while trying to get through a great tract of very rough land, and, after once or twice nearly breaking my neck, in despair had to give up all attempts to get out, and until daybreak simply staid where I was, in a kind of ledge or pocket on the side of the cliff, luckily sheltered from the wind. It was midsummer and the nights were short, but this particular one seemed quite long enough; and though I was on the move by dawn, it was three hours later before I led the horse, as hungry, numb, and stiff as myself, out on the prairie again.

Occasionally, it is imperatively necessary to cross some of the worst parts of the Bad Lands with a wagon, and such a trip is exhausting and laborious beyond belief. Often the wagon will have to be taken to pieces every few hundred yards in order to get it over a ravine, lower it into a valley, or drag it up a cliff. One outfit, that a year ago tried to take a short cut through some of the Bad Lands of the Powder River, made just four miles in three days, and then had to come back to their starting-point after all. But with only saddle-horses we feel that it must be a very extraordinary country indeed if, in case of necessity, we cannot go through it.

The long forenoon's work, with its attendant mishaps to man and beast, being over, the men who have been out among the horses and cattle come riding in, to be joined by their fellows — if any there be — who have been hunting, or haying, or chopping wood. The midday dinner is variable as to time, for it comes when the men have returned from their work; but, whatever be the hour, it is the most substantial meal of the day, and we feel that we have little fault to find with a table on whose clean cloth are spread platters of smoked elk meat, loaves of good bread, jugs and bowls of milk, saddles of venison or broiled antelope steaks, perhaps roast and fried prairie chickens, with eggs, butter, wild plums, and tea or coffee.

The afternoon's tasks are usually much the same as the morning's, but this time is often spent in doing the odds and ends; as, for instance, it may be devoted to breaking-in a new horse. Large outfits generally hire a bronco-buster to do this; but we ourselves almost always break our own horses, two or three of my men being very good riders, although none of them can claim to be anything out of the common. A first-class flash rider or bronco-buster receives high wages and deserves them, for he follows a most dangerous trade, at which no man can hope to grow old; his work being infinitely harder than that of an Eastern horse-breaker or rough-rider, because he has to do it in such a limited time. A good rider is a good rider all the world over; but an Eastern or English horse-breaker and Western bronco-buster have so little in common with each other as regards style or surroundings, and are so totally out of place in doing each other's work, that it is almost impossible to get either to admit that the other has any merits at all as a horseman, for neither could sit in the saddle of the other or could without great difficulty perform his task. The ordinary Eastern seat, which approaches more or less the seat of a cross-country rider or fox-hunter, is nearly as different from the cowboy's seat as from that of a man who rides bareback. The stirrups on a stock saddle are much farther back than they are on an ordinary English one (a difference far more important than the high horn and cantle of the former),

and the man stands nearly erect in them, instead of having his legs bent; and he grips with the thighs and not with the knees, throwing his feet well out. Some of the things he teaches his horse would be wholly useless to an Eastern equestrian: for example, one of the first lessons the newly caught animal has to learn is not to "run on a rope"; and he is taught this by being violently snubbed up, probably turning a somersault, the first two or three times that he feels the noose settle round his neck, and makes a mad rush for liberty. The snubbing-post is the usual adjunct in teaching such a lesson; but a skillful man can do without any help and throw a horse clean over by holding the rope tight against the left haunch, at the same time leaning so far back, with the legs straight in front, that the heels dig deep into the ground when the strain comes, and the horse, running out with the slack of the rope, is brought up standing, or even turned head over heels by the shock. Cowboys are probably the only men in the world who invariably wear gloves, buckskin gauntlets being preferred, as otherwise the ropes would soon take every particle of skin off their hands.



A HARD TRAIL.

A bronco-buster has to work by such violent methods in consequence of the short amount of time at his command. Horses are cheap, each outfit has a great many, and the wages for breaking an a imal are but five or ten dollars. Three rides, of an hour or two each, on as many consecutive days, are the outside number a bronco-buster deems

necessary before turning an animal over as "broken." The average bronco-buster, however, handles horses so very rudely that we prefer, aside from motives of economy, to break our own; and this is always possible, if we take enough time. The best and most quiet horses on the ranch are far from being those broken by the best riders; on the contrary, they are those that have been handled most gently, although firmly, and that have had the greatest number of days devoted to their education.

Some horses, of course, are almost incurably vicious, and must be conquered by main force. One pleasing brute on my ranch will at times rush at a man open-mouthed like a wolf, and this is a regular trick of the range-stallions. In a great many — indeed, in most — localities there are wild horses to be found, which, although invariably of domestic descent, being either themselves r. aways from some ranch or Indian outfit, or else claiming such for their sires and dams, yet are quite as wild as the antelope on whose domain they have intruded. Ranchmen run in these wild horses whenever possible, and they are but little more difficult to break than the so-called "tame" animals. But the wild stallions are, whenever possible, shot; both because of their propensity for driving off the ranch mares, and because their incurable viciousness makes them always unsafe companions for other horses still more than for men. A wild stallion fears no beast except the grizzly, and will not always flinch from an encounter with it; yet it is a curious fact that a jack will almost always kill one in a fair fight. The particulars of a fight of this sort were related to me by a cattle man who was engaged in bringing out blooded stock from the East. Among the animals under his charge were two great stallions, one gray and one black, and a fine jackass, not much over half the size of either of the former. The animals were kept in separate pens, but one



IN WITH THE HORSE HERD.

day both horses got into the same inclosure, next to the jack-pen, and began to fight as only enraged stallions can, striking like boxers with their fore feet, and biting with their teeth. The gray was getting the best of it; but while clinched with his antagonist in one tussle they rolled against the jack-pen, breaking it in. No sooner was the jack at liberty than, with ears laid back and mouth wide open, he made straight for the two horses, who had for the moment separated. The gray turned to meet him, rearing on his hind legs and striking at him with his fore feet; but the jack slipped in, and in a minute grasped his antagonist by the throat with his wide-open jaws, and then held on like a bull-dog, all four feet planted stiffly in the soil. The stallion made tremendous efforts to shake him off: he would try to whirl round and kick him, but for that the jack was too short; then he would rise up, lifting the jack off the ground, and strike at him with his fore feet; but all that he gained by this was to skin his foe's front legs without making him loose his hold. Twice they fell, and twice the stallion rose, by main strength dragging the jack with him; but all in vain. Meanwhile the black horse attacked both the combatants with perfect impartiality, striking and kicking them with his hoofs, while his teeth, as they slipped off the tough hides, met with a snap like that of a bear-trap. Undoubtedly the jack would have killed at least one of the horses had not the men come up, and with no small difficulty separated the maddened brutes.

If not breaking horses, mending saddles, or doing something else of the sort, the cowboys will often while away their leisure moments by practicing with the rope. A man cannot practice too much with this if he wishes to attain even moderate proficiency; and as a matter of fact he soon gets to wish to practice the whole time. A cowboy is always roping something, and it especially delights him to try his skill at game. A friend of mine, a young ranchman in the Judith basin, about three years ago roped a buffalo, and by the exercise of the greatest skill, both on his own part and on his steed's, actually succeeded, by alternate bullying and coaxing, in getting the huge brute almost into camp. I have occasionally known men on fast horses to rope deer, and even antelope, when circumstances all joined to favor them; and last summer one of the cowboys on a ranch about thirty miles off ran into and roped a wounded elk. A forty-foot lariat is the one commonly used, for the ordinary range at which a man can use it is only about twenty-five feet. Few men can throw forty feet; and to do this, taking into account the coil, needs a sixty-foot rope.

When the day's work is over we take supper, and bed-time comes soon afterward, for the men who live on ranches sleep well and soundly. As a rule, the nights are cool and bracing, even in midsummer; except when we occasionally have a spell of burning weather, with a steady, hot wind that blows in our faces like a furnace blast, sending the thermometer far up above a hundred and making us gasp for breath, even at night, in the dry-baked heat of the air. But it is only rarely that we get a few days of this sort; generally, no matter how unbearable the heat of the day has been, we can at least sleep pleasantly at night.

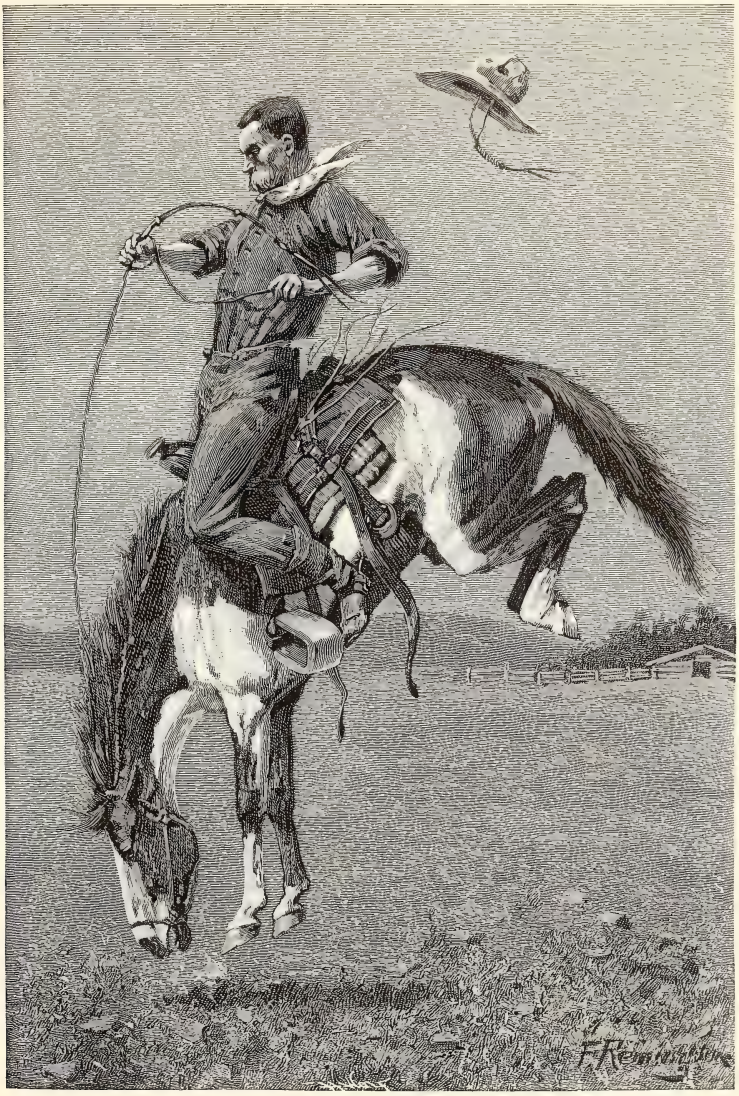
A ranchman's work is, of course, free from much of the sameness attendant upon that of a mere cowboy. One day he will ride out with his men among the cattle, or after strayed horses; the next he may hunt, so as to keep the ranch in meat; then he can make the tour of his outlying camps; or, again, may join one of the round-ups for a week or two, perhaps keeping with it the entire time it is working. On occasions he will have a good deal of spare time on his hands, which, if he chooses, he can spend in reading or writing. If he cares for books, there will be many a worn volume in the primitive little sitting-room, with its log walls and huge fireplace; but after a hard day's work a man will not read much, but will rock to and fro in the flickering firelight, talking sleepily over his success in the day's chase and the difficulty he has had with the cattle; or else may simply lie stretched at full length on the elk-hides and wolf-skins in front of the hearthstone, listening in drowsy silence to the roar and crackle of the blazing logs and to the moaning of the wind outside.

In the sharp fall weather the riding is delicious all day long; but even in the late spring, and all through the summer, we try, if we can, to do our work before the heat of the day, and if going on a long ride, whether to hunt or for other purposes, leave the ranch house by dawn.

The early rides in the spring mornings have a charm all their own, for they are taken when, for the one and only time during the year, the same brown landscape of these high plains turns to a vivid green, as the new grass sprouts and the trees and bushes thrust forth the young leaves; and at dawn, with the dew glittering everywhere, all things show at their best and freshest. The flowers are out and a man may gallop for miles at a stretch with his horse's hoofs sinking at every stride into the carpet of prairie roses, whose short stalks lift the beautiful blossoms but a few inches from the ground. Even in the waste places the cactuses are blooming; and one kind in particu-

lar, a dwarfish, globular plant, with its mass of splendid crimson flowers glows against the sides of the gray buttes like a splash of flame.

The ravines, winding about and splitting into a labyrinth of coulées, with chains of rounded hills to separate them, have groves of trees in their bottoms, over the sides of the water-courses. In these are found the black-tail deer, and his cousin, the whitetail, too, with his flaunting flag; but in the spring-time, when we are after antelope only, we must go out farther to the flat prairie land on the divide. Here, in places, the level, grassy plains are strewn with mounds and hillocks of red or gray scoria, that stand singly or clustered into little groups, their tops crested, or their sides covered, by queer, detached masses of volcanic rock, wrought into strange shapes by the dead forces whose blind, hidden strength long ago called them into being. The road our wagons take, when the water is too high for us to come down the river bottom, stretches far ahead — two dark, straight, parallel furrows



A BUCKING BRONCO.

which merge into one in the distance. Quaint little horned frogs crawl sluggishly along in the wheel tracks, and the sickle-billed curlews run over the ground or soar above and around the horsemen, uttering their mournful, never-ceasing clamor. The grass-land stretches out in the sunlight like a sea, every wind bending the blades into a ripple, and flecking the prairie with shifting patches of a different green from that around, exactly as the touch of a light squall or wind-gust will fleck the smooth surface of the ocean. Our Western plains differ widely in detail from those of Asia; yet they always call to mind

> . . . . The Scythian
> On the wide steppe.

In the spring mornings the rider on the plains will hear bird songs unknown in the East. The Missouri sky-lark sings while soaring above the great plateaus so high in the air that it is impossible to see the bird; and this habit of singing while soaring it shares with some sparrow-like birds that are often found in company with it. The white-shouldered lark-bunting, in its livery of black, has rich, full notes, and as it sings on the wing it reminds one of the bobolink; and the sweet-voiced lark-finch also utters its song in the air. These birds, and most of the sparrows of the plains, are characteristic of this region.

But many of our birds, especially those found in the wooded river bottoms, answer to those of the East; only almost each one has some marked point of difference from its Eastern representative. The bluebird out West is very much of a blue bird indeed, for it has no "earth tinge" on its breast at all; while the indigo-bird, on the contrary, has gained the ruddy markings that the other has lost. The flicker has the shafts of its wing and tail quills colored orange instead of yellow. The towhee has lost all title to its name, for its only cry is a mew like that of a cat-bird; while, most wonderful of all, the meadow-lark has found a rich, strong voice, and is one of the sweetest and most incessant singers we have.

Throughout June the thickets and groves about the ranch house are loud with bird music from before dawn till long after sunrise. The thrashers have sung all the night through from among the thorn-bushes if there has been a moon, or even if there has been bright starlight; and before the first glimmer of gray the bell-like, silvery songs of the shy wood-land thrushes chime in; while meadow-lark, robin, bluebird, and song sparrow, together with many rarer singers, like the grosbeak, join in swelling the chorus. There are some would-be singers whose intention is better than their execution. Blackbirds of several kinds are plenty round the house and stables, walking about with a knowing air, like so many dwarf crows; and now and then a flock of yellow-heads will mix for a few days with their purple or rusty-colored brethren. The males of these yellow-headed grakles are really handsome, their orange and yellow heads contrasting finely with the black of the rest of their plumage; but their voices are discordant to a degree. When a flock has done feeding it will often light in straggling order among the trees in front of the veranda, and then the males will begin to sing, or rather to utter the most extraordinary collection of broken sounds — creakings, gurglings, hisses, twitters, and every now and then a liquid note or two. It is like an accentuated representation of the noise made by a flock of common blackbirds. At nightfall the poor-wills begin to utter their boding call from the wooded ravines back in the hills; not "whip-poor-will," as in the East, but with two syllables only. They often come round the ranch house. Late one evening I had been sitting motionless on the veranda, looking out across the water and watching the green and brown of the hill-tops change to purple and umber and then fade off into shadowy gray as the somber darkness deepened. Suddenly a poor-will lit on the floor beside me and stayed some little time; now and then uttering its mournful cries, then ceasing for a few moments as it flitted round after insects, and again returning to the same place to begin anew. The little owls, too, call to each other with tremulous, quavering voices throughout the livelong night, as they sit in the creaking trees that overhang the roof. Now and then we hear the wilder voices of the wilderness, from animals that in the hours of darkness do not fear the neighborhood of man: the coyotes wail like dismal ventriloquists, or the silence may be broken by the strident challenge of a lynx, or by the snorting and stamping of a deer that has come to the edge of the open.

In the hot noontide hours of midsummer the broad ranch veranda, always in the shade, is almost the only spot where a man can be comfortable; but here he can sit for hours at a time, leaning back in his rocking-chair as he reads or smokes, or with half-closed, dreamy eyes gazes across the shallow, nearly dry river-bed to the wooded bottoms opposite, and to the plateaus lying back of them. Against the sheer white faces of the cliffs, that come down without a break, the dark green tree-tops stand out in bold relief. In the hot, lifeless air all objects that are not near by seem to sway and waver. There are few sounds to break the stillness. From the upper branches of the cottonwood trees overhead, whose shimmer-

ing, tremulous leaves are hardly ever quiet, but if the wind stirs at all, rustle and quaver and sigh all day long, comes every now and then the soft, melancholy cooing of the mourning dove, whose voice always seems far away and expresses more than any other sound in nature the sadness of gentle, hopeless, never-ending grief. The other birds are still; and very few animals move about. Now and then the black shadow of a wheeling vulture falls on the sun-scorched ground. The cattle, that have strung down in long files from the hills, lie quietly on the sand-bars, except that some of the bulls keep traveling up and down, bellowing and routing or giving vent to long, surly grumblings as they paw the sand and toss it up with their horns. At times the horses, too, will come down to drink, and to splash and roll in the water.

The prairie-dogs alone are not daunted by the heat, but sit at the mouths of their burrows with their usual pert curiosity. They are both-



CRUISING FOR STOCK.

ersome little fellows, and most prolific, increasing in spite of the perpetual war made on them by every carnivorous bird and beast. One of their worst foes is the black-footed ferret, a handsome, rather rare animal, somewhat like a mink, with a yellow-brown body and dark feet and mask. It is a most bloodthirsty little brute, feeding on all small animals and ground birds. It will readily master a jack-rabbit, will kill very young fawns if it finds them in the

mother's absence, and work extraordinary havoc in a dog town, as it can follow the wretched little beasts down into the burrows. In one instance, I knew of a black-footed ferret making a succession of inroads on a ranchman's poultry, killing and carrying off most of them before it was trapped. Coyotes, foxes, swifts, badgers, and skunks also like to lurk about the dog towns. Of the skunks, by the way, we had last year altogether too much; there was a perfect plague of them all along the river, and they took to trying to get into the huts, with the stupid pertinacity of the species. At every ranch house dozens were killed, we ourselves bagging thirty-three, all slain near the house, and one, to our unspeakable sorrow, in it.

In making a journey over ground we know, during the hot weather we often prefer to ride by moonlight. The moon shines very brightly through the dry, clear night air, turning the gray buttes into glimmering silver; and the horses travel far more readily and easily than under the glaring noonday sun. The road between my upper and lower ranch houses is about forty miles long, sometimes following the river-bed, and then again branching off inland, crossing the great plateaus and winding through the ravines of the broken country. It is a five-hours' fair ride; and so, in a hot spell, we like to take it during the cool of the night, starting at sunset. After nightfall the face of the country seems to alter marvelously, and the cool moonlight only intensifies the change. The river gleams like running quicksilver, and the moonbeams play over the grassy stretches of the plateaus and glance off the wind-rippled blades as they would from water. The Bad Lands seem to be stranger and wilder than ever, the silvery rays turning the country into a kind of grim fairy-land. The grotesque, fantastic outlines of the higher cliffs stand out with startling clearness, while the lower buttes have become formless, misshapen masses, and the deep gorges are in black shadow; in the darkness there will be no sound but the rhythmic echo of the hoof-beats of the horses, and the steady, metallic clank of the steel bridle-chains.

But the fall is the time for riding; for in the keen, frosty air neither man nor beast will tire, though out from the dawn until the shadows have again waxed long and the daylight has begun to wane, warning all to push straight for home without drawing rein. Then deer-saddles and elk-haunches hang from the trees near the house; and one can have good sport right on the sand of the river-bed, for we always keep shot-gun or rifle at hand, to be ready for any prairie chickens, or for such of the passing water-fowl as light in the river near us. Occasionally we take a shot at a flock of waders, among which the pretty avocets are the most striking in looks and manners. Prairie fowl are quite plenty all round us, and occasionally small flocks come fairly down into the yard, or perch among the trees near by. At evening they fly down to the river to drink, and as they sit on the sand-bars offer fine marks for the rifles. So do the geese and ducks when they occasionally light on the same places or paddle leisurely down stream in the middle of the river; but to make much of a bag of these we have to use the heavy No. 10, choke-bore shot-gun, while the little 16-bore fowling-piece is much the handiest for prairie fowl. A good many different kinds of water-fowl pass, ranging in size from a teal duck to a Canada goose, and all of them at times help to eke out our bill of fare. Last fall a white-fronted goose lit on the river in front of the ranch house, and three of us, armed with miscellaneous weapons, went out after him; we disabled him, and then after much bad shooting, and more violent running through thick sand and thick underbrush, finally overtook and most foully butchered him. The snow geese and common wild geese are what we usually kill, however.

Sometimes strings of sandbill cranes fly along the river, their guttural clangor being heard very far off. They usually light on a plateau, where sometimes they form rings and go through a series of queer antics, dancing and posturing to each other. They are exceedingly wide-awake birds, and more shy and wary than antelope, so that they are rarely shot; yet once I succeeded in stalking up to a group in the early morning, and firing into them rather at random, my bullet killed a full-grown female. Its breast, when roasted, proved to be very good eating.

Sometimes we vary our diet with fish — wall-eyed pike, ugly, slimy catfish, and other uncouth finny things, looking very fit denizens of the mud-choked water; but they are good eating withal, in spite of their uncanny appearance. We usually catch them with set lines, left out overnight in the deeper pools.

The cattle are fattest and in best condition during the fall, and it is then that the bulk of the beef steers are gathered and shipped — four-year-olds as a rule, though some threes and some fives go along with them. Cattle are a nuisance while hunting on foot, as they either take fright and run off when they see the hunter, scaring all game within sight, or else, what is worse, follow him, blustering and bullying and pretending that they are on the point of charging, but rarely actually doing so. Still, they are occasionally really dangerous,

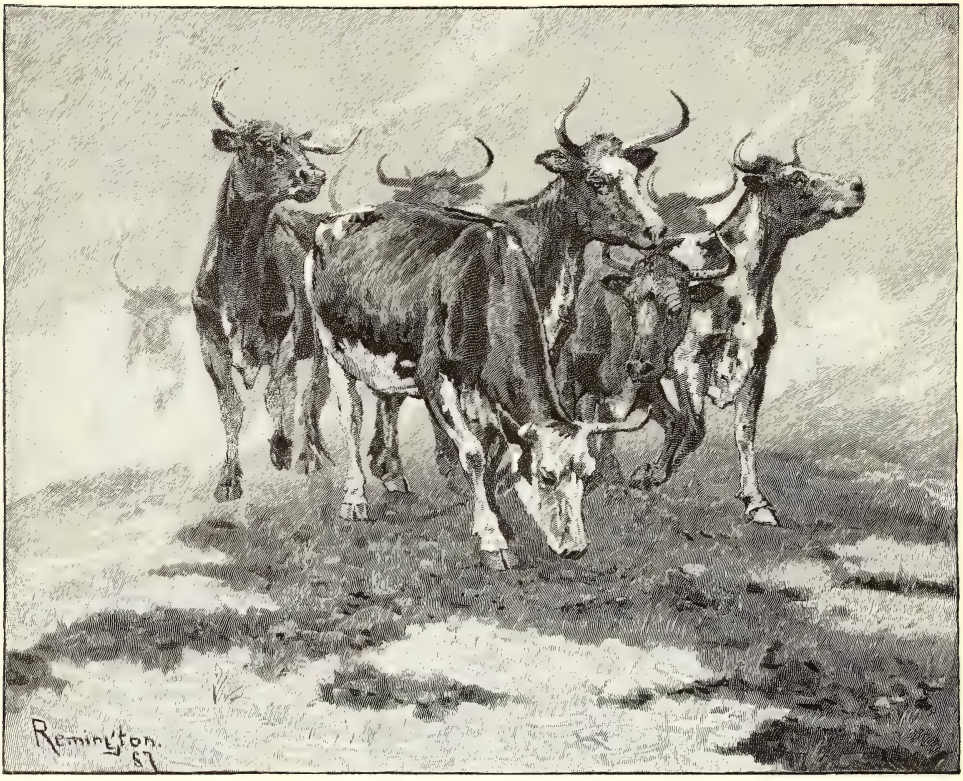


LINE RIDING IN WINTER.

and it is never entirely safe for a man to be on foot when there is a chance of meeting the droves of long-horned steers. But they will always bluster rather than fight, whether with men or beasts, or with one another. The bulls and some of the steers are forever traveling and challenging each other, never ceasing their hoarse rumbling and moaning and their long-drawn, savage bellowing, tearing up the banks with their horns and sending little spurts of dust above their shoulders with their fore hoofs; yet they do not seem especially fond of real fighting, although, of course, they do occasionally have most desperate and obstinate set-tos with one another. A large bear will make short work of a bull: a few months ago one of the former killed a very big bull near a ranch house a score of miles or so distant, and during one night tore up and devoured a large part of his victim. The ranchman poisoned the carcass and killed the bear.

In the winter there is much less work than at any other season, but what there is involves great hardship and exposure. Many of the men are discharged after the summer is over, and during much of the cold weather there is little to do except hunt now and then, and in very bitter days lounge about the house. But some of the men are out in the line camps, and the ranchman has occasionally to make the round of these; and besides that, one or more of the cowboys who are at home ought to be out every day when the cattle have become weak, so as to pick up and drive in any beast that will otherwise evidently fail to get through the season — a cow that has had an unusually early calf being particularly apt to need attention. The horses shift for themselves and need no help. Often, in winter, the Indians cut down the cottonwood trees and feed the tops to their ponies; but this is not done to keep them from starving, but only to keep them from wandering off in search of grass. Besides, the ponies are very fond of the bark of the young cottonwood shoots, and it is healthy for them.

The men in the line camps lead a hard life, for they have to be out in every kind of



CATTLE DRIFTING BEFORE THE STORM.

weather, and should be especially active and watchful during the storms. The camps are established along some line which it is proposed to make the boundary of the cattle's drift in a given direction. For example, we care very little whether our cattle wander to the Yellowstone; but we strongly object to their drifting east and south-east towards the granger country and the Sioux reservation, especially as when they drift that way they come out on flat, bare plains where there is danger of perishing. Accordingly, the cowmen along the Little Missouri have united in establishing a row of camps to the east of the river, along the line where the broken ground meets the prairie. The camps are usually for two men each, and some fifteen or twenty miles apart; then, in the morning, its two men start out in opposite ways, each riding till he meets his neighbor of the next camp nearest on that side, when he returns. The camp itself is sometimes merely a tent pitched in a sheltered coulée, but ought to be either made of logs or else a dug-out in the ground. A small corral and horse-shed is near by, with enough hay for the ponies, of which each rider has two or three. In riding over the beat each man drives any cattle that have come near it back into the Bad Lands, and if he sees by the hoof-marks that a few have strayed out over the line very recently, he will follow and fetch them home. They must be shoved well back into the Bad Lands before a great storm strikes them; for if they once begin to drift in masses before an icy gale it is impossible for a small number of men to hold them, and the only thing is to let them go, and then to organize an expedition to follow them as soon as possible. Line riding is very cold work, and dangerous too, when the men have to be out in a blinding snowstorm, or in a savage blizzard that takes the spirit in the thermometer far down below zero. In the worst storms it is impossible for any man to be out.

But other kinds of work besides line riding necessitate exposure to bitter weather. Once, while spending a few days over on Beaver Creek hunting up a lost horse, I happened to meet a cowboy who was out on the same errand, and made friends with him. We started home together across the open prairies, but were caught in a very heavy snow-storm almost immediately after leaving the ranch where we

had spent the night. We were soon completely turned round, the great soft flakes — for, luckily, it was not cold — almost blinding us, and we had to travel entirely by compass. After feeling our way along for eight or nine hours, we finally got down into the broken country near Sentinel Butte and came across an empty hut, a welcome sight to men as cold, hungry, and tired as we were. In this hut we passed the night very comfortably, picketing our horses in a sheltered nook near by, with plenty of hay from an old stack. To while away the long evening, I read Hamlet aloud, from a little pocket Shakspere. The cowboy, a Texan,— one of the best riders I have seen, and also a very intelligent as well as a thoroughly good fellow in every way,— was greatly interested in it and commented most shrewdly on the parts he liked, especially Polonius's advice to Laertes, which he translated into more homely language with great relish, and ended with the just criticism that "old Shakspere saveyed human natur' some"— savey being a verb presumably adapted into the limited plains' vocabulary from the French.

Even for those who do not have to look up stray horses, and who are not forced to ride the line day in and day out, there is apt to be some hardship and danger in being abroad during the bitter weather; yet a ride in mid-winter is certainly fascinating. The great white country wrapped in the powdery snow-drift seems like another land; and the familiar landmarks are so changed that a man must be careful lest he lose his way, for the discomfort of a night in the open during such weather is very great indeed. When the sun is out the glare from the endless white stretches dazzles the eyes; and if the gray snow-clouds hang low and only let a pale, wan light struggle through, the lonely wastes become fairly appalling in their desolation. For hour after hour a man may go on and see no sign of life except, perhaps, a big white owl sweeping noiselessly by, so that in the dark it looks like a snow-wreath; the cold gradually chilling the rider to the bones, as he draws his fur cap tight over his ears and muffles his face in the huge collar of his wolf-skin coat, and making the shaggy little steed drop head and tail as it picks its way over the frozen soil. There are few moments more pleasant than the home-coming, when, in the gathering darkness, after crossing the last chain of ice-covered buttes, or after coming round the last turn in the wind-swept valley, we see, through the leafless trees, or across the frozen river, the red gleam of the firelight as it shines through the ranch windows and flickers over the trunks of the cottonwoods outside, warming a man's blood by the mere hint of the warmth awaiting him within.

Theodore Roosevelt.

LIFTED VEILS.

O THAT you were alive again, and here!
The veils that fell between us long ago,
Are lifted. Once a few alone could know
Your deepest soul. Now time has shown how near
You stood to us, even when we shrank in fear
Lest a keen shaft of satire from your bow
Should make you seem sometimes half friend, half foe,
To those whose vision was than yours less clear;
But now your heart with all its hidden springs
Lies written in your books and in your life.
Ah, we could talk together now, and naught
Could intervene to clog the spirit's wings,
To chill the feelings or confuse the thought,
Or cloud the speech with argument or strife.

C. P. Cranch.



THE WHITE TSAR'S PEOPLE.

PART I.

I.

THE White Tsar's people cry,
"Thou God of the heat and the cold,
Of storm and of lightning,
Of darkness and dawn's red brightening;
Hold, Lord God, hold —
Hold Thy hand lest we curse Thee and die!"

II.

The White Tsar's people pray,
"Thou God of the south and the north,
We are crushed, we are bleeding,
'T is Christ, 't is Thy Son, interceding:
Forth, Lord, come forth!
Bid the slayer no longer slay!"

III.

The White Tsar's people call
Aloud to the skies of lead:
"We are slaves, not freemen;
Ourselves, our children, our women,—
Dead, we are dead,
Though we breathe, we are dead men all.

IV.

"Blame not if we misprize thee,
Who canst, but will not, draw near.
'T is Thou who hast made us,—
Not Thou, dread God, to upbraid us.
Hear, Lord God, hear!
Lest we whom Thou madest despise Thee."

PART II.

I.

Then answered the most high God,
Lord of the heat and the cold,
Of storm and of lightning,
Of darkness and dawn's red brightening:
"Bold, yea, too bold,
Whom I wrought from the air and the clod!

II.

"Hast thou forgotten from me
Are those ears so quick to hear
The passion and anguish
Of your sisters, your children, who languish
Near? Ah, not near,—
Far off by the uttermost sea!

III.

"Who gave ye your hearts to bleed
And brains to plan and to plan?
Why call ye on heaven,—
'T is the earth that to you is given!
Plead, ye may plead,
But for man I work through man.

IV.

"Who gave ye a voice to utter
Your tale to the wind and the sea?
One word well spoken,
And the iron gates are broken.
From me, yea, from me,
The word that ye will not mutter.

V.

"I love not murder but ruth.
Begone from my sight, ye who take
The knife of the coward,—
Even ye who by heaven were dowered!
Wake ye, oh wake,
And strike with the sword of Truth!

VI.

"Fear ye lest I misprize ye —
I who fashioned not brutes, but men.
After the lightning
And darkness — the dawn's red brightening!
Men — be ye men!
Lest I who made ye despise ye!"

R. W. Gilder.



HERCULES: A HERO.



ON a bright and mild early November afternoon, a young man who had alighted from a train at the Welshtown station was walking up and down and whistling on the otherwise empty platform. He was a tall, fresh-colored, brown-mustached young fellow, dressed in a well-made business suit; he had set down a hand-bag of alligator-leather and a neatly incased gun. Presently, finding that whistling had its boundaries as a resource, he consulted a large gold watch. Frank Mallard had indeed everything handsome about him; you may imagine what a completely and admirably equipped person he appeared to the countryman for whom he was waiting. You are not, however, to suppose that this individual's admiration was other than the unenvious tribute of one who felt himself at root an equal. He now came in sight, driving a pensive old sorrel horse; the once white top of his rickety wagon much besplashed with mud. He checked his not impetuous animal at a little distance from the platform, and slowly inquired, moving his whip dreamily, and fixing upon Frank the healthy stare of his light-blue eyes:

"We-ell; so ye *did* git down, Mr. Mallard?"

"Hello, Jerry!" cried Frank in his hearty way, picking up the bag and gun. "You 're a punctual man, you are!" These voices rang out pleasantly in the slumberous stillness. "How 's the pups?" asked the younger man ungrammatically, as Jerry leaned out to greet him with a violent sawing shake of the hand.

"We-ell," said Jerry thoughtfully, "the puppies is werry thin — *wer*-ry thin. I don't disguise it from you, Mr. Mallard." He grasped his conscience, which he found inclined to slide away from the fact, with some sternness.

Frank laughed; he had hardly heard Jerry's answer. He felt joyous; the scent of moist leaves, the broad and peaceful though now lessening autumn light possessed him, though he could not have expressed the feeling. He should indeed have been happy. He was twenty-four years old, good-looking, in perfect health, swimming in the easy business success which to one's wonder sometimes seems the native element of otherwise stupid men, and he had a holiday which took him out of range of a sarcastic father conscious of his son's limitations. This holiday he was about to spend in shooting over his two handsome young setters, presumably now highly accomplished, Jerry having had them in his care for some time. Dog-training was not, however, Jeremiah Hand's profession; he had a small farm, which he lazily cultivated. His wants were few, his inertia great, and wringing subsistence from the soil was a harshness not to be charged upon him; the soil would have given much more than he took. He loved gunning, dogs, companionship, tobacco, and the narration around the fire of rambling, pointless fictions. Frank had heard of him and his sagacity in matters canine from a person who kept the grounds of the athletic club to which he (Frank) belonged,—an intimate whom he called "Cholley." Jerry had been summoned to the city expressly that he might take Flash and Fan to his own home for tuition. Frank was proud of his ownership of these pretty creatures, who derived their descent, as he never tired of explaining, from that famous old prize-winner, Mr. Ramford's Flame. Their master had not till now partaken of his trainer's hospitality. The red winding road, full of "thank-you-ma'ams," along which they were passing, was new to him. The woods were not yet bare ruined choirs: here stood a maple, which still kept something of its brightness; here a rich brown and there a blood-red oak; now again, Corot-like, black branched, yellow-gray, a ghostly willow; and now a slender birch, its little light-golden leaves, dancing and twinkling along the silver stem, all a-tiptoe to fly away, as though the tree bore butterflies.

"The old woman, she said you would n't come," said Jerry, "but I told her, ye-es; ye-es. Lord, women folks hain't got no notion what sport is to a man. Now, my Sarer,— you hain't seen my Sarer,— she says to me, 'Why, father, what d'ye find in 't?' And I jest says, 'Sarer,' says I, 'you're a nice girl, a nice girl; but when all 's said and done, you 're *merely* a woman!'— Wot 's your gun, Mr. Mal-lard?"

Jerry made a spondee of Frank's name, which seemed to taste well to his tongue. Further peculiarities of his speech were, that when deliberating he would break a monosyl-

lable in two softly, which gave a fine effect of fair-minded consideration; but the letter *r* was to him ever uncompromising as a chestnut-burr.

"My gun?—a Parker. She 's a beauty!" said Frank, affectionately.

"Britch-loader, hey?" said Jerry, a slight shade of doubt clouding his open features. He thrust his sandy chin-beard out argumentatively. "We-ell, there 's advantages to the old-fashioned guns, sir. Yes, sir. There 's a man lives over here"—he gave his whip a generously comprehensive flourish—"has got a gun. I jest wisht you could see the working of that gun! It 's a' old-fashioned gun, Mr. Mallard; muzzle-loader; but, Man!" Jerry often apostrophized abstract humanity. He paused now in silent contemplation of the absent gun's virtues.

Frank laughed with good-natured derision. "Who 's your friend?" he asked.

"Herc'less, Herc'less Jimpson, is the name of that man, sir," said Jerry; "and he kin *shoot!* He 's a kind of re-lated to me, too, afar off."

"*What 's* his name?" said Frank.

"Herc'less. Cureyus, ain't it? I been told the orig'nal Herc'less was a Heer-O. That 's what he was; but I do' know the partic'lars. Name sounds forren, don't it? I must keep it in mind t' ask Sarer."

Frank's classical knowledge extended to Hercules, who had given a name to the athletic association formerly mentioned; and he found Jerry's dimness on the subject delightful. "She 'll know, will she?" he inquired, grinning.

"We-ell, she knows the most of things, sir," said Jerry, modestly. He said "sir" simply as an embellishment to conversation. "Her mother is a remarkable woman; but she 's gone beyond her, 'way beyond her. He-er we are!"

They had come to a short lane, from the opening of which was visible an unpainted and shackly dwelling; and now out ran Jerry's own shabby, slapping-gaited old setter Sam, and following him the aristocratic Flash and Fan, as lively as they were lean.

"Sarer" was not absolutely untraceable as Jerry's daughter; her long features had a hint of his. Her abundant hair was of a light red-bronze color, her complexion fair and pure, her eyes a warm, lucent brown. Mrs. Hand was a sallow, smiling, dark-eyed person with defective teeth; the kind of country-woman whose appearance carries the suggestion of a garden with marigolds and zinnias, and a low house with a best parlor smelling damp. Her horizon, originally wider than Jerry's, had narrowed with years; the last traces of the "smartness" predicated of her when a girl were to be found in an occasional touch of asperity towards her inactive husband, and in her insistence that Sarah should have "advantages." The girl had accordingly been sent to sojourn with her mother's relations in a distant village, where for a while she attended school. She was able to give her father some information on the subject of the "Heer-O" after whom their kinsman had been called, which kinsman's name she continued, in spite of her advantages, to pronounce according to tradition, "Herc'less." While she was instructing Jerry, somewhat vaguely, it must be owned, he looked at Frank meaningly, as though he would say, "You and I understand it 's nonsense, Mr. Mal-lard; but Lord! I 'm proud to have her know it." Frank, however, was not observing him. He uttered softly to himself, as Sarah went out of the room, the sentence which he had lately applied to his gun, "She 's a beauty!"

For her part, Sarah noticed that evening that the head their guest bent over a cracked cup of inexplicably bluish tea shone sleekly in the lamp-light with the hue of a brown oak-leaf. What a manly, easy way he had! With what mellow chest tones he spoke! What a neat large hand, wearing a wonderful ring with a dark carved stone!

Frank found, next morning, the action of his dogs quite promising; Jerry was wonder-struck by the performance of Frank's gun; and a number of quails departed this pleasant life with unanticipated suddenness. At perhaps twelve o'clock, Jerry's old game-bag and the pockets of his guest's corduroy coat having been fed fat by the ancient grudge man bears his brute fellow-creatures, they left the woods and came to a small old farm-house standing lonely among fields, the faint blue of its rising smoke adding a picturesque touch to the autumnal russet of far-blended foliage. This was the home of Herc'less, who came to meet them from the rudely built barn. He was of middle height, with a slouching walk and slight stoop; he wore a coat of that varied olive which is obviously the long result of time. His demeanor was passive while he and Frank were put through the cumbrous form of country introduction, and so continued during a meal of his own preparing, of which he lifelessly invited them to partake; Frank falling to with the appetite that glorifies plain fare. Herc'less even received the result of a trial of skill and shot-guns, in which he and his superannuated muzzle-loader were worsted, rather as a decree of fate, to be accepted with resignation, than with the heat of annoyance and flurry of ingenious explanation to be expected of mankind under the circumstances.

Frank looked at him with curiosity; what cold-blooded creature was this? The face he scrutinized had a sightless side, the expression of which was utterly depressed; but Herc'less suddenly turned his head, and met Frank with his single mild, honest, blue-gray eye; it was like the sudden letting of light into a room. "That gun of yourn," he said with more cordiality than he had yet shown, "is a dum good gun; that 's what it is!"

As Frank and Jerry tramped homeward in the mist of evening, after some hours less successfully spent than their agreeably destructive forenoon, the young man's thought returned to this face of the defeated Herc'less, with its neutral-brown hair that turned up at the ends, and spiritless flow of untrimmed beard.

"Live man, your friend is, Jerry!" he said with not ill-natured irony, as he snapped one of the forked seeds called "two-legged angels" from his shooting-coat.

"Herc'less," said Jerry, chewing a raw turnip, "has had his sorrers, and grievious to bear. And he hain't never cheered up. Never. That is to say, fully and completely. But," he added, half interrogatively, "he kin make a wer-ry good rabbit stew."

"I 'll swear to that," cried Frank heartily. "But what happened to him, Jerry?"

"We-ell, ye see, Herc'less," said Jerry, pausing for recollection after stating the subject of his tale, as though he had read its title,—"he was a volunteer in '61. A Zoo-av. There was a man down here had a notion of raising one of them flapping-legged reg'ments. He was wer-ry loyal, Herc'less. Not that I liked the yunerform of them Zoo-avs." He frowned slightly. "It was a little too, as you might say, galliant and gay."

The idea of Herc'less ever having had a gay and gallant appearance sent Frank into a fit of loud laughter, during which Jerry stared at him, evidently meditating. "He 's got a bullet into him!" he said suddenly, with a flash of pride in his kinsman.

"That so?" gasped Frank, still stabbed with mirth.

"We-ell," resumed Jerry, "he was sparking before the war, and they was a-going to be married. She wa' n't pretty," he admitted impartially, "but a wer-ry nice disposition. They was both great Meth'dists. Man, they was pious! Well, she says Go, and he went."

"Went where?" said Frank, getting over a fence.

"To the seat of war, sir," answered Jerry ornamentally. "She jest cried her eyes out."

"Why, you said she sent him," said Frank stupidly.

"The women folks," explained Jerry, with the deep look of an astronomer stating starry phenomena, "was *unusually* queer about '61. Well, jest at the time Herc'less was in the hospital with his left eye and his bullet,— you re-marked his left eye, of course,— Mirandy she up and died."

"Oh! Is that all?" asked Frank. "That was a long time ago."

"That 's all," said Jerry with a shade of surprise. The events of a bare life take perhaps larger proportion in the open than among tall crowded city buildings. "I guess Herc'less thought 't 'd about do. He hain't never, as I say, fully cheered up."

Frank here refreshed himself with a mouthful of spicy turnip, and while ruminating on it decided that the course of Herc'less was weak and unlike a man. Frank had a rather clumsily drawn ideal picture which he called "A Man." He was made a by-word among his associates by certain informal lectures on current topics invariably beginning, "A man, you know, he don't," or, "he does," as the occasion might demand.

"But he 's a-coming around now grajuly — grajuly; 'n' he could n't have took a better way, sir, than what he *has* took, if I *do* say it. What d' ye think —" Jerry broke off suddenly. "Lord, Mr. Mal-lard," he said in an agitated whisper, "if Van Brunt hain't let his bull git outer that field ag'in! That 's a dangerous bull, sir! Man! Hear him ro-ar?" A sound by no means inviting came upon the wind. Frank walked on gingerly in the dusk, looking around him like a boy who has heard ghost stories. He had a fair amount of physical courage, yet felt no stern joy in the prospect of encountering this highly recommended animal. Jerry followed him with his mouth drawn down demurely, "'sh!"-ing occasionally with loud force, and laboring to suppress his chuckles. He had no fear of the bull, but, hearing him "ro-ar," had indulged the impulse to embody his idea of a joke at the expense of a man with so unnaturally perfect a gun. Hence Frank lost the opportunity of learning by what course the bereaved Herc'less was likely to be "completely cheered up."

"I s'pose you been tellin' all you know, as usual," remarked Jerry's helpmate severely the same night.

"All I know?" repeated Jerry, aghast. He had suffered from low domestic temperature all the evening.

"Hain't you told him about Sarer?" asked his wife, fixing him with her glittering eye.

"I was jest getting to it," owned Jerry feebly.

"Well, you better not get to it, I *think*. I never see," she remarked with seeming irrelevance, "anybody without a particle of discretion! Everybody 's got to know everything

all about the fam'ly, right off. I should n't think you 'd *like* to!"

Jerry quailed, attributing the bad taste of his conduct to his general inferiority as compared with this "remarkable woman." His mind had a liberality not always found in men of more liberal education; he could conceive the legitimate existence of feelings he by no means understood. He dutifully kept silence on the prohibited subject. But who knows whether it was really a fine sense of the sacredness of "fam'ly" matters, or a desire that her daughter should enjoy to the full certain further "advantages," that edged the protesting tongue of Mrs. Hand?

Frank saw Herc'less but once more during his stay; the latter was shy, and inclined to avoid Jerry's hearth while a guest sat thereby. He had on the occasion of their second meeting the same uninterested demeanor; walking, talking, even laughing,— though he rarely laughed,— all as if he were tired. It seemed impossible that this cold-looking, dull-colored life had had any part in the hot glow of the war; yet it was a gray crumbling ash, not a stone. This man had hoped, had exulted, had burned with courage, with fervid religion, with love; it was all over now, one would have said; the fire quite out. Yet sometimes a little bloom of orange light creeps along the side of a whitened ember that is blown upon; and had Frank chanced to note Herc'less turning his face towards the pleasant sound of Sarah's voice, he might have perceived a somewhat similar effect.

But while this voice was speaking, the young man was noting little except the brilliant red lips whence it came. Decidedly Jerry's daughter had sufficient rounded and warm-tinted beauty to impart to the ugliest lines of stiff calico some "grace and glimmer of romance"; and to such beauty one is not slow in surrendering unconditionally, if he have a love for rosy cheeks and an admiration for coral lips, unhampered by the possession of any intellectual ideal of his "not impossible she."

This dull young fellow was ill at ease in the society of the dainty maidens constituting the set into which his father pushed him. He was not disliked by these young ladies, whose complexities so bewildered him; they simply felt that he was not of their world, and he often, in red and hot humiliation, felt it too. But to Sarah Hand honest Frank was a Prince Charming,— here his narratives of boat-races and regatta-dinners and sparring-matches were fresh and fascinating; here he warmed himself— he stretched out his spiritual soles to the congenial fire of admiration, and was straightway singed. Sarah had no ambition; she had inherited Jerry's sweet, easy, drifting nature; but had she "gone beyond" her mother in "management" as well as in "book-learning," she could not have builded better than she now did unconsciously, on the foundation-stone of Frank's boyish egotism.

He made another though necessarily a brief visit to Welshtown in November; and some ten days before Christmas ran down again, to get, he said, "a last crack at the birds before the law was up." But if this was what he wished, he was unfortunate; for on the evening of his arrival a heavy snow-storm began, continuing several days: to clinch the necessity of his remaining indoors, Frank had taken a severe cold. Yet under these afflictions he was singularly patient, and bore like a martyr the moldy anecdotes brought from the crypt of Jerry's memory. He had a number of delicious interviews with Sarah: it was the longest of these talks that was interrupted by the entrance of Jerry, stamping, shaking, and presently steaming plenteously, one afternoon when he had gone, from a superstitious compunction, to look up Herc'less. Jerry, who rarely dreamed, had had the night before an uncanny vision concerning his kinsman, which he had elaborately described in the morning, so that the family had breakfasted full of horrors. He had found Herc'less suffering from rheumatism, and as usual without society more inspiriting than that of Peter Slade, the taciturn, loutish fellow who helped him on the small farm. There was a pathos about this uncomplaining Herc'less that melted Jerry's heart in one spot, and somehow correspondingly hardened it in another. Why, Frank's cold was being most considerately treated: at the very moment when Jerry burst in upon that cozy kitchen chat, a little saucepan of "stewed Quaker," prepared by Sarah at the suggestion of the thoughtful Mrs. Hand, was bubbling on the stove; and close to this same stove— and consequently not very far from each other— these two young people were sitting, the flickering candle light, for it was now near supper-time, sufficing to show in their faces the peculiar expression which indicates that its wearers are on an enchanted island together, and must cross, startled, to you at your hail, for you cannot go to them. Jerry's eyebrows came together in a frown.

He was far from any conception of the situation based upon, or even including, the idea of a social inequality between his daughter and Frank Mallard. He had, moreover, a thoroughly trustful liking for the hearty-mannered young man. It was the manifest unfairness of things that afflicted him. "Now where, I want to know," his thought ran, "does Herc'less's rights come in?" This consideration wrought him up to a resolve; it seemed para-

mount even to his duty towards those exceedingly delicate scruples on the part of his superior wife which he had heretofore respected.

At supper Jerry dwelt much upon the wretched condition of the lonely Herc'less, looking hard at Sarah as he spoke. A wild-rose color grew in the girl's cheeks. Mrs. Hand eyed him movelessly, in a dreadful stony condemnation.

"Lord! if I was him," said Jerry with apparent innocence, "how I *would* look for'd to spring! Man!"

"Yes, he won't have no more rheumatiz when it gits warm," said his wife with great presence of mind. "Mr. Mallard, *do* have some fat meat." But this forlorn hope of drawing off Frank's attention failed. He rejected the singularly oleaginous delicacy offered, and stared heavily at Jerry.

"Ye-es," said Jerry genially. "Ye-es; but 'tain't altergether that — not altergether — is it, Sarer? There 'll be some one to ca-er for him then, as I may say," he continued with great meaning.

But having developed this point, he delivered a fresh cargo of nourishment with his knife and relapsed into a masterly inactivity, influenced, not by the discouraging front of his wife, but by a single quick, appealing glance from Sarah's light-brown eyes,— a glance that had sought him like a frightened bird.

He stubbornly outsat, that evening, his wife and daughter, who would remain upon the scene, the former determined, as long as they could. Frank was moody, and shied nervously from one of the disinterred anecdotes. Jerry fell to his last resource, the slow and hard-breathing perusal of a book — Sarah's, of course. Her few books were principally works of fiction, representing love as a pleasant adjunct to strictly orthodox religion. Jerry generally stigmatized them as "tomfoolishness." But this night he sat holding one firmly, with his great horny thumbs uppermost; his respiration gradually became louder; his head dropped by degrees; his lips opened.

"I think," said his wife sarcastically, as he straightened himself with a Jack-in-the-box movement, "if I was beat out I 'd go to bed, and not set gappin' like a catfish and snorin' like a — don'-know-what."

"We-ell," said Jerry deliberately, "perraps you 'n' Sarer *better* go." It became evident to Mrs. Hand that he was in one of the very infrequent moods which she characterized by a reference to a homely animal of singular will-power. He arose, filled and lit his pipe, drew his wooden chair nearer to the stove, and leaned back with his head on one side, extending his length of limb that the grateful heat might comfort his feet, clad in huge blue woolen socks. "As for me, I wan't even asleep," he said in an injured tone rare with him, "let alone snore."

His wife withdrew her forces. The door once shut, Frank, who had sat, with his chair tilted back, abstractedly smoking a cigar, now looked hard at Jerry. Jerry glanced up calmly at him.

"I hain't never told you," he said slowly, "not supposing 't 'd inter*rest* you, that Herc'less and Sarer was a-going to git married next spring." Frank said nothing.

"I s'pose you 're surprised. We-ell, I will say," continued Jerry fairly, "that when he first began coming around with a' apparient view to mattermony, *I* was supprised. And Mrs. H—— *she* was supprised; and she did n't favor it largely. But when she see Sarer's mind was *sot*" (Frank's teeth clinched on his cigar), "she says, wait till spring; so they 've waited. She says, says Mrs. H——, 't was all Sarer's soft-heartedness; and I hain't denyin' it, Sarer *has* got a soft heart. Durn a young woman that hain't! But she was sot; and I wan't sorry. It 's a good thing for him, sir; and as I see it, it 's a good thing for her."

"Why?" said Frank explosively.

"We-ell," said Jerry sagaciously, "you hain't seen much of Herc'less; I 've re-marked that he staid away while you was he-er. He hain't no hand to make acquaintances. But I know Herc'less wer-ry well. He 's a square man, sir; a square man." He nodded with a pleasant sense of his grasp of character.

"Is that a reason," cried Frank irritably, "to hand over a pretty girl like Sarah to a man fifteen years older — fifteen years!" — his voice broke like an angry boy's; his face was a bright pink,—"and all broke down as *he* is?"

Jerry pondered upon Frank with his big light-blue eyes. "All that ails Herc'less, sir," he declared, slapping his knee, "is that he hain't completely cheered up yet." He always clung to this expression in a kind of surprise at his own acuteness in having invented anything so comprehensive. "And he 's wer-ry well fixed; *wer*-ry well; wot 's he had to spend *fur?* He kin afford, sir, to take unto himself a wife; and Man!" He paused to let his not rapid imagination present an agreeable fireside picture.

Frank rose, with a savage, inarticulate sound of protest, flung down the remains of the cigar he had bitten in two, and stalking to the other side of the room began to examine his breech-loader, which he had brought downstairs that afternoon. He glowered at it for some minutes before it seemed borne in upon him what

he was looking at; then he carried it up once or twice as a gun-lover will. Perhaps it was pointed at the offending image of Herc'less.

"I guess I 'll go to bed. Good-night," he said sulkily, putting the gun over his shoulder.

"Sleep sound and hearty," said Jerry amiably. When Frank had gone, he shook his head for some minutes. "Man!" he said to himself, "he 's wer-ry hasty." He looked at the door with a forlorn smile. He did not feel disposed to hasten to awaiting retribution.

Half an hour's cool thought had, however, brought Mrs. Hand to the conclusion that her husband's mutiny was rather well-timed. She construed Frank's gloom as a favorable sign. Jerry was therefore permitted to sleep without the expected reading of the domestic riot act. The sleepless eyes under this rustic roof were younger eyes; now fully opened to a delicious, perplexing, pathetic state of affairs. To the girl, who had simply drifted on a sunny sea, her own feeling at the reminder to herself and disclosure to Frank of her true position — which had without art on her part been allowed to remain in the background — was a revelation. Doubt, shame, sudden angry pride, irrational joy, a tender remorse towards the man whom her pity had permitted to claim her,— all these sang no lullabies in Sarah's soul.

And Frank? His tossing thoughts were not occupied with Herc'less at all. For this figure, which he found abject, his young contempt was profound. The prominent fact brought out by his instinctive and involuntary resentment of Jerry's words was that he, Frank Mallard, was in love. (The good old-fashioned, indestructible phrase! What an idea of entering a new medium it conveys!)

But alas! a shadow fell athwart this bright fact, quenching the sparkle of the small foolish memories and hopes that danced through Frank's brain like glorified motes in a sunbeam. It was the shadow that had stretched across all his otherwise easy life since the death of the mother who had petted and spoiled him,— the cold, tall shadow of his father.

It fell between the son and the girl whom he loved,— loved as in him lay. It never occurred to Frank to doubt that he could marry Sarah Hand if he chose; her promise to Herc'less he regarded no more than a bond of straw. But afterward? The question came to his bedside and stood looking at him and through him with his father's eyes. So potent was the influence of the stronger soul that the young man almost saw that well-known face beside him — the thin, frosty-whiskered face, the sharp glance through the clear spectacles. Frank feared his father's anger all the more that it was certain to be an icy kind of anger, with an edge of ridicule. He was morbidly sensitive to sarcasm; his slow wits quickened to meet with understanding the jest or the slur, yet were unable by prompt retort to relieve the frenzy into which they goaded him. Ah, he knew quite well the gist of what his father would say of this matter, though he could not foresee exactly what superfine torturing twist that malevolent, incalculable cleverness of his would give the words!

A misalliance? — it would be none. Frank felt this truth; though he, of course, based his self-complacent reasoning on the natural desert of Sarah's beauty,— considering that "the proudest place would fit her face,"— and not on his own unfitness for any finer mate. But his father would consider it a misalliance, and would act accordingly — his father, whose money and influence had helped him in business to that modest height where, to do him justice, he now stood gallantly. Suppose this force all at once opposed — these props all at once withdrawn? There was a weak spot at the core of Frank's confidence — superficially so great as to be almost laughable — in his own unassisted business faculty.

In any critical moment his manliness was unreliable, as his associates in amusement well knew. He was not, they said, a "stayer." He had once been known, though in perfect physical condition, to "weaken" in a boat-race from sheer doubt of his own powers, causing his crew to be defeated by inferior men. Perhaps some of the coarsest of his rough-and-ready comrades connected his lack of "sand" with a certain clean good-boyishness which made them smile. The same mediocrity that kept him from doing active right often kept him too from doing positive wrong; he was just common clay for a potter's hand, and fate had provided the potter.

Now, as before, Frank weakened.

He passed under Jerry's roof another day, rendered sufficiently miserable by the pale but now self-possessed Sarah's complete avoidance of him, to impress upon him the need for immediate action of some sort. Retreat seemed best, as the least decisive and irretrievable step. He had some reason for starting nervously at the footfall of Mrs. Hand as she went about her work; she kept him in the corner of her eye; something was expected of him.

Late in the afternoon, Jerry brought him up from the station a city letter, which set forth certain matters requiring his personal attention. He had made up his mind to return the next day; yet, on learning that he must do so, found himself ill-used. He crumpled the letter up in his hand, scowling.

"I find I've got to go back to-morrow, Jerry," he declared suddenly in a high key.

"W'y," said Jerry, "you hain't had a durn shot! It 's a-cle-arin' like a bell."

"I 've got to go," said Frank, with a sullen change of tone.

"We-ell, Mr. Mal-lard — business is business," said Jerry sympathetically, as though himself overwhelmed with affairs. "But, Man!"

The next morning was, as he had prophesied, beautifully clear; an intensely still winter day, the pines making moveless bluish shadows on the snow. Perhaps the thought that he had had no sport intensified Frank's irritation; sport certainly had a high seat among his interests.

Mrs. Hand bade him good-by very coolly; she felt instinctively her failure: the due punishment of Jerry's insubordination was doled out to him daily for months. As for Sarah, Frank indeed saw her alone for a minute; but she was engaged in feeding chickens, and he felt severely injured by the small proportion of attention which she allotted to him. As he got into Jerry's low, rough board sleigh, his heart was swelling with strong self-pity. I am afraid he had kicked away the too affectionate Fan, who ran off howling and was comforted by Sarah. Flash was of a less fawning disposition, and the happier dog.

"Man, I wisht you could stay; and failin' that, I wisht you could say when we 'd see ye ag'in," said Jerry cordially as the old sorrel sped along at a very respectable pace. "I 'd like," he said in a lower, meditative tone, "to see ye to the weddin': Man, we 'll have great times to the weddin'. But now I consider, you hain't no heart in that; you was a-sayin' that our Sarer was too young and too pretty for Herc'less."

This was the last straw. "Oh, hang it, Jerry, let me alone! *Can't* you let me alone?" said Frank volcanically; but the imprecation he actually used was much more forcible.

Jerry rubbed his nose with his forefinger. His perceptions were not keen; but the fiery handwriting on the wall was doubtless visible, though not intelligible, to the most obtuse individual at the feast of Belshazzar. As fiery was the writing of the moment on the young man's face. Jeremiah Hand was no subtle interpreter: the idea of Frank's true state of mind was as far from occurring to him as if he had been an emperor, ready to dower his daughter with a dukedom. His magnanimity leaped the gulf of all other possible constructions straight to a conclusion that seemed to him very natural: Frank loved Sarah, and would himself have been her suitor; but on learning of her engagement to Herc'less he had decided to sacrifice his feelings to his sense of honor, in the latter's behalf. Jerry would have been capable of doing that himself; and he warmed towards the poor fellow at his side, who now sat dull-eyed and sullen, inwardly sore at his own foolish outburst.

"I 'll send for the pups by and by; they 're better here than in a stable in the city," said Frank hurriedly as the train came in. Jerry nodded, and made his farewell hand-grasp a painfully full expression of sympathy. The locomotive moved off, hoarsely wheezing; he looked after it with an awed feeling of the stern justice of the event.

"It would n't be hardly fair to Herc'less, would it now?" he said to himself with his head on one side; "not after all the sorrers he 's had — and only jest beginning to git cheered up!"

Herc'less, since his quiet wooing of Sarah, had never been demonstrative; had spoken little of their future; had not frequented her society with the customary regularity of an accepted suitor. These peculiarities seemed to increase upon him rather than to diminish as the spring approached; but an evident uneasiness took the place of his former impassive behavior. The girl noticed this, and shrank within herself; she was conscious of an increasing hardness towards him, the rapid growth of which was quite beyond her control.

One day in April, Jerry had a long, low-toned conversation with Herc'less. He was puzzled and disturbed. Some unconsidered word of his had been followed by an astonishing outbreak from his daughter. "And I says, 'Don't it seem jest like a dream? There 's where he set and smoked his cig-gay-ret.' And with that she up and bursted into tears. Now, Herc'less, I leave it out to you if the po-sition of things hain't altered some?"

"I felt this a-coming," said Herc'less. "He 's a dum scoundrel, if his gun *kin* beat mine." But he said this with more melancholy than anger. It was as if he felt it all, Frank's condemned scoundrelism included, to be foreordained.

"Now I say 'No' to that, Herc'less Jimpson!" said Jerry warmly. "So far forth as I kin see, Mr. Mal-lard is a square man; a square man, sir!" He went on to describe the last scenes of Frank's stay, unconsciously coloring the story somewhat with his own interpretation.

Herc'less listened sadly. "Well," he commented with a queer smile, "I guess I 'm a square man too."

It was late the next afternoon, and Sarah, who had gone to the nearest village on an errand, was returning along a wood-path,

when she heard footsteps behind her. A glance showed her that Herc'less was following her. She was as frightened at the approach of her affianced lover as if he had been some evil-eyed stranger, and dropped the bunch of white and purple lilacs her village friend had given her.

"Sarer," he said as he came up, "I want to have a talk with you." He stooped, and picked up the flowers.

"This ain't the time," she said with a touch of her mother's sharpness; "I 've got to be getting home now."

"I 'll go your way," he said gently and reproachfully, and began to walk by her side. "Sarer," he began confidentially, "I 've been thinking things over."

It flashed across her that the things he had been thinking over were matters to be arranged for their simple housekeeping. The cold look that swept over her face, like a cloud over a hill, hurt Herc'less so that when he spoke next the tremor of his voice was noticeable.

"I 'm a good deal older 'n you, Sarer," he said; "a good deal."

She thought this was the tone of advice, and resented it. Could it be that he was about to speak to her of Frank?

"'N' I been *through* so much more," he went on. "I rec'lect so much that you hain't got no part in. I have spells when it all comes over me. Of a starry night, f'r instance, I 'll look up and I 'll feel old-like. And these laylocks — the smell of 'em carries me away back to other times. I s'pose it ain't no more to you than any other sweet smell."

He paused. Her relief as he passed from dangerous ground had been succeeded by a chill. Why did he bring these memories to her? It was like a rush of damp air from a tomb, the grotesqueness of this broken bridegroom, with his "spells" when the ghosts of dead happiness and dead sorrow alike talked with him! Could she endure an indefinite prolongation of this? But he had not yet reached his climax.

"Sarer," he said in a deep, hushed voice that hardly seemed his own, "I 'd like to show you something." He plunged far down into a breast-pocket of his old coat, and brought up something wrapped in pink paper. He unfolded it very reverently with his hairy-backed hands. "That 's Mirandy!" he said as he held it before her. The thin, mild face of the photograph, with the little dab of faded carmine disfiguring its cheeks, was to him sacred — the face of the Blessed Damozel who leaned and looked in his retrospective moments "from the gold bar of heaven."

Sarah recoiled from him — from them. Would not this figure stand by her, a kind of ghostly bridesmaid, during the ceremony against which her warm youth now cried out loudly? She was on the point of exclaiming passionately, "It can't be — it can't ever be!" But he was before her.

"I ain't never spoke to you like this before, Sarer," he said solemnly. "It 's because I want you should see what I see myself, now we 've got right down to it. It can't ever be!" She started at the echo of her own thought. "There 's *this* between us!"

Having said this, he folded up the picture carefully in its absurdly incongruous rose-colored wrapping, and laid it softly away in his pocket again.

"O Herc'less," she stammered, with the tears running down her face, "you 're so alone!"

"No, Sarer," he said kindly, "I ain't. And anyway, I 'm too broke down a man for you. Not but what I 'd 'a' done my dooty by ye. But that ain't all you want. I could make a guess, now, at the kind of a man you want." He looked at her markedly; she was sobbing hard now. He drew her head against his shoulder as if she had been a child; she did not resist; all her repugnance was gone.

"Don't ye cry, Sarer," he said soothingly. "You only jest make me feel bad."

It was all over. He had "done his dooty" by her. All that he had said was in a sense true. She could never know that he had persuaded himself so to bring an infrequent mood into the foreground as to dwarf in her sight the mild love for her which had long been his daily companion. She could never know that this meek flower of his later life was as dear to his impoverished soul as the last blue gentian to the fading year.

Summer dragged by, and still the little country household had but one new sign of Frank's existence,— a few scrawled lines in an envelope containing money. Frank himself had had time for recovery, and was, he thought, quite healed; though he yet delayed the severing of the last unromantic tie that bound him to the Hand family. His first sensation was one of amusement rather than of jealousy, when on a certain November afternoon an unlooked-for visitor appeared at his office. It was Herc'less.

He was clad in a new collection of garments which he had bought at a large ready-made clothing "emporium" that morning. The salesman had improved his peculiar opportunities. The coat was of a mulberry color, and much too small for him; the trousers, cut with a floating generosity of pattern, were of a material which the same salesman had assured him was "a fine genuine Scotch mixture": it

had somewhat the effect of Scotch cake, appearing sprinkled with small sugar-plums of several hues. Herc'less wore also a bright-blue cravat, flamboyantly tied. The feeling which had prompted him to assume this extraordinary attire was as admirable as that of a certain brave military leader who used to don his best uniform on the eve of a battle, honoring the awful hour with due pomp. But the result was a most lamentable comedy; and Herc'less's speech this day was like his garb — it was very tragical mirth.

"It appears, Mr. Mallard, that you intend to make Jerry a free gift of them dogs," he began facetiously.

"Why, no, Herc'less," said Frank, laughing with great heartiness, though hardly at the thin joke. "I 've been expecting to send for 'em. I 'll send next week."

A quickly quenched alarm gleamed in Herc'less's eye. "Send, hey? Why n't ye go down? Lord, there 's shootin' this season!" He detailed some remarkable statistics. "Jerry 'd be mighty glad to see ye; in fact, they *all* would." He said this in a hesitating and wistful way.

"Well, I 'll see," said Frank. Herc'less's appearance so absorbed him that he had no room for sentiment yet. "How 's luck with you, Herc'less? You 're looking so *remarkably* well!" He turned aside hastily to arrange some papers on his desk.

"Never was better in my life!" said Herc'less, slapping his knee loudly. He proceeded more slowly, looking at the smitten trousers-leg as though he regretted having treated it disrespectfully. "I been a-bringing my plans, as I may say, to a head."

And now the unreasonable Frank actually felt a pang. He knew long ago that it had taken place; of course it had. But he could not help turning a dark look on Herc'less. "You have!" he said shortly.

"The fact is,"— Herc'less dashed off gallantly again,— "I 've sold that little farm of mine. I 'm a-going West!" He leaned back, smiling agreeably. Frank stared.

"I 'm a-going," said Herc'less, "to Californi-er. To Californi-er."

"How 's that?" asked Frank.

"Well, ye see," said Herc'less, seeming a little abashed by the abrupt question, and sinking his obstreperously cheerful voice to as elaborately serious a tone, "I hain't been well; that is, I 'm very well *now* — never better. But I 've had a kin' of a cough; and ye know, I 've got a bullet"— here he entered with the expansiveness of the untutored into his physical peculiarities. "Now they say Californi-er,"— he uttered the word unctuously — "will make a new man of ye." He apparently expected the air of the Pacific slope to extract his bullet.

"Yes, I know," said Frank dryly. "The prospect seems to have braced you up already." The papers on his desk began to require a great deal of attention. "Sarah 's going with you, of course?"

"Lord, no!" said Herc'less with intense surprise. "I forgot — you hain't heard that it 's all over between me 'n' Sarer?"

"All over!" repeated Frank.

"Yes siree, I 'm a free man," said the joyous Herc'less. He looked into the crown of his shop-worn hat, a recent purchase. There was a small diamond-shaped bit of blue glass in it, probably designed to affect the wearer's brain in a wholesome manner.

"Ye see," he continued, "it struck us both, come to git right down to it, as in a manner unsootable. I 'm considerable older than Sarer; and there 's a lot of fine young fellers hangin' round —"

Frank flushed. Was it true? He had never seen any of these suspended suitors.

"And Sarer might take her pick," said Herc'less, taught by a touch of pride for her sake to lie fluently. "But," he resumed, startled by the thought that he might defeat his own purpose, "there 's nothin' serious up yit. Not as yit. No. Well, I thought 't was sorter unsootable. And moreover, when you 're goin' to Californi-er, to git made a new man of, you don't want no impedderments. Now, the best of wives is an impedderment."

There was a short silence; the office clock ticked. "Not but wot I 'd marry," said Herc'less thoughtfully, "if I was a settled business man like you, f'r instance." He raised his head and looked steadily at Frank with his honest one eye.

"I 'd go down after them dogs myself, if I was you," he said, "seein' the season 's so good. I jest come in to speak to you about 'em, being in town." He rose.

"Thank you, Herc'less, thank you," said Frank hastily. He held out his hand. His conscience was reminding him that in his past struggle he had never once considered this man, who, he now vaguely felt, was generous.

"I take it kind of you," he said warmly, alluding, a third person would have supposed, to Herc'less's unexpected call.

"Oh, no," said Herc'less shyly, dropping Frank's hand and edging towards the door.

"Think you 'll go down?" he asked with a sudden glance, and the same wistfulness he had shown in first urging this visit upon Frank.

"I guess I will," said Frank. He really at

the instant intended it; he felt one delicious thrill as he spoke.

"Well, it 'd pay — it 'd pay!" said Herc'less, beginning to squeak down the stairs.

Frank, after closing his door, walked to the mantel and leaned against it. He groped, as it were, to find that sweet thrill again in his breast. It was gone; everything was dull. His father's influence, not that of Herc'less, lingered in the very chair where Herc'less had sat. He now knew that he should never fulfill the implied expectation of the man who had just left him. He ran impulsively out into the hallway, and called over the rail, "Herc'less! Herc'less!" intending to say to him something — he knew not what — that should free him from the sense of having acted falsely. But Herc'less had vanished.

Frank wavered for a minute between the stair-way and his door. Then he turned and took up his life again, which he has never found a burden. He feels that the "might have been" is a thing too flimsy to weigh long upon "a Man."

Helen Gray Cone.



THE LOST BIRD ON SHIPBOARD.

(When off the coast of Africa a beautiful bird fell on deck in the night-watch. It was kept in my jacket till able to use its wings.)

LONE rover of the pathless deep,
And blank abyss of gloom;
A hundred weary leagues and more
From native tree, or Moorish shore
And thy forsaken home;

Thy tiring wing a silent throb,
In vast and upper void,
Under the watch-fire of the star,
Where sentinels of worlds afar
In camps of space abide;

And like a crimsoned autumn leaf
Torn from its parent tree,
So, drifting from the higher air,
Thy wings of color, rich and rare,
Droop o'er the purple sea.

By snowy sail and lofty spar,
And woof of salty rope,
Thy failing strength upon the deep
A haven finds for peace and sleep,
A refuge and a hope.

Thy cradle-nest is far away,
O weary bird! Why here?
The music of thy natal song,
Not written on the waves that throng
The channels of the sphere,

Not mine to know, or thine to tell.
Enough! thou hast a rest;
So in my jacket safely stay,
From midnight watch to break of day,
And nestle in my breast.

For in thy mute, exhausted life
Unspoken truth for me,
A note unheard but written plain,
In human soul to voice again
The angel dumb in thee,—

Of care divine — that never sleeps
In watching o'er its own,
For souls of men, where'er they stray,
Have in the darkness of their way
A resting-place and home.

In trouble, doubt, and haunting fear
Of sorrow's starless sea,
O brother! lost in storm or gloom,
God keeps amid the wrecks of doom
An ark that waits for thee.

Fred Woodrow.

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

XIII.

A BEAR HUNT.

BOB McCORD had that quick, sympathetic appreciation of brute impulses which is the mark of a great hunter. Given a bear or a deer in a certain place, at a certain hour of the day, and Bob would conjecture, without much chance of missing, in which direction he would go and what he would be about. In a two-hours' beating-up the ravine he found no traces of bears. He then faced almost about and bent his course to where the illimitable western prairie set into the woods in a kind of bay. Why he thought that on a hot day like this a bear might be taking a sunning in the open grass I cannot tell; he probably suspected Bruin of an excursion to the cornfields for "roas'in' ears." At any rate his conjecture was correct. Pup, beating forward in great leaps, with his head above the grass, caught sight of a female bear making her way to a point of timber farther down the run known as Horseshoe Neck. When the bear saw the dogs she quickened her leisurely pace into a lumbering gallop. Pup's long legs were soon stretched to their utmost in eager leaps which soon brought him in front of her; Joe, when he came up, annoyed her at the side; and stout little Seizer, watching the chance whenever she was making an angry lunge at Pup, would bravely nip her heels and so make her turn about. Before she could get her head fairly turned the fiste would turn tail and run for his life. Bob tried to get within range before the bear should disappear in the forest, but as soon as she saw herself near the timber she charged straight for it, refusing to strike at Pup, and wholly disregarding the barking of bob-tail Joe, or the proximity to her heels of Seizer. She quickly disappeared from sight in the underbrush, and the embarrassed dogs came near losing her. A few moments too late to get a shot, McCord came running to the woods at the point of her entrance. He examined the brush and listened a moment.

"She 's gone up stream," he said, "bound to make her hole at Coon's Den, 'f I don't git there fust."

He returned to the prairie and ran breathlessly along the edge of the woods for the better part of a mile; then he dashed into the timber, and pushing through the brush until he reached a cliff, he clambered down and stood with his back to the head of a ravine tributary to the valley in which Broad Run flowed. He was breathless, and his flimsy lower garments had been almost torn off him by the violence of his exertion and the resistance of underbrush and rocks; in fact, raiment never seemed just in place on him; the vigorous form burst through it now on this side and now on that. Hearing the dogs still below him, he knew that he had come in time to intercept the progress of the bear towards the heap of rocky débris at the head of the ravine. Once in these fastnesses, no skill of hunter or perseverance of dogs would have been sufficient to get her out.

The bear was soon in sight, and Bob saw that the nearly exhausted dogs were taking greater risks than ever. Little Seizer was particularly venturesome, and was so much overcome with heat and fatigue, and so breathless with barking, that it was hard for him to get out of the way of the bear's retorts. "She 'll smash that leetle ijiot the very nex' time, shore," muttered Bob with alarm; and though he knew the range to be a long one, he took aim and fired. Unluckily the infuriated Seizer gave the bear's heel a particularly savage bite, and at the very instant of Bob's pulling the trigger she turned on the little dog, and thus caused the ball to lodge in her right shoulder just as she was striking out with her left paw. She barely reached the dog, and failed to crush him with the full weight of her arm, but with her claws she lacerated his side and sent him howling out of the fray. Now, wounded and enraged, she recognized in the hunter her chief enemy; and, neglecting the dogs, she rushed up the ravine towards McCord. Bob poured a large charge of powder into his gun, and, taking a bullet from his pouch, he felt in his pocket for the patching.

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A moment he looked blankly at the oncoming bear and muttered "Gosh!" between his set teeth. There was not a patch in his pocket. He had put some pieces of patching there in the darkness of the morning before leaving home, without remembering that his pocket was bottomless. He stood between a wounded bear and her cubs, and there was no time for deliberation. He might evade the attack if he could succeed in getting up the cliff where he had come down, but in that case she would reach her hole and he would lose the battle. He promptly tore a piece from the ragged leg of his trousers, and, wrapping his ball in it, rammed it home. Then he took a cap from a hole in the stock of his gun and got it fixed just in time to shoot when the bear was within a dozen feet of him. Uncultivated man that he was, he had the same refined pleasure in the death-throes of his victim that gentlemen and ladies of the highest breeding find in seeing a frightened and exhausted fox torn to pieces by hounds with bloody lips.

Bob's first care was to look after Seizer, who was badly wounded but whose bones were whole. The afternoon had passed its middle when he shot the bear, and by the time he had cared for the dog and dressed the animal the sun was low on the horizon, and McCord was troubled lest he should have delayed too long the execution of his stratagem for the confusion of Jake Hogan.

Another man might have been considerably embarrassed to dispose of the bear. But Bob proceeded to skin it and then to divest it of every part that was of little value. Then he hoisted the carcass to his shoulder and tossed the bear-skin on top. Taking up his rifle, and balancing his burden carefully before starting, he went swaying to and fro down the ravine, choosing with care the securest places among the rocks to set his feet in. It was thus that Samson went off with the great gates of Gaza. McCord was a primitive, Pelasgic sort of man, accustomed to overmatch the ferocities of Nature with a superior strength and cunning. Lacking the refinement and complexity of the typical modern, this antique human is more simple and statuesque; even the craft of such a man has little involution. There was a joy in his bloody victory over the most formidable beast in his reach that was virile and unalloyed by ruth or scruple — a joy like that which vibrates in the verses of Homer.

It was a good mile to Lazar Brown's, where Bob hoped to find a horse to take his bear home. When at length he stopped to lay his burden on a salient corner of old Lazar's rail fence, twilight had begun to bless the overheated earth.

"Got a b'ar, did n' choo, Bob?" said Old Lazar, who was lying in wait for Bob.

"To be shore, Uncle Lazar. Whadje expeck?"

"Come in, Bob, wonch yeh? I got a fresh jug full uv the critter yisterday, un I 'low you 're purty consid'able dry agin this time. You purty much al'ays air dry, Bob."

"Well, Uncle Lazar, I *am* tol'able dry un *no* mistake. I hain't had nuthin' to drink to-day 'ceppin' jes branch water, un water 's a mighty weak kind uv a drink fer a pore stomick like mine. 'N' I 'm hungry too. Don' choo 'low S'manthy could rake up a cole dodger some'ers about?"

"Oh, stay tell she gits you some supper."

"No, Uncle Lazar; I could n' stop a minute noways. They hain't got nary thing t' eat 't our house. Len' me your mare to git this 'ere varmint home?"

"I could n', Bob. I 'm thes uz willin' to 'commodate ez anybody kin be, but I 've promised the mare to one uv the boys to-night — to — to go a-sparkin' weth."

"Oh, sparkin' kin wait. What 's a feller want to go sparkin' a Friday night fer? Tell him to wait tell Sunday, so 's the gal 'll have a clean dress on."

"But I 've gi'n my word, Bob."

"Your word hain't no 'count, un you don't fool me, Uncle Lazar," said Bob, with a broad grin. "Your mare 's a-goin' to town to-night, un ef she sh'd git a bullet-hole into her who 'd pay the funeral ixpenses?"

This consideration went for a good deal with Lazar.

"I say, Bob," he said, coming closer and speaking low, "*is* they goin' to be shootin' to-night?"

"*Uv* course they is, un plenty uv it. Don' choo know 't the sheriff 's gi'n bonds, un 'f 'e lets a prisoner go he 's got to pay the damages? Un them town fellers is sot agin lynchin'." Seeing S'manthy in the cabin door straining her attention to the utmost, Bob spoke loud enough to reach her ears. "Lookey h-yer, Uncle Lazar," he went on; "d' you reckon 't that feller that 's a-goin' to git your mare shot to-night 'll gin you a whole quarter uv bear-meat fer the use *an'* the damages ef she 's shot?"

This last hint had the desired effect.

"'T ain't no use a-talkin', Daddy," S'manthy called out; "I hain't a-go'n' to let a' ole frien' like Bob McCord pack that-ar great big b'ar all the way over to Timber Crick on his shoulders ez long 's my name 's S'manthy. Un I hain't a-go'n' to have the mar' shot. So thar 's 'n eend auv it." S'manthy's common "uv"

or "uh" for "of" became "auv" when she wished to be particularly emphatic and full-mouthed in a declaration.

"Good fer *you*, S'manthy," said Bob. "You sh'll have the best leg this critter 's got. Take yer ch'ice."

A rusty ax was brought out, and Bob stopped a moment to examine its serrated edge. "I say, Uncle Lazar, ez this a' ax *ur* a saw? From the aidge uv it, *I* sh'd call it a saw." Then with a laugh he proceeded to cut off a liberal quarter of the bear, while S'manthy's ten-year-old tow-headed boy was sent to "ketch up the mar'," which was nibbling grass on the farther side of a patch of broad-leaved cotton-weeds. When the quarter of bear-meat had been hung up at the north end of the cabin, Lazar got out his jug and Bob began to satisfy the longings of his colossal thirst, while S'manthy set out on the pine table which stood in the middle of the floor some "Kaintucky corn-dodger," as she called it; and despite Bob's protest against staying till she could cook some supper, she put a bit of fat salt pork in the skillet to fry. Meantime the old man plied Bob with more whisky, both before and after eating. When he thought it time for this to have taken effect, he began to try to satisfy his own curiosity.

"D' joo hyer about the carner's eenquest, Bob?" he said cautiously, feeling his way towards his point.

"No, I did n't. You see I hain't seed nobody but the bear, un he wuz the ign'rantest critter. Could n't tell me nuthin'." And Bob laughed at his own wit, as was his custom. "How 'd it go?" Bob had wanted to ask this question, but he wished to let Uncle Lazar begin.

"Well, I hyern f'om Raphe Jackson, thes now, that the jury said 's Lockwood come to 'is final eend ut the han's uv Tom Grayson, ur sumpin like that; un they said 't wuz reg'lar bloody murder in the fust degree. My! ef that was n't a mad crowd! They made a rush fer Grayson, but the depitty shurriff 'd got 'im away. Ef they 'd 'a' cotcht him they would n't 'a' made two bites uv him."

"You don't say!" Bob was a little stunned. He had not thought of Tom's being at the inquest. He felt that perhaps in coming away he had made a mistake that had come near to being a fatal one.

"They wuz thes a-howlin', Raphe said, un they had n't lef' the place when he come away. They wuz made madder by the way the young scoundrel stood up un declared 't he did n' know nuthin' about the murder, arter 't wuz proved on him, plain 's the nose on a man's face, an' the dead man a-layin' right thar afore 'is eyes."

Bob was in a brown study, and nothing was said on either side for nearly a minute. It made Bob uncomfortable to reflect that he had come near losing the game at the outset.

"I 'low 't 'll go hard weth the young feller to-night."

This roused McCord from the reverie produced from his surprise.

"I reckoned the boys 'u'd be a-goin' to Moscow to-night," he said; and added, "Let 'em go!" And then he laughed as though he knew something.

"Say, Bob," said Uncle Lazar, whose curiosity was piqued beyond endurance, "what 's in the wind? What wuz it fotcht you all the way over h-yer un the eenquest a-goin' on so closte to your house?"

"Had n' got no meat," said Bob, with a wink.

"They 's sumpin more 'n *that*. You 've got sumpin ur nuther on Jake, I 'll bet."

"I 'ke speck you know a whole lot, Uncle Lazar," said Bob. "I sh'd think you 'd jest right up un guess now."

"Well, I can't."

"Well, I 'm not a-goin' to let 't out, Uncle Lazar, 'thout this 'ere whisky uh yourn 's a leetle *too* powerful fer me."

Bob did not fear the whisky: it was rare that whisky could get the better of such a frame as his; and, moreover, he was inured to it. He only threw out this hint to persuade his host to be more liberal in dispensing it.

But it appeared that Lazar's liberality with his whisky was probably exhausted; and Bob rose to go, affecting to be unsteady on his legs.

"Set down, Bob; set down, while I see about the mar'."

"Well, I 'low I will, Uncle Lazar. That air whisky uh yourn has settled into my feet a leetle."

Lazar went out to see if the boy had brought the horse, making a signal to his daughter to try her skill at coaxing Bob to tell. Meantime Bob ogled S'manthy, who, like Delilah, was debating how she could win this Samson's secret. Presently he said, in a half-tipsy tone:

"S'manthy, you 'n' me wuz al'ays good frien's, wuz n't we?"

"To be shore, Bob."

"I used to think you wuz *some* at a hoe-down; you wuz the best lookin' un the liveliest dancer uv all. How you *did* kick the floor!"

S'manthy smiled in her faded away. "Bob, that 's all saf'-sodder, un you know it. Say, Bob, ef you 're sech a frien' why on yerth don' choo tell a-body what fotcht you over h-yer to-day?"

"Aw, well, I 'd tell, on'y I 'm afeared you 'd let out."

"Not me. 'T a'n't like me to blab."

"Well, I don' mine tellin' *you*, S'manthy, 'f yeh won't tell the ole man tell mornin'."

"Oh! I 'd never tell *him*. He 'd go potterin' all over Broad Run Holler weth it, fust thing."

"'S the bes' joke," said Bob, rubbing his knees exultingly; "but I 'm afeared you 'll tell," he added, rousing himself.

"'Pon my word 'n' honor, I won't. Nobody 'll ever git 't out uh me." And S'manthy emphasized this assurance by a boastful nodding of the head forward and to one side.

"Well, 'f you think you kin keep the sekert overnight — Don' choo tell no livin' critter tell mornin'."

"I hain't no hand to tell sekerts, an' you 'd orter know that, Bob."

"Well, you jes let Jake 'n' his crowd go to Moscow to-night," said Bob, chuckling in a semi-tipsy, soliloquizing tone. "I come over to make shore they *wuz* a-goin', un I wuz to let the sher'f know ef they had got wind uv anything. I saw Markham, the deppitty, about 1 o'clock this mornin', un he tole me he 'd look arter the eenques un I mus' keep a lookout over h-yer. Jake 'll have a rousin' time, un no mistake."

"Shootin'?" queried S'manthy with eagerness.

"Naw! I wuz on'y a-lettin' on about shootin' to fool Uncle Lazar. Hain't got no needcessity to shoot. Better 'n that! Gosh!"

"Goin' to take the young feller away?"

"I 'low they did n't never take him back to Moscow arter the eenques."

"Tuh law! You don't say? Whar 've they tuck 'im to?"

"I sha'n't tell," said Bob. "I sha'n't tell even *you*, S'manthy."

"Perrysburg?"

"You al'ays wuz some at guessin'. But I sha'n't say nary nuther word, on'y he 's whar Jake won't find him ef he goes to Moscow. They went some'ers, un that 's anough. Perrysburg jail 's ruther stronger 'n ourn, I 'll say *that*. 'T wuz all fixed, 'fore I lef' home, to run him off afore the verdick wuz in, un not to keep to the big road nuther, so 's Jake would n' git wind uv 'em. Don't you whisper Perrysburg to a livin' soul. You jes let Jake go down to Moscow! I 'm comin' over 'n the mornin' to fetch your mare home un git my little Seizer that 's got to stay h-yer to-night, un then I 'll fine out how they come out." And Bob chuckled as he left the house, only turning back to say:

"You keep mum, S'manthy, ur you 'll spile it all. 'F you do tell, I won't *never* forgive yeh."

Bob now went to the brookside and cut up and stripped three or four leatherwood bushes, and tied the tough, fibrous bark into one rope. With this he girded the bear to the horse's back, meantime resisting all of Old Lazar's inquiries about the reason for his coming. At length he walked off in the darkness, unsteadily leaning against the horse on which the bear-meat was tied; and was soon out of sight.

"Bob won't tell me," said the old man plaintively, as he came into the house.

"He won't, won't he?" demanded S'manthy, with exultation in her voice. "You don' know how. Takes me to git at a sekert."

"Did he tell *you*, S'manthy?" Uncle Lazar looked a little crest-fallen.

"In *course* he did. Think I could n' make him tell? W'y, I kin thes twis' Big Bob 'roun' my little finger."

"Well, what on yerth did he come over yer fer, S'manthy?"

"I promised not to tell you."

"To be shore you did. But you 're a-goin' to."

"Yes; but you 'll let it out, un then what 'll Bob say to me?"

"What 'll Jake say to you fer lettin' yer hoss go off, when one uv his boys had the promise? Un what 'll the folks say when they find out you knowed, un let 'em be fooled by Big Bob? You 've got to tell, S'manthy, ur else have all the Holler down on yeh. Besides, you could n' keep that sekert tell bed-time, noways, un you know you could n'. 'T ain't in you to keep it, un you might thes ez well out weth it now ez arter awhile."

"Aw, well, Daddy, Bob did n' say much, on'y ut Jake would n' fine the feller that done the shootin' when he got to Moscow."

"Tuh law!" exclaimed the old man, waiting with open eyes for more.

"He wuz tuck off, afore the eenques wuz over, to Perrysburg, un Bob come over to see 't Jake did n' git no wind uv it. That 's all they is *to* it. Un you need n' go un tell it, h-yer un yan, nuther."

S'manthy knew well that this caution was of no avail. But by tacking the provision to the information, she washed her hands of responsibility, and convinced herself that she had not betrayed a secret. It was an offering that she felt bound to make to her own complacency.

Uncle Lazar, for his part, made no bones. He only tarried long enough to set his pipe to smoking.

Bob McCord had stopped in the darkness under the shade of a box elder, a little beyond the forks of the road. He presently had the satisfaction of seeing the old man trotting

away through the cornfield towards a little grocery, which was located where the big road crossed Broad Run Hollow, and which was the common center of resort and intelligence for the neighborhood.

XIV.

IN PRISON.

HIRAM MASON managed with difficulty to drive the first two miles of forest road — over roots and stumps, through ruts and mud-holes, and with no light but that of a waning moon. When he reached Timber Creek bridge he got down and led the horse on its unsteady floor. Then came, like a dark spot in the moonlight, the log school-house, which reminded him that he was running away from his day's work. He stopped at the new log-house of John Buchanan, a Scotch farmer who had been one of his predecessors, and called him up to beg him to take his place. Buchanan, whose knowledge was of the rudimentary kind, had ceased to teach because the increased demands of the patrons of the school had left him behind; it was a sort of consolation to his thwarted ambition to resume the beech-scepter if only for a day.

When Buchanan's house had been left behind, the road passed into an outskirt of small poplars and then finally shook off the woods and lay straight away over the dead level of the great prairie. By the time the wagon reached this point the dawn was beginning to reveal the landscape, though as yet the world consisted only of masses of shadow interspersed with patches of a somber gray. But the smooth road was sufficiently discernible for Hiram to put the horse into a trot, which afforded no little relief to the impatient Barbara. Up to this time they had traveled in silence, except for the groans and sighs of Mrs. Grayson. But at length Barbara took the lead.

"I can't believe that Tom did that shooting," she said to Mason. "He promised me after supper last night that he would put all hard feelings against George Lockwood out of his mind. Tom is n't the kind of a fellow to play the hypocrite. Oh, I do hope he is innocent!"

"So do I," said Mason.

"To be sure, he is," said Mrs. Grayson, with a touch of protest in her voice.

Barbara had detected a note of effort in Hiram's reply, that indicated a prevailing doubt of Tom's innocence, and she did not speak again during the whole ride. When they entered the village, Mason drove first to the sheriff's house, and went in, leaving Barbara and her mother in the wagon. Sheriff Plunkett had not yet had his breakfast. He was a well-built man, of obliging manners, but with a look of superfluous discreetness in his face. Mason explained in few words that the mother and sister of Tom Grayson, who had not seen him since the shooting of Lockwood, were at the door in a wagon and wished to be admitted to the jail. The sheriff regarded Mason awhile in silence; it was his habit to examine the possible results of the simplest action before embarking in it. He presently went up-stairs and came down bringing with him the jail keys. Mason drove the wagon to the jail, tied the horse to a tree, and suggested to Mrs. Grayson and Barbara that it would be better for him to go in first. He had a vague fear that there might be something in Tom's situation to shock the feelings of his mother and sister. The sheriff had walked briskly along the wagon track in the middle of the street to avoid the dew-laden grass on either side of the road. When he came to the door of the jail he said in an undertone as he shoved the great iron key into the door:

"Tom 's in the dungeon."

"Why did you put him in the dungeon?" asked Mason.

"We always put prisoners accused of murder in there."

"You might put an innocent man in that place," said Mason.

"Well, there ain't much doubt about Tom's being guilty; and anyways the jail 's so weak that we have to put anybody accused of murder in the dungeon, where there ain't any outside windows."

By the time he had finished this speech, Plunkett had admitted Mason and himself to the jail and locked the outside door behind them. The prison was divided into two apartments by a hall-way through the middle. The room to the left, as one entered, was called the dungeon: it was without any light except the little that came through at second-hand from the dusky hall by means of a small grating in the door; the hall itself had a simple grated window at the end farthest from the outside door.

When the sheriff had with difficulty opened the door of the dungeon, he could not see anything inside.

"Tom, come out," he called.

Mason was barely acquainted with Tom, but he was shocked to see the fine-looking fellow in handcuffs as he came to the door, blinking his eyes at the light, and showing a face which wounded pride and anxiety had already begun to make haggard.

"Mr. Mason, I did n't expect to see you," said Tom. "Did you hear anything from mother and Barbara?"



"TELL ME TRULY, TOM, DID YOU DO IT?"

"They 're outside," said Mason. "I thought I 'd just take your place at home for a few days."

The sheriff had gone along the hall to open the door leading into the room on the side opposite the dungeon. Tom regarded Mason a moment in silence, and presently said with emotion:

"How can I make anybody believe the truth? They 'll say that a man who 'd kill another would lie about it. I believe I should n't care so much about the danger of being hung, if I could only make a few people know that I did n't kill George Lockwood. I can't make you believe it, but I 'm not guilty." As he said this, Tom dropped his eyes from Mason's face, and an expression of discouragement overspread his own.

"You certainly don't seem like a guilty man," said Hiram.

"The worst of it is," said Tom, as they followed the sheriff into the eastern room of the jail, "I can't think, to save my life, who 't was that could have done the shooting. I don't know of any enemy that Lockwood had, unless you might have called me one. I hated him and talked like a fool about shooting, but I never seriously thought of such a thing."

The eastern room of the wretched little jail was about fifteen feet wide and twenty feet long. In it were confined from time to time ordinary prisoners, and occasionally lunatics, without separation on account of character or sex. Fortunately Tom had the jail now to himself.

The sheriff, who in those days was also the jailer, locked Mason and Tom in the eastern room while he opened the outside door and admitted Mrs. Grayson and Barbara to the hall. Then he locked the front door behind them and proceeded to unlock the door of the eastern room. Barbara ran in eagerly and threw her arms about Tom.

"Tell me truly, Tom," she whispered in his ear, "did you do it? Tell me the solemn truth, between you and me."

"Before God Almighty, Barb," he answered, "I did n't shoot George Lockwood, and I did n't even see him on the camp-ground. I was n't in that part of the woods, and I had n't any pistol."

"Tom, I believe you," said Barbara, sobbing on his shoulder. Wondering that her brother did not return her embrace, she looked down and saw his handcuffs, and felt, as she had not before, the horror of his situation.

Mrs. Grayson now gently pushed Barbara aside and approached Tom.

"I did n't do it, mother," said Tom; "I did n't do it."

"Of course you did n't, Tommy; I never thought you did — I just knew you *could n't* do it." And she put her trembling arms about him.

Hiram had gone into the corridor from motives of delicacy.

"Could n't you move him into the east room?" he said to the sheriff. "It 's too bad to have to lie in that dungeon, without air, and in August too. And is it necessary to keep his handcuffs on?"

"Well, you see, it 's the regular thing to put a man into the dungeon that 's up for murder, and to put handcuffs on. The jail 's rather weak, you know; and if he should escape — I 'd be blamed."

Mason went into the dark room and examined the dirty, uncomfortable cot, and felt of the damp walls. Then he returned to the east room just as Tom was explaining his flight from the camp-ground.

"I saw a rush," he said, "and I went with the rest. A man was telling in the dark that George Lockwood had been shot, and that they were looking for a fellow named Grayson and were going to hang him to the first tree. I ran across the fields to our house, and by the time I got there I saw that I 'd made a mistake. I ought to have come straight to Moscow. I went into the house and came out to go to Moscow and give myself up, but I met the sheriff at the gate."

"The first thing is the inquest," said Mason. "Have you thought about a lawyer?"

"There 's no use of a lawyer for that," said Tom. "My fool talk about killing Lockwood is circumstantial evidence against me, and I 'll certainly be held for trial — unless the real murderer should turn up. And I don't know who that can be. I 've puzzled over it all night."

"You studied with Mr. Blackman, I believe," said Mason. "Could n't you get him to defend you?"

"I don't know that I want *him*. He 's already prejudiced against me. He would n't believe that I was innocent, and so he could n't do any good."

"But you 've got to have somebody," said Barbara.

"I 've been over the whole list," said Tom, "and I 'd rather have Abra'm than anybody else."

"Abra'm 'll do it," said Mrs. Grayson; "I kin git him to do it. He 's a little beholden to me fer what I done fer him when he was little. But he 's purty new to the law-business, Tommy."

"Abra'm Lincoln 's rather new, but he 's got a long head for managing a case, and he 's honest and friendly to us. The circuit court begins over at Perrysburg to-morrow, and he 'll like as not stop at the tavern here for dinner to-day. You might see him, mother."

"Tom! Tom!" The voice was a child's, and it came from the outside of the window-grating. A child's fingers were clutched upon the stones beyond the grating; and before Tom could answer, the brown head of Janet Grayson was lifted to the level of the high, square little window, and her blue eyes were peering into the obscurity of the prison.

"Tom, are you there? Did they give you any breakfast?" she faltered, startled and ready to cry at finding herself calling into a place so obscure and apparently so void.

"O Janet! is that you?" said Tom, putting his face to the grating. "You blessed little soul, you! But you must n't come to this dreadful place." And Tom tried to wipe his eyes with his sleeve.

"Yes, but I am sorry for you, Cousin Tom," she said, dropping to the ground again and turning her head on one side deprecatingly; "and I was afraid they would n't give you enough to eat. Here 's three biscuits." She pulled them out of her pocket with difficulty and pushed them through the grating.

"Thank you, thank you," said Tom. "You are a dear, loving little darling. But see here,



JANET AT THE WINDOW.

Janet, you 'd better not come here any more; and don't call me cousin. It 's too bad you should have to be ashamed of your cousin."

"But I *will* call you cousin, an' I don' care what they say. Are *you* in there too, Barbara? You did n't kill anybody, did you?"

"No; neither did Tom," said Barbara, leaning down to the window.

"Janet," said Tom, "d' you tell Uncle Tom and Aunt Charlotte that I did n't shoot anybody. They won't believe you, but it 's a fact."

Janet had heard the news at the breakfast-table. Sheriff Plunkett, wishing to conciliate so influential a person as Thomas Grayson the elder, had sent him word very early of the unfortunate predicament in which Tom found himself, and had offered to comply with any wishes Mr. Grayson might express concerning his nephew, so far as the rigor of the law allowed. To steady-going people like the Graysons the arrest of Tom on such a charge was a severe blow; and his execution would compromise for all time their hitherto unsullied respectability in their little world. They drank their breakfast coffee and ate their warm biscuit and butter and fried ham and eggs with rueful faces. The comments they made on Tom's career were embittered by their own share of the penalty. Janet had listened till she had made out that Tom was in jail for killing somebody. Then, after hearing some rather severe remarks from her parents about Tom, she burst into tears, rose up and stamped her feet in passion, and stormed in her impotent, infantile way at her father and mother and the people who had locked up

Tom in jail. When the first gust of her indignation had found vent, she fled into the garden to cool off, as was her wont. After awhile she came back and foraged in the kitchen, where she pounced upon three biscuits which had been left on a plate by the fire to keep them warm. With these she had made off through the back gate of the garden, thence down the alley and across the public square to the jail.

Meantime a lively discussion was carried on in the house.

"We 've got to do something for Tom, I suppose," said Mrs. Grayson, after the discussion of his blameworthiness was exhausted. "He 's your nephew, and we can't get around that. Goodness knows he 's given us trouble enough, and expense enough, already." It was a favorite illusion with the Graysons that they had spent money on Tom, though he had earned all he had received.

"Yes," said Grayson reluctantly; "it 'll be expected of us, Charlotte, to stand by him. He 's got no father, you know. And I suppose George Lockwood was aggravating enough."

"The Lord knows I 'm sorry for Tom; he was always good to Janet." This reminded Mrs. Grayson of her daughter, and she went to the open door of the dining-room and called, "Janet! O Janet! It 's curious how she stands by Tom. She 's off in the sulks, and won't answer a word I say. I suppose you 'll have to go his bail," she said with apprehension.

"No, it 's not bailable. They don't bail prisoners charged with capital offenses."

"That 's a good thing, anyhow. I hate to have you go security."

"I suppose Martha 'll be able to pay the lawyers," said Thomas Grayson. "She won't expect us to do any more for Tom. It 's bad enough to have to stand the disgrace of it."

"Janet! Janet! O Janet!" called Mrs. Grayson anxiously. "I declare, I 'm uneasy about that child; it 's nearly half an hour since she went out. I wish you 'd go and have a look for her."

But at that moment Janet rushed in breathless through the kitchen.

"O Pa! I 've been over to the jail to see Tom."

"You 've been to the jail!" said Grayson, recoiling in his heart from such an experience for Janet.

"Yes, an' they 've put Barbara and Aunt Martha in there too, along with Tom." She was bursting with indignation.

"Thomas," said Mrs. Grayson, as she gathered up the hitherto neglected breakfast plates, "Martha and Barbara have come from home this morning."

"I suppose so," said Grayson, looking out of the window.

"Now it 's not going to do for us to let them go without coming here to breakfast," said the wife. "People will say we 're hard-hearted; and when they once get to talking there 's no knowing what they *won't* say. They might blame us about Tom, though the Lord knows we did *our* best for him."

"Will you go and ask Martha and Barbara to come over?" said Grayson, with a sneaking desire to escape the disagreeable duty.

"I can't bear to," said his wife. "I hate to go to the jail and see Tom there. Besides, if they 're coming I must make some coffee."

Grayson stood still and looked out of the window.

"Will they let them come if you ask 'em?" inquired Janet.

"Let who come?" said her father abstractedly.

"Aunt Martha and Barbara and Tom."

"Of course they 'll not keep your Aunt Martha nor Barbara. They have n't killed anybody."

"Neither has Tom. He told me to tell you he had n't."

"I suppose they all talk that way. 'T ain't like Tom to lie about anything though. He generally faces it out, rain, hail, or shine. I wish to goodness he could prove that he did n't kill George. Where are you going, Janet?"

"To fetch Aunt Martha and Barbara. I wish they 'd let Tom come too."

Grayson spent as much time as possible in getting his hat, and looking it over before putting it on. Then, when he could think of no other pretext for delay, he started as slowly as possible, in order to give Janet time to fetch his relatives away from the jail before he should encounter them. Janet found her aunt coming out of the prison in order to allow the sheriff to go to breakfast.

"Aunt Martha," cried Janet. "Ma wants you an' Barbara to come to breakfast. She sent me to tell you."

"I don't like to go there," said Barbara to her mother in an undertone.

But Mason, who was behind, perceiving Barbara's hesitation, came up and whispered: "You 'd better go, Barbara. Tom will need all the help he can get from your uncle's position. And I 'll take the horse and put him into your uncle's stable."

XV.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE village of Moscow was founded by adventurous pioneers while yet Napoleon's Russian expedition was fresh in all men's

minds, and took from that memory its Russian name, which, like most other transplanted names of the sort, was universally mispronounced. The village had been planted in what is called an "island," that is, a grove surrounded by prairie on every side. The early settlers in Illinois were afraid to plant themselves far from wood. As it stands to-day, the pretty town is arranged about a large public square, neatly fenced, and with long hitching rails on all four sides of it. The inside of the square is trimly kept, and is amply shaded by noble old forest-trees — almost the last survivors of the grove that formed the "island." Moscow contains a court-house that is pretentious and costly, if not quite elegant, besides other public buildings. On the streets facing this park-like square nearly all the trade of the thriving country-town is carried on. But in the time of Tom Grayson's imprisonment the public square was yet a rough piece of woods, with roots and stumps still obtruding where underbrush and trees had been cut out. There was no fence, and there were no hitching-rails. The court-house of that day was a newish frame building, which had the public-grounds all to itself except for the jail, on one corner of the square. Facing the square, on the side farthest from the jail, stood the village tavern. One half of it was of hewn logs, which marked it as dating back to the broad-ax period of the town's growth; the other half had been added after the saw-mill age began, and was yet innocent of paint, as were the court-house and several other of the principal buildings in the town. In front of the tavern was a native beech-tree, left behind in the general destruction. Under it were some rude benches which afforded a cool and favorite resort to the leisurely villagers. One of the boughs of this tree served its day and generation doubly, for besides contributing to the shadiness of the street-corner, it supported a pendant square sign, which creaked most dolefully whenever there was wind enough to set it swinging in its rusty iron sockets. The name of the hotel was one common to villages of small attainments and great hopes; the sign bore for legend in red letters: "City Hotel, R. Biggs."

To the City Hotel there came, on this first day after Tom's arrest, one of those solitary horsemen who gave life to nearly every landscape and mystery to nearly every novel of that generation. This horseman, after the fashion of the age, carried his luggage in a pair of saddle-bags, which kept time to his horse's trot by rapping against the flaps of his saddle.

"Howdy, Cap'n Biggs," said the traveler to the landlord, who was leaning solidly against the door-jamb and showing no sign of animation, except by slowly and intermittently working his jaws in the manner of a ruminating cow.

"Howdy, Abe," was the answer. "Where yeh boun' fer?"

"Perrysburg," said the new arrival, alighting and stretching the kinks out of his long, lank limbs, the horse meanwhile putting his head half-way to the ground and moving farther into the cool shade. Then the horseman proceeded to disengage his saddle-bags from the stirrup-straps, now on one side of the horse and then on the other.

"Have yer hoss fed some corn?" In asking this question Captain Biggs with some difficulty succeeded in detaching himself from the door-post, bringing his weight perpendicularly upon his legs; this accomplished he sluggishly descended the three door-steps to the ground and took hold of the bridle.

"What 's this I hear about Tom Grayson, Cap'n?" said the new-comer, as he tried to pull and wriggle his trousers-legs down to their normal place.

"Oh, he 's gone 'n' shot Lockwood, like the blasted fool he is. He wuz blowin' about it afore he lef' town las' month, but nobody reckoned it wuz anything *but* blow. Some trouble about k-yards an' a purty gal — John Albaugh's gal. I s'pose Tom 's got to swing fer it, 'less you kin kinder bewilder the jury, like, an' get him off. Ole Mis' Grayson's in the settin'-room now, a-waitin' to see you about it."

Captain Biggs turned his face, on which was a week's growth of stubby beard, towards that of his guest to see how he would take this information. The tall, awkward young lawyer only drew his brow to a frown and said nothing; but turned and went into the tavern with his saddle-bags on his arm, and walking stiffly from being so long cramped in riding. Passing through the cool bar-room with its moist odors of mixed drinks, he crossed the hall into the rag-carpeted sitting-room beyond.

"Oh Abra'm, I 'm that glad to see you!" But here the old lady's feelings overcame her and she could not go on.

"Howdy, Mrs. Grayson. It's too bad about Tom. How did he come to do it?"

"Lawsy, honey, he *did n't* do it."

"You think he did n't?"

"I know he did n't. He says so himself. I 've been a-waitin' here all the mornin' to see you, an' git you to defend him."

The lawyer sat down on the wooden settee by Mrs. Grayson, and after a little time of silence said:

"You 'd better get some older man, like Blackman."

"Tom won't have Blackman; he won't have nobody but Abe Lincoln, he says."

"But — they say the evidence is all against him; and if that 's the case, an inexperienced young man like me could n't do any good."

Mrs. Grayson looked at him piteously as she detected his reluctance.

"Abra'm, he 's all the boy I 've got left. Ef you 'll defend him I 'll give you my farm an' make out the deed before you begin. An' that 's all I 've got."

"Farm be hanged!" said Lincoln. "Do you think I don't remember your goodness to me when I was a little wretch with my toes sticking out of my ragged shoes! I would n't take a copper from you. But you 're Tom's mother, and of course you think he did n't do it. Now what if the evidence proves that he did?"

Barbara had been sitting in one corner of the room, and Lincoln had not observed her in the obscurity produced by the shade of the green slat curtains. She got up now and came forward. "Abra'm, do you remember me?"

"Is this little Barby?" he said, scanning her face. "You 're a young woman now, I declare."

There was a simple tenderness in his voice that showed how deeply he felt the trouble that had befallen the Graysons.

"Well, I want to say, Abra'm," Barbara went on, "that after talking to Tom we believe that he does n't know anything about the shooting. Now you 'd better go and see him for yourself."

"Well, I 'll tell you what, Aunt Marthy," said he, relapsing into the familiar form of address he had been accustomed to use towards Mrs. Grayson in his boyhood; "I 'll go over and see Tom, and if he *is* innocent, as you and Barby think, we 'll manage to save him or know the reason why. But I must see him alone, and he must n't know about my talk with you."

Lincoln got up, and laying his saddle-bags down in one corner of the room went out immediately. First he went to inquire of Sheriff Plunkett what was the nature of the evidence likely to be brought against Tom. Then he got the sheriff to let him into the jail and leave him alone with his client. Tom had been allowed to remain in the lighter apartment since there was no fear of his escape on this day, when all the town was agog about the murder, and people were continually coming to peer into the jail to get a glimpse of the monster who in the darkness had shot down one that had helped him out of a gambling scrape.

Lincoln sat down on the only stool there was in the room, while Tom sat on a bench.

"Now, Tom," said the lawyer, fixing his penetrating gaze on the young man's face, "you want to remember that I 'm your friend and your counsel. However proper it may be to keep your own secret in such a situation as you are, you must tell me the whole truth, or else I cannot do you any good. How did you come to shoot Lockwood?"

"I did n't shoot Lockwood," said Tom brusquely; "and if you don't believe that, it 's no use to go on."

"Well, say I believe it then, and let 's proceed. Tell me all that happened between you and that young man."

Tom began where this story begins and told all about turning the Bible at Albaugh's; about the gambling in Wooden & Snyder's store and how he was led into it; about his visit to Hubbard Township to get money to pay Lockwood, and Rachel's revelation of the latter's treachery in telling Ike. Then he told of his anger and his threatening, his uncle's break with him, and his talk with Barbara the evening before the murder; and finally he gave a circumstantial account of all that happened to him on the camp-ground, and of his flight and arrest.

"But," said Lincoln, who had looked closely and sometimes incredulously at Tom's face while he spoke, "why did you take a pistol with you to the camp-meeting?"

"I did *not*. I had n't had a pistol in my hands for a week before the shooting."

"But Plunkett says there 's a man ready to swear that he saw you do the shooting. They 've got a pistol out of one of your drawers, and this witness will swear that you used just such an old-fashioned weapon as that."

"Good Lord, Abe! who would tell such an infernal lie on a fellow in my fix? That makes my situation bad." And Tom got up and walked the stone-paved floor in excitement. "But the bullet will show that I did n't do it. Get hold of the bullet, and if it fits the bore of that old pistol I won't ask you to defend me."

"But there was n't any bullet." Lincoln was now watching Tom's countenance with the closest scrutiny.

"No bullet! How in creation did they kill him, then?"

"Can't you think?" He was still studying Tom's face.

"I don't know any way of killing a fellow with a pistol that 's got no bullet unless you beat his brains out with the butt of it, and I thought they said George was shot."

"So he was. But, Tom, I 've made up my mind that you 're innocent. It 's going to be dreadful hard to prove it."

"But how was he killed?" demanded Tom.

"With buck-shot."

Tom stood and mused a minute.

"Now tell me who says I did the shooting."

"I never heard of him before. Sovine, I believe his name is."

"Dave Sovine? W'y, he 's the son of old Bill Sovine; he 's the boy that ran off four years ago, don't you remember? He 's the blackleg that won all my money. What does he want to get me hanged for? I paid him all I owed him."

Lincoln did not appear to hear what Tom was saying: he sat now with his eyes fixed on the grating, lost in thought.

"Tom," he said at length, "who was that strapping big knock-down fellow that used to be about your place — hunter, fisherman, fist-fighter, and all that?"

"Do you mean Bob McCord?"

"That must be the man. Big Bob, they called him. He 's friendly to you, is n't he?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, you have Big Bob come to see me next Tuesday at the tavern, as I go back. I 'll be there to dinner. And if you are called to the inquest, you have only to tell the truth. We won't make any fight before the coroner: you 'll be bound over anyhow, and it 's not best to show our hand too soon."

With that he took his leave. When he got out of the prison he found Mrs. Grayson and Barbara waiting to see him.

"Well, Aunt Marthy," he said, "it don't seem to me that your boy killed that fellow. It 's going to be hard to clear him, but he did n't do it. I 'll do my best. You must get all Tom's relations to come to the trial. And have Big Bob McCord come to see me next Tuesday."

The influence of Tom's uncle, judiciously directed by Hiram Mason, secured for the accused permission to remain in the light room of the prison in the day-time with manacles on, and to sleep in the dungeon at night without the manacles. And the influence of Janet secured from Tom's aunt the loan of the clean though ancient and well-worn bedding and bed-linen that had been afforded him during his stay in his uncle's house. This was set up in the dark room of the jail in place of the bed that had been a resting-place for villains almost ever since the town was founded.

Understanding that Tom was to be taken to the coroner's inquest that afternoon, Hiram tried to persuade the sheriff to take him to Perrysburg jail at night for safety; for he had no knowledge of Bob McCord's plan for sending the mob there. But Plunkett refused this. He knew that such a change might offend Broad Run in case it should take a notion to enforce law in its own way, and Broad Run was an important factor in an election for county officers. Plunkett felt himself to be a representative sheriff. The voters of Broad Run and others of their kind had given him his majority, and he was in his place to do their will. Elevation to office had not spoiled him; he recognized in himself a humble servant of the people, whose duty it was to enforce the law whenever it did not conflict with the wishes of any considerable number of his "constituents." To his mind it did not appear to be of much consequence that a man who deserved hanging should receive his merited punishment at the hands of a mob, instead of suffering death according to the forms of law, after a few weeks or months of delay. But he was too cautious to reveal to Mason the true state of his mind; he only urged that the removal of Tom to Perrysburg would be an act of timidity that might promote the formation of a mob while it would not put Tom out of their reach; and this Mason could not deny.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

TO A VETERAN.

O PATRIOT! would that your last hour had come,
When, with your war-stained flag, to roll of drum
You marched, 'mid men's applause,
From fighting the great cause
Of land and liberty.
Now you are stranded like some gallant bark,
Flung helpless on the shoals, amid the dark
Of dull and starless sky.
Bravely and well you faced the tempest's strife,
But to lie sunk 'neath sands of common life.
Your pride scorns pity, yet how hard the fate
To live through all — only to die too late!

A. S. L. Gray.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

THE architectural record of the great church which stands at Salisbury is unique among the records of English cathedrals. Its foundations were laid upon a virgin site in the year 1220; thirty-eight years thereafter it stood complete up to the top of the first stage of its tower; and time respected the unity thus achieved. No great calamity brought ruin upon any part of the structure, and no new needs provoked its alteration. A single style rules it from end to end, inside and out, from foundation-course to roof-crest. Only the spire and the upper stages of the tower were added in a later century, and to most observers even these look of a piece with all the rest.

It was by means of an act of transplantation, however, and not of new creation, that its thirteenth-century builders had the chance thus to make Salisbury Cathedral all their own. The body of their church was new and the spot upon which it stood, but in name and soul it had already long existed.

I.

ABOUT the year 705 the great diocese of Winchester was divided and its western portion formed into the diocese of Sherborne. In the tenth century this in its turn was cut into two or three, one being called Ramsbury or Wiltshire. At the time of the Conquest Bishop Herman occupied the chairs of both Ramsbury and Sherborne. As he was a foreigner by birth William did not dispossess him; and when William's council decreed the removal of isolated rural sees to places of more importance, Herman removed his to Old Sarum, and the names of the two earlier dioceses were lost in that of Salisbury.

Old Sarum, we say to-day. The Romans said Sorbiodunum, the English Searobyrig, or Sarisbyrig. Sarum was merely the Latinized medieval term which in the thirteenth century was applied to the neighboring new town as well as to the old. Now we call the former Salisbury, but the prefix we still use in speaking of the other perpetuates the memory of the time when they were namesakes.

From prehistoric days Old Sarum had been a strong and famous place. Nature had made it conspicuous in the levels around it, and successive races of men had fortified it to the best of their power. No spot in all England is of more curious interest now. In this crowded little land we soon learn to expect that every historic site will show signs of modern life, that in every spot where a building has stood some building will still stand — if not perfect, then in ruins; or if not the first building, then a later. Who looks in England to find a mighty place of old turned into such a "heap" as those cities of the plain whose punishment the prophets foresaw? Who expects to see the sheep feeding and the plowshare turning where there have been not only Roman roads and ramparts but a great Norman castle and a Cathedral church? Yet this, and nothing but this, is what we see at Old Sarum.

Its broad, desolate hill lies isolated in the valley near the river Avon,* not very far from the skirts of the great table-land called Salisbury Plain. Even the roadway leaves it at a distance. First we pass through an inn-garden, then cross a long stretch of slightly rising ground, and then climb successive steep and rugged though grassy slopes. These show in scarcely broken lines the trend of the ancient walls and fosses. Their main portions are of Roman origin, but, if we may believe tradition, the outermost line was added by King Alfred when the Danes were on the war-path. Once on top of the hill, we find it a wide, rolling plateau, bearing here and there a group of trees, but nowhere a building, and only in two places any relic of man's handiwork — only two shattered, ragged bits of wall. Most of it is covered with rough grass, very different from the fresh turf of English lowlands, but far off to the westward there are signs of agricultural labor. This was where the great cathedral stood; and how much else once stood where now is an almost Mesopotamian desolation — all the adjuncts of a cathedral, ecclesiastical and domestic; all the parts of a stronghold that was a royal residence as well; and all the streets and structures of a considerable city, stretching down the hill and out into the valley. Hence, as from an important center, once radiated six Roman roads. Here Briton and Saxon fought, and the victors held their parliaments, and were in their turn assaulted by the Dane. Hither were summoned all the states of the realm to do homage to William the Norman, and, a century later, all its great men to pay reverence to that young son of

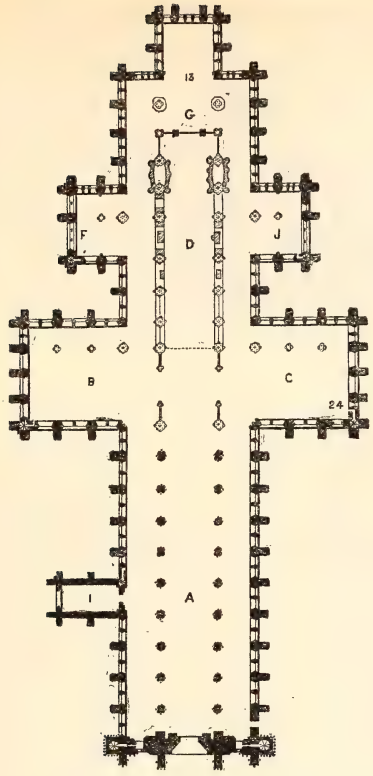
* This is not Shakspere's Avon, but another of the name which flows southward to the Channel.

Henry I. who was to perish in the wreck of the "White Ship." Here was drawn up the "Ordinal of Offices for the Use of Sarum" which became the ritual rule for the whole south of England. Here, in a word, for centuries and under the dominion of five successive races — British, Roman, English, Norman, and again in the new sense English — was one of the great centers of ecclesiastical and military power. To-day it is nothing but a heap. Citadel and lordly keep, royal hall and chapel, cathedral, chapter-house and close, convents, parish churches, municipal buildings, burghers' homes and streets, and the mighty walls which once inclosed them, all have been swept away,— their very stones removed for use in distant spots. The colossal earthworks which once bore the walls are not greatly damaged; the little village of Stratford-under-the-Castle marks perhaps the site of a valley suburb; and the two forlorn patches of wall may still stand for generations. But above ground Nature has reclaimed all else to barren unity. Below ground a long passage is known to exist, though its entrance has been closed for a century, and in 1835 curious antiquaries laid bare for a moment the foundations of the cathedral church. It was 270 feet in length, and had two western towers with a great Galilee-porch between, transepts and aisles, and a deep choir which, as was usual in later English but not in Norman days, ended in a flat east wall. It was consecrated in the year 1092, and was begun by Herman, finished by his successor Osmund, a companion of the Conqueror, and much altered and enlarged by Roger, the warrior-bishop of King Stephen's time. It seems to have been inclosed by the fortifications of the castle, and this fact typifies all those which led to its eventual abandonment.

From the beginning, the close association of ecclesiastical and military power was a source of trouble. At Durham the bishop had been the first comer and was indisputable head of the community, and the might of the sword always assisted the might of the staff. But the bishop of Sherborne and Ramsbury came to Sarum, so to say, as the guest and dependent of its military chief. Some of his successors united both titles — as in the case of the bloody and potent Roger. But from Roger's day onward church and castle were at feud, and the burghers of Sarum, who were tenants in part of the one and in part of the other, fed and fanned the discord. Municipal disputes were then not settled by words. Hand-to-hand struggles were frequent in Sarum, and naturally the priests did not often have the best of the matter. In the reign of Richard I., for instance, "such was the hot entertainment on each part" over certain disputed boundaries "that at last the Castellanes, espieing their time, gate between the cleargie and the towne and so coiled them as they returned homeward that they feared any more to gang about their bounds for the year." Moreover, the cathedral establishment was sadly cramped for space, the town "wanted water so unreasonably as [a strange kind of merchandise] it was there to be sold," the hill was cold and cheerless and the wind blew over the lifted church so that often "the people could not hear the priests say mass." And then, on general principles, "What," as one of its canons exclaimed, "has the house of the Lord to do with castles? It is the ark of the covenant in a temple of Baalim. Let us in God's name," he added, "descend into the level. There are rich champaigns and fertile valleys abounding in the fruits of the earth and profusely watered by living streams. There is a seat for the Virgin patroness of our Church to which the whole world cannot afford a parallel." Times had changed since that distraught eleventh century, when such spots as Durham and Sarum had seemed the best for churchmen's homes. What they wanted now was not convenience of defense, but freedom of access and the chance to live well, since anywhere they could live in safety. So, in the reign of Henry III. and the bishopric of Richard Poore, the first stones of a new cathedral were laid in the valley. As it stood more than a mile away from the old one, we can perhaps as readily believe that the Virgin showed the spot to the bishop in a dream as that he marked it by an arrow shot from the ramparts of Old Sarum.

With the ecclesiastics went most of the burghers of the hill-town. At once its importance departed and, more slowly but as utterly, its very life. The stages of its decline cannot be traced with surety. But the mere fact that after the time of Bishop Poore history refers to it only seldom and as though by chance proves how quickly it died. A writer who visited it in 1540 says that not a house then remained, that the castle was a heap of "notable ruinous building," and that in a chapel dedicated to Our Lady burned the only lights which proved man's presence. Nominally Old Sarum existed as a town until the year 1831. Until then two so-called representatives of its chimerical inhabitants sat in the Parliament of England. But for years out of mind it had then been as invisible as it is to-day. Perhaps when the priests shook off its inhospitable dust they cursed it as the Hebrew priests had cursed the cities of the plain.

As it gradually dwindled, the new city of priests waxed and grew, absorbing its life-blood, stealing away the stones of its body.



PLAN OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

A, Nave; B, C, Main Transepts; D, Choir; F, J, Minor or Eastern Transepts; G, Retrochoir; 1, North Porch; 13, Lady Chapel; 24, Entrance to Cloisters.

Peace dwelt within the borders of New Sarum, and the only ramparts it needed were the low walls which still fence in its close — signs not of anticipated conflict, but merely of the church's isolation from the world.

II.

APART from its great central feature the modern Salisbury is not an interesting town. The main streets are commonplace, though in out-of-the-way corners we find picturesque bits of domestic work and a Perpendicular church or two; and while the chief square is spacious, it has scarcely more architectural dignity than that of some New England city of the second rank. Doubtless it was once more interesting — the scene-painter bids us think so when "Richard III." is being played and the time comes for Buckingham's execution. Beyond the suburbs, however, out in the valley of the Avon, the England of to-day is as lovely as ever, and from here the town seems a pretty enough base for the splendid spire which soars above it. All possible adjectives of description and nouns of comparison have been worn threadbare in the attempt to paint this spire. But no words can do the work. To call it a "titanic arrow" weakly pictures the way it lifts itself, seemingly not towards but into the blue of heaven. To liken it to the "spear of an angel" does not figure the strength which dwells in its buoyant outline. We may speak of it for the thousandth time as a silent "finger of faith" pointing to the home of the faithful and not hint at the significance it wears to the imaginative eye, or cite with emphasis the many feet it measures and not explain the paramount place it holds in the landscape — how it is always the center and finish of every scene, whether we stand far away or near; how it persists in our consciousness even when our backs are turned, or when the blackness of night shuts it out from corporeal vision. Standing just beneath it, we cannot but keep our eyes perpetually lifted to its aërial summit, to mark how the moving clouds appear to be at rest and it appears to move — like a gigantic, lovely dial-hand actually showing us for once the invisible revolution of the globe. When we are far away, on the desolate levels of Salisbury Plain, we see its isolated, slender stateliness for miles after town and church have vanished beneath the plateau's edge; and when it also disappears it still seems to be watching us — it is still the one thing with which imagination takes account until we are finally in presence of that huge circle at Stonehenge, in comparison with the antiquity of which Salisbury's spire is modern. The whole of architectural progress lies between the forms of these two famous monuments. Here are rough, unhewn, uncouth monoliths, raised by brute strength and standing by the force of mere inertia — there, delicately chiseled blocks piled in myriads one upon another to a dizzy height, the utmost science and the subtilest art creating and maintaining them. Here is the impressiveness of matter subdued by mind into positions full once of a meaning that now is lost but not subdued into even the remotest semblance of grace or beauty. There a strength infinitely greater is combined with the last word of grace and loveliness, and expresses meanings, faiths, emotions, which are still those of our own world. Yet there is no undecipherable stage in the long sequence which lies between. The steps are close and clear — not, indeed, in England, but in other lands that we know as well — which lead from men who were content to set two great stones over against each other and lay a third on top and call them a temple, to men who caressed their stones into exquisite forms and surfaces, piled them aloft in complicated harmonies of outline, and crowned them with pinnacles — as

light as air, as strong as iron — which all but touched the clouds.

It is interesting too to remember, that new as Salisbury seems when compared with Stonehenge, the one can boast no earlier name than the other. The Druids may very well have built Stonehenge, but the barbarians whom the Druids ruled must have camped before the Romans on the hill of Sarum. Perhaps from this same spot, indeed, went forth the constructors of the undated temple and those of the thirteenth-century church.

III.

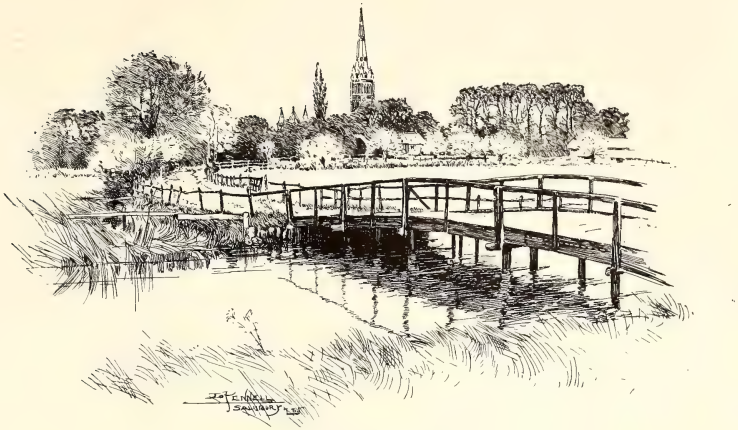
One can well understand how attractive their new site must have seemed to the emigrating priests — low and level, warm and fertile, and close to the silver Avon's banks. But its too-tempting unlikeness to their old position brought them new discomforts. The land lay so low as to be almost swampy, and the river ran so close that in times of flood it ran into the church — an even worse visitor than the wind of the hill-city, as it could enforce the discontinuance of services for days together. Even until comparatively recent years local grumblers called the close the sink of the city and the palace the sink of the close. But no hint of such discomforts appears to the eye. The close is simply one of the greenest, freshest, and sweetest of earthly spots; and outside of fairy-land there can be nothing lovelier than the palace and its gardens, except the incomparably fairy-like garden and palace at Wells. If Durham seems the petrified portrait and interpretation of the Church Militant, Salisbury is the very type and picture of the Church of the Prince of Peace. Nowhere else does a work of Christian architecture so express purity and repose and the beauty of holiness, while the green pastures which surround it might well be those of which the Psalmist wrote. When the sun shines on the pale gray stones and the level grass and the silent trees, and throws the long shadow of the spire across them, it is as though a choir of seraphs sang in benediction of that peace of God which passeth understanding. The men who built and planted here were sick of the temples of Baalim, tired of being cribbed and cabined, weary of quarrelsome winds and voices. They wanted space and sun and stillness, comfort and rest and beauty, and the quiet ownership of their own; and no men ever more perfectly expressed, for future times to read, the ideal which they had in mind.

The cathedral stands upon a great, unbroken, absolutely level lawn which sweeps around it to west and north and east, while close beyond it to the south rise the trees of the episcopal garden. Cloisters and chapter-house lie also to the south, and upon the other sides nothing is visible except the lawn itself, the magnificent trees which circle at a distance, the low wall of the close, and over this the rows of the canons' vine-wreathed homes. The chief approach is through a gate-way at the north-east angle of the close, whence a path leads to the main door in the north side of the nave. Approaching thus, we see the whole church standing free and see it at its very best. For, as so often in England, the west front not only does not contain the entrance, but is the least beautiful part of the structure.

IV.

As fate had decreed that this should be the only great English church to be built all at once and to remain intact, it is fortunate that it was begun not in a time of transition but in the early years of a perfected style; and it is doubly fortunate that this style was one which only England practiced. Her earlier Norman and her later full-blown Gothic (or Decorated style) she practiced in common with the rest of northern Europe. But the intermediate Lancet-Pointed and the still later Perpendicular were of her own creation. Lancet-Pointed features, as has been already told, were used elsewhere, but were nowhere else developed into a homogeneous scheme of construction and decoration, and so long used as to come to full perfection. When the corner-stone of the choir of Salisbury was laid, the style had just thrown off the last trace of Norman thought. When the west front was finished, it was just beginning to develop certain ornamental motives which became characteristic of the Decorated period. If the church had been built with the express wish to show what the Lancet-Pointed style meant in its purest essence, what it could achieve without help from any other, its witness could not be plainer or more precise.

Its plan is the ideal plan of a great English church, free alike from Norman and from contemporary foreign influence. The immense length of the nave and choir (480 feet) and their comparative narrowness; the double pair of transepts, each with its single aisle; the great north porch; the square endings of all the six limbs and even of the apse (if so it may be called) which projects to the eastward — all these are thoroughly English features. When we look at the exterior we find it also typically English, by reason not only of the squareness of all its parts and the shape and finish of all its openings, but of the lowness of its roofs as well. It is this lowness which gives to central tower and spire their



THE SPIRE, FROM THE RIVER.

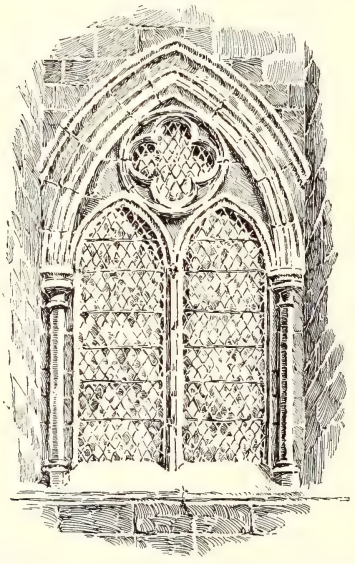
unmatched effectiveness. Tall though the spire of Salisbury is, two or three others exist which are still taller. Amiens, for example, stands 22 feet above it. But at Amiens the roof-ridge is 208 feet from the ground, while at Salisbury it is only 81. I need not speak again of the vast increase in interior majesty which the high French ceiling gives. But outside, I may repeat, the advantage is the other way. The body of the church is more beautiful if less imposing, and tower and spire are thrown into incomparable relief. Yet even at Salisbury they do not seem too high for the supporting structure. They do not dwarf the church while so imperially asserting themselves. The vast length of an English church and the wide spread of its transepts compensate as evidence of strength for the lowness of its walls, and amply sustain, to the æsthetic sense, the loftiest ascending lines. In fact, no better church than Salisbury could be imagined as a preparation for one of the tallest spires in the world. Its successive portions so build themselves up from east to west in gradually increasing height that it has a graceful dignity, a buoyancy, a lifting, bearing, aspiring effect which we feel would be incomplete did a less aërial pinnacle surmount the whole.

This is the great beauty of Salisbury, the composition of its mighty body as a whole. So finely proportioned and arranged are its square masses of different heights and sizes, so splendid are the broad effects of light and shadow they produce, so appropriate is the slant of the roof lines, and so wisely placed and gracefully shaped are the simple windows, that for once we can give no thought



NORTH-EAST GATEWAY TO THE CLOSE.

of regret either to the circling apses of Continental lands or to the rich traceries and surface carvings and figure-sculptures of later generations. The openings of the main story and the capitals of their shafts are merely molded. Traceries are employed above, but sparingly and in the simplest patterns. The buttresses are small and the flying ones which support the upper walls are few. The water-tables, which play a marvelously effective part in strengthening and enlivening the walls, are but a succession of unornamented though exquisitely profiled sharp projections and recesses;



EXTERIOR OF TRIFORIUM WINDOW, NORTH TRANSEPT.

and even the arcaded cornices are not elaborate. Except upon the western front there is nothing which properly can be called sculptured decoration. The whole effect is in the strictest sense architectural. Few large buildings teach so clearly the great lesson that beauty in a building depends first of all upon composition, not decoration; upon masses, not details; upon the use and the shaping, not the ornamentation of features: and very few show half so plainly that medieval architects could realize this fact. Gothic ideals so commonly reveal themselves through forms which are strikingly varied, or very complicated, or lavishly adorned, or all these things at once, that we are too apt to think them identical with such qualities. We are too apt to think that Gothic art cannot be individual without being eccentric, or interesting without being heterogeneous, or grand without being grandiose or half-barbaric, or lovely without the riotous charms of lace-like carving and ubiquitous figure-sculpture. But Salisbury is both grand and lovely; and yet it is quiet, rational and all of a piece, clear and simple, and refined to the point of utmost purity. No building in the world is more logical, more lucid in expression, more restful to mind and eye.

Mr. Henry James, who is usually a sensitive observer, has called Salisbury a blonde beauty among churches. Certainly its chief charm is grace, not power. It is a distinctly feminine structure as compared with Ely or Durham, and we may grant that it is a blonde beauty as were those daughters of the gods who were "divinely tall and most divinely fair." But if by the term is meant any hint of weakness or mere prettiness it is a distinct misnomer. When the same pen writes that the beauty of Salisbury is a little *banal*, we are bound to dissent with emphasis. It may look so in a picture, for in architecture scale has much to do with the character of the impression we receive. The enormous size of Salisbury gives its design a force, a grandeur, an individuality which it would lack had it been executed on a smaller scale. In actual presence of its calm immensity most eyes will not find it commonplace or so lightly graceful as to want impressiveness. The truth is this, I repeat, with regard to Gothic architecture: we so often find imperfectly realized attempts that when we find completeness we are tempted to think the aim must have been an easy one to reach; we are so used to seeing virtues mixed with faults, or at least with different virtues, that when they are unmixed we hardly feel them precious; we are so cloyed with rich details that simplicity seems insipid; and we are so often met by an infinite picturesqueness that when it is absent we depreciate strict architectural beauty. It is strict architectural beauty that we find at Salisbury. If we think it feeble it will be because we cannot see strength when it has been brought to perfect poise and ease. If our verdict is *banal*, it will be because we cannot tell the commonplace from the simply and exactly right, or do not know how rare the latter is — because we long for eccentricity as a proof of personality, and need what the French call *emphase* to impress us. There is no overemphasis about Salisbury — neither in its effect as a whole nor in any of its parts, neither in its design nor in its treatment. But just in this fact lies its greatest merit; and just by reason of this fact joined to its mighty size and its exceptional unity, it is intensely individual, personal, distinct from all other churches in the world. Here, for once, we find one phase of the medieval ideal of a great Christian church perfectly expressed by constructive forms alone, and find that it has extraordinary majesty, yet a still greater degree of loveliness.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Is there nothing better to do than to turn away with the verdict: Perfect, but too perfect; simple, but too easily understood; grand, but not grandiose enough; entirely lovely, which is a fault; exquisitely complete, but therefore unexciting?

It is not a new idea of my own that if a classic Greek could come back to life he might like Salisbury better than any other medieval building. But it came to me as a new idea when I first saw the church, and the fact is perhaps worth citing as a line of evidence in a significant direction. If this building would seem exceptionally perfect and lucid to the eye of a Greek, if we should choose it as the first to show him when explaining what medieval builders understood by a temple of their faith,—if this is true or can by any colorable license be construed as truth, is not Salisbury magnificently praised? Meat that is fit for the gods must be good, though to our jaded appetites there may seem little spice in the dish.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that Salisbury is the most beautiful church in the world or in England, or even as saying that so it seems to me. Moods change, and with them estimates of perfection. Architectural beauty is of many kinds, and even within the limits of the Pointed styles we may judge for different virtues with differing priorities as the result. All I mean is that Salisbury's kind of beauty is the most purely lovely among Gothic kinds, and that in its kind it stands unsurpassed, unrivaled, unapproached. If we put ornamentation out of the balance and judge for constructive beauty alone, it is one of the two or three great churches of the world—partly because of its singular completeness, but largely for more intrinsic reasons.

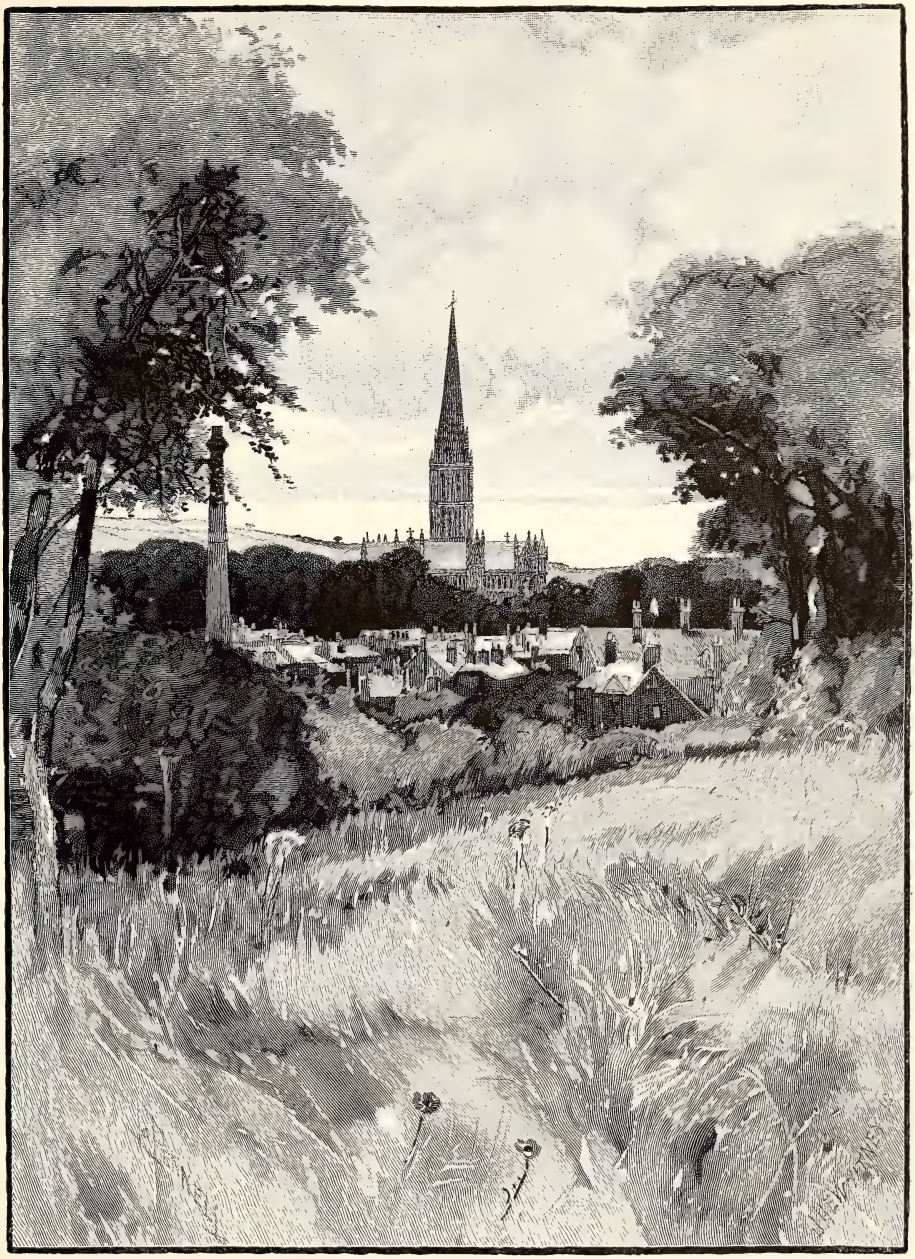
V.

It is well to say at once, however, that in thus estimating the merits of Salisbury I have left its west front out of mind. This front is, indeed, one of the best of its kind, but its kind is indisputably bad.



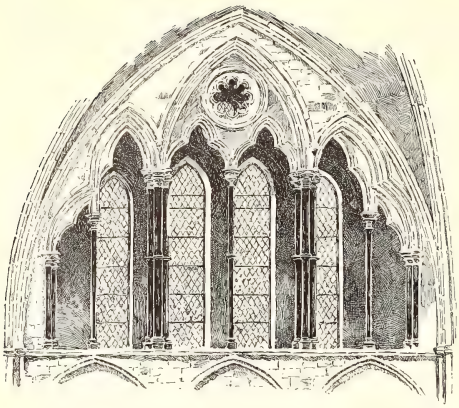
THE CLOSE AND A PART OF THE WEST FRONT.

The west façades of England offer a curious subject for study. Norman builders loved dominant central towers and English builders always persisted in this love. Across the Channel it was soon suppressed by a desire for lofty ceilings, and the west front profited by the change. Its towers became of chief importance, and their combination with the principal door-ways and with the great height of wall-curtain, which was justified by the high nave-walls behind, resulted in designs of extraordinary force and splendor—in designs which, as elevations, are by far the finest works of medieval genius. In England, where the western towers remained subordinate to the central, and where the body of the church was low and narrow, no such magnificence of front was logically possible. But great beauty



THE SPIRE OF SALISBURY.

and excellence might still have been possible but for two unfortunate facts — English builders sometimes took even their principal doors away from the west front, and they sometimes tried to simulate the grandeur of French fronts by illogical, untruthful construction. The first act was a great architectural mistake, the second was a crying architectural sin; and both fault and sin appear at Salisbury. In front of the low aisles the wall rises almost as high as in front of the nave, standing as a useless screen crossed by rows



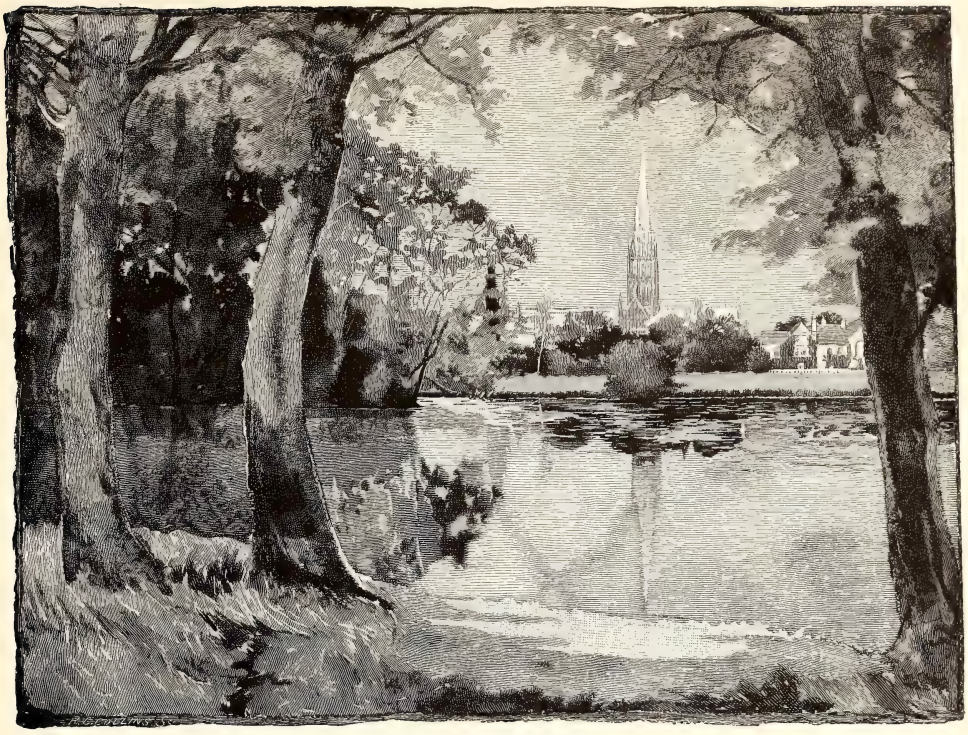
INTERIOR OF CLERE-STORY WINDOW, NORTH TRANSEPT.

of simulated windows. Three porches exist, but they are much too small for the artistic or the expressional dignity which their place demands. It hardly needs the corroborating evidence of the great porch on the north side of the church to make them seem a mere concession to the precepts of tradition or of foreign practice; and the façade as a whole is palpably an attempt to imitate under hopeless conditions the majestic variety of French designs. It is not a true factor in the general scheme of the building, truly completing the parts which lie behind it. It is a screen whose purpose is to make the church look larger than the truth. From one point of view it accomplishes this task, but from every other the cheat is of course apparent. Strictly judged for the underlying architectural idea, it has no greater merit than a thing we may see any day in any little American town — a house-front a couple of stories in height surmounted by another sham story or two of blank wall, behind which, when we stand a little aside, we see the roofs sloping away. They were a singular race, these English architects. Sometimes they seem to possess, in the highest measure, constructive genius, architectural imagination, æsthetic feeling; sometimes they design like children who have been impressed by a certain object but have no appreciation of what factors really make its beauty; and sometimes they show both phases of their character in the same building and at the same epoch. Such is strikingly the case at Salisbury. The east end, the tower and spire, and the long reaches of nave and transepts look like the work of angel builders inspired by a supernal idea to a supernatural perfection of result, while the west front — built by the same men, or at least by their sons — shows a lack of the first principles of good art which we should condemn in a generation that had been fed on blunders only. Yet the result is as characteristically English in the one case as in the other. Neither for the supreme success nor for the crude mistake was there any foreign precedent.

The more we look at this façade the more its faults as a design appear, though there is much to delight us in its details of execution. The wings are too wide for the central division, and the middle window is too large for its place; the cornices are deplorably weak, and the rows of blank windows are a cheap device to give the wall a semblance of utility. It is less to be called a composition than a mechanical assemblage of individually attractive features. But it is far more elaborate than any other part of the church, and must at least have had great decorative charm when its multitudinous figures were intact. Time and the Reformation ruined them however, and the modern hand which replaced them was not a great sculptor's.

VI.

It is a pleasure to turn from the front of Salisbury to the tower and spire, which call for nothing but unstinted praise. The upper parts are just a century later than the lower and belong to the Decorated period. But appropriate proportioning has been observed in the shape of the windows, and the richer decoration seems entirely harmonious with the simplicity below. The tower groups and assorts with the body of the church as a blown rose groups and assorts with buds — it seems but the same idea brought to a richer, fuller development. And the work is as intrinsically beautiful as it is appropriate. Not size alone makes this steeple so famous; not merely the lowness of the roof beneath makes it so splendidly impressive. No other spire in the world is so exquisitely noble in proportions, so aspiring in expression, so graceful in outline, so felicitous in the arrangement of its parts. The angle-turrets are of just the right size, the stories of the tower and the bandings of the spire are of just the right height, the transition from tower to spire — from the four-sided to the eight-sided body — is beautifully managed, and the decoration is applied so well that we cannot dissever it in thought from the constructive forms it accents. Salisbury's spire has few rivals in the world and, to my mind, no equal. The far greater elaboration of Strasburg's is dearly purchased by a loss of purity in outline and of buoyancy of spring. The same is true with even greater emphasis of Antwerp's and of Mechlin's, whence the spire-like effect has almost entirely vanished. If the open lace-work of Freiburg's great pinnacle has a greater picturesqueness, we may still prefer the solid, pure, and noble slightness of the great English work; and in all of Europe there is no



FROM THE BISHOP'S GARDEN.

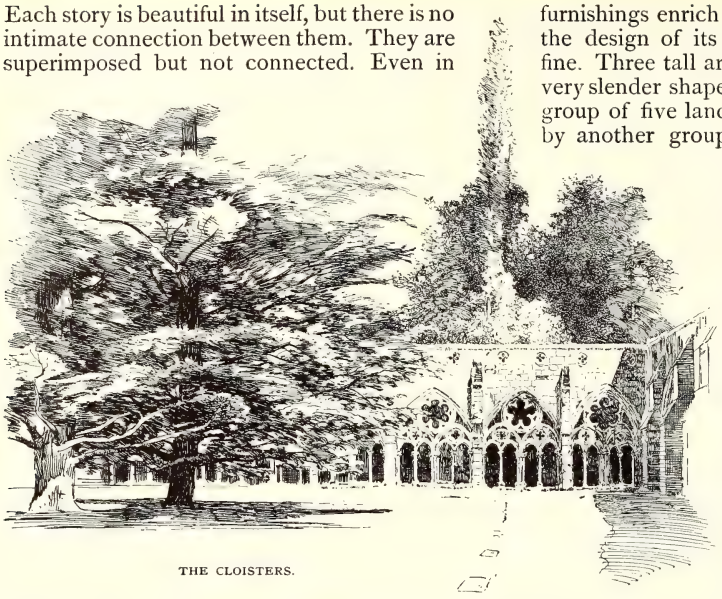
other spire of similar altitude and beauty which stands like this as the completing central feature of a great and perfect composition.

It is supposed that the builders of the church intended to carry their tower much higher than the single stage they completed. But their foundations, set on spongy soil, showed signs of weakness, and the recent fall of the great neighboring tower of Winchester warned against temerity. Strong abutments were added in the upper stages of the church, and by the aid of these the fourteenth-century architect raised his upper stories and his spire. The construction of the latter is singularly daring and scientific. To a height of twenty feet its walls are two feet thick, but above that they are only nine inches thick, while the scaffoldings which served the builders still remain within them, hung to the capstone of the spire by iron rods and serving by their crossbars to brace the fabric. But even thus the soil refused to bear the enormous load with steadiness, and in the fifteenth century great braces were inserted between the four supporting piers to prevent them from bulging outward to their fall. The point of the spire is now twenty-three inches out of the perpendicular, but the fact is scarcely perceptible; and though signs of settlement show far more plainly within the church, they have not increased for centuries, while modern skill has done its best to guard against further movement. It is probable that the original constructors did not think of adding so lofty a finish to their tower; but their successors' thought was a happy one and, as time has proved, it was not altogether over-daring.

VII.

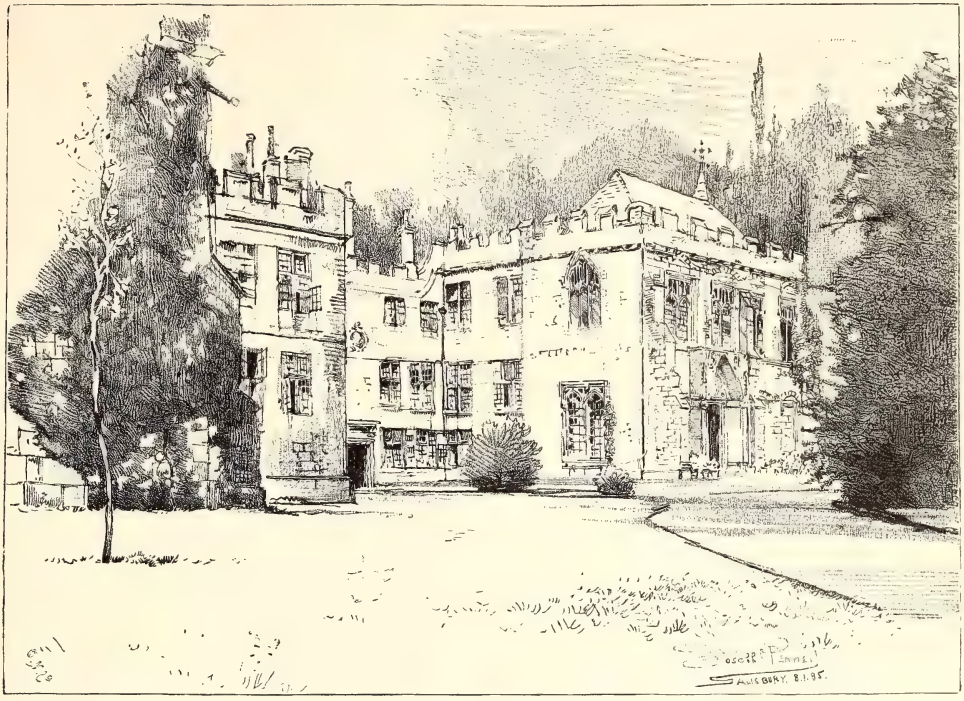
THE interior of the cathedral, despite its size and unity, impresses and charms us much less than the exterior. The features of its design please us best when individually considered. The plan of the great pillars is a welding together of eight circular shafts, four of larger and four of smaller size. The arches between them are sharply pointed and their moldings show that infinitude of beautifully contrasting hollows, ridges, and rolls which is the distinctive mark and the greatest merit of Early-English work. The clere-story openings are divided into coupled lights and filled with simple, strong, yet graceful traceries; and the triforium lights are in groups of three or five.

Each story is beautiful in itself, but there is no intimate connection between them. They are superimposed but not connected. Even in round-arched Norman work, where no air of consistent aspiration is expected, the effect is best when certain members rise in unbroken lines from floor to roof, uniting all parts of the design. But here, where they are far more essential, there are no such members. Each range of openings is designed in independence of the others, and the sharply pointed forms do not agree in expression with the strong horizontal demarcations thus produced — the eye is bidden continually to change from vertical to level lines, and neither an idea of rest nor an idea of aspiration is made clear. The roof, moreover, begins its curve so low down upon the walls as to have an almost crushing effect; seen in their long sequence, the features which individually are so charming look somewhat thin and "wire-drawn"; and the entire lack of sculptured decoration seems here a fault, though it seemed no fault outside. Early-English builders could decorate most lavishly when they chose, and one type of capital which they used is extremely rich and lovely. But another type consisted simply of a succession of plain moldings, and it is this alone that we find at Salisbury. Of course the effect must have been very different when the church was first constructed. Then all the untraceried windows, which now look so poor and throw so cold a glare, were filled with gorgeous low-toned glass, and the stonework throughout was brought into harmony by paint. But as we see it to-day, an architectural scheme reduced to its intrinsic terms, the nave of Salisbury leaves us a little indifferent. The choir is more attractive, for its furnishings enrich the general effect and the design of its east end is extremely fine. Three tall arches, the outer ones of very slender shape, are surmounted by a group of five lancet windows and again by another group of five. This is the end wall of the choir proper, and the upper ranges of windows look out over lower roofs and are filled with glass. But through the great arches beneath them we look under these low roofs into the retrochoir and Lady-Chapel, where slender, isolated shafts make exquisite perspectives, changing in effect with every changing step. These outlying chapels, seen thus as through a triple frame, are the English substitute for the circling apses of the Continent. The prize for picturesqueness, poetry, and mystery must be given to France, but England's device is as charming in a simpler, clearer way; and, I may say once more, there is less need for comparisons in a case like this than for gratitude that different lands show different ideals in perfect execution and not merely variants of the same kind of success.



THE CLOISTERS.

The monuments which filled the choir and nave of Salisbury were sadly knocked about and mutilated and shifted in Protestant years, and when the "restorer" Wyatt took them in hand a century ago he re-arranged many of them after a scheme of his own. The columns of the nave are united by a low continuous plinth, prescribed, perhaps, for the better distribution of their weight, by the treacherous nature of the soil. Upon this plinth, between the pillars, Wyatt arranged a sequence of monuments. Of course their historic interest is destroyed, yet the effect, superficially speaking, is not bad, and if Wyatt had done nothing worse than this we might perhaps forgive him. How can we forgive him for shattering the ancient windows and throwing their glass "by cart-loads into a ditch"? Some remaining fragments have been patched together in two or three of the windows, but we must go to the cathedral of York to see what we might have seen at Salisbury had it not been for reformers and restorers. A multitude of tombs still remain in the choir and Lady-Chapel — old and modern, large and small, simple and elaborate. Among them is one which is supposed to commemorate Bishop Roger and to



THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

have been brought from Old Sarum, and another in which lies a woman whom a poet's lines, more imperishable than brass or stone, have made forever famous — "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

The great old choir-screen, as in so many other English churches, has been removed, and the eye now passes without hindrance from one end of the mighty perspective to the other. Or, more exactly, it would thus pass but for the huge braces that were built in the fifteenth century between the piers which support the tower. Each is formed by a strong, low arch surmounted by a straight, beam-like piece of wall. The huge original openings are thus divided, so to say, into two open stories, and the Perpendicular decoration on the lower story strikes the only note of discord in the vast architectural unity of the church. The device was constructionally clever, and doubtless was the best that could have been adopted, but the necessity for its adoption was unfortunate.

VIII.

CHAPTER-HOUSE and cloisters, like the church itself, are complete to-day as at first constructed, and they too are in the Early-English style. They were built just after the church was finished and resemble the west façade, being richer in feature and detail than the nave against the south side of which they lie. Every cathedral chapter needed, of course, a chapter-house for its assemblings; but only monastic establishments needed cloister-walks for the daily recreation of the monks who led their lives in common. Salisbury's chapter was always collegiate, and its cloisters, therefore, were a pure piece of architectural luxury. The fact speaks very plainly through the absence of other monastic structures. Nothing more than we see to-day ever stood at Salisbury except a lofty bell-tower on the north side of the churchyard. It was "multangular in form, surmounted by a leaden spire; with walls and buttresses similar to the chapter-house and cloisters, and a single pillar of Purbeck marble in the center, supporting the bells and spire." It was destroyed by Wyatt, apparently for no reason, but with full consent of dean and chapter.

The cloisters, with their coupled windows, simple traceries, and groined roofs are very beautiful, and the priests well gave the name of "Paradise" to the central square of turf with its group of dusky cedars. The chapter-house is of the typical English form — an octagon with great windows filling the space between its buttresses, and an overarching roof borne by a central column. Yet it does not charm us quite so much as some of the

sister-buildings we shall meet elsewhere. Its forms and proportions seem thin and poor, cold and mechanical, and a modern attempt to restore its painted color has given it a dismal tawdriness. If we want to see it at its best we must stand outside, to the southward, beyond the door which leads from the cloisters into the bishop's garden. Here its polygonal walls and the low walls of the cloister group wonderfully well with the varied deep velvet turf. The church seems rather to rest upon the surface of this turf than to send out roots into the soil below. The fact might be unfortunate in a smaller structure, giving it a look of slightness and insecurity. But here the structure is so immense, its lateral arms stretch out so broadly, and its square angles are so bold and steady in expression, that it has no need to show its foundations more distinctly. The simple profiling of its lower walls strikes us indeed, but as an added element in that general air of lightness, spring, and grace which so singularly distinguishes this cathedral.



GATEWAY TO THE CLOSE.

masses of the church itself. The composition is one of infinite purity, charm, and, if I so may say, soft grandeur; and the wide stretch of idyllic garden beyond, leading off to the stately palace, is a setting such as England alone can furnish to her structures.

Passing around the church again we marvel at the perfect finish of its masonry and the beauty of its color — pale ashy gray, conspicuously stained below with wide growths of red and yellow lichens. We marvel too at the lack of emphatic treatment in the foundations. Here, where Nature gave no rocky base, we might have looked for a rock-like base of masonry, but the walls rise nearly straight from the

The wall around the close was not built until the fourteenth century, when Edward III. gave permission to "embattle" the cathedral precincts and to use for the purpose the stones of the old church at Sarum. On the north the wall lies so far off from the church, and on the west it comes, comparatively speaking, so near, that the secondary rank of the façade is again explained to the eye. It is nowhere a very lofty wall and in some parts it is very low. Here and there among its stones may be seen bits of Norman carving, which are the only existing witnesses to the style and finish of the ancient hill-town church.

Beyond the wall to the west runs a row of

canons' homes, each set back in its luxuriant little garden. To the north is another expanse of green and then more houses. Most of the dwellings are of Elizabethan design, or of one of those Queen Anne or Georgian patterns which in this country we call "colonial." In size and shape they constantly remind us of things we have seen at home, but in material and color they are wholly English. They have fine red-tiled roofs, and their walls are of brick, or of brick and plaster, or of stone and flint; and where the stones have been patched with ruddy bricks there is no effort to conceal the disparity in material which gives so beautiful a variety in tint. Vines cover, trees embower, and flowers encircle them. The color effect as a whole is enchanting, and the air of mingled dignity, unworldliness, and peace which broods over the church itself broods over the dwellings of its ministrants as well.

Richard Poore, who, as bishop of Salisbury, founded its new church, was the same who a little later, as bishop of Durham, founded there the Chapel of the Nine Altars. It is unlikely that he was in either case the architect; and though the Early-English style is used in both buildings, it is so differently used as not to suggest that their designer was one and the same. The utmost simplicity of which the Lancet Pointed style is capable rules at Salisbury, the utmost luxuriance at Durham — as regards not profuseness of ornament alone but the constructional forms themselves. It is a singular coincidence, therefore, but doubtless nothing more, that the first man whom we know to have actually built at Salisbury — perhaps as architect, perhaps merely as clerk-of-the-works — bears the name of the northern town, Elias de Derham.

Although Salisbury was a cathedral church from very early times, much of its history is as void of great prelatical names as the history of Peterborough, which was merely an abbey church until the sixteenth century. Not the bishops but the earls of Salisbury, whose cross-legged effigies may be seen in the nave, made the name of their town a power in the world.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

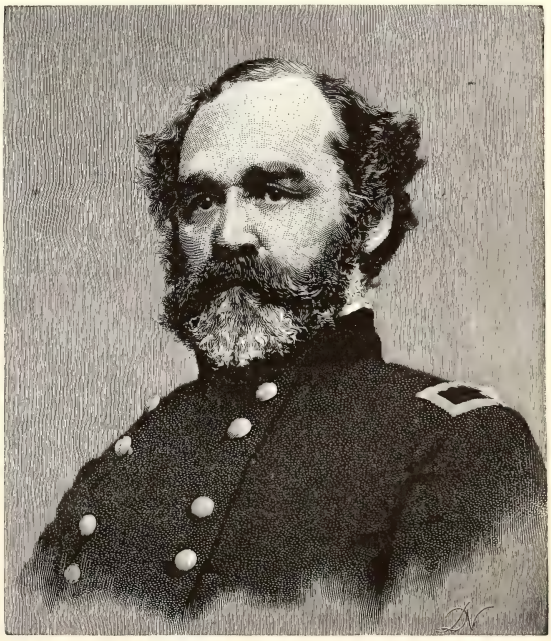
ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

THE CALL TO ARMS.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE FALL OF SUMTER.

MILITARY and naval expeditions rarely move at their first appointed time. That prepared by Captain Fox for Sumter was, by the President's order, directed to sail on April 6, but did not actually start till the 9th; that prepared by Captain Meigs for Fort Pickens was to have got off on the 2d, but only sailed on the 6th. The fitting out of both went on simultaneously at New York, but the officers concerned were not cognizant of each other's plans and measures, and it so happened that, through a misunderstanding which did not come to light until after the sailing of the latter, the war ship *Powhatan*, upon which Captain Fox depended for his most effective aid in his proposed efforts to relieve Fort Sumter, was transferred to the command of Lieutenant Porter, and sailed to Fort Pickens instead. The details of the incident are too long for the pages of this magazine and must be passed, with the simple statement that the



GENERAL M. C. MEIGS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

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Meigs expedition, in conjunction with the successful delivery of fresh orders to the fleet at Pensacola, made Fort Pickens entirely secure against assault by the rebel forces under Bragg, and also rendered more safe the Federal forts at Key West and Tortugas.

Meanwhile affairs at Fort Sumter were hastening to a crisis more rapidly than President Lincoln had been led to expect. The various occurrences during the month of March had created in Anderson the strong expectation that he would receive orders to evacuate the fort, and under this belief less care was taken to make his provisions hold out than might have been done. His letter of the 31st gave notice that "the last barrel of flour was issued day before yesterday"; and on the first day of April he once more wrote:

> The South Carolina Secretary of War has not sent the authority asked for yesterday to enable me to send off the discharged laborers. Having been in daily expectation since the return of Colonel Lamon to Washington of receiving orders to vacate this post, I have kept these men here as long as I could. . . . I told Mr. Fox that if I placed the command on short allowance I could make the provisions last until after the 10th of this month; but as I have received no instructions from the Department that it was desirable I should do so, it has not been done. If the governor permits me to send off the laborers, we will have rations enough to last us about one week longer.*

Upon receipt of this notice President Lincoln issued his final order for the departure of the Sumter expedition, of which he gave notice to Anderson in the following instructions, drafted with his own hand:

> WASHINGTON, April 4, 1861.
>
> SIR: Your letter of the 1st instant occasions some anxiety to the President. On information of Captain Fox he had supposed you could hold out till the 15th instant without any great inconvenience, and had prepared an expedition to relieve you before that period. Hoping still that you will be able to sustain yourself till the 11th or 12th instant, the expedition will go forward; and, finding your flag flying, will attempt to provision you, and, in case the effort is resisted, will endeavor also to reënforce you.
>
> You will therefore hold out, if possible, till the arrival of the expedition. It is not, however, the intention of the President to subject your command to any danger or hardship beyond what, in your judgment, would be usual in military life, and he has entire confidence that you will act as becomes a patriot and a soldier, under all circumstances. Whenever, if at all, in your judgment, to save yourself and command, a capitulation becomes a necessity, you are authorized to make it.†

* Anderson to Thomas, April 1, 1861. War Records.

† Lincoln, Autograph MS.



COLONEL GUSTAVUS V. FOX. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CUDLIP.)

This manuscript draft, in words so brief and explicit, in tone so considerate and humane, in foresight and moderation so eminently characteristic of its author, as manifested in almost every important document of his administration, was sent to the War Department, where it was copied in quadruplicate, addressed to Major Robert Anderson, signed by Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, and one copy immediately transmitted by mail to Fort Sumter,‡ while other copies were dispatched by other methods. That same afternoon the Secretary of War and General Scott gave Captain Fox — who, having completed his preliminary arrangements, had come to Washington for the purpose — his final and confidential orders for the command, the destination, the supplies, and the reënforcements of the expedition. In a conversation that afternoon Fox reminded Lincoln that but nine days would remain in which to reach Charleston from New York, a distance of six hundred and thirty-seven miles, and that with this diminished time his chances were greatly reduced. But the President, who had calculated all the probabilities of failure, and who with more comprehensive statesmanship was looking through and beyond the Sumter expedition to the now inevitable rebel attack and the response of an awakened and united North, calmly assured him that he should best fulfill

‡ Anderson to Thomas, April 8, 1861. War Records.

his duty to make the attempt.* Captain Fox returned to New York April 5, with the orders of the Secretary of the Navy for the necessary coöperation of the war vessels. On the evening of April 8 the merchant steamer *Baltic*, bearing two hundred recruits, the required supplies, and Captain Fox, dropped down the bay and went to sea early next morning, with the belief and understanding that the war ships *Powhatan*, *Pawnee*, *Pocahontas*, and *Harriet Lane*, and the steam-tugs *Uncle Ben*, *Yankee*, and *Freeborn*, should meet the *Baltic* at the appointed rendezvous ten miles off Charleston bar, due east of the light-house, on the morning of the 11th of April.

Towards the end of March, while the interviews and conversations were going on between Judge Campbell and Seward, and the Sumter affair was a daily topic of discussion, Lincoln (to use his own words)

> told Mr. Seward he might say to Judge Campbell that I should not attempt to provision the fort without giving them notice. That was after I had duly weighed the matter and come to the deliberate conclusion that that would be the best policy. If there was nothing before to bind us in honor to give such notice, I felt so bound after this word was out.†

It is impossible to fix the exact date of this presidential instruction; but several allusions indicate it with sufficient nearness. A dispatch of the commissioners under date of March 22 uses the phrase: "and what is of infinite importance to us, that notice will be given him [Campbell] of any change in the existing status."‡ So also Mr. Welles, advising the Fox expedition in the Cabinet meeting of March 29, adds, "and of communicating at the proper time the intentions of the Government to provision the fort peaceably if unmolested."§ Finally, as already stated, Mr. Seward, on April 1, gave Campbell the written memorandum. "The President may desire to supply Sumter, but will not do so without giving notice to Governor Pickens."‖

Now that the Fox expedition was ready and ordered to sail, President Lincoln proceeded to carry out this part of his plan. Again, with his own hand, he prepared the following instructions:

> WASHINGTON, April 6, 1861.
>
> SIR: You will proceed directly to Charleston, South Carolina, and if, on your arrival there, the flag of the United States shall be flying over Fort Sumter, and the fort shall not have been attacked, you will procure an interview with Governor Pickens, and read to him as follows: "I am directed by the President of the United States to notify you to expect an attempt will be made to supply Fort Sumter with provisions only; and that, if such an attempt be not resisted, no effort to throw in men, arms, or ammunition will be made without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort." After you shall have read this to Governor Pickens, deliver to him the copy of it here inclosed, and retain this letter yourself.
>
> But if, on your arrival at Charleston, you shall ascertain that Fort Sumter shall have been already evacuated, or surrendered by the United States force, or shall have been attacked by an opposing force, you will seek no interview with Governor Pickens, but return here forthwith.¶

This autograph manuscript draft of Lincoln's was also copied, and signed "Simon Cameron, Secretary of War," and placed in the hands of Mr. R. S. Chew, a faithful clerk of the State Department, who proceeded to Charleston and delivered it to Governor Pickens.

Thus, on the evening of April 8, 1861, the Montgomery authorities received decisive information that all their hopes of recognition and peaceful disunion were at an end, and that the desperate trial of war was at length upon them. Already, to some extent, forewarned of this contingency, they hastened to make dispositions to meet it. The seven States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas were now united in the rebel Government; they were promptly notified of the changed condition of affairs, and each asked to raise a contingent of three thousand volunteers. Bragg, at Pensacola, was notified that "Our commissioners at Washington have received a flat refusal,"** and was instructed to put himself on the defensive, while officers, supplies, and soldiers were ordered to his support with a somewhat spasmodic energy. Beauregard was again put on the alert and ordered to increase his vigilance and vigor. "Under no circumstances are you to allow provisions to be sent to Fort Sumter."†† "Major Anderson's mails must be stopped. The fort must be completely isolated."‡‡ Beauregard complied with alacrity; issued orders, and sent detachments to his posts and batteries; armed additional guard-boats to patrol the harbor; and called out the entire balance of the contingent of five thousand men which had been authorized.

President Lincoln in deciding the Sumter question had adopted a simple but effective policy. To use his own words, he determined to "send bread to Anderson"; if the rebels fired on that, they would not be able to con-

* Fox, Report to Welles, Feb. 24, 1865.
† J. G. N., personal memoranda. MS.
‡ Commissioners to Toombs, March 22, 1861. MS.
§ Welles to Lincoln, Cabinet opinion, March 29, 1861. MS.
‖ Campbell to Seward, April 13, 1861. "Rebellion Record."
¶ Lincoln, instructions, April 5, 1861. Autograph MS.
** Walker to Bragg, April 8, 1861. War Records.
†† Walker to Beauregard, April 8, 1861. War Records.
‡‡ Walker to Beauregard, April 9, 1861. War Records.

vince the world that he had begun civil war. All danger of misapprehension, all accusations of "invasion" and "subjugation," would fall to the ground before that paramount duty not only to the nation, but to humanity. This was universal statesmanship reduced to its simplest expression. To this end he had ordered the relief expedition to sail, and sent open notice to Governor Pickens of its coming. His own duty thus discharged, no less in kindness than in honesty, the American people would take care of the result. It is the record of history that he was right in both his judgment and his faith.

That he by this time expected resistance and hostilities, though unrecorded, is reasonably certain. The presence of armed ships with the expedition, and their instructions to fight their way to the fort in case of opposition, show that he believed the arbitrament of the sword to be at hand. His authorization to Anderson to capitulate after the ordinary risks of war is evidence that he did not expect a decisive battle or a conclusive victory. Whether the expedition would fail or succeed was a question of minor importance. He was not playing a game of military strategy with Beauregard. He was looking through Sumter to the loyal States; beyond the insulted flag to the avenging nation.

The rebels, on their part, had only a choice of evils. They were, as wrong-doers are sure to be, on the horns of a dilemma. Their scheme of peaceable secession demanded incompatible conditions — the union of the South and the division of the North. To preserve the former was to destroy the latter. If they set war in motion, they would lose their Democratic allies in the free States. If they hesitated to fight, the revolution would collapse in the slave-States. As usual on such occasions, rash advice carried the day. "Gentlemen," said an uncompromising fire-eater to Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet, "unless you sprinkle blood in the face of the people of Alabama, they will be back in the old Union in less than ten days."*

The possibility suggested to Captain Hartstene, that Sumter might be relieved by boats on a dark night, evidently decided the rebel authorities to order an immediate attack of the fort.† They could not afford the risk of its successful defense. Its capture was the very life of the rebellion.

Therefore, on the 10th of April, they telegraphed to Beauregard:

> If you have no doubt of the authorized character of the agent who communicated to you the intention of the Washington government to supply Fort Sumter by force, you will at once demand its evacuation, and, if this is refused, proceed in such a manner as you may determine to reduce it.‡

At 2 P. M. on the 11th that officer accordingly made the demand, offering facilities to remove the troops, with their arms and private property, and the privilege of saluting their flag.§ The demand was laid before a council of officers, who voted a unanimous refusal.‖ "I have the honor," thereupon replied Anderson, "to acknowledge the receipt of your communication demanding the evacuation of this fort; and to say in reply thereto, that it is a demand with which I regret that my sense of honor, and of my obligations to my Government, prevent my compliance"; at the same time thanking him for his compliments and courteous terms.¶ The rebel aides-de-camp who bore these messages engaged in informal conversation with Anderson, in the course of which, with somewhat careless freedom, he said to them: "Gentlemen, if you do not batter the fort to pieces about us, we shall be starved out in a few days."** The phrase was telegraphed to Montgomery, whence instructions came back once more to offer time to deliver up the fort; whereupon, near midnight of the 11th, Beauregard again wrote:

> If you will state the time at which you will evacuate Fort Sumter, and agree that in the mean time you will not use your guns against us unless ours shall be employed against Fort Sumter, we will abstain from opening fire upon you.††

It was long past midnight when the aides once more reached the fort and handed this second message to Anderson. Anderson in return submitted to them the following proposition in writing:

> I will, if provided with the proper and necessary means of transportation, evacuate Fort Sumter by noon on the 15th instant should I not receive prior to that time controlling instructions from my Government, or additional supplies; and that I will not in the mean

* McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," pp. 112, 113.

† As, in consequence of a communication from the President of the United States to the Governor of South Carolina, we were in momentary expectation of an attempt to reënforce Fort Sumter, or of a descent upon our coast to that end from the United States fleet then lying at the entrance of the harbor, it was manifestly an imperative necessity to reduce the fort as speedily as possible, and not to wait until the ships and the fort should unite in a combined attack upon us. Beauregard, Report, April 27, 1861. War Records.

‡ Walker to Beauregard, April 10, 1861. War Records.

§ Beauregard to Anderson, April 11, 1861. War Records.

‖ Foster, journal, April 11, 1861. War Records.

¶ Anderson to Beauregard, April 11, 1861. War Records.

** Chesnut, Lee, and Chisholm to Adj.-Gen. Jones, April 11, 1861. War Records.

†† Beauregard to Anderson, April 11, 1861, 11 P. M. Victor, "History Southern Rebellion."

time open my fire upon your forces unless compelled to do so by some hostile act against this fort or the flag of my Government, by the forces under your command or by some portion of them, or by the perpetration of some act showing a hostile intention on your part against this fort or the flag it bears.*

This cautious and resolute answer was not what the rebel commander desired; but apparently he expected nothing else, for he had given his aides discretionary authority to refuse the stipulation. They retired to an adjoining room to consult and compose their answer, and at twenty minutes past three o'clock on the morning of Friday, April 12, 1861, handed Anderson their written notice that the rebel batteries would open their fire upon the fort in one hour. Then taking their leave, they entered their boat and proceeded directly to Fort Johnson, and gave to the officer commanding that post "the order to open fire at the time indicated." †

Unwelcome as was the prospect of the impending conflict, it must in one sense have been a relief as a contrast to the uncertainty in which the fate of the garrison had hung for more than three months. The decisive moment of action was at last reached, and the spirit and strength of every inmate of the fort leaped into new life under the supreme impulse of combat. Until the full dawning of the morning, nothing could be done within the fort. Anderson gave the necessary orders about the coming attack. The sentinels were all withdrawn from their exposed stations on the parapet; every gate and opening was closed; the men were strictly enjoined not to leave the shelter of the casemates except on special summons. These few preparations hastily completed, Sumter seemed to the outside world to have relapsed into the security and silence of a peaceful sleep.

The fort had been built on an artificial island midway in the mouth of Charleston harbor; it was three miles from the city, but projecting points of the neighboring islands inclosed it in a triangle. On these the rebels had built their siege works — to the north-east Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, distant 1800 yards; to the south, the Cumming's Point batteries on Morris Island, distant 1300 yards; to the west, Fort Johnson on James Island, distant 2500 yards. Some were built merely to oppose the expected reënforcements through the harbor channels; most of them were earth-works. Two were constructed of wood and protected with railroad iron; one of these had been designed to serve as a floating battery, but proving a failure in this object, was now advantageously grounded behind a protecting sea-wall. Altogether there were from fourteen to nineteen of these batteries, mounting a total of thirty guns and seventeen mortars, manned and supported by a volunteer force of four to six thousand men. The greater part of them were holiday soldiers, but among their officers were a dozen or two formerly belonging to the Federal army and possessed of a thorough military education. To these the management of the enterprise was mainly confided.

Fort Sumter, on its part, was a scarcely completed work, dating back to the period of smooth-bore guns of small caliber; its walls were of brick, forty feet high and eight feet thick; it was pierced for one hundred and forty guns, to be mounted in two tiers of casemates and on the parapet. But when Anderson inspected it on his arrival in November previous, the brick-work of walls and casemates was still unfinished, and only a few guns were mounted. ‡ Foster, the engineer in charge, had, with limited help and materials, and in the face of constant obstacles and discouragements, pushed the work towards completion. There was now a total of forty-eight guns mounted and ready for use, though furnished with very rude and insufficient appliances. Of these, twenty-one were in the casemates and twenty-seven on the parapet. To man and support them Anderson had a garrison of nine commissioned officers, sixty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates, eight musicians, and forty-three non-combatant laborers — a total of one hundred and twenty-eight souls. We shall see that while the opposing artillery was nearly equal in number, there existed, in fact, a great disparity in its quality. Not only was Anderson's fire diffused and that of the enemy concentrated, but the rebels had on their side seventeen ten-inch mortars, which could deliver a vertical fire and drop large shells into the fort; while Anderson had nothing to answer them but the horizontal fire of his guns to throw missiles against the face of the rebel bomb-proofs, formed of heavy sand-banks or sloping railroad iron.

The inhabitants of Charleston were informed of the intended bombardment; months of speech-making, drilling, and war preparation had excited an intense eagerness to witness the fight. In the yet prevailing darkness they came pouring out of their houses by a common impulse, and thronged to the wharves and buildings on the bay, where they sought advantageous positions to behold the long-wished-for spectacle. At about half-past four, as the dim outline of Fort Sumter began to define itself in the morning twilight, they saw a shell rise from the mortar batteries near Fort

* Anderson to Beauregard, April 12, 1861, 2.30 A. M. Victor, "Southern Rebellion."

† Chesnut and Lee to Jones, April 12, 1861. War Records.

‡ F. J. Porter, Inspection Report. War Records.

Johnson, and make its slow and graceful curve upon Sumter. This was the signal. Gun after gun and battery after battery responded to its summons, and in less than an hour all the besieging works were engaged in an active cannonade.

Inside of Sumter the garrison received the assault with a certain degree of deliberation. The first care was to note the effect of the firing. The opening shots of the rebels were badly aimed, and fell wide of the mark. With the advancing daylight their gunners obtained a better range; the solid shot began to strike the face of the wall, and the shells from the mortars to explode with alarming precision over the parapet. Nevertheless, no great or rapid damage was done. One vital point was, however, quickly decided. Housed in the casemates, the garrison was comparatively safe; but out on the unprotected parapet, under the concentrated fire of all the rebel artillery, Anderson's little handful of cannoneers would melt away like frost in the morning sun. With a full war garrison he could have replaced officers and men as they were shot down; but with only sufficient trained force to work nine guns, he dared not risk the loss of a single man. His first reluctant duty, therefore, was to order the abandonment of all his barbette guns. These were twenty-seven in number, more than half his available armament, and comprising nearly all his pieces of large caliber. Through this necessity alone, Fort Sumter was largely shorn of its offensive power. His twenty-one casemate guns, of which only four were forty-two pounders, and the remainder thirty-twos, constituted the total of his fighting artillery.

The rations of bread having been exhausted a day or two before, the command breakfasted on pork and water, and at about 7 o'clock Captain Abner Doubleday, the ranking officer, took his station at a casemate gun and hurled the defiance of Sumter, with a solid shot, against the formidable iron-clad battery on Cumming's Point. Fully roused by the combined excitements of resentment and danger, the men sprang with alacrity to their duty; even the forty-three engineer workmen, forgetting their character of non-combatants, eagerly volunteered and rendered active service in the defense. In fact, the enthusiasm of the garrison somewhat outstripped its prudence. They began the engagement with a supply of only seven hundred cartridges; by the middle of the day this stock had become so much reduced that the fort was compelled to slacken its fire. From this time on only six guns were kept in action — two towards Morris Island, two towards Fort Moultrie, and two towards the batteries on the west end of Sullivan's Island. These were also fired at longer intervals, while the only six needles in the fort were kept busy sewing up cartridge-bags out of the extra clothing, blankets, hospital sheets, and even coarse paper.

So the unequal combat went on throughout the first day. The journal of the bombardment kept by Captain Foster shows that no very decisive damage was effected on either side. From the fort there were occasional good shots. The iron-clad batteries were repeatedly struck, but the light balls bounded off their sloping roofs. At other batteries they buried themselves harmlessly in the impervious rebel sand-banks. Embrasures were struck; groups of rebel officers and men allowing their curiosity to draw them out from their shelter were hustled pell-mell back into their bomb-proofs; an incautious schooner, receiving a ball, hauled down her Confederate flag and hurried out of range; the two forty-two pounders bearing on Moultrie silenced a gun, riddled the barracks and quarters, and tore three holes through the rebel flag.

> The effect of the enemy's fire upon Fort Sumter [says Foster] during the day was very marked in respect to the vertical fire. This was so well directed, and so well sustained, that from the seventeen mortars engaged in firing ten-inch shells one-half of the shells came within or exploded above the parapet of the fort, and only about ten buried themselves in the soft earth of the parade without exploding. . . . The effect of the direct fire from the enemy's guns was not so marked as the vertical. For several hours' firing from the commencement, a large proportion of their shot missed the fort. Subsequently it improved, and did considerable damage to the roof and upper story of the barracks and quarters, and to the tops of the chimneys on the gorge. . . . The shots from the guns in the batteries on the west end of Sullivan's Island did not produce any considerable direct effect, but many of them took the gorge in reverse in their fall, completely riddling the officers' quarters, even down to the first story, so great was the angle of fall of many of the balls.

One additional danger manifested itself: three times during the day the wooden buildings in the fort caught fire, but were extinguished without great difficulty, being low and easily accessible. The rebel batteries, provided with several furnaces, now and then fired a hot shot; but whether these or bursting shells started the burning the officers themselves could not determine. The very work of ruin going on in the building used as officers' quarters aided in restraining the flames. The hallways were provided with iron water-tanks, which, being soon perforated by cannon-balls, deluged the chambers, and rendered the wood difficult to ignite.

Amid experience of this kind the eventful 12th of April, the first day of the Sumter bombardment, at length drew to a close. The fire of Sumter ceased; the direct fire of the

rebel batteries slackened, and was finally discontinued; only the mortars kept up a slow and sullen bombardment through the night at intervals of from ten to fifteen minutes. The work of sewing up cartridge-bags was continued until midnight; sentinels and lookouts were stationed to watch for the possible coming of boats from the fleet — possibly of boats bearing a storming party from the rebel camps. But the night proved dark and rainy, with a continuance of the prevailing gale, making the waters of the harbor too rough for either of these undertakings. Under cover of the thick gloom, Foster, the engineer, ventured outside the walls and satisfied himself "by personal inspection that the exterior of the work was not damaged to any considerable extent, and that all the facilities for taking in supplies in case they arrived were as complete as circumstances would admit." * Three United States men-of-war had been seen off the bar during the afternoon, and the fort had dipped its flag in signal to them. What was the fleet doing?

The several vessels of the Fox expedition were scarcely at sea when they encountered a driving gale. Captain Fox himself, who sailed in the *Baltic* on the morning of the 9th, was yet ignorant of the changed destination of the flag-ship *Powhatan*. This was doubtless an entirely unintentional omission, arising through the cares, the dangers, the confusion, the cross-purposes, the system of profound secrecy which for a few days prevailed at Washington. The *Baltic* reached the rendezvous off Charleston just in time to hear the opening guns of the bombardment. The *Harriet Lane* was already there. The *Pawnee* arrived at daylight. There was an apparent conflict of orders, and a hesitation to coöperate. The *Baltic* and the *Harriet Lane* stood in to offer to carry provisions to the fort; but as they neared the bar of the harbor, they saw by the quick-flashing rebel guns that the war was already begun. At this intelligence, the commander of the *Pawnee* declared his intention to go in and "share the fate of his brethren of the army." Fox, cool and practical, brought him back to reason by explaining the Government instructions, and induced him to await the chance of rendering more effective service. The two ships of war anchored near the bar, and the *Baltic* stood off and on to await the arrival of the *Powhatan* and the tugs. This, however, was a vain hope. The *Powhatan* was on her way to Pensacola, the tugs had been scattered by the storm. The *Freeborn* was not permitted to leave New York. The *Uncle Ben* was driven into Wilmington and fell into the hands of the rebels. The *Yankee* failed to reach the rendezvous till long after the whole affair was over. But, still ignorant of these disasters, and hoping hourly for the arrival of the missing vessels, the fleet waited and made signals all the long afternoon and through the dark and stormy night, while the lookouts in the garrison were anxiously scanning the turbulent waters of the bay for the coming of the boats, and the rebel gunners stood by their channel batteries in the drenching rain hoping to intercept and sink them.

Captain Fox and the officers of the fleet were sorely disappointed at the non-arrival of the *Powhatan* and the tugs. The former had on board the armed launches and the necessary sailors to man them; the tugs were to have carried the supplies and perhaps drawn the boats in tow. With these facilities for transportation, there is every probability that they would have reached the fort. The storm was both an advantage and a hindrance; it increased the friendly darkness to hide them from the rebel gunners, but at the same time it lashed the waters of the bay into fury. When morning came, such had been the pitchy gloom of the night and the roaring of the rain and the surf, that the commanders of the rebel batteries were unable to report that their watch and guard had been completely effective. "Opinions differ," wrote one of their best officers, "as to whether anything got into Sumter last night. They may or may not. The night was dark and occasionally stormy, and a heavy sea running. If anything did, it could not have been very extensive." †

With the morning of the 13th, Captain Fox and the officers began to despair of the *Powhatan* and the tugs. Unwilling to remain mere idle spectators of the fight, they cast about to use such expedients as presented themselves. Among the merchant vessels by this time collected at the bar, awaiting the issue of the contest, was an ice schooner; this they impressed and began to prepare for an attempt to enter the following night. There were plenty of volunteers among both officers and seamen for the hazardous duty; but long before nightfall the bombardment had come to an end. That Captain Fox's undertaking thus terminated without direct practical result was not his fault. With characteristic firmness and generosity, President Lincoln took upon himself the principal blame for its failure.

> The practicability of your plan [so he wrote to Fox soon afterward] was not in fact brought to a test. By reason of a gale well known in advance to be possible and not improbable, the tugs, an essential part of the plan, never reached the ground; while, by an accident for which you were in nowise responsible, and possibly I to some extent was, you were deprived of a war-vessel, with her men, which you deemed of great im-

* Foster, journal, April 12, 1861. War Records.

† Whiting to Beauregard, April 13, 1861. MS.

portance to the enterprise. . . . You and I both anticipated that the cause of the country would be advanced by making the attempt to provision Fort Sumter, even if it should fail; and it is no small consolation now to feel that our anticipation is justified by the result.*

"Fort Sumter opened early and spitefully, and paid especial attention to Fort Moultrie — almost every shot grazing the crest of the parapet, and crashing through the quarters.†" This was the rebel report of the beginning of the second day's bombardment, April 13. The garrison of Sumter was refreshed by a night of comparatively secure rest in their casemates, and, no doubt, a hearty breakfast of pork and water, and, so long as the stock of cartridges made up during the night held out, they kept up so brisk a fire from their few guns that the rebels began to be confirmed in the opinion that the fort had really been reënforced. On their side the besiegers also increased both the speed of firing and their accuracy of aim, and seeing that they were making no headway in the test of breaching the walls, they began to pay more attention to the use of red-hot shot.‡

Thus far this unequal contest of nearly fifty concentrating guns, replied to by about six, had gone on without material damage to either party — showing, in proportion to the strength of each, nothing but indented brick walls or displaced sand-bags, battered chimneys and perforated barracks, a few slight contusions from splinters, and one or two disabled guns. According to all the reports, it might have proceeded at this rate the whole week, and the waste of ammunition would have been its most serious feature. But at this stage a new element entered into the strife, and soon turned the fortune of the day against the unlucky garrison of Sumter.

At about 9 o'clock in the morning, the roof of the officers' quarters once more caught fire, either from a bursting shell or a red-hot shot; and this time a distance from water, and the exposure to the enemy's missiles, made it impossible to extinguish the flames. Worse than all, it quickly became evident that the fire would soon encircle the magazine and make it imperative to close it. At Captain Foster's suggestion, all hands not employed at the guns now sprang to the work of taking out a supply of powder. About fifty barrels were thus secured, distributed for safety in the various casemates, and covered with wet blankets, when the fire and heat so far increased that it was necessary to close the heavy metal doors of the magazine and bank it up with earth. The enemy, observing the smoke, redoubled the fire of the batteries; a strong south wind carried the flame to all the barracks inside the fort; and though the men fought the advance of the fire, they were at length compelled to give way and take refuge in the casemates. Even here they were not safe; the course of the wind was such as to fill every nook and corner of the fort with blinding, stifling smoke; the men crouched close down to the floors, covered their faces with wet handkerchiefs, or took exposed stations near the embrasures to obtain a breath of fresh air. As if this were not enough, a still subtler danger pursued them. The rapid conflagration and sweeping wind had filled the air with fire-flakes, and these drifted on the strong currents and counter-currents into the casemates to such an extent as to ignite the beds, boxes, and various small articles hastily collected there. Under such circumstances the fifty barrels of powder saved with so much exertion from the magazine could no longer be kept, and upon Anderson's order all but five barrels were thrown through the embrasures of the fort into the sea. Noon had meanwhile come, and, engaged in these pressing occupations, the garrison had ceased firing. By-and-by the wind changed a little, rendering the situation somewhat safer and more comfortable. There were but few cartridges left; still an occasional shot was fired, which the rebels themselves, roused to admiration of the garrison, received with cheers.

A new incident now engaged general attention. The flag-staff of the fort, struck seven different times during the first day and three the second, fell at about one o'clock in the afternoon. Lieutenant Snyder and a couple of men, without much delay, again hoisted the flag on a jury-mast extemporized on the parapet. The rebels had meanwhile noted the fall of the flag, and sent several different communications to Sumter. The first messenger was the ubiquitous and eccentric Senator Wigfall. Beauregard, to get rid of him, sent him as an aide to the commander of Morris Island. From there, after a short consultation among the rebel officers, he was dispatched to Fort Sumter to make inquiries. He crossed the bay dramatically in an open boat, with his handkerchief tied to his sword for a flag of truce, and clambered up the wall to an accessible embrasure, where, one account says, an astonished artilleryman, seeing this unique apparition, summarily made him a prisoner of war.§

Officers soon came, however, and after a somewhat spirited dialogue, and some further waving of Wigfall's sword and handkerchief out of an embrasure, to which the rebel batteries paid no attention, he was brought into

* Lincoln to Fox, May 1, 1861.
† Ripley, Report, April 16, 1861. War Records.
‡ Foster, journal, April 13, 1861. War Records.
§ Doubleday, "Forts Sumter and Moultrie."

Anderson's presence. He made a complimentary speech to Anderson, requesting that hostilities might be suspended and terms of evacuation arranged. What then occurred Captain Foster reports as follows:

> The commanding officer desiring to know what terms he came to offer, Mr. Wigfall replied, "Any terms that you may desire,— your own terms,— the precise nature of which General Beauregard will arrange with you." The commanding officer then accepted the conditions, saying that the terms he accepted were those proposed by General Beauregard on the 11th, namely: to evacuate the fort with his command, taking arms and all private and company property, saluting the United States flag as it was lowered, and being conveyed, if he desired it, to any Northern port. With this understanding Mr. Wigfall left, and the white flag was raised and the United States flag lowered by order of the commanding officer.

The officious Wigfall had not been gone a great while when two different messages arrived at Sumter from General Beauregard — the first to inquire whether Anderson needed assistance, and the second to tender him the use of a fire-engine and the services of a surgeon, both of which they had brought from the city. All of these Anderson declined with thanks, saying he had no wounded, that the fire was by this time nearly burned out, and that he thought the magazine safe. From these interviews Anderson now learned that Beauregard was entirely ignorant of Wigfall's mission or his own capitulation. He explained the circumstances, and threatened to hoist again his flag. He was persuaded, however, first to submit the matter to be fully reported at headquarters. General Beauregard, after some parley, ratified Wigfall's unauthorized proceeding and accepted Anderson's terms in detail. By eight o'clock on Saturday evening the capitulation was definitely arranged, and on the following day, Sunday, April 14, Anderson and his command sailed northward in the *Baltic*, which had come to the relief of Sumter.

In a military point of view, Anderson's capitulation was hasty. The defense of the fort can hardly be called heroic; there was not a man killed, not a casemate gun disabled, not a breach in the walls, plenty of ammunition in the magazine, and starvation not immediately impending.

> The burning of the quarters [says Captain Foster] produced a great effect on the defense while the fire lasted, inasmuch as the heat and smoke were almost stifling, and as the fire burned all around the magazines, obliging them to be closed, and thus preventing our getting powder to continue the firing. It also destroyed the main gates and the gun-carriages on the parapet of the gorge. But we could have resumed the firing as soon as the walls cooled sufficiently to open the magazine, and then, having blown down the wall left projecting above the parapet, so as to get rid of flying bricks, and built up the main gates with stones and rubbish, the fort would actually have been in a more defensible condition than when the action commenced. . . . The want of provisions would soon have caused the surrender of the fort, but with plenty of cartridges the men would have cheerfully fought five or six days, and, if necessary, much longer, on pork alone, of which we had a sufficient supply. I do not think that a breach could have been effected in the gorge at the distance of the battery on Cumming's Point within a week or ten days; and even then, with the small garrison to defend it and means for obstructing it at our disposal, the operation of assaulting it, with even vastly superior numbers, would have been very doubtful in its results.*

An ambitious and combative commander, therefore, carefully noting these elements of strength and resistance, and seeing a relieving fleet at the mouth of the harbor, would have "held the fort," and sent back a message of defiance. But when Anderson first took command of Sumter he wrote that "my position here is rather a politico-military than a military one," and on this assumption he seems to have acted throughout. Viewed in a political light, his conduct is perfectly justifiable. He had faithfully maintained the authority of the Government and the honor of the flag. He had repelled force by force. Obeying President Lincoln's instructions, he had incurred the ordinary risks of war, and now possessed full authority to save himself and his command by capitulation.

In the bombardment of Sumter the insurgents for the third time made active, aggressive war upon the United States, even if we leave out of sight the occupation of forts by simple entrance or by the show of force, the building of batteries to menace Sumter, and receiving the surrender made by Twiggs in Texas. In fact, since the 27th of December, a continued series of acts had been perpetrated by them, not only outraging the authority of, but levying actual war against, the United States.

The rebels indulged in great rejoicing over their victory. Charleston, which had for two days witnessed the bombardment almost *en masse*, was once more vociferous with speeches and ablaze with bonfires; while at Montgomery the insurgent Secretary of War ordered an official salute to celebrate the surrender, and to emphasize the prediction of the previous evening that the rebel flag would

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* The opinion of the rebel engineer, after the bombardment, agrees with that of Captain Foster. Major Whiting wrote as follows to Beauregard, on the 17th of April, proposing to abandon Morris Island: "Fort Sumter cannot be retaken from Morris Island alone. Your mortar batteries have accomplished that work. It cannot be touched from Cumming's Point. The late bombardment shows that. Let the enemy occupy it [Morris Island] entirely. We can shell him out from our remaining mortar batteries and keep him at a distance." Whiting to Beauregard, April 17, 1861. MS.

"float over the dome of the old Capitol at Washington before the 1st of May." *

Looking back now at the events of the first month of Lincoln's administration, we must wonder at the impression which prevailed then, and which has so often been expressed by impulsive men since, that he was too slow in making his decision to provision and reenforce Fort Sumter.

We find that on the 15th of March, only ten days after his first information about the condition of the fort, he formally asked the written opinion of his Cabinet on the subject; and that on the 6th of April, only three weeks later, he gave his final order that the expedition should proceed on its mission. The intervening time was spent by him in consulting his Cabinet and his military and naval officers about possible plans for relief and reënforcement; about alternative policies to be pursued; watching the culminating treason in the South and the slowly swelling loyalty in the North; awaiting the end of the contradictory words and acts of the Virginia Convention, whose majority protested Unionism in public and at last voted secession in secret; allowing his Secretary of State, by an unofficial negotiation with the rebel commissioners, to disclose the attitude of the Montgomery cabinet; using the delay which the rebels supposed they had contrived for their own benefit for preparing the Sumter expedition; making the individual members of his Cabinet responsible to the party and to the country for the advice they gave; and finally, by all this, to gain a coveted "choice of position" and compel the rebels to attack and thus consolidate the North.

When he finally gave the order that the fleet should sail he was master of the situation; master of his Cabinet; master of the moral attitude and issues of the struggle; master of the public opinion which must arise out of the impending conflict; master if the rebels hesitated or repented, because they would thereby forfeit their prestige with the South; master if they persisted, for he would then command a united North. And all this was done, it must be remembered, not in the retirement which gives calm reflection, but after the rush and hurry of a triumphal journey and the parade of an inauguration, in the confusion of conflicting counsel, the worry of preliminary appointments, the prevalence of an atmosphere of treason and insurrection, the daily defection of Government officials.

In the face of such self-assertion and victory, the verdict of history can never be that he was tardy or remiss; to have acted more peremptorily in that strange crisis, when all men's minds were simply groping and drifting, would have brought upon him the just criticism of recklessness. No act of his will gain him greater credit than his kindly forbearance and patient wisdom in allowing full time and reflection for the final decision at this supreme juncture. He had said in his inaugural: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." This promise to the South he kept in its most vital spirit and meaning. An autocratic ruler might have acted more arbitrarily; but in a representative government it would have been imprudent to do otherwise than to await and rely upon the slow but mighty anger of an outraged patriotism.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S decision and orders to prepare the Sumter and Pickens expeditions brought him face to face with the serious possibilities of civil war; and better to understand any military problems with which he might have to deal, he wrote to General Scott on the 1st of April, as follows:

> Would it impose too much labor on General Scott to make short, comprehensive, daily reports to me of what occurs in his department, including movements by himself, and under his orders, and the receipt of intelligence? If not, I will thank him to do so.†

General Scott at once complied with the request, and from the 1st of April to the 4th of May sent the President nearly every day a short memorandum in his own handwriting, inclosed in an envelope marked "confidential"— the whole series forming collectively a sort of historical journal of the highest interest and authenticity; and portions of it show better than any comment what was being done by the new Administration to meet the crisis which the Fort Sumter bombardment precipitated upon the country.

"General Scott's daily report, No. 3,"— so indorsed in Lincoln's handwriting and dated April 3, 1861,— in part runs thus:

> There will remain in Washington a detachment of cavalry recruits from Carlisle recruiting depot, about 80 men and horses; Magruder's horse artillery; Griffin's ditto, belonging to the Military Academy and now needed there; Elsey's foot artillery and Haskin's ditto. The companies of foot artillery are acting as infantry. The number of marines at the Washington Navy Yard varies. We heard to-day that the number now there is some 200. There is not another company of regulars within reach of Washington, except 7 at Fort Monroe, making about 400 men, the minimum force needed there under existing circumstances; one company at the Fayetteville arsenal, N. C., to guard arms and ammunition against a thick population of blacks; a garrison of recruits (50) at Ft. Washington, ten miles

* "Rebellion Record."

† Unpublished MS.

below us; a garrison of 100 recruits in Fort McHenry, Baltimore; about 750 recruits in New York harbor; 220 ditto at Newport Barracks opposite to Cincinnati, and about 350 men at Jefferson Barracks and the St. Louis arsenal near by, mostly recruits.*

This memorandum was supplemented two days later (April 5, 1861) by a detailed report from the Adjutant-General to the President, which showed the full strength of the army of the United States and its distribution to be as follows:

Department of the East, 3894; Department of the West, 3584; Department of Texas, 2258; Department of New Mexico, 2624; Department of Utah, 685; Department of the Pacific, 3382; miscellaneous, 686; grand total, officers and men, 17,113.*

General Scott's daily report, April 5, 1861:

I have nothing of special interest to report to-day; but that machinations against the Government and this capital are secretly going on all around us, in Virginia, in Maryland, and here, as well as farther south, I have no doubt. I cannot, however, say that they are as yet formidable, or are likely ever to come to a head. I have no policemen at my service, and no fund for the payment of detectives, but under the circumstances recommend that such agents should be at once employed in Baltimore, Annapolis, Washington, Alexandria, Richmond, and Norfolk. For the reasons stated, I am not prepared to suggest that a militia force should be called out to defend this Capital, under section 2 of the militia act, passed February 28, 1795. The necessity of such call, however, may not be very distant.*

General Scott's daily report, April 6, 1861:

A second steamer will arrive from Texas at New York in a day or two, with six troops of dismounted cavalry. In advance, I have ordered two of those companies or troops to proceed from the ship to this place, to be filled up with men (cavalry recruits) here. . . . The other four troops of cavalry I have ordered to proceed from the ship to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, to be remounted there, whence they can be readily brought here if deemed necessary.*

General Scott's daily report, April 8, 1861:

For the defense of the Government, more troops are wanted. The steamer with the dismounted cavalry (six companies) from Texas, must be in New York to-day or to-morrow, to be followed by another steamer, with about the same number of troops, from Texas, in a week. There is a growing apprehension of danger here in the meantime. I rely on the presence of a third battery of flying artillery (Sherman's) by Saturday next. It is coming from Minnesota. Three other companies of artillery on foot, serving as infantry, will be at New York, from the same quarter, in fourteen days. All these reënforcements, excepting Sherman's battery, may be too late for this place. For the interval I have sent Colonel Smith (the immediate commander of all the forces in the District of Columbia) to learn what number of reliable volunteers can be obtained in this city, and have also desired him to see whether the companies already here may not be advantageously concentrated near to the President's square. I beg leave to suggest that a small war steamer, to cruise between Alexandria and the Long Bridge over the Potomac, would be of great importance to the system of defense that we are planning. *

General Scott's daily report, April 9, 1861;

I suggested to the Secretary of War yesterday the calling out, say ten companies, of the militia or (by substitution) uniformed volunteers of this city to aid in the defense of the public buildings and other public property of the Capital against "an invasion or insurrection, or probable prospect thereof." The necessity for this additional force, and the manner of employing it, were yesterday pretty fully discussed before the Secretary of War by Colonel Smith, Colonel Stone (two most excellent officers), and myself. Colonel Stone, inspector-general to Major-General Weightman's division, thinks that twice that number of loyal volunteers can be promptly furnished by the division, and I apprehend that the twenty companies may be deemed necessary in a few days. I hope that the President may give the Secretary of War the authority to make the call for ten companies at once. . . I have this moment received the President's instructions of this date, through the Secretary of War, on the safety of this District.*

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9, 1861.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT.

Sir: I am instructed by the President of the United States to direct you to take all necessary precautions for protecting this Capital against a surprise or any assault whatever, and that for this object, among other means, you proceed forthwith to mature a plan under the 24th Section of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act more effectually to provide for the organization of the militia of the District of Columbia," approved March 3, 1803, and that you advise the President whenever in your judgment the occasion shall have arisen for the President's action under said section.

Very respectfully, SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJ.-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, April 9, 1861.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9.

I. A Military Department to be taken from the Department of the East and called the Department of Washington is hereby constituted, to consist of the State of Maryland and the District of Columbia, according to its original boundary.

Brevet-Colonel C. F. Smith, 10th Infantry, is assigned to the command of this Department according to his brevet rank. Headquarters at Washington City. . . . By order:

L. THOMAS, *Adjutant-General.*†

General Scott's daily report, April 11, 1861:

Several companies of District volunteers were mustered into the pay and service of the United States yesterday and this forenoon, and the process is still going on. A few individuals in several companies declining to take the oath of allegiance to the United States were of course rejected; but I am happy to report that five or six other companies have sworn allegiance without excepting a man. The stripping of the rejected men yesterday of their arms, accoutrements and uniforms, by their own officers, has, I learn, had a fine effect upon the patriotism and devotion of the entire militia of the District. A fine company, not one of the ten called for, having presented itself this morning, of its own motion, and requested it might be accepted, I did not hesitate to consent, and hope for approval. Before night we shall have probably eleven companies sworn in. The Clerk of the House of Representatives having, through the Secretary of War, desired that a company might be assigned to guard the Capitol, I shall instruct Col. Smith to comply with that reasonable request.*

* Unpublished MS.

† War Records.

General Scott's daily report, April 13, 1861:

The two companies of dismounted cavalry arrived last night, as I had anticipated in my report of yesterday. At my instance the Secretary of War has called for four other companies of District volunteers, which will make in all fifteen companies of this description for the defense of the Capital, besides six companies of regulars, the marines at the Navy Yard, and (I hope very soon) the war steamer to cruise on the Potomac between the Long Bridge and a point a little below Alexandria. The next regular reënforcements to be expected here are: Sherman's battery of flying artillery from Minnesota, and the companies of foot artillery from the same quarter, in five and seven days; and a portion of the troops expected in the next steamer from Texas. From the same steamer I shall have the means of reënforcing Fort McHenry (at Baltimore), a most important point.*

These extracts show us the steps which were being quietly taken by the Government to meet the possible dangers growing out of the Fox expedition to Charleston. They included every resource which the regular army then afforded; and to call upon the militia of the States was, of course, at that moment out of the question, as it would have frustrated the very result the President had planned and anticipated.

The Sumter fleet finally at sea, the official notice sent to Governor Pickens, and the work of enrolling militia for the defense of Washington progressing so satisfactorily, Lincoln again set himself, during the brief respite, to the work of making the new appointments. Ordinarily this was only an act of official favor or partisan reward, which might be performed at leisure; but now it was also a work of pressing need, because of the imperative duty of substituting faithful and loyal agents for indifferent or treasonable ones in the public service. That such abounded, the numerous resignations and still more plentiful avowals made manifest beyond a doubt. The city was full of strangers; the White House full of applicants from the North. At any hour of the day one might see at the outer door and on the staircase one file going, one file coming. In the anteroom and in the broad corridor adjoining the President's office there was a restless and persistent crowd,— ten, twenty, sometimes fifty, varying with the day and hour,— each one in pursuit of one of the many crumbs of official patronage. They walked the floor; they talked in groups; they scowled at every arrival and blessed every departure; they wrangled with the door-keepers for right of entrance; they intrigued with them for surreptitious chances; they crowded forward to get even as much as an instant's glance through the half-opened door into the Executive chamber. They besieged the representatives and senators who had privilege of precedence; they glared with envy and growled with jealousy at the Cabinet ministers who, by right and usage, pushed through the throng and walked unquestioned through the doors. At that day the arrangement of the rooms compelled the President to pass through this corridor and the midst of this throng when he went to his meals in the other end of the Executive Mansion; and thus, once or twice a day, the waiting expectants would be rewarded by the chance of speaking a word, or handing a paper direct to the President himself — a chance which the more bold and persistent were not slow to improve.

At first, Lincoln bore it all with the admirable fortitude acquired in Western political campaigns. But two weeks of this experience on the trip from Springfield to Washington, and six weeks more of such beleaguering in the Executive office, began to tell on his nerves. What with the Sumter discussion, the rebel negotiation, the diplomatic correspondence, he had become worked into a mental strain and irritation that made him feel like a prisoner behind the Executive doors, and the audible and unending tramp of the applicants outside impressed him like an army of jailers. We can well imagine how it intensified the suspense with which he awaited the news from the fleet and the answer to his official communication to the governor of South Carolina.

Amid such surroundings and labors the President received the news which now reached the whole country from Sumter. It came very gradually — first the military scurry about Charleston; then Beauregard's demand for a surrender, followed by Anderson's prompt refusal; and finally, on the morning of Saturday, April 13, the newspapers of Washington, like those of every city in the Union, North and South, were filled with the startling head-lines and the thrilling details of the beginning and progress of an actual bombardment. That day, however, there was little change in the routine of the Executive office. Mr. Lincoln was never liable to sudden excitement or sudden activity. Through all his life, and through all the unexpected and stirring events of the rebellion, his personal manner was one of steadiness of word and act. It was this quality which, in the earlier stages of the war, conveyed to many of his visitors the false impression of his indifference. His sagacity gave him a marked advantage over other men in enabling him to forecast probable events; and when they took place, his great caution restrained his comments and controlled his outward bearing. Oftentimes, when men came to him in the rage and transport of a first indignation over some untoward incident,

* Unpublished MS.

they were surprised to find him quiet, even serene,— perhaps with a smile on his face and a jest on his lips,— engaged in routine work, and prone to talk of other and more commonplace matters. Of all things the strut and stagey exhibition of mock-heroism were foreign to his nature. Generally it happened that when others in this mood sought him, his own spirit had already been through the fiery trial of resentment — but giving no outward sign, except at times with lowered eyebrow, a slight nodding and shaking of the head, a muttering motion or hard compression of the lips, and, rarely, an emphatic downward gesture with the clenched right hand. His judgment, like his perception, far outran the average mind. While others fumed and fretted at things that were, all his inner consciousness was abroad in the wide realm of possibilities busily searching out the dim and difficult path towards things to be. His easy and natural attention to ordinary occupations afforded no indication of the double mental process which was habitual with him.

So, while the Sumter telegrams were on every tongue and revengeful indignation was in every heart, there was little variation in the business of the Executive Mansion on that eventful Saturday. The miscellaneous gathering was larger there, as it was larger at the Departments, the newspaper and telegraph offices, and the hotels. More leading men and officials called to learn or to impart news. The Cabinet, as by a common impulse, came together and deliberated awhile. All talk, however, was brief, sententious, informal. The issue had not yet been reached. Sumter was still under fire. Nevertheless, the main question required no discussion, not even decision, scarcely an announcement. Jefferson Davis's order and Beauregard's guns had sufficiently defined the coming action of the Government. After this, President, functionaries, and people had but a single purpose, a single duty. Lincoln said little beyond making inquiries about the current reports and criticising the probability or accuracy of their details, and went on receiving visitors, listening to suggestions or recommendations, and signing routine papers as usual throughout the day.

One important exception deserves to be noticed. A committee from the Virginia convention had an appointment for a formal audience with him that morning. The doubling and drifting attitude of the Old Dominion has already been described. The boasted conservatism of that convention was a sham. Its Unionism was vague and traditional; its complaint and contumacy were real and present. Day by day, with the loudest professions of loyalty on their lips, its majority was apologizing to its minority, and by labored argument against secession steadily convincing itself that treason was a necessity if not a duty. Recoiling from the fire of civil war, it yielded itself the more than half-willing cat's-paw of conspiracy. Bewailing the denial of shadowy claims of constitutional rights, it soon voluntarily put on the handcuffs of a grinding military despotism. A step in this road to political ruin was the appointment of a committee to visit Lincoln, requesting that he should define his policy, which request was only a covert and threatening demand for the evacuation of the Southern forts.

To this committee, Messrs. Preston, Stuart, and Randolph, respectively a "conservative," a "Unionist," and a "secessionist," the President read his reply just written,* on this morning of Saturday, April 13. The paper is temperate and dispassionate even to coldness, and indicates his ability to lift questions of public consideration out of the hot, blinding plane of personal feeling into the cool light of reason and expediency. While the rebel guns were still raining bombs and red-hot shot on Sumter, he had already mapped out his course of procedure, based on the facts within his knowledge, but free from all trace of excitement or feeling of revenge.

He told them he had distinctly defined his policy in the inaugural address. It was still the plain and unmistakable chart of his intentions. It had been his plan to hold only the forts still occupied by the Government when he became President.

> But if [he continued], as now appears to be true, in pursuit of a purpose to drive the United States authority from these places an unprovoked assault has been made upon Fort Sumter, I shall hold myself at liberty to repossess, if I can, like places which had been seized before the Government was devolved upon me. And in every event I shall, to the extent of my ability, repel force by force. In case it proves true that Fort Sumter has been assaulted, as is reported, I shall perhaps cause the United States mails to be withdrawn from all the States which claim to have seceded, believing that the commencement of actual war against the Government justifies and possibly demands this. I scarcely need to say that I consider the military posts and property situated within the States which claim to have seceded as yet belonging to the Government of the United States as much as they did before the supposed secession. Whatever else I may do for the purpose, I shall not attempt to collect the duties and imposts by any armed invasion of any part of the country; not meaning by this, however, that I may not land a force deemed necessary to relieve a fort upon a border of the country. From the fact that I have quoted a part of the inaugural address, it must not be inferred that I repudiate any other part, the whole of which I reaffirm, except so far as what I now say of the mails may be regarded as a modification.†

* Committee, Report. "Richmond Enquirer," April 16, 1861.

† Lincoln to committee, April 13, 1861. MS.

In this reply of the President we have his entire administrative policy regarding the rebellion; but it must be noted that it goes only to the extent of his actual information — it deals only with accomplished facts. The programme of the inaugural is already modified; the modification is slight but significant, and based not upon caprice or resentment, but on necessity. According to fair interpretation of language, the programme of the inaugural was that he would execute the laws of the Union in all the States to the extent of his ability; hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and collect the duties and imposts. This he would do, however, only so far as it was necessary to protect and defend the Federal authority, not merely against domestic violence, but more especially against foreign influence or aggression. He would not invade, subjugate, menace, or harass local communities. All boundaries of the nation, sea-board or inland, he must, of necessity, hold and guard; he must occupy and control every custom-house or an efficient equivalent for it. The favorite theory was that duties might be collected on ship-board in insurgent ports, and thus avoid the friction of customs officers with the local populace. On inland boundaries other substitutes might perhaps be devised. So, also, he explains in his reply, the military posts he had intended to "hold, occupy, and possess" were this cordon of forts on the exterior boundary, all of which were still in Union hands when he was inaugurated. The interior places seized under Buchanan's administration he would not immediately grasp at with the military hand; he would forego the exercise of Federal offices in disaffected districts in the interior; as a means of reassurance and reconciliation he would even send the malcontents their regular mails, if they would permit him. All this not as a surrender of a single Federal right, but to avoid violence, bloodshed, irritation; to create a feeling of safety; to induce calm reflection; to maintain peace; to restore fraternal sympathies and affections. "You can have no conflict," he had told them, "without being yourselves the aggressors."

But, in immediate connection with the tender of this benign policy, he had also warned them that it would be modified or changed if "current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper." That experience had now come. The rebels had rejected the tendered immunity, spurned the proffered peace, become the aggressors, opened the conflict in deliberate malice. He therefore modified his plan. He would repel force by force. He would withdraw the mails. He would recapture Sumter, taken since his inauguration, and, if he could, such other forts and places taken under his predecessor as were essential to safety. Thus much was necessary for protection and for precaution. Less he could not do and fulfill his oath of office. Once more he told them that while he now felt himself by their act compelled to close and bolt the strong doors of Federal authority, he would yet refrain from even the appearance of punishment. Though he gave them to understand that he might attack the rebel batteries on Morris Island, or recapture Pensacola Navy Yard, or build a fort on Arlington Heights to protect Washington, yet he would "not attempt to collect the duties and imposts by any armed invasion of any part of the country."

His reply to the committee must be received with the same qualification which he attached to his inaugural. He still reserved the right to use his best discretion in every exigency, and to change his acts under the inspiration of current events and experiences. The events of the day were his beacons; the necessities of the hour formed his chart. Throughout the tedious four-years' war he pretended to no prophecy and recorded no predictions. When souls of little faith and great fear came to him with pertinacious questioning, he might possibly tell them what he had done; he never told them what he intended to do. "My policy is to have no policy," was his pithy axiom oftentimes repeated; whence many illogically and most mistakenly inferred him to be without plans or expedients. His promise to the Virginia committee must therefore be regarded as binding under the conditions of that day, namely: seven cotton-States leagued in rebellion; actual war begun; seven thousand rebels in arms at Charleston; Sumter under fire with prospect of capitulation; Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas, and other border States yet in the Union under loud protestations of loyalty and unceasing deprecation of civil war. Lincoln's reservation was well considered. One week from that day these conditions were transformed almost beyond comparison, compelling him to a widely different line of action. On the day they received their answer, the Virginia committee had an engagement to dine with Secretary Seward; but in view of the Sumter telegrams, they excused themselves and hurried back to Richmond.

By the next morning (Sunday, April 14) the news of the close of the bombardment and capitulation of Sumter was in Washington. In the forenoon, at the time Anderson and his garrison were evacuating the fort, Lincoln and his Cabinet, together with sundry military officers, were at the Executive Mansion, giving final shape to the details of the action the

Government had decided to take. A proclamation, drafted by himself, copied on the spot by his secretary, was concurred in by his Cabinet, signed, and sent to the State Department to be sealed, filed, and copied for publication in the next morning's newspapers. The document bears date April 15 (Monday), but was made and completed on Sunday. This proclamation, by authority of the Act of 1795, called into service seventy-five thousand militia for three months, and convened Congress in extra session on the coming 4th of July. It commanded treasonable combinations to disperse within twenty days, and announced that the first object of this military force was to repossess the forts and places seized from the Union.* This limit of time was made obligatory by the terms of the second section of the Act of 1795, under which the call was issued. It was necessary to convene Congress, and the law only authorized the use of the militia "until the expiration of thirty days after the commencement of the then next session of Congress."

In view of the subsequent gigantic expansion of the civil war, eleventh-hour critics continue to insist that a larger force should have been called at once. They forget that this was nearly five times the then existing regular army, and that in the Mexican war Scott had marched from Vera Cruz to the capital with twenty-five thousand men. They forget that only very limited quantities of arms, equipments, and supplies were in the Northern arsenals. They forget that the treasury was bankrupt, and that an insignificant eight million loan had not two weeks before been discounted nearly six per cent. by the New York bankers, some bids ranging as low as eighty-five.† They forget that the shameful events of the past four months had elicited scarcely a single spark of war feeling; that the great American public had suffered the siege of Sumter and firing on the *Star of the West* with a dangerous indifference. They forget the doubt and dismay, the panic of commerce, the division of counsels, the attacks from within, the sneers from without — that faith seemed gone and patriotism dead. Twenty-four hours later all this was measurably changed. But it was under such circumstances that Lincoln issued his call for seventy-five thousand men to serve three months. Even that number appeared a hazardous experiment — an immense army, a startling expenditure. As matters stood, it seemed enough to cope with the then visible forces of the rebellion; the President had no means of estimating the yet undeveloped military power of the insurgent States. The ordinary *indicia* to accurate administration were wanting. To a certain degree the Government was compelled to sail in a fog. But it is precisely in such emergencies that men like Lincoln are the inestimable possession of free nations. Hopeful, moderate, steadfast, he never for an instant forgot that he was the pilot, not the ship. He remembered what he had said in the inaugural:

> If the Almighty Ruler of nations with his eternal truth and justice be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

He felt quite as confident that this popular justice would ultimately translate itself into armed might. But, holding this faith, he was not carried away by any too sanguine impulses. While discussing the proclamation, some of his advisers made a disparaging contrast of Southern enterprise and endurance with the Northern. This indulgent self-deception he checked at the very outset.

> We must not forget [he said] that the people of the seceded States, like those of the loyal ones, are American citizens, with essentially the same characteristics and powers. Exceptional advantages on one side are counterbalanced by exceptional advantages on the other. We must make up our minds that man for man the soldier from the South will be a match for the soldier from the North and *vice versâ*. ‡

The action of the Government brought in its train countless new duties and details. Both at the departments and the Executive Mansion the Sunday was one of labor, not of rest — no end of plans to be discussed, messages to be sent, orders to be signed. The President's room was filled all day as by a general reception. Already the patriotic echoes were coming in from an excited country. Governor Ramsey of Minnesota telegraphed that he could send a thousand men, and other localities made similar tenders. Senators and representatives yet in Washington felt authorized to pledge the support of their States by voice and arms. Of all such words of cheer, it is safe to say none were personally so welcome and significant as the unreserved encouragement and adhesion of Senator Douglas of Illinois.

* Lincoln, proclamation April 15, 1861.

† The following letter to President Lincoln, dated Treasury Department, April 2, 1861, is from unpublished MS.:

> My Dear Sir: The bids for the $8,000,000 loan exceed 33,000,000 — the average advance from Mr. Dix's loan is from 3 to 4 per cent. The highest bid — for only $1000 though — is par, and near $3,000,000 at 94; and I hardly think of taking any at lower rates. I am offered ⅛ per cent. premium on $2,000,000 treasury notes. All this shows decided improvement in finances and will gratify you.
>
> Yours, most truly, S. P. Chase.

‡ J. G. N., personal recollection.

Having, through a friend, signified his desire for an interview, Douglas went to the Executive Mansion between 7 and 8 o'clock on this same Sunday evening, April 14, and being privately received by the President, these two remarkable men sat in confidential interview, without a witness, nearly two hours. What a retrospect their singular careers must have forced into memory, if not into words, in this eventful meeting! — their contemporary beginnings in Illinois; the flat-boatman in Sangamon, the auctioneer's clerk in Scott county; their first meetings in country lawsuits; their encounters in the legislature; their greetings in society; their intellectual wrestlings on the stump; their emulation in local politics; their simultaneous leadership of opposing parties in the State; their champion contest for the Senate, ending in Douglas's triumph; their rival nominations for the Presidency, resulting in Lincoln's success. This was not the end. Both men were in the conscious prime of intellect; both believed themselves still in the undiminished vigor of physical manhood. Recognizing his defeat, Douglas was by no means conquered. If Lincoln was in the White House, he was yet in the Senate. Already in a Senate debate he had opened his trenches to undermine and wreck Lincoln's administration. Already he had set his subtle sophistry to demonstrate that the revenue laws gave the Executive no authority for coercion. His usual skill in debate, however, failed him on this occasion; and allowing himself to be carried along in a singularly weak and illogical argument, intended to force Mr. Lincoln and the Republican party into compromises to satisfy the border States and through their influence reclaim the cotton-States, he committed the serious blunder of declaring it unlawful and unwise to enforce the revenue laws in the insurrectionary ports or to recapture or hold their harbor defenses, except at Key West and Tortugas, which alone, he seemed to think, were "essentially national." He strongly deprecated the "reduction" and "subjugation" of the seceded States; and, declaring himself in favor of peace, said, with emphasis: "War is disunion. War is final, eternal separation." Perhaps intending merely to emphasize his attitude of mediation, he carelessly permitted himself to make a plea to tolerate accomplished secession.* All this was very far short of the language of his letter of acceptance, that "the laws must be administered, the constituted authorities upheld, and all unlawful resistance to these things must be put down with firmness, impartiality, and fidelity." The adjournment of the Senate had terminated the debate without issue. Douglas was still lingering in Washington, when suddenly the whole country was holding its breath at the report of the outrage in Charleston harbor.

Wedded too closely to the acts of the demagogue, Douglas nevertheless possessed the vision and power of the statesman in a high degree. Past failures had come to him not so much through lack of ability, as through adherence to vicious methods. Estimating success above principle, he had adopted reckless expedients, and leagued himself with questionable and dangerous combinations; and his speech of the 15th of March was only a new instance of his readiness to risk his consistency and his fame for a plausible but delusive trick in party strategy. Until this time, throughout all his minor heresies, he had kept himself true and unspotted on one high point of political doctrine. The Union must be preserved, the laws enforced. In the face of temptation and defeat, in New Orleans and in Norfolk as boldly as in New York, he had declared that if Lincoln were elected he must be inaugurated and obeyed. This was popular sovereignty, genuine and undefiled. It was against this principle that the challenge had been hurled at Sumter, and the incident furnished Douglas the opportunity to retrieve the serious mistake of his recent Senate speech. That assault could no longer be disguised as lawful complaint or constitutional redress — it was the spring of a wild beast at the throat of the nation. It changed the issue from coercion to anarchy.† No single act of Douglas's life so strongly marks his gift of leadership as that he now saw and accepted the new issue, and without a moment's hesitation came forward and placed himself beside Lincoln in defense of the Government — the first as well as the greatest "war Democrat." An army with banners, not a marshal with a writ, was now the constitutional remedy. In the face of unprovoked military assault Douglas waived all personal rivalry and party issues, and assured Lincoln, without questions or conditions, of his help to maintain the Union.

With frankness and generosity as Lincoln's ruling instincts, his long-continued political contests with Douglas had always been kept within the bounds of personal and social courtesy, if we except their Illinois joint debates, where the heat of discussion had once or twice carried them to the verge of a personal quarrel. Those passages, however, were long since

* Douglas, Senate speech, March 15, 1861. "Globe."

† The very existence of the people in this great valley depends upon maintaining inviolate and forever that great right secured by the Constitution, of freedom of trade, of transit, and of commerce, from the center of the continent to the ocean that surrounds it. . . .

forgotten by both. The present emergency was too grave for party feeling. Lincoln knew Douglas too well to underrate him. It was the President's method to apply the representative principle to problems of statesmanship. It did not need an instant's reflection to remember that next in value to the rank and file of the Republican party was the voluntary alliance of a great leader whom more than a million voters in the North had so lately followed unflinchingly to inevitable political defeat, and with whom that leader now offered to reënforce the defenders of the Union. If Lincoln had ever doubted the wisdom of his Sumter policy, which had kept open the road to this alliance, it was here vindicated. On the following morning, side by side with Lincoln's proclamation, the whole country read the telegraphic announcement of the interview and the authorized declaration that while Douglas was yet "unalterably opposed to the Administration on all its political issues, he was prepared to sustain the President in the exercise of all his constitutional functions to preserve the Union, and maintain the Government, and defend the Federal capital." * If there had been any possible uncertainty in the premises before, this was sufficient to make the whole North a unit in demanding the suppression of the rebellion.

The proposition now is to separate these United States into little petty confederacies. First, divide them into two; and then, when either party gets beaten at the next election, subdivide again; then, whenever one gets beaten again, another subdivision; and then, when you beat on governor's election, the discomfited will rebel again, and so it will go on. And if this new system of resistance by the sword and bayonet to the results of the ballot-box shall prevail here in this country of ours, the history of the United States is already written in the history of Mexico. . . . It is not a question of union or disunion. It is a question of order; of the stability of the Government; of the peace of communities. The whole social system is threatened with destruction and with disruption. Douglas, speech at Bellair, April 22, 1861.

* Press telegram, April 15, 1861.



AN EASTERN LEGEND.

AT his Beloved's door he knocked, unheeding
The mocking echoes drifting idly by:
Then called a voice — the while his glad heart bounded —
"Ah, who is there?" He answered, "It is I."
"Think not these walls," the sweet, clear voice resounded,
"These palace walls will me and thee contain."
The shining door stood barred! His fervent pleading
Was spent in vain.

In solitude, where desert sands are gleaming,
Burned on his changeless love through patient years;
Once more he comes, and knocks with trembling fingers;
Once more his soul a thrilling music hears.
Once more that voice across the silence lingers —
"Ah, who is there?" He answers, "*It is thou!*"
The door flies back! The sudden splendor, streaming,
Enfolds him now!

Charlotte W. Thurston.

A FAR CRY TO HEAVEN.

WHAT! dost thou pray that the outgone tide be rolled back on the strand,
The flame be rekindled that mounted away from the smoldering brand,
The past-summer harvest flow golden through stubble-lands naked and sear,
The winter-gray woods up-gather and quicken the leaves of last year? —
Thy prayers are as clouds in a drouth; regardless, unfruitful, they roll;
For this, that thou prayest vain things, 't is a far cry to Heaven, my soul,—
Oh, a far cry to Heaven!

Thou dreamest the word shall return, shot arrow-like into the air,
The wound in the breast where it lodged be balmed and closed for thy prayer,
The ear of the dead be unsealed till thou whisper a boon once denied,
Thy white hour of life be restored, that passed thee unprized, undescried! —
For this, that thou prayest fond things, thy prayers shall fall wide of the goal;
God bloweth them back with a breath, 't is a far cry to Heaven, my soul,—
Oh, a far cry to Heaven!

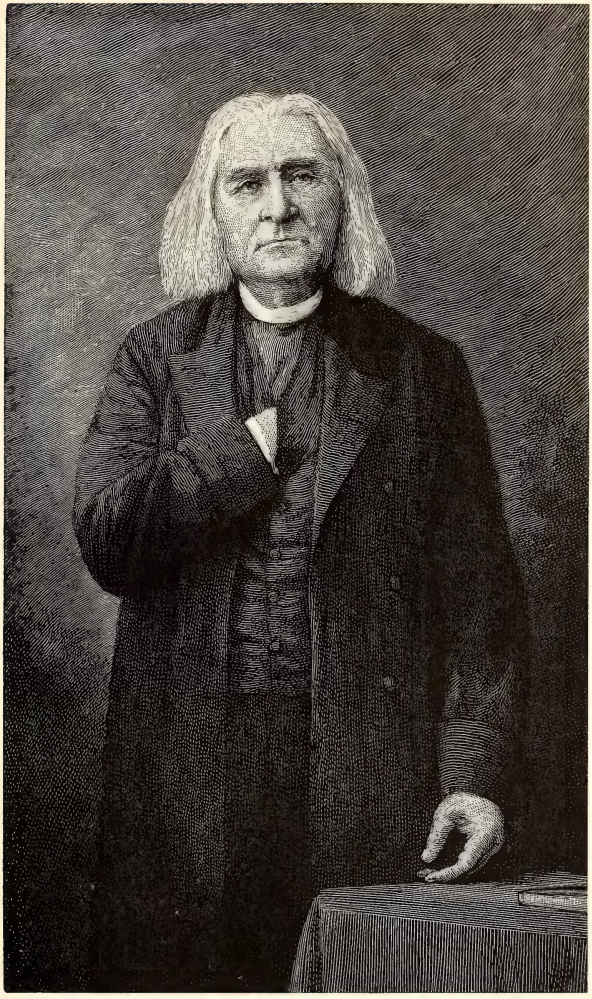
And cravest thou fondly the quivering sands shall be firm to thy feet,
The brackish pool of the waste to thy lips be made wholesome and sweet?
And cravest thou subtly the bane thou desirest be wrought to thy good,
As forth from a poisonous flower a bee conveyeth safe food? —
For this, that thou prayest ill things, thy prayers are an anger-rent scroll;
The chamber of audit is closed,—'t is a far cry to Heaven, my soul,—
Oh, a far cry to Heaven!

Edith M. Thomas.

SOME PUPILS OF LISZT.

ONE sultry noonday in July, 1885, a small group of musical celebrities from Berlin stood hatless — having converted their head-covering into temporary fans — in the shade of a low, uneven row of ancient houses in the city of Weimar and expectantly watched the nearest turn in the street. Just as the heat was pronounced insupportable two well-known figures sauntered arm-in-arm around the corner — one, the venerable form of Franz Liszt, his flowing white locks surmounted by an old-fashioned tile hat, his shirt-collar thrown open revealing a throat which rivaled in color the high flush of his visage; and the other, Eugene d'Albert, a short youth with a round face and small black eyes, whose heavy shock of dark brown hair fell about his neck *à la* Liszt and was topped by an artist's wide-brimmed slouch hat, the crown of which just brushed the master's shoulder. It was not the odd contrasting couple which so forcibly impressed all beholders alike. It was the two great men of genius walking side by side — a tottering old man with one foot already in the grave, and his pupil, the younger by half a century and in the very spring-time of life: one, the greatest piano virtuoso of any time, behind whom lay an unprecedentedly brilliant career of more than three-score years; the other, though scarcely more than a lad, the most famous musical artist of his generation, with a future of unlimited possibilities just opening up for him. Little D'Albert had only three years previously severed his leading strings, and now with half Europe at his feet, the central figure in the musical world that his genius had conquered, he had returned to the guide and counselor of his student days. These two exchanged greetings with the gentlemen who had come, with D'Albert, on a twenty-four-hours' visit to the city, and then they crossed the stony way in a body to the cooler shade of Chemnitiuss' restaurant garden to partake of a dinner in Liszt's honor.

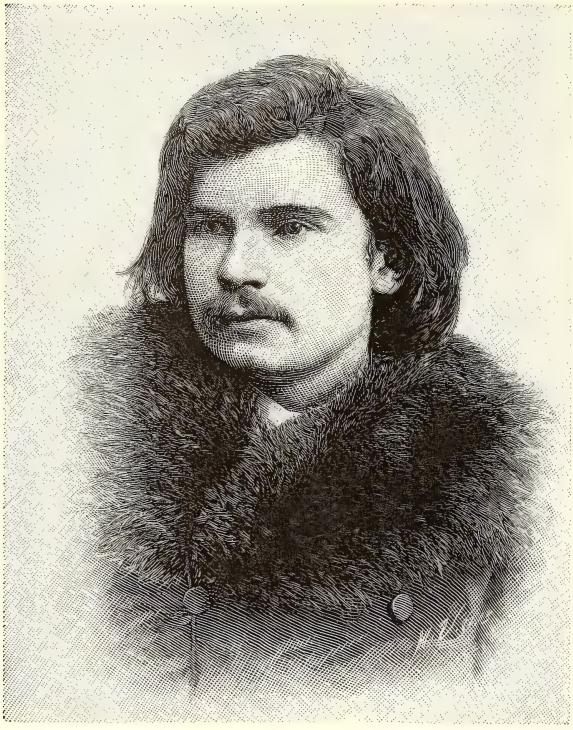
This noteworthy meeting of master and pupil always recurs to my mind when asked, "Do any of Liszt's later pupils give promise of greatness, or at least of proving themselves eminently worthy such a teacher?" If in reply I begin with Eugene d'Albert, it is because he was the first of the group to come prominently before the public; and justice to others compels me to add in the same sentence Arthur Friedheim, Alfred Reisenauer, Alexander Siloti, and Adèle aus der Ohe. It



FRANZ LISZT.

is easy to begin but more difficult to end the list, for I might add those fine artists who came already formed, later than the first five, to the master: — Moritz Rosenthal, Conrad Ansorge, Bernhard Stavenhagen, — but the line must be drawn somewhere, though history will extend it. I venture the assertion that Liszt never at any time numbered among his pupils a more notable coterie of promising talent than during the last six or seven years of his life. The youth of this day live in a time when greater technical and artistic achievements are required to arouse a public grown critically exacting after a quarter of a century of the best music the world has ever enjoyed. Under Liszt's supervision these were always developed to the utmost. The history of modern piano-forte playing demonstrates the power of his influence in the shaping of the great virtuosos, and this last group of his training must be accorded a place in their foremost ranks.

Eugene d'Albert is more widely known than his youthful contemporaries. A lad of exceptional gifts and attainments, he made his Berlin début in 1882, at an age favorable to success. The masses were dazzled by such virtuosity in a youth of nineteen summers. The critics marveled at his power and the maturity of his intellect, but praised conditionally the "wonder child." After his second season he was no longer a mere "wonder child." He had earned his right to be classed with the greatest virtuosos and musicians of the day. His compositions for orchestra, and more especially for piano, are adding to his renown. Since Tausig — to whom the young artist bears a most striking facial resemblance — perhaps no pianist has awakened such universal interest and enthusiasm as D'Albert. Germany claims him, and indeed she may, for it is a case of mutual adoption, though he is of English parentage and spent his early childhood in England. His father was the widely known and recently deceased composer of dance-music, Charles d'Albert. In an open letter, a few years since, the son denounced English music and his English training, attributing his success to German music and instruction. He received the latter from Hans Richter and Franz Liszt, with the second of whom he studied much the longer term. The master knew the boy was worthy of it and bestowed extreme care upon his education. About the time he reached his majority he wed at Weimar an actress of the Grand Ducal Theater, his senior by several years. Now in affluent circumstances, he passes his summers at Eisenach with his wife and infant son in his own villa, which commands a charming view of the Wartburg. As an artist D'Albert is versatile and eminently well rounded. Technical difficulties do not exist for him. He has a small hand, with a touch of exquisite delicacy and refinement,



EUGENE D'ALBERT.

which is also equally capable of immense power. The warmth and abandon of his style invariably affect his auditors with intense emotions. His interpretations of Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt claim equal merit. One day in speaking of his own "D minor Concerto," Rubinstein averred D'Albert's performance of it the most satisfactory he had ever heard. The very name D'Albert calls to life bits of Chopin's lovely "Berceuse" and Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," which received ideal treatment under his fingers. The young artist divided with Arthur Friedheim the honor of having given one of the greatest two-piano performances with orchestra heard in Berlin during that musically prolific and memorable season of 1884–85. The former played Liszt's "E flat major Concerto" and the latter the same composer's "A major Concerto."

Friedheim! What delightful musical memories and happy recollections of the rare days spent together in Weimar that name excites! D'Albert left there before my time, and though I met him on his flying visits to Weimar, I generally think of him as I first saw him, seated at a piano on the concert platform.

One late afternoon in August, 1885, Liszt stood before a wide open window of his salon on the second floor of the court gardener's residence in Weimar, and his thoughtful gaze wandered out beyond the long row of hot-houses and narrow beds of rare shrubs to the rich leafy growth which shaded the glorious park inclosing this modest home. He was in a serene state of mind after an hour at whist in which he had won the rubber, and now, while his young companions were putting the card-table and chairs back into their accustomed places about the room, he stood silent and alone. Any one of us would have given more than "a penny for his thoughts," a fact which he probably divined, for, without turning his head, he said: "Ansorge did indeed play beautifully!" referring to the young pianist's performance of his "A major Concerto" that afternoon in the class lesson.

"And the accompaniment was magnificently done too!" added one of the small party.

"Ah!" exclaimed the master, with an animated look and gesture which implied, "that goes without saying." "Friedheim," said he, and lifted his hand with a proud sweep to indicate his estimation of his favorite pupil, who had supplied the orchestral part on a second piano. After Friedheim's triumphal début in Leipsic in the spring of 1884, Liszt was so much gratified that he expressed with unwonted warmth his belief that the young man would yet become the greatest piano virtuoso of the age. He was then just twenty-four years old, and his career since that event points towards the fulfillment of the prophecy.

Arthur Friedheim is the most individual performer I have ever heard. A very few executants equal him in mere finger dexterity, but he surpasses them all in his gigantic strength at the instrument and in marvelous clearness and brilliancy. At times he plays with the unbridled impetuosity of a cyclone; and even while apparently dealing the piano mighty blows, which from other hands would sound forced and discordant, they never cease to be melodious. This musical, penetrating quality of touch is the chief charm of Friedheim's playing. He makes the piano sing, but its voice is full and sonorous. If he play a pianissimo passage the effect is as clear and sweet as a perfectly attuned silver bell, and his graduated increase or diminu-

tion of tone is the acme of artistic finish. No living pianist performs Liszt's compositions so well as Friedheim. This fact was unanimously mentioned by the critics upon his first appearance in Berlin in a "Liszt Concert," in conjunction with the fear that he would not succeed as an interpreter of Beethoven and Chopin; which, however, the new virtuoso has since proved groundless. Friedheim is one of the most enjoyable and inspiriting of the great pianists. His playing of Liszt's "Second Rhapsody" produces an electric shock; and once heard from him "La Campanella" remains in the memory an ineffaceable tone poem. To me he has made likewise indelible Chopin's lovely "D flat major Prelude."

Friedheim is of medium height and weight; has regular, clear-cut features, dark brown eyes, and hair pushed straight back from a high, broad forehead, and falling over his coat-collar artist fashion. In his street-dress, with a bronze-velvet jacket, great soft felt hat, and a gold medallion portrait of Liszt worn as a scarf-pin, he is the typical musician. His resemblance to the early pictures of Liszt is as marked as that of D'Albert to Tausig. Friedheim was born and bred in St. Petersburg, though his parents are German. I know nothing of his early instructors, but it is sufficient to say that he was at least nine years with Liszt. Fortune favored him with a relative of unusual mental power who has made his advancement her life-work. To these zealous mothers of musicians the world is indebted for some of the greatest artistic achievements of every time and period. There are many celebrated instances where application is almost entirely lacking or fluctuating in the child of genius, and the mother supplied the deficiency of character until the artist was fully developed, and steadiness of purpose had become routine with him. One evening I was sitting with Friedheim and his mother in one of those charming restaurant gardens which abound in Weimar when we were joined by two of the Lisztianer, convivial spirits who led a happy-go-lucky existence. "Come, Arthur," said one, "we will go to the 'Armbrust' for a few minutes — music there to-night. Will be right back, Frau Friedheim." "No," replied the mother, pleasantly, "Arthur remains with me this evening." "But, mother, we will be gone only a few minutes, and I have already practiced seven hours to-day," entreated the son. "Yes, dear child, and you must practice seven more to-morrow. I think you would better remain with me," responded his parent. Friedheim good-naturedly assented to his mother's speech, for the nocturnal merry-makings of a certain clique of divers artists at the "Hotel zum Elephanten" were too well known to risk denial.

In some way the master was constantly made aware of the doings of the Lisztianer and as regularly divulged the fact in a manner befitting the deed. It was generally in class too, which made it none too easy for the unlucky individual. However, he had a humorous solution for everything. In pursuance of a promise, Liszt was compelled one morning to accompany two of us several blocks from home. He heard that we had



ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM.

ordered a carriage, and, without our knowledge, sent the coachman word not to come, declaring that he could walk and the young gentlemen should not spend their money for him. At the appointed hour we two reached the court gardens in a sprinkling rain, and, being informed of the official decision, immediately started a servant for a covered vehicle which was standing at the door when Liszt came down. He stepped into the carriage without asking an explanation, but on our way down the street he pointed to the prison and laughed significantly as he observed that it frequently became "an asylum for spendthrifts." Liszt lived within his income, and well too, though it did not permit the gratification of the same luxurious tastes that characterized his residence at the Altenburg many years ago. He deeply deplored extravagance in others. Liszt cited as a warning to us a dear friend of his, a German poet, who had spent his fortune in giving costly dinners, and referred to the poet's former opulence as a time when he was in "dinner

circumstances." He said he would like to be in "dinner circumstances" himself.

During the eleven years that Alfred Reisenauer passed with Liszt he was accounted by his fellow-students the greatest musical genius of his time. He was more thoroughly grounded in the precepts and more completely imbued with the traditions of the great master than any pupil he ever had. When I went to Weimar in 1884 this was a common saying among the Lisztianer if any one was lauded for fine work: "Oh, yes, it was well played, but Reisenauer would have done it better!" As a sight-reader, he was supreme. I have seen him take a complicated orchestral score in manuscript and play it off at the first reading with apparently the same facility that he would



ALEXANDER SILOTI.

have done the printed piano arrangement. Unfortunately for himself and humanity in general, that admirable managerial ability which had opened up careers for D'Albert, Friedheim, and Siloti has not been his heritage. As he and the first-named virtuoso are about the same age, youth is in his favor, and the world may yet have an opportunity to judge of his phenomenal talent and artistic superiority. Reisenauer is a native of Königsberg, where he studied several years with Louis Köhler, now deceased, whom he considered the first teacher of piano technique in Europe. At dusk one day in October, 1884, Liszt was still engaged with his pupils at the tri-weekly lesson. "Now," said he, "we will have one more piece and then stop. What shall it be?" He raised his eye-glasses to glance at the music placed on the table by those who desired to play, and remarked as he gathered up a composition: "Oh, yes! Here, Reisenauer, you shall play this for us!" With that he settled himself comfortably on a sofa at the opposite end of the room, leaned back, and closed his eyes as if anticipating enjoyment. The crowd about the piano dispersed and found places along the wall. The young artist seated himself before the instrument and by the last gleams of fading light was barely able to decipher Liszt's impressive "Funérailles," one of the "Harmonies poétiques et religieuses." The character of the piece was suited both to the mood of the pianist and the dying day. As the music proceeded, the hush that had stolen over the assembly seemed to intensify with the twilight. By the very perfection of his art the performer made his auditors oblivious to his presence. Consciousness of the composer's meaning only remained. Night had come on, and the twinkling stars were just beginning to show through the great windows against a darkening sky, as, with bated breath, we listened to the final notes die away under Reisenauer's magic touch. Who is not loath to break the silence following a like inspired performance of a splendid artist? The master was the first to speak, but his voice was husky with emotion as he said, "I thank you, Reisenauer!" Adieus were quietly said, and we all slipped out of the room, still under the influence of the wonderful music. What fond remembrances and echoes of divine harmonies cling to that eternally desolated home in the Grand Ducal Gardens at Weimar! Alfred Reisenauer is one of the greatest artists identified with this period. Will he bury himself in the past, or rise to a sense of the duty that his genius imposes?

Early in the eighties there came to Liszt an unusually tall, overgrown stripling with hands and feet that seemed to belong to a later period. The ensuing years transformed the lad into a handsome, well-proportioned man, with winning manners and a graceful bearing. His frank, open countenance mirrored the upright, generous nature of a true gentleman, and with young and old alike he became a prime favorite. This was the Russian, Alexander Siloti, a former student at the Imperial Conservatory at Moscow under Nicholas Rubinstein. Liszt found in him a pupil of extraordinary musical gifts and perseverance, and a companion fitted by training and instinct to adorn the first society of Europe. His was a fine, well-balanced nature, in which even great musical talent did not outweigh the social qualifications. His courteous treatment and thoughtful attentions won the undisputed good-will of his colleagues. "Silotissimus," as Liszt sportively called him, richly repaid with strong partisanship the debt

of gratitude due his teacher. He and Friedheim undertook to win the favor of the German musicians for Liszt's greater orchestral works. As a preliminary thereto they gave in Weimar a performance on two pianos, entirely from memory, of his Dante and Faust Symphonic Poems. Later, they repeated the same at the old Gewandhaus in Leipsic. In response to their efforts some staunch adherents of Liszt organized in the winter of 1885–86 the now large and powerful Liszt Society, with headquarters at Leipsic and with the protecting name of Grand Duke Carl Alexander of Saxe-Weimar. The object of the union is to produce in several concerts each winter season not only the less known orchestral compositions of Liszt, but also "the neglected or totally unknown creations of other writers, modern and classic." This gives the society a more liberal tone, and is in direct emulation of the practices and teachings of Liszt himself. The latter was, naturally, unspeakably gratified with the formation of this great musical body bearing his name. Its existence brightened the last few months of his life, and its success was the object of his dearest hope and solicitude.

Siloti is not only a great virtuoso; he is a thorough artist and musician as well. He has a large, beautiful, sympathetic tone, with great breadth and nobility of style. At his Berlin début in 1884 he made a splendid impression upon public and press. He was then just nineteen years of age. His performance of Scarlatti's "E minor Pastorale" was one of the most exquisite bits of tone-production conceivable. In contrast, he gave Chopin's spirited "A major Polonaise" with a reckless dash and phenomenal strength in which only Rubinstein and Friedheim can compete. His interpretation of Liszt's "Pester Carneval" is the climax of bravura playing. Personally, he was dear to the master and almost like a son.

At a large musicale in Berlin one evening in February, 1885, I first met Adèle aus der Ohe. Upon reminding her that I had made her acquaintance in America several years previously, she exclaimed in surprise: "How is that possible? I have never been there."

"Through Miss Fay's book," I replied.

"Ah!" she said, and smiled. "Then you made my acquaintance at an early age. I hope though to go to America some day." That wish was to be fulfilled earlier than she then thought. Unheralded and comparatively unknown Fräulein Aus der Ohe landed in New York in October, 1886. Her brilliant success in the metropolis and the principal cities of the Union is too recent to need recapitulation. Aus der Ohe is the name of a very old and noble German family, dating from the eleventh or twelfth century, when various prefixes—



ALFRED REISENAUER.

i. e., von, au, zu, aus, etc.—denoted high birth. Many families afterward altered the original form to the more common von; but the Ohes have retained the ancient aus before their patronymic. The pianiste is a daughter of the late Professor Aus der Ohe, of the Royal Artillery and Engineers' School at Berlin, but formerly of Hanover, where she was born and passed the first five or six years of her life. When three and a half years old she first gave evidence of her remarkable talent. An elder sister was strumming Arditi's "Il bacio" one day in the nursery where the children were at play. When she had finished, the tiny Adèle, crying, "Ich! Ich!" begged to be placed on the stool, and to their astonishment repeated the entire waltz, giving the correct bass with her left hand. "Mamma! Papa!" cried the children in chorus as they threw open the door: "Come! Come and hear Adèlchen!" There was great rejoicing that day in the family Ohe. The parents themselves began at once to instruct her in piano-playing. In her fifth year she became acquainted with the talented musical couple Bronsart, who took her to Hans von Bülow for advice. "Let me first look in her eyes," he said; and continued, "Yes, there really is music there!" He proposed that she be placed under his instruction at Munich where he was then residing, but the fond parents could not consent to a separation from so young a child. Adèle was seven years old when Professor Aus der Ohe moved with his family to Berlin. Here she became a pupil of Franz Kullak, and several months later of his father, the celebrated Dr. Theodore Kullak,



ADÈLE AUS DER OHE

with whom she remained until her thirteenth year. At eight years of age she made her first public appearance. Two years later she gave concerts with orchestra at Berlin and Hanover in which she played Beethoven's "B flat major Concerto" with the Moscheles "Cadenza." Shortly after leaving Kullak she came to Liszt at Weimar and, barring occasional interruptions, benefited by seven years of his instruction. Several long concert tours — the first when in her fourteenth year — were made during this period in Germany. Previous to her American début she had never played outside her native land. At her last public appearance there she performed Taubert's "Piano Concerto" in the four hundredth Jubilee Soirée of the Royal Orchestra, with that superb body of musicians, at the Berlin Royal Opera House. In the salons of the German capital Adèle aus der Ohe is as great a social as musical favorite. She enjoyed the friendship and chaperonage of the late lamented Princess Alma of Carolath-Beuthin, a noble woman, distinguished for her charities and as a patroness of the fine arts. She is very popular at the Imperial Palace, where she has often played privately and in state concerts. Adèle aus der Ohe is not merely a gifted musical artiste, but a young woman of varied accomplishments. Besides her mother-tongue, she speaks and

writes French, Italian, and English; is a student in the arts and sciences; writes poetry, and is a composer of music — under an assumed name. She has been rightly taught to believe in the necessity of a broad and liberal education for all who aspire above mediocrity in her chosen profession. After hearing her play and meeting her almost daily in Weimar, I comprehended Liszt's deferential bearing towards her which had struck me the first time I saw her at his lessons. As he honored the true gentlewoman, just so did he admire her intellectual and artistic gifts. Although Liszt was ever willing and ready to aid young pianists from the wealth of his knowledge, he was exceedingly discriminating and gave in plenty only to those who evinced uncommon aptitude. The earnestness of his work with Adèle aus der Ohe was the most telling compliment he could pay the mental endowments of any pupil. She was by all odds the best among the ladies, and one of the most accomplished artists in his class. He habitually commented upon her improvisations introductory to a piano composition, and frequently bade her extricate some frightened player from the dangers of an impromptu prelude. At his especial request she compiled a volume of such preludes and modulations, which he desired her to dedicate to him. This Fräulein Aus der Ohe did — though it has not yet been published — and sent Liszt a copy of the same. It gave him much pleasure, as I can substantiate. In the lessons he frequently remarked her "intrepidity" and "fearless certainty" in playing; and in one of the last soirées musicâles that he gave, said in an aside, "She has a wonderful touch; it is like velvet!" Perhaps I heard him express himself more in approval of Adèle aus der Ohe's performances than of any others; for she had been absent from Weimar some time when she returned in 1885, and her splendid artistic development was a source of gratification to him. In his letters to her, Liszt varied the conventional form of address to "My honored colleague," "My dear virtuoso," etc. Her public life is so arduous that Fräulein Aus der Ohe finds little time for society. Her personal tastes are quiet and unassuming. Once I heard her retort rather warmly to a complimentary remark of a friend: "I have no time to be vain and conceited. My art is holy to me and requires my every effort. If there is anything that I dislike, it is an arrogant artist. He should be thankful to God that he has given him such a talent, and guard it sacredly." Such sentiments add dignity to the character of a great artiste like Adèle aus der Ohe.

Albert Morris Bagby.



COMING SHADOWS.

MY soul goes wandering in the wilderness
All the day long — nor through the hours of light
Can any foe my constant footing fright,
Although I fare alone and weaponless;

But when deep shadows fall, and lay their stress
Upon me, and ravening creatures glare in sight,
The panther Terror, leaping from the night,
The fiery-eyed, soft-pacing lioness,—

How guard the pilgrim then, and compass him,
And beat Abaddon from him, in the hour
When age o'ertakes him in the desert dim?

The torch of Poesy shall cast a shower
Of shielding radiance — and the monsters grim
Shall flee the spot protected by its power!

Titus Munson Coan.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

AU LARGE.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Grande Pointe," etc.

XVIII.

THE TORNADO.



THE DEATH.

THE Acadian stooped at once and with a quick splash launched his canoe. A minute later he was in it, gliding along and just within the edge of the forest where it swept around nearly at right angles to the direction in which the steamboat was coming. Thus he could watch the approaching steamer unseen, while every moment putting distance between himself and the lugger.

The strange visitor came on. How many men there were on her lower deck! Were they really negroes, or had they blackened their faces, as men sometimes do when they are going to hang a poor devil in the woods? On the upper deck are two others whose faces do not seem to be blackened. But a moment later they are the most fearful sight of all; for only too plainly does the fugitive see that they are the same two men who stood before the door-way of his hut six days before. And see how many canoes on the lower deck!

While the steamer is yet half a mile away from the hidden lugger, her lamps and fires and their attendant images in the water beneath glow softly in the fast deepening twilight, and the night comes swiftly down. The air is motionless. Across the silent waste an engine bell jangles; the puff of steam ceases; the one plashing paddle-wheel at the stern is still; the lights glide more and more slowly; with a great crash and rumble, that is answered by the echoing woods, the anchor-chain runs out its short measure, and the steamer stops.

Gently the pot-hunter's paddle dipped again, and the pirogue moved back towards the lugger. It may be that the flood was at last numbing his fear, as it had so soon done that of all the brute life around him: it was in his mind to do something calling for more courage than he had ever before commanded in his life, save on that one day in Carancro when, stung to madness by the taunts of a brave man and driven to the wall, he had grappled and slain his tormentor. He had the thought now to return and, under cover of the swamp's deep outer margin of shadow, silently lift into the canoe the bit of iron that anchored the lugger, and as noiselessly draw her miles away to another covert; or if the storm still held back, even at length to step the mast, spread the sail, and put the horizon between him and the steamer before daybreak. This he had now started to do, and would do, if only courage would hold on and the storm hold off.

For a time his canoe moved swiftly; but as he drew near the lugger his speed grew less and less, and eye and ear watched and hearkened with their intensest might. He could hear talking on the steamer. There was a dead calm. He had come to a spot just inside

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the wood, abreast of the lugger. His canoe slowly turned and pointed towards her, and then stood still. He sat there with his paddle in the water, longing like a dumb brute; longing, and, without a motion, struggling for courage enough to move forward. It would not come. His heart jarred his frame with its beating. He could not stir.

As he looked out upon the sky a soft, faint tremor of light glimmered for a moment over it without disturbing a shadow below. The paddle stirred gently, and the canoe slowly drew back; the storm was coming to betray him with its lightnings. In the black forest's edge the pot-hunter lingered trembling. Oh for the nerve to take a brave man's chances! A little courage would have saved his life. He wiped the dew from his brow with his sleeve; every nerve had let go. Again there came across the water the very words of those who talked together on the steamer. They were saying that the felling of trees would begin in the morning; but they spoke in a tongue which Acadians of late years had learned to understand, though many hated it, but of which he had never known twenty words, and what he had known were now forgotten — the English tongue. Even without courage, to have known a little English would have made the difference between life and death. Another glimmer spread dimly across the sky, and a faint murmur of far-off thunder came to the ear. He turned the pirogue and fled.

Soon the stars are hidden. A light breeze seems rather to tremble and hang poised than to blow. The rolling clouds, the dark wilderness, and the watery waste shine out every moment in the wide gleam of lightnings still hidden by the wood, and are wrapped again in ever-thickening darkness over which thunders roll and jar and answer one another across the sky. Then, like a charge of ten thousand lancers, come the wind and the rain, their onset covered by all the artillery of heaven. The lightnings leap, hiss, and blaze; the thunders crack and roar; the rain lashes; the waters writhe; the wind smites and howls. For five, for ten, for twenty minutes — for an hour, for two hours — the sky and the flood are never for an instant wholly dark, or the thunder for one moment silent; but while the universal roar sinks and swells, and the wide, vibrant illumination shows all things in ghostly half-concealment, fresh floods of lightning every moment rend the dim curtain and leap forth; the glare of day falls upon the swaying wood, the reeling, bowing, tossing willows, the seething waters, the whirling rain, and in the midst the small form of the distressed steamer, her revolving paddle-wheels toiling behind to lighten the strain upon her anchor chains; then all are dim ghosts again, while a peal, as if the heavens were rent, rolls off around the sky, comes back in shocks and throbs, and sinks in a long roar that before it can die is swallowed up in the next flash and peal.

The deserted lugger is riding out the tornado. Whirled one moment this way and another that, now and again taking in water, her forest-shelter breaks the force of many a gust that would have destroyed her out in the open. But in the height of the storm her poor substitute for an anchor lets go its defective hold on the rushy bottom and drags, and the little vessel backs, backs, into the willows. She escapes such entanglement as would capsize her, and by and by, when the wind lulls for a moment and then comes with all its wrath from the opposite direction, she swings clear again and drags back nearly to her first mooring and lies there, swinging, tossing, and surviving still, — a den of snakes.

The tempest was still fierce, though abating, and the lightning still flashed, but less constantly, when at a point near the lugger the pirogue came out of the forest, laboring against the wind and half-filled with water. On the face of the storm-beaten man in it each gleam of the lightning showed the pallid confession of mortal terror. Where that frail shell had been, or how often it had cast its occupant out, no one can ever know. He was bareheaded and barefooted. One cannot swim in boots; without them, even one who has never dared learn how may hope to swim a little.

In the darkness he drew alongside the lugger, rose, balanced skillfully, seized his moment, and stepped safely across her gunwale. A slight lurch caused him to throw his arms out to regain his poise; the line by which he still held the canoe straightened out its length and slipped from his grasp. In an instant the pirogue was gone. A glimmer of lightning showed her driving off sidewise before the wind. But it revealed another sight also. It was dark again, black; but the outcast stood freezing with horror and fright, gazing just in advance of his feet and waiting for the next gleam. It came, brighter than the last; and scarcely a step before him he saw three great serpents moving towards the spot that gave him already such slender footing. He recoiled a step — another; but instantly as he made the second a cold, living form was under his foot, its folds flew round his ankle, and once! twice! it struck! With a frantic effort he spurned it from him; all in the same instant a blaze of lightning discovered the maimed form and black and red markings of a "bastard hornsnake," and with one piercing wail of despair,

that was drowned in the shriek of the wind and roar of the thunder, he fell.

A few hours later the winds were still, the stars were out, a sweet silence had fallen upon water and wood, and from her deck the watchmen on the steamer could see in the north-eastern sky a broad, soft illumination and knew it was the lights of slumbering New Orleans, eighteen miles away.

By and by, farther to the east, another brightness began to grow and gather this light into its outstretched wings. In the nearest wood a soft twitter came from a single tiny bird. Another voice answered it. A different note came from a third quarter; there were three or four replies; the sky turned to blue and began to flush; a mocking-bird flew out of the woods on her earliest quest for family provision; a thrush began to sing; and in a moment more the whole forest was one choir.

What wonderful purity was in the fragrant air; what color was on the calm waters and in the deep sky; how beautiful, how gentle was Nature after her transport of passion! Shall we ever subdue her and make her always submissive and compliant? Who knows? Who knows what man may do with her when once he has got self, the universal self, under perfect mastery? See yonder huge bull-alligator swimming hitherward out of the swamp. Even as you point he turns again in alarm and is gone. Once he was man's terror, Leviathan. The very lions of Africa and the grizzlies of the Rockies, so they tell us, are no longer the bold enemies of man they once were. "Subdue the earth"—it is being done. Science and art, commerce and exploration, are but parts of religion. Help us, brothers all, with every possible discovery and invention to complete the conquest begun in that lost garden whence man and woman first came forth, not for vengeance but for love, to bruise the serpent's head. But as yet, both within us and without us, what terrible revolts doth Nature make! what awful victories doth she have over us, and then turn and bless and serve us again!

As the sun was rising, one of the timber-cutters from the steamer stood up in his canoe about half a mile away, near the wood and beside some willows, and halloed and beckoned. And when those on the steamer hearkened he called again, bidding them tell "de boss" that he had found a canoe adrift, an anchored boat, and a white man in her, dead.

Tarbox and St. Pierre came in a skiff.

"Is he drowned?" asked Mr. Tarbox, while still some distance off.

"Been struck by lightnin', sim like," replied the negro who had found the body.—"Watch out, Mistoo Tah-baux!" he added, as the skiff drew near; "dat boat dess lousy wid snake'!"

Tarbox stood up in the skiff and looked sadly upon the dead face. "It 's our man," he said to St. Pierre.

"Dass what I say!" exclaimed the negro. "Yes, seh, so soon I see him I say, mos' sholy dass de same man what Mistoo Tah-baux lookin' faw to show him 'roun' 'bout de swamp! Yes, seh, not-instandin' I never see him befo'! No, seh.— Lawd! look yondeh! look dat big bahsta'd hawn-snake! He kyant git away; he 's hu't! Lawd! dass what kill dat man! Dat man trawmp on him in de dark and he strack him wid his hawny tail! Look at dem fo' li'l' spot' on de man' foot! Now, Mistoo Tah-baux! You been talk' 'bout dem ah bahsta'd hawn-snake not pizen! Well, mos' sholy dey bite ain't pizen; but if dat hawn on de een of his tail dess on'y tetch you, you' gone! Look at dat man! Kill' him so quick dey wa'n't time for de place to swell whah he was hit!" But Tarbox quietly pointed out to St. Pierre that the tiny wounds were made by the reptile's teeth.

"The coroner's verdict will probably be 'privation and exposure,'" said he, softly; "but it ought to be, 'killed by fright and the bite of a harmless snake.'"

On his murmured suggestion St. Pierre gave orders that, with one exception, every woodsman go to his tree-felling, and that the lugger and canoe, with the dead man lying untouched, be towed by skiff and a single pair of oars to the head of the canal for inquest and burial.

"I 'll go with him," said Tarbox softly to St. Pierre. "We owe him all we 're going to get out of these woods, and I owe him a great deal more." When a little later he was left for a moment without a hearer, he said to the prostrate form: "Poor fellow! And to think I had her message to you to come out of this swamp and begin to live the life of a live man!"

The rude funeral moved away, and soon the woods were ringing with the blow of axes and the shout and song of black timber-men as gayly as though there never had been or was to be a storm or a death.

XIX.

"TEARS AND SUCH THINGS."

MARGUERITE and her friend had no sooner taken their seats to drive home from the studio the day the sketch was made than Marguerite began a perfect prattle. Her eyes still shone exaltedly, and leaped and fell and darkened and brightened, with more than the swift variety of a fountain in the moonlight, while she kept trying in vain to meet her companion's looks with a moment's steady regard.

Claude was found! and she trembled with delight. But, alas! he had heard her passionate call and yet stood still; had looked down upon her in silence, and drawn again the curtain between them. She had thought until the last moment, "He will come; he will confront us as we pass out the door — will overtake us at the foot of the stairs — on the sidewalk — at the carriage window." But it had not been so; and now they were gone from the place; and here sat this friend, this gay, cynical knower of men's and women's ways, answering her chatter; in short, smiling responses, with a steady eye fixed on her, and reading, Marguerite believed, as plainly as if it were any of the sign-boards along the rattling street, the writing on her fluttering heart. And so, even while she trembled with strange delight, pain, shame, and alarm pleaded through her dancing glances, now by turns and now in confusion together, for mercy and concealment. But in fact, as this friend sat glancing upon the young face beside her with secret sympathy and admiration, it was only this wild fear of betrayal that at length betrayed.

Reaching the house, the street door was hardly shut behind them when Marguerite would have darted up to her chamber; but her friend caught her hands across the balustrade and said, with roguery in her own eyes:

"Marguerite — you sweet rowdy —"

"W'at?"

"Yes, *what*. There 's something up; what is it?"

The girl tried to put on surprise; but her eyes failed her again. She leaned on the rail and looked down, meanwhile trying softly to draw away upstairs; but her friend held on to one hand and murmured:

"Just one question, dearie; just one. I 'll not ask another; I 'll die first; you 'll probably find me *in articulo mortis* when you come downstairs. Just one question, lovie."

"*W'at* it is?"

"It 's nothing but this. I ask for information." The voice dropped to a whisper — "Is he as handsome as his portrait?"

The victim rallied all her poor powers of face and turned feebly upon the questioner:

"Po'trait? Who?" Her voice was low, and she glanced furtively at the nearest door. "I dawn't awnstan you." Her hand pulled softly for its freedom, and she turned to go, repeating, with averted face, "I dawn't awnstan you 't all."

"Well, never mind then, dear, if you don't understand," responded the tease, with mock tenderness. "But, *ma belle Créole* —"

"*Je suis Acadienne.*"

"You're an angel, faintly disguised. Only — look around here — only, Angelica, don't try to practice woman's humbug on a woman. At least, not on this old one. It does n't work. I 'll tell you whom I mean." She pulled, but Marguerite held off. "I mean," she hoarsely whispered,—"I mean the young inventor that engineer told us about. Remember?"

Marguerite, with her head bowed low, slowly dragged her hand free and moved with growing speed up the stairs, saying:

"I dawn't know what is dat. I dawn't awnstan you 't all." Her last words trembled as if nigh to tears. At the top of the stairs the searching murmur of her friend's voice came up, and she turned and looked back.

"Forgive me!" said the figure below. The girl stood a moment, sending down a reassuring smile.

"You young rogue!" murmured the lady, looking up with ravished eyes. Then she lifted herself on tiptoe, made a trumpet of both little hands, and whispered:

"Don't — worry! We 'll bring it out — all right!"

Whereat Marguerite blushed from temple to throat and vanished.

The same day word came from her mother of her return from Terrebonne, and she hastened to rejoin her in their snug rooms over the Women's Exchange. When she snatched Zoséphine into her arms and shed tears, the mother merely wiped and kissed them away, and asked no explanation.

The two were soon apart. For Marguerite hungered unceasingly for solitude. Only in solitude could she, or dared she, give herself up to the constant recapitulation of every minutest incident of the morning. And that was ample employment. They seemed the happenings of a month ago. She felt as if it were imperative to fix them in her memory now, or lose them in confusion and oblivion forever. Over them all again and again she went, sometimes quickening memory with half-spoken words, sometimes halting in long reverie at some intense juncture: now with tingling pleasure at the unveiling of the portrait, the painter's cautionary revelation of the personal presence above, or Claude's appearance at the window; now with burnings of self-abasement at the passionate but ineffectual beseechings of her violin; and always ending with her face in her hands, as though to hide her face even from herself for shame that with all her calling — her barefaced, as it seemed to her, her abject calling — he had not come.

"Marguerite, my child, it is time for bed."

She obeyed. It was all one, the bed or the window. Her mother, weary with travel, fell asleep; but she — she heard the clock downstairs strike, and a clock next door

attest, twelve — one — two — three — four, and another day began to shine in at the window. As it brightened, her spirits rose. She had been lying long in reverie; now she began once more the oft-repeated rehearsal. But the new day shone into it also. When the silent recital again reached its end the old distress was no longer there, but in its place was a new, sweet shame near of kin to joy. The face, unhidden, looked straight into the growing light. Whatever else had happened, this remained, that Claude was found. She silently formed the name on her parted lips — "Claude! Claude! Claude! Claude!" and could not stop though it gave her pain, the pain was so sweet. She ceased only when there rose before her again the picture of him drawing the curtain and disappearing; but even then she remembered the words, "Don't worry; we 'll bring it out all right," and smiled.

When Zoséphine, as the first sunbeam struck the window-pane, turned upon her elbow and looked into the fair face beside her, the eyes were closed in sleep. She arose, darkened the room, and left it.

XX.

LOVE, ANGER, AND MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE city bells had sounded for noon when the sleeper opened her eyes. While she slept Claude had arrived again at his father's cottage from the scene of the crevasse and reported to Tarbox the decision of himself and the engineer, that the gap would not be closed for months to come. While he told it they sat down with St. Pierre to breakfast. Claude, who had had no chance even to seek sleep, ate like a starved horse. Tarbox watched him closely, with hidden and growing amusement. Presently their eyes fastened on each other steadily. Tarbox broke the silence.

"*You* don't care how the crevasse turns out. I 've asked you a question now twice; and you don't even hear."

"Why you don't ass ag'in?" responded the younger man, reaching over to the meat-dish and rubbing his bread in the last of the gravy. Some small care called St. Pierre away from the board. Tarbox leaned forward on his elbows and, not knowing he quoted, said softly:

"There 's something up. What is it?"

"Op?" asked Claude, in his full voice, frowning. "Op where? — w'at, *w'at* is?"

"Ah, yes!" said Tarbox, with affected sadness. "Yes, that 's it; I thought so. 'Oh-hon for somebody, oh hey for somebody.'"

Claude stopped with a morsel half-way to his mouth, glared at him several seconds, and then resumed his eating; not like a horse now, but like a bad dog gnawing an old bone. He glanced again angrily at the embodiment of irreverence opposite. Mr. Tarbox smiled. Claude let slip, not intending it, an audible growl, with his eyes in the plate. Mr. Tarbox's smile increased to a noiseless laugh, and grew and grew until it took hopeless possession of him. His nerves relaxed, he trembled, the table trembled with him, his eyes filled with tears, his brows lifted laboriously, he covered his lips with one hand, and his abdomen shrank until it pained him. And Claude knew, and showed he knew it all; that was what made it impossible to stop. At length, with tottering knees, Mr. Tarbox rose and started silently for the door. He knew Claude's eyes were following. He heard him rise to his feet. He felt as though he would have given a thousand dollars if his legs would but last him through the door-way. But to crown all, St. Pierre met him just on the threshold, breaking, with unintelligent sympathy, into a broad, simple smile. Tarbox laid one hand upon the door for support, and at that moment there was a hurtling sound; something whizzed by Tarbox's ear, and the meat-dish crashed against the door-post and flew into a hundred pieces.

The book-agent ran like a deer for a hundred yards and fell groveling upon the turf, the laugh still griping him with the energy of a panther's jaws, while Claude, who in blind pursuit had come threshing into his father's arms, pulled his hat over his eyes and strode away towards the skiff ferry. As Mr. Tarbox returned towards the cottage, St. Pierre met him, looking very grave, if not displeased. The swamper spoke first.

"Dass mighty good for you I was yondah to stop dat boy. He would 'a' half-kill' you."

"He 'd have served me ex-actly right," said the other, and laughed again. St. Pierre shook his head, as though this confession were poor satisfaction, and said:

"Dass not safe — make a 'Cajun mad. He dawn't git mad easy, but when he *git* mad it bre'k out all ove' him, yass. He goin' feel bad all day now; I see tear' in his eye when he walk off."

"I 'm sorry," said Tarbox sincerely, and presently added, "Now while you look up a picked gang of timber-men, I 'll see if I can charter a little stern-wheel steamer, get that written permission from Madame Beausoleil to cut trees on her land, and so forth, and so forth. You 'll hardly see me before bed-time again."

It was the first hour of the afternoon when Claude left his little workroom and walked slowly down to, and across, Canal street and into Bourbon. He had spent the intervening hours seated at his work-table with his face

in his hands. He was in great bitterness. His late transport of anger gave him no burdensome concern. Indeed, there was consolation in the thought that he should by and by stand erect before one who was so largely to blame, and make that full confession and apology which he believed his old-time Grande Pointe school-master would have offered could Bonaventure ever have so shamefully forgotten himself. Yet the chagrin of having at once so violently and so impotently belittled himself added one sting more to his fate. He was in despair. An escaped balloon, a burst bubble, could hardly have seemed more utterly beyond his reach than now did Marguerite. And he could not blame her. She was right, he said sternly to himself — right to treat his portrait as something that reminded her of nothing, whether it did so or not; to play on with undisturbed inspiration; to lift never a glance to his window; and to go away without a word, a look, a sign, to any one, when the least breath or motion would have brought him instantly into her sacred presence. She was right. She was not for him. There is a fitness of things, and there was no fitness — he said — of him for her. And yet she must and would ever be more to him than any one else. He would glory in going through life unloved, while his soul lived in and on the phantom companionship of that vision of delight which she was and should ever be. The midday bells sounded softly here and there. He would walk.

As I say, he went slowly down the old rue Bourbon. He had no hunger; he would pass by the Women's Exchange. There was nothing to stop there for; was not Madame Beausoleil in Terrebonne, and Marguerite the guest of that chattering woman in silk and laces? But when he reached the Exchange doors he drifted in as silently and supinely as any driftlog would float into the new crevasse.

The same cashier was still on duty. She lighted up joyously as he entered, and, when he had hung his hat near the door, leaned forward to address him; but with a faint pain in his face, and loathing in his heart, he passed on and out into the veranda. The place was well filled, and he had to look about to find a seat. The bare possibility that *she* might be there was overpowering. There was a total suspension of every sort of emotion. He felt, as he took his chair and essayed to glance casually around, as light and unreal as any one who ever walked the tight-rope in a dream. The blood leaped in torrents through his veins, and yet his movements, as he fumbled aimlessly with his knife, fork, and glass, were slow and languid.

A slender young waitress came, rested her knuckles on the table, and leaned on them, let her opposite arm hang limply along the sidewise curve of her form, and bending a smile of angelic affection upon the young Acadian, said in a confidential undertone:

"The cashier told me to tell you those ladies have come."

Claude rose quickly and stood looking upon the face before him, speechless. It was to him exactly as if a man in uniform had laid a hand upon his shoulder and said, "You 're my prisoner." Then, still gazing, and aware of others looking at him, he slowly sank again into his seat.

"She just told me to tell you," said the damsel. "Yes, sir. Have you ordered?"

"Humph?" He was still looking at her.

"I say, have you given your order?"

"Yass."

She paused awkwardly, for she knew he had not, and saw that he was trying vainly to make her words mean something in his mind.

"Sha'n't I get you some coffee and rolls — same as day before yesterday?"

"Yass." He did not know what she said. His heart had stopped beating; now it began again at a gallop. He turned red. He could see the handkerchief that was wadded into his outer breast-pocket jar in time with the heavy thump, thump, thump beneath it. The waitress staid an awful time. At last she came.

"I waited," she sweetly said, "to get *hot* ones." He drew the refreshments towards him mechanically. The mere smell of food made him sick. It seemed impossible that he should eat it. She leaned over him lovingly and asked, as if referring to the attitude, "Would you like anything more? — something sweet?" His flesh crawled. He bent over his plate, shook his head, and stirred his coffee without having put anything into it.

She tripped away, and he drew a breath of momentary relief, leaned back in his chair, and warily passed his eyes around to see if there was anybody who was not looking at him and waiting for him to begin to eat.

Ages afterward — to speak with Claude's feelings — he rose, took up his check, and went to the desk. The cashier leaned forward and said with soft blitheness:

"They 're here. They 're upstairs now."

Claude answered never a word. He paid his check. As he waited for change, he cast another glance over the various groups at the tables. All were strangers. Then he went out. On the single sidewalk step he halted, and red and blind with mortification, turned again into the place; he had left his hat. With one magnificent effort at dignity and unconcern he went to the rack, took down the hat, and as he lowered it towards his head cast a last

look down the room, and — there stood Marguerite. She had entered just in time, it seemed to him, but just too late, in fact, to see and understand the blunder. Oh, agony! They bowed to each other with majestic faintness, and then each from each was gone. The girl at the desk saw it and was dumb.

XXI.

LOVE AND LUCK BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Mr. Tarbox was really a very brave man. For, had he not been, how could he have ventured, something after the middle of that afternoon, in his best attire, up into Claude's workroom? He came to apologize. But Claude was not there.

He waited, but the young man did not return. The air was hot and still. Mr. Tarbox looked at his watch — it was a quarter of five. He rose and went down to the street, looked up and down it, and then moved briskly down to, and across, Canal street and into Bourbon. He had an appointment.

Claude had not gone back to his loft at all. He was wandering up and down the streets. About four he was in Bienville street, where the pleasure-trains run through it on their way out to Spanish Fort, a beautiful pleasure-ground some six miles away from the city's center, on the margin of Lake Pontchartrain. He was listlessly crossing the way as a train came along, and it was easy for the habit of the aforetime brakeman to move him. As the last platform passed the crossing, he reached out mechanically and swung aboard.

Spanish Fort is at the mouth of Bayou St. John. A draw-bridge spans the bayou. On the farther, the eastern, side Claude stood leaning against a pile, looking off far beyond West End to where the sun was setting in the swamps about Lake Maurepas. There — there — not seen save by memory's eye, yet there not the less, was Bayou des Acadiens. Ah me! there was Grande Pointe.

"O Bonaventure! Do I owe you" — Claude's thought was in the old Acadian tongue — "Do I owe you malice for this? No, no, no! Better *this* than *less*." And then he recalled a writing-book copy that Bonaventure had set for him, of the school-master's own devising: *Better Great Sorrow than Small Delight.* His throat tightened and his eyes swam.

A pretty schooner, with green hull and new sails, came down the bayou. As he turned to gaze on her, the bridge, just beyond his feet, began to swing open. He stepped upon it and moved towards its center, his eyes still on the beautiful silent advance of the vessel. With a number of persons who had gathered from both ends of the bridge, he paused and leaned over the rail as the schooner, with her crew looking up into the faces of the throng, glided close by. A female form came beside him, looking down with the rest and shedding upon the air the soft sweetness of perfumed robes. A masculine voice, just beyond, said:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Claude started and looked up, and behold, Marguerite on the arm of Tarbox!

His movement drew their glance, and the next instant Mr. Tarbox, beaming apology and pouring out glad greetings, had him by the hand. Burning, choking, stammering, Claude heard and answered, he knew not how, the voice of the queen of all her kind. Another pair pressed forward to add their salutations. They were Zoséphine and the surveyor.

Because the facilities for entertaining a male visitor were slender at the Women's Exchange, because there was hope of more and cooler air at the lake-side, because Spanish Fort was a pretty and romantic spot and not so apt to be thronged as West End, and because Marguerite, as she described it, was tired of houses and streets, and also because he had something to say to Zoséphine, Mr. Tarbox had brought the pretty mother and daughter out here. The engineer had met the three by chance only a few minutes before, and now as the bridge closed again he passed Zoséphine over to Claude, walked only a little way with them down a path among the shrubbery, and then lifted his hat and withdrew.

For once in his life Mr. G. W. Tarbox, as he walked with Marguerite in advance of Claude and her mother, was at a loss what to say. The drollness of the situation was in danger of overcoming him again. Behind him was Claude, his mind tossed on a wild sea of doubts and suspicions.

"I told him," thought Tarbox, while the girl on his arm talked on in pretty, broken English and sprightly haste about something he had lost the drift of — "I told him I was courting Josephine. But I never proved it to him. And now just look at this! Look at the whole sweet mess! Something has got to be done." He did not mean something direct and open-handed; that would never have occurred to him. He stopped, and with Marguerite faced the other pair. One glance into Claude's face, darkened with perplexity, anger, and a distressful effort to look amiable and comfortable, was one too many; Tarbox burst into a laugh.

"Pardon!" he exclaimed, checking himself

until he was red; "I just happened to think of something very funny that happened last week in Arkansas — Madame Beausoleil, I know it must look odd,"— his voice still trembled a little, but he kept a sober face — "and yet I must take just a moment for business. Claude, can I see you?"

They went a step aside. Mr. Tarbox put on a business frown and said to Claude in a low voice:

"Hi! diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle; the cow jumped over the moon; the little dog laughed to see the sport, and the dish ran away with the spoon you understand I 'm simply talking for talk's sake as we resume our walk we 'll inadvertently change partners — a kind of Women's Exchange, as it were old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone; but when she got there the cupboard — don't smile so broadly — was bare, and so the poor dog had none will that be satisfactory?"

Claude nodded, and as they turned again to their companions the exchange was made with the grace, silence, and calm unconsciousness of pure oversight — or of general complicity. Very soon it suited Zoséphine and Tarbox to sit down upon a little bench beside a bed of heart's-ease and listen to the orchestra. But Marguerite preferred to walk in and out among the leafy shadows of the electric lamps.

And so, side by side, as he had once seen Bonaventure and Sidonie go, they went, Claude and Marguerite, away from all windings of disappointment, all shadows of doubt, all shoals of misapprehension, out upon the open sea of mutual love. Not that the great word of words — affirmative or interrogative — was spoken then or there. They came no nearer to it than this:

"I wish," murmured Claude,— they had gone over all the delicious "And-I-thought-that-you's" and the sweetly reproachful "Did-you-think-that-I's," and had covered the past, down to the meeting on the bridge,— "I wish," he murmured, dropping into the old Acadian French, which he had never spoken to her before,— "I wish —"

"What?" she replied, softly and in the same tongue.

"I wish," he responded, "that this path might never end." He wondered at his courage, and feared that now he had ruined all; for she made no answer. But when he looked down upon her she looked up and smiled. A little farther on she dropped her fan. He stooped and picked it up, and, in restoring it, somehow their hands touched — touched and lingered; and then — and then — through one brief unspeakable moment, a maiden's hand, for the first time in his life, lay willingly in his. Then, as glad as she was frightened, Marguerite said she must go back to her mother, and they went.

XXII.

A DOUBLE LOVE-KNOT.

SPANISH FORT — West End — they are well enough; but if I might have one small part of New Orleans to take with me wherever I may wander in this earthly pilgrimage, I should ask for the old Carrollton Gardens.

They lie near the farthest upper limit of the expanded city. I should want, of course, to include the levee, under which runs one side of the gardens' fence; also the opposite shore of the Mississippi, with its just discernible plantation houses behind their levee; and the great bend of the river itself, with the sun setting in unutterable gorgeousness behind the distant, low-lying pecan groves of Nine-mile Point, and the bronzed and purpled waters kissing the very crown of the great turfed levee, down under whose land side the gardens blossom and give forth their hundred perfumes and bird songs to the children and lovers that haunt their winding alleys of oleander, jasmine, laurustine, orange, aloe, and rose, the grove of magnolias and oaks, and come out upon the levee's top as the sun sinks, to catch the gentle breeze and see the twilight change to moonlight on the water.

One evening as I sat on one of the levee benches here, with one whose I am and who is mine beside me, we noticed on the water opposite us, and near the farther shore, a large skiff propelled with two pairs of oars and containing, besides the two rowers, half a dozen passengers.

Then I remembered that I had seen the same craft when it was farther down the stream. The river is of a typical character about here. Coming around the upper bend, the vast current sweeps across to this, the Carrollton side, and strikes it just above the gardens with an incalculable gnawing, tearing power. Hence the very high levee here; the farther back the levee builders are driven by the corroding waters the lower the ground is under them, and the higher they must build to reach the height they reached before. From Carrollton the current rebounds, and swinging over to the other shore strikes it, boiling like a witch's caldron, just above and along the place where you may descry the levee lock of the Company Canal.

I knew the waters all about there, and knew that this skiff full of passengers, some of whom we could see were women, having toiled through the seething current below, was now

in a broad eddy, and, if it was about to cross the stream, would do so only after it had gone some hundred yards farther up the river. There it could cross almost with the current.

And so it did. I had forgotten it again, when presently it showed itself with all its freight, silhouetted against the crimson sky. I said quickly:

"I believe Bonaventure Deschamps is in that boat!"

I was right. The skiff landed, and we saw its passengers step ashore. They came along the levee's crown towards us, "by two, by two." Bonaventure was mated with a young Methodist preacher, who had been my playmate in boyhood, and who lived here in Carrollton. Behind him came St. Pierre and Sidonie. Then followed Claude and Marguerite; and, behind all, Zoséphine and Tarbox.

They had come, they explained to us, from a funeral at the head of the canal. They did not say the funeral of a friend, and yet I could see that every one of them, even the preacher, had shed tears. The others had thought it best and pleasantest to accompany the minister thus far towards his home, then take a turn in the gardens, and then take the horse-cars for the city's center. Bonaventure and Sidonie were to return next day by steamer to Belle Alliance and Grande Pointe. The thoughtful Tarbox had procured Bonaventure's presence at the inquest of the day before as the identifying witness, thus to save Zoséphine that painful office. And yet it was of Zoséphine's own motion, and by her sad insistence, that she and her daughter followed the outcast to his grave.

"Yes," she had said, laying one hand in Bonaventure's and the other in Sidonie's, and speaking in the old Acadian tongue, "when I was young and proud I taught 'Thanase to despise and tease him. I did not know then that I was such a coward myself. If I had been a better scholar, Bonaventure, when we used to go to school to the curé together — a better learner — not in the books merely, but in those things that are so much better than books teach — how different all might have been! Thank God, Bonaventure, one of us was." She turned to Sidonie to add,— "But that one was Bonaventure. We will all go" — to the funeral — "we will all go and bury vain regrets — with the dead."

The influence of the sad office they had just performed was on the group still, as they paused to give us the words of greeting we coveted. Yet we could see that a certain sense of being very, very rich in happiness was on them all, though differently on every one.

Zoséphine wore the pear-shaped pearl.

The preacher said good-day and started down the steps that used to lead from the levee down across a pretty fountained court and into the town. But my friend Tarbox — for I must tell you I like to call him my friend, and like it better every day; we can't all be one sort; you 'd like him if you knew him as I do — my friend Tarbox beckoned me to detain him.

"Christian!" I called — that is the preacher's real name. He turned back and met Tarbox just where I stood. They laid their arms across each other's shoulders in a very Methodist way, and I heard Tarbox say:

"I want to thank you once more. We 've put you to a good deal of trouble. You gave us the best you had: I 'll never forget what you said about 'them who through fear of death are all their life-time subject to bondage.' I wish you was a Catholic priest."

"Why?"

"So we could pay you for your trouble. I don't think you ought to take it hard if you get a check in to-morrow's mail."

"Thy money survive with thee," said the preacher. "Is that all you want me to be a priest for? Is n't there another reason?" His eyes twinkled — "Is n't there something else I could do for you — you or Claude — if I should turn priest?"

"Yes," said Tarbox, with grave lips but merry eyes; "we 've both got to have one."

In fact they had two. Yet I have it from her husband himself, that Madame Tarbox insists to this day, always with the same sweet dignity, that she never did say yes.

On the other hand, when Claude and Marguerite were kneeling at the altar the proud St. Pierre, senior, spoke an audible and joyously impatient affirmative every time either of them was asked a question. When the time came for kissing, Sidonie, turning from both brides, kissed St. Pierre the more for that she kissed not Claude, then turned again and gave a tear with the kiss she gave to Zoséphine. But the deepest, gladdest tears at those nuptials were shed by Bonaventure Deschamps.

George W. Cable.





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
(FROM THE CHEVILLET ENGRAVING OF THE DUPLESSIS PORTRAIT OF 1778 IN POSSESSION OF MISS E. F. HARWOOD.)

FRANKLIN'S HOME AND HOST IN FRANCE.

IT was on the tenth day of June, in the year of our Lord 1776, that Caron de Beaumarchais, poet, dramatist, courtier, and speculator, received from the French treasury one million francs, for which he gave the following receipt, which was destined to a greater celebrity than any equal number of lines he ever wrote:

J'ai reçu de M. Duvergier, conformément aux ordres de M. le Comte de Vergennes en date du 5 courant, que je lui ai remis, la Somme d'un million dont je rendrai compte à mon dit Sieur comte de Vergennes.

CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.

Bon pour un million de livres tournois.

À Paris, le 10 Juin, 1776.

The following is a translation of this letter:

I have received from M. Duvergier, in conformity with the orders of M. the Comte de Vergennes of the 5th instant, and which I have remitted to him, the Sum of one million, of which I will render an account to the said Comte de Vergennes.

CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.

Good for a million livres tournois.

Paris, June 10, 1776.

This was the first money contributed by the French government in aid of the revolting British colonies in America.

A little more than three months later, and on the twenty-sixth day of September of the same memorable year, a congress of the re-

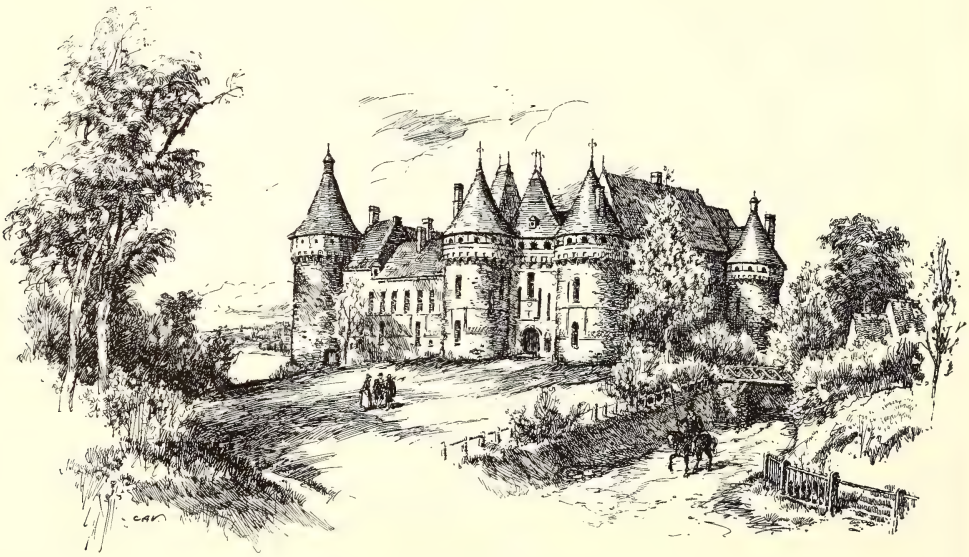
volted colonies selected by ballot three persons to proceed to the court of Louis XVI. and ask his alliance and support. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, then seventy years of age, was unanimously chosen on the first ballot one of these commissioners. When the result of the balloting was announced he is reported to have turned to Dr. Rush, who sat beside him, and to have said: "I am old and good for nothing; but, as the store-keepers say of their remnants of cloth, I am but a fag end, and you may have me for what you please to give."

Upon the next ballot Thomas Jefferson, then in his thirty-third year, was chosen, but in consequence of the delicate health of Mrs. Jefferson at that time he felt obliged to decline the appointment. It was reserved for him to be Franklin's successor in Paris nine years later.

On his arrival, Dr. Franklin accepted temporary lodgings with Silas Deane at the Hôtel Hamburg, in the Rue de l'Université.

The news of the doctor's arrival at Nantes had preceded him to Paris, and almost immediately upon his reaching the Hôtel Hamburg he was waited upon by a gentleman holding intimate relations with the court, and invited to accept for the use of himself and his legation a vacant house on the visitor's estate at Passy, then one of the suburbs of Paris.† The gentleman who made this proffer of hospitality to Franklin was M. Donatien Le Ray de Chaumont, at that time honorary Superintendent of the Hôtel des Invalides, and also honorary Superintendent of Woods and Forests of the department of Berry and Blaison.

The objections to placing himself or his



CHATEAU DE CHAUMONT. (REDRAWN FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY ASSELINEAU.)

Arthur Lee and Silas Deane, both in Europe at the time as agents of the colonies, were finally chosen as Franklin's associates. Three days after this election, which occurred at the most gloomy and unpromising moment in the whole history of the revolution, the news to which we have referred, that the young King of France* had extended his hand to us, reached Philadelphia. Dr. Franklin sailed for France on the twenty-seventh day of October, 1776, and reached Paris on the 21st of December following — less than six months after the colonies had declared their independence.

government under obligations to a stranger and a foreigner yielded to superior considerations which reflection and further information revealed to him.

De Chaumont was then a gentleman of fortune; he held intimate and quite confidential relations with the ministry, and shared

* Louis had succeeded to the throne of France two years before, and was then in the twenty-second year of his age. Vergennes was his Minister of Foreign Affairs, and De Sartines his Minister of the Marine.

† Passy was incorporated into the municipality of Paris during the Second Empire.



DONATIEN LE RAY DE CHAUMONT. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY ROBIN.)

fully the enthusiasm of his countrymen for the struggling colonists and their traditional prejudices against the British government. He was probably selected by the ministry and put forward — though upon this point we have only inferential testimony — as the fittest person to have charge of Franklin and to serve as a channel through which the French and the American governments could communicate secretly and without compromising the official relations of France and Great Britain. All these advantages were duly appreciated by Franklin at a glance. A residence at Passy protected him and all his movements from public observation and officious inquisitiveness, while the opportunities for communicating with the Government which he would enjoy in such close proximity to M. de Chaumont were even greater than those enjoyed by Lord Stormont, the British ambassador, the relations of the French government with Franklin's being at that period far more sympathetic than those with Great Britain. He would here be sheltered from inconvenient curiosity without being inaccessible to friends.

This position also gave him opportunities, in no other way possible, of learning promptly what might be going on in official circles, without any sacrifice of dignity on his part and without prejudice to the government to which he was accredited — not yet prepared for and constantly hoping to avoid an open rupture with England.

Franklin accepted the invitation of M. de Chaumont.

The arrangements for his reception were soon perfected, and at the expiration of about three weeks from his arrival in France he was installed in the quarters which M. de Chaumont had appropriated to his use.

As Franklin dwelt in this hotel at Passy nine consecutive years and for the full term of his mission; as it was there that he conducted all those negotiations which procured for the colonies the open alliance of France and finally the acknowledgment of their independence by England; as it was there that he penned the largest part of his incomparable autobiography; as it was in his library there, according to the accepted traditions, that Volney conceived the extraordinary book by which he is now chiefly remembered; as it was upon the house he there occupied that he placed the first lightning-rod ever put up in France or in Europe — some account of its as well as of its proprietor's history will possess an interest to the American reader beyond the gratification of an idle curiosity.

The property of which the house occupied by Franklin was only a *dépendance*, and which M. de Chaumont had then owned but a few months, had at one time belonged to the Duchesse de Valentinois and was still known as the Hôtel Valentinois. On this considerable estate were two dwellings, one known and described in the conveyances as *le grand*, and the other as *le petit hôtel*. The larger was occupied by M. de Chaumont, and the smaller was for the remainder of his sojourn in France the residence of Franklin. According to the title-deeds, copies of which we have under our eyes, Madame la Duchesse d'Aumont was proba-



VICTOR HUGO'S DRAWING OF FRANKLIN'S HOUSE.

bly the first private person who ever possessed complete control of the consolidated property, and she converted it into a country residence. This must have occurred as early as 1711, for at that epoch she acquired the right of view across the property lying upon the opposite side of the *Rue des Francs Bourgeois*, and in the exercise of that right caused the upper stories of the houses which interfered with her view to be removed so as to disclose the Seine, the Champs de Mars, and the distant hills of Fleury, Meudon, Sèvres, and St. Cloud. This right of view was still reserved in 1866.

The property had several owners after the death of the Duchesse d'Aumont, and among them were the Chevalier de Ségur, President of the Parliament of Bordeaux; the Duc de Valentinois, and Lieutenant-General de Stainville, Governor of Strasbourg, who sold it in August, 1776, to M. de Chaumont. A part of it was still standing as late as 1866, and the façade looking upon the garden retained all the characteristics of the original structure of the second half of the eighteenth century. The columns which decorated it; the bull's-eyes surrounded with garlands; the moldings of the windows, sashes, and doors; the arrangement of the veranda,— all conspired to define and preserve the cheerful and characteristic style of the epoch.

In 1865, it was my privilege to transmit to the commissioners of the great fair held that year in New York, for the relief of the sick and wounded in the war, a sketch of the Franklin house which had been made by Victor Hugo, and which he desired me to forward as his contribution to that memorable charity. It came to me sealed, ready for dispatch. It was sold with the rest of the collection. When I was in Paris in 1877, I asked Victor Hugo if he sent the original or a copy of his sketch. He said he sent a copy, but what had become of the original he could not say.* It was somewhere among his papers, but no one would probably know where till his papers passed into other hands. He seemed to think that the task of disinterring it from the accumulated mass of his literary stores was quite beyond his strength.

The quarter of Passy where Franklin took up his abode ranked in those days among the most attractive in the environs of Paris, and is far from owing all its interest, in the eyes even of American readers, to its having been for so many years the residence of their first diplomatic representative. It was the residence of the Marquis de Pontainvilliers, the Prevost of Paris and Lord of Passy; of the illustrious and unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe, whose

* As no record was kept of the purchasers of the articles sold at this fair, it was only a few months since, and after many ineffectual efforts, that I learned what had become of the sketch sent to the United States. In March, 1885, a paragraph appeared in the New York "Critic," giving the history of the sketch up to the time of its sale and inviting information, from those who had any, of its subsequent fate. In the "Critic" of March 6, 1886, just a year later, there appeared a notice of an exhibition of pictures on exhibition at the Avery Art Gallery in New York, among which it referred specially to "Victor Hugo's drawing of Benjamin Franklin's house at Passy, . . . accompanied by the autograph letter which was sent by him with the sketch to the United States Sanitary Commission in 1865." Both were purchased by the late Samuel J. Tilden, and now form a part of his notable art collection. It is to his courtesy we are indebted for the privilege of illustrating these pages with a copy of them.

The following is a translation of Victor Hugo's letter, a fac-simile of which appears on the next page: "In 1836 I was at Passy one day with M. Raynouard, the author of the Tragedy of the *Templiers*. His white hair fell down over his shoulders. I said to him: '*You wear your hair like Franklin, and you resemble him.*' He replied, smiling, '*That is due, perhaps, to the vicinage.*' He then showed me a house in sight from his garden. '*It is there,*' he said to me, '*that Franklin resided in 1788.*'

"I have made a sketch of this house, since demolished. Here it is. I believe this to be the only picture of the house at Passy where Franklin lived that exists, and I offer it to the *United States Sanitary Commission.*

"I am happy that the *Sanitary Commission*, in doing me the honor to address me, has given me the opportunity of renewing the expression of my profound sympathy for the valiant men who struggle so gloriously to deliver the great American Republic from the shame of slavery. VICTOR HUGO.

"HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, 19th March, 1864."

En 1836, j'étais un jour à Passy, chez M. Raynouard, auteur de la tragédie de Templiers. Il avait six chevaux dans l'étable pour ses idées. Je lui dis : Vous pouvez les chevaux comme Franklin, et vous les assemblez. Il me répondit en riant : Cela vient peut-être du voisinage. Et il me montra une maison qu'on apercevait de son jardin. — C'est là, me dit-il, que Franklin a demeuré en 1778.

J'ai dessiné cette maison, démolie aujourd'hui. Voici le dessin. Je crois que cette image de la maison de Franklin à Passy est la seule qui existe. — L'offre à l'United States Sanitary Commission.

Je suis heureux que la Sanitary Commission, en me faisant l'honneur de s'adresser à moi, me donne l'occasion de renouveler l'expression de ma sympathie profonde aux vaillants hommes qui luttent si glorieusement pour délivrer la grande République américaine de cette honte, l'esclavage.

Victor Hugo

Hauteville House. — 15 mars 1864

VICTOR HUGO'S INSCRIPTION ACCOMPANYING DRAWING.

chateau was still standing under the Second Empire: and of the Marshal d'Estaing, whose name is so honorably associated with our Revolution. Then, at Auteuil, adjoining Passy, was the residence of Madame Helvetius, whose house was the resort of all the political celebrities of France, and to whom, because of the judicious patronage she extended to people of letters, Franklin gave the name of *Notre Dame d'Auteuil.* To this circle no person seems to have been admitted upon a more intimate footing than Franklin. There was even a tradition that he had offered himself to her in marriage. Of this, however, there is no evidence nor even probability. It was the most attractive salon in Paris; one to which Napoleon on his return from Italy sought, but unsuccessfully, to secure admission. We need look no further for an explanation of Franklin's devotion to its presiding genius. If anything were yet wanting to make Passy fashionable it was to be found in the royal chateau of La Muette, which was a favorite resort of the king. It was from here that he dated the popular edict which suppressed the *Don de joyeux Avénement.* At La Muette was a laboratory constructed by Louis XV. and enlarged by his successor. Franklin was often there, with his friends Le Roy and the Abbé la Roche, both members of the Academy of Sciences, prosecuting his experiments in electricity, on the weight of the atmosphere, etc. Passy was also endowed by nature with a mineral spring renowned in those days for its medicinal properties, and which served as another veil to Franklin's real purpose — he being something of an invalid — in accepting the hospitalities of M. de Chaumont. This spring was the property of a M. le Veillard, first mayor of Passy, with whom Dr. Franklin contracted a great intimacy and life-long friendship.

Before directing our attention more particularly to Dr. Franklin's host, it will be interesting to follow hurriedly the subsequent fortunes of the property to which he was destined to give no inconsiderable part of its distinction.

We have seen that the Hôtel Valentinois was purchased by M. de Chaumont in August, 1776, and only four months before Franklin's arrival in Paris. The social, financial, and political convulsions which occurred in France soon after the peace with America and the departure of Dr. Franklin so deranged the affairs of M. de Chaumont that his property at Passy had to be sacrificed for the benefit of his creditors, and was sold on the 25th of July, 1791, to Messrs. Fulcheron and Grivel, bankers, in Paris. On the 17th of January, 1792, the estate was divided between these gentlemen, M. Fulcheron becoming proprietor of the Grand Hôtel, and the small hotel remaining the undivided property of the partners. Owing to dissensions among the creditors of the De Chaumont estate, of which Fulcheron and Grivel seemed to have been only purchasers in trust, the property was finally sold under foreclosure on the 12th of July, 1793. The large hotel was rented to and occupied by the then Royal Highness, the Prince of Condé, Duc de Bourbon.

Later, one of the descendants of Ossian's hero, Lord Fingal, occupied this hotel until after the memorable days of 1830. Later still, it was sold to the *Frères des Écoles Chrétiennes*, who transferred to it from the Faubourg St. Martin, on the 3d of April, 1839, a large boarding-school which, in 1866, had 740 pupils. The original structure, besides undergoing some changes, was very much enlarged for the accommodation of the new tenants. Of the original edifice there remained in 1866:

First. In the angle at the left the reception-room, three arcades on the ground floor, and three brackets ornamented with sculptured figures.

Second. The columns of the *porte cochère* and carriage houses on the street.

Third. The angle of the old staircase and the wainscoting in the drawing-room. I have been told by the late Count Henri de Riancey, — then editor-in-chief of the "Union" in Paris, and a resident of Passy, — who had seen them, that they were very remarkable and would pass for masterpieces of taste. They were sold in 1855 at a very high price. Of the small hotel occupied by Franklin, we have already stated that the walls and the façade towards the garden were still standing in 1866, when I visited and went through it with one of the Brothers. It next became the property of M. Dumersan, a well-known dramatic writer. In 1866 it belonged to M. Miensel, who let it to various parties, and among them to the Comte de Riancey already referred to.

Just before Franklin left Paris to return to his country, the Comte de Vergennes, still Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed a note to M. de Chaumont in behalf of the Marchioness de Monconseil, a favorite correspondent of Chesterfield, to know if she could hire the property, and upon what conditions.

> I do not wish you [he says in this note] to make sacrifices to the friendship you have for me. But the friendship I have for Madame de Monconseil, and which is of very long standing, leads me to desire that she may reëstablish and fortify her health in the pure air of Passy, and in an abode so attractive as that she wishes to let.
>
> VERSAILLES, 3 June, 1785.

The magnificence of the Valentinois property may be inferred from the rank and distinction of its successive proprietors and

occupants. After an interval of nearly forty years, the impression of its princely elegance was still fresh in the memory of old John Adams, who, while joint commissioner with Franklin, shared the hospitality of *La petite Maison*, as appears by a letter written to a son of M. de Chaumont, in 1818, when the old statesman was in his eighty-second year.

As this letter has, I believe, never been put in print, I will give it entire. The son of M. de Chaumont had become a citizen of the United States and a very large landed proprietor in the northern part of the State of New York, of which we shall have something more to say presently.

QUINCY, February 12, 1818.

SIR: I have received and read with pleasure an address to the Agricultural Society of Jefferson County, in the State of New York, and as I know not from whom it came, who should I thank for it but its author?

I rejoice in every new society which has agriculture for its object, and see with delight that the spirit is spreading through the United States. If I could worship any of the heathen gods it would be old Saturn, because I believe him to be only an allegorical personification of agriculture, and the children he devoured to be only his own grapes and figs, apples and pears, wheat and barley.

I agree with you in the main in every sentiment, particularly relative to grapes and corn, yet we cannot have perfect roast beef, nor perfect roast spare-ribs, nor perfect poultry, without maize. We must, therefore, sacrifice a little luxury to a good deal of public good.

From the style of this address I should not have suspected it to have been written by any other than a native of this country.

Thirty-nine years ago, I little thought I should live to see the heir-apparent to the princely palaces and gardens of Passy my fellow-citizen in the republican wilderness of America laying the foundation of more ample domains and perhaps more splendid palaces. I observed the motto of the Hôtel de Valentinois, which I had then the honor to inhabit.

"Se sta bene non se move."

"If you stand well, stand still." But you have proved the maxim not to be infallible, and I rejoice in it.

The civilities I received from your family interest me so much in their happiness that any information of it would increase that of your sincere well wisher and most humble servant.

(Signed) JOHN ADAMS.

S. LE RAY DE CHAUMONT, ESQ.,
President of the Agricultural Society of Jefferson County, New York.

During my residence in Paris, 1861–67, I was urged by several of my countrymen who were familiar with the needs of the American legation to take measures to build or purchase a hotel, to be devoted to the use of our official representatives residing near the French court. They said they would raise the money without difficulty if I would take charge of it; and a good share of all the money that would have been required was at once pledged to me for this purpose. I was led to think favorably of the proposition from the circumstance that part of the old house once occupied by Franklin, with an acre of land or thereabouts, was then for sale, and was offered to me for 120,000 francs.*

Before deciding whether I would accept this trust, I determined not to prolong my stay abroad another year, and not knowing whether my successor would appreciate the need of the ample accommodations which the scheme of my friends contemplated, or would care to accept the responsibility of organizing such an enterprise and carrying it through, I allowed the opportunity of making the aforetime residence of our first Minister the permanent residence of the American legation to escape. It was the one consequence of my retirement from that honorable eminence which I have never ceased to regret.

Turn we now to the proprietor of this noble property,— upon a description of which perhaps we have dwelt too long,— whose timely and judicious hospitality has associated his name only less permanently than Franklin's with the fortunes of the great American republic. M. de Chaumont, before Franklin became his guest, had been one of the council of Louis XV. He was then, and up to the time of his death, grandmaster of the waters and forests and honorary intendant of the Invalides. He seemed to hold entirely confidential relations with the ministry of the young king, and was in the enjoyment of a fortune which, according to a statement made to the writer by his grandson, amounted to two and a half millions of francs, say $500,000, in addition, it is to be presumed, to the family chateau of Chaumont on the Loire; another at Blessois, which he afterwards tendered to John Adams;† and the Hôtel Valentinois, which

* This proposition, though I decided not to entertain it, belongs now to the history of this historical property, and I need not, therefore, apologize for inserting a translation of it here:

PARIS ARRONDISSEMENT DE PASSY, 1 June, 1866.

MR. MINISTER: I have seen the proprietor of the house situated at Paris-Passy, Rue Basse, No. 40. He would be willing to sell it at the price of 120,000 francs.

On receiving half of the amount, he would be disposed to accord some delay for the payment of the remainder.

He imposes no conditions upon the sale except the fulfillment of the current lease, which expires 1 April, 1868.

Please accept, Mr. Minister, the very humble respects of your servant, AMY.

† As appears from the following letter from Mr. Adams declining the offer:

TO M. LE RAY DE CHAUMONT.

PASSY, February 25, 1779.

SIR: I have this moment the honor of your kind billet of this day's date, and I feel myself under great obligation for the genteel and generous offer of your house at Blessois; but if I do not put Dr. Franklin to inconvenience, which I shall not do long, my residence at Passy is very agreeable to me.

To a mind as much addicted to retirement as mine, the situation you propose would be delicious indeed, provided my country were at peace and my family with me; but, separated from my family and with an heart bleeding with the wounds of its country, I should be

he had then recently purchased. The writer has the same authority for stating that the Duc de Choiseul, his neighbor in the country,— the chateau of Chaumont and of Chanteloup being in close proximity,— wished M. de Chaumont to enter the ministry with him, but the invitation was declined from the conviction that he could be more useful as the unofficial intermediary between his government and the American commissioners.

He seemed to have been at one time associated with the Duc de Choiseul in establishing a tannery at Amboise, and afterwards important glassworks on his Chaumont property, for which he imported skilled workmen from England at great expense. He was also seized with an ambition to establish a pottery on his place where he had found clay, which encouraged him to hope that he could compete with the English in that manufacture. It was here and of this clay that the Italian Nini, who was invited to Chaumont, made a class of medallions much sought for by amateurs, and among others one of Franklin which was so much admired as a work of art, and became so much in demand, that the grandson of M. de Chaumont had copies of it made, some years ago, for the gratification of his friends.

Franklin sent one of these medallions to his daughter, Mrs. Bache, to which he makes the following playful allusion in a letter written to her on the 3d of June, 1779:

> The clay medallion of me you say you gave to Mr. Hopkinson was the first of the kind made in France. A variety of others of different sizes have been made since; some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes and some so small as to be worn in rings, and the numbers sold are incredible. These, with the pictures, busts, and prints (of which copies upon copies are spread everywhere), have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon, so that he durst not do anything that would oblige him to run away, as his phiz would discover him wherever he should venture to show it. It is said by learned etymologists that the name of doll for the image children play with is derived from the word idol. From the number of dolls now made of him he may be truly said, in that sense, to be idolized in this country.*

The medallions referred to as being in the Metropolitan Museum were both presented to that institution, with a large and precious collection of engravings and other works of art relating to Franklin, by Mr. Huntington himself shortly before his death. It was no doubt to one of these medallions that Madame de Campan alludes in the following memorable paragraph, in which she reproves the enthusiasm exhibited by the courtiers and tolerated by the king of France for Franklin and the American insurgents:

> Franklin appeared at Court in the dress of an American agriculturist. His unpowdered hair, his round hat, formed a contrast to the laced and embroidered coats and the powder and perfume of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the light heads of the Frenchwomen. Elegant entertainments were given to Dr. Franklin, who, to the reputation of a man of science, added the patriotic virtues which invested him with the character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments where the most beautiful woman out of three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheek. Even in the palace of Versailles Franklin's medallion was sold under the king's eyes in the exhibition of Sèvres china. The legend of this medallion was "*Eripuit cælo fulmen, Sceptrumque tyrannis.*" The king never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment no doubt led him to blame. The queen spoke out more plainly about the part France was taking respecting the independence of the American colonies, and constantly opposed it.†

There seems to have been no definite understanding, either oral or in writing, about the

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the most miserable being on earth in retreat and idleness. To America, therefore, in all events and at all hazards, I must attempt to go, provided I do not receive counter orders which I can execute with honor and with some prospect of advantage to the public service.

I thank you, sir, and your agreeable family for all your civilities since my arrival at Passy, and have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

(Signed) JOHN ADAMS.

* Having occasion, some years ago, to mention the origin of this medallion to my valued friend the late William H. Huntington, whose recent decease has deprived Paris of one of its special charms in the eyes of all who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, I shortly after received from him a reply in which he says: "It was curious news to me that Nini's medallions were made at Chaumont, though I 'd often heard that their place of fabric was somewhere on the Loire. There is no mention of this artist in the 'Biographie Universelle' of Didot, about the only book of biographical reference I have. He must have had a certain vogue in his time, medallions of folks of the superior classes from his hand still turning up at sales and in curiosity shops. He did two Franklins — both at the Metropolitan Museum — dated and signed. The smaller one, with the cap '1777 B. Franklin, Americain,' was among the earliest of the Franklin idols made here, and has been numerously reproduced by French, English, and other engravers. The larger, which is of the more usual size of Nini's work, is much rarer, has never been engraved from, as far as I know, and is to my notion one of the most finely characterized of all the Franklin portraits — 1799 (and in some copies MDCCLXXIX; you will find specimens of both in the museum), with Turgot's lines for the legend. In his letter to his daughter, Passy, 3d of June, B. F. writes: 'The clay medallion of me you say you gave Mr. Hopkinson was the first of the kind made in France.' This must be the one with the cap. If the Ven. F. is correct in his statement, it would curiously seem that his friend Chaumont set Nini at him as soon as he caught the artist, to start (we should now say inaugurate) his furnace at Chaumont with the likeness of his friend."— Letter from W. H. Huntington, dated No. 20, Rue de la Bruyère, Paris, April 5, 1884.

† "Private Life of Marie Antoinette," by Mme. Campan. Vol. I., pp. 253-256.

terms upon which Franklin and his colleagues should occupy La petite Maison. Franklin was far too wise a man to suppose that favors of any kind from one's fellow-creatures ever cost in the long run less than they are worth, or are worth more than they cost. When he accepted M. de Chaumont's invitation, he may have expected his government, at some future time, to make some suitable compensation to its proprietor; or, knowing the interest which France had in the success of the colonists and the advantage to her government of having him lodged where he could be accessible without compromising it, he may have regarded his residence at Passy on M. de Chaumont's estate as in itself a satisfaction of all claims against him or Congress, and the French government as M. de Chaumont's real debtor. Whatever the arrangement was, it seems to have proved entirely satisfactory both to Dr. Franklin and his host; for neither during his sojourn at Passy nor on leaving do his obligations constitute a topic of his correspondence, or even a subject of debate. Until separated by death, they lived on terms of the most friendly intimacy; and when Franklin left Paris to return to his native country, in 1785, M. de Chaumont procured for him the queen's sedan chair to mitigate the fatigues of his journey to the coast, and accompanied his illustrious guest as far as Nanterre on his journey.

Messrs. Adams and Lee, the doctor's colleagues, however, either not aware of the understanding between Dr. Franklin and M. de Chaumont, or not contented with its terms, or, perhaps, indisposed to recognize any agreement to which they had not been made parties, endeavored to put their relations with M. de Chaumont upon a more definite and, as they supposed, a more strictly business basis. To this end Mr. Adams, presumably without consulting with Dr. Franklin, addressed the following letter to M. de Chaumont:

PASSY, September 16, 1778.

SIR: As our finances are at present in a situation seriously critical, and as I hold myself accountable to Congress for every part of my conduct, even to the smallest article of my expenses, I must beg the favor of you to consider what rent we ought to pay you for this house and furniture, both for the time past and to come.

Every part of your conduct towards me and towards our Americans in general, and in all our affairs, has been polite and obliging, as far as I have had an opportunity of observing, and I have no doubt it will continue so; yet it is not reasonable that the United States should be under so great obligation to a private gentleman, as that two of their representatives should occupy for so long a time so elegant a seat, with so much furniture and such fine accommodations, without compensation; and in order to escape the danger of the disapprobation of our constituents, *on the one hand*, for living here at too great or at too uncertain an expense, and, on the other, the censure of the world for not making sufficient compensation to a gentleman who has done so much for our convenience, it seems to me necessary that we should come to an understanding upon this head.

As you have an account against the commissioners, or against the United States, for several other matters, I should be obliged to you if you would send it in as soon as possible, as every day makes it more and more necessary for us to look into our affairs with the utmost precision.

I am, sir, with much esteem and respect, etc.,

JOHN ADAMS.

To this letter, after the interval of a single day, De Chaumont sent the following reply:

PASSY, September 18, 1778.

SIR: I have received the letter which you did me the honor to write to me on the 16th inst., making inquiry as to the rent of my house in which you live for the past and the future. When I consecrated my house to the use of Dr. Franklin and his associates who might share it with him, I made it fully understood that I should expect no compensation, because I perceived that you had need of all your means to send to the succor of your country, or to relieve the distresses of your countrymen escaping from the chains of your enemies. I pray you, sir, to permit this arrangement to remain, which I made when the fate of your country was doubtful. When she shall enjoy all her splendor, such sacrifices on my part will be superfluous or unworthy of her; but at present they may be useful, and I am happy in offering them to you.

There is no occasion for strangers to be informed of my proceedings in this respect. It is so much the worse for those who would not do the same if they had the opportunity, and so much the better for me to have immortalized my house by receiving into it Dr. Franklin and his associates.

There is no doubt that Mr. Adams's mind had been poisoned by his colleague, Arthur Lee, or he would never have written the letter of the 16th of September, which was more or less of a reflection upon his senior colleague, the practical head of the commission. However, he seems to have been entirely satisfied with the result, as all his subsequent relations with M. de Chaumont and his family abundantly testify. Not so, however, Arthur Lee. He was a sort of stormy petrel, only content in foul weather, and his determination to produce bad blood between Adams and Franklin was not abandoned. He renews the effort by a proposal to have the papers of the legation kept at his lodgings, which was promptly rejected.

It cannot be expected [wrote Mr. Adams] that two should go to one, when it is as easy again for one to go to two; not to mention Dr. Franklin's age, his rank in the commission, or his character in the world, nor that nine-tenths of the public letters are constantly brought to this house, and will ever be carried where Dr. Franklin is.

It is a curious coincidence, and an instructive commentary upon Lee's mischief-making propensities, that at the very time he was pursuing this correspondence with Adams, Silas Deane, who had ceased to be an agent of the Government and was working for a settle-

ment of his accounts, was inditing a letter, of which the following is an extract, to the President of Congress:

> It is not enough to say that no man in France enjoys a better character for strict honor and probity, both at court and in the city, than M. Chaumont. Justice must add, there is no man enjoys it so universally through the kingdom, among the merchants, the farmers or husbandmen, and mechanics, in all which branches of business he is constantly speculating. This man is the friend of Dr. Franklin; I have the pleasure of knowing him to be mine, and, what is more, the friend of my country, on all and in the most trying occasions. I do not wonder that Mr. Lee should appear jealous of this gentleman, as well as of everybody else, a select few excepted; and very few indeed are those who escape his jealous suspicions, either in Europe or America. It is a melancholy truth, but justice to the public requires my declaring it, that I never knew Mr. Lee, from his first coming to Paris, satisfied with any one person he did business with, whether of a public or private nature; and his dealings, whether for trifles or for things of importance, almost constantly ended in a dispute, sometimes in litigious quarrels.
>
> Mr. Lee lived some time in M. Chaumont's house. M. Chaumont knew him perfectly well, and was not reserved in speaking his opinion of him. I am sorry to be thus long on so disagreeable a subject, a subject which I cautiously waived entering on in my narrative to Congress, not choosing to trouble them with matters which they might deem of a personal nature. I am grieved to have been forced on it at all, and hope never to be obliged to resume it.

From the moment the French government began to take an active interest in the struggle of the colonists, the duties assigned to De Chaumont by the ministry were of the most confidential and responsible character. He sent one ship-load of powder to Boston with instructions to his agent, M. Holker, the French consul-general, to claim no pay unless the Americans were successful in achieving their independence. He also sent a consignment of clothing to the army under the command of Lafayette. He appears to have been charged with purchasing and equipping most if not all of the vessels fitted out by his Government to assist the colonists, and also with the distribution of the prizes which were made by them. This brought him into intimate and constant correspondence with M. de Sartine, the Minister of Marine, and he equipped and directed the operations of five of the vessels of war with which Paul Jones made his name a terror to the inhabitants of the English and Scottish coasts. From the large correspondence preserved by the De Chaumont family, a few extracts will best afford a correct impression of the nature and importance of his part in the complicated instrumentalities by which American independence was achieved.

One of the letters relates to a proposal, from a company of which De Chaumont was the agent or attorney, to supply the French navy with "twenty cargoes of masts, spars, yards, plank, and other material coming from the forests of North America."

In a letter dated November 8, 1779, De Sartine authorized De Chaumont "to make a simulated sale of the ships *Pallas* and *Vengeance* to neutrals, who will send them to our ports with merchandise not contraband."

With Paul Jones, M. de Chaumont held the most intimate and responsible relations from the commencement to the close of the Revolutionary War. It is scarcely necessary to add that they were not always entirely harmonious. The infirmities of Captain Jones's temper and disposition were such that he was rarely, if ever, so fortunate as to be brought frequently in contact with anyone without such person becoming, sooner or later, the victim of his jealousies and suspicions. The duty devolved by the Government upon M. de Chaumont of purchasing and equipping the vessels committed to Jones's command, of directing to a greater or less extent the sphere of his operations, and of superintending the distribution of the prize money, furnished occasions for antagonisms which no one having to deal with such a nature as Jones's could have been prudent or crafty enough to avoid. Their correspondence shows that De Chaumont was not always able to meet Jones's expectations nor to escape his reproaches. Jones had many of the rare qualities of a hero, but he wholly lacked discretion and judgment. He was only great in conflict. He never was fit to be trusted with an important command, and for that reason he never received the promotion which would otherwise have naturally and promptly rewarded his professional achievements. Though the disputes of Jones with De Chaumont have long ceased to have any interest or importance, it is but justice to the latter to state that Jones recognized the unfairness of his complaints and reproaches in a manner equally creditable to himself and to the best friend he appears to have ever had.

The thoroughly confidential relations which subsisted between M. de Chaumont and his own government on the one hand and with the American commissioners on the other exposed him to perils from which no person holding a position of critical importance can hope to escape entirely. The British minister at Paris came to regard De Chaumont as the holder of the key of the position which his government sought to carry, and sent an emissary to him to find, if possible, the price of his loyalty. Instead of dismissing the emissary rudely, as a more impulsive or a less scrupulous person might have done, he laid the foundation for a second interview, and meantime took M. de Sartine, the Minister of Marine, into his confidence. All that we know

further of this incident is related in the following letters from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to M. de Chaumont:

VERSAILLES, 18 December, 1777.

I thank you, sir, for communicating to me this letter of M. B. Mayne, and can assure you that your confidence shall not compromise your friend. M. de Sartine informed me at the time of the overtures made to you. One might treat them as the scheme of a loyal subject rather than as emanating from the ministry. Now, however, when circumstances extremely critical dispel illusions, it is highly probable that this second approach may have an exalted origin, and on this supposition I think it might be well not to decline it, but to explain that you had never contemplated such a distinguished *rôle;* that you had not much heeded his first suggestions, which might have been dictated by his humanity and by his personal confidence in you; but, if he persists in regarding you as a proper instrument for so important an enterprise, it would be necessary for you to know the dispositions of those who alone can dictate the conditions, in order that you might have a sure guide for your own language and conduct. You will know how to embroider your canvass so as not to bind yourself farther than you wish. I think also, sir, that it is proper to answer through the channel indicated by M. Fullerton. This precaution may increase confidence. Possibly, too, we shall thus learn of the purposes of the British government. It intrigues in so many ways to penetrate our secrets that we are excusable for trying to penetrate theirs. I have the honor to be perfectly, sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

DE VERGENNES.

Another letter from the Comte de Vergennes to M. de Chaumont, relating also to the secret service of the Government, shows that, even as early as 1778, it was understood in Paris that the political sympathies of the great Frederick were with the new republic which was germinating on this side of the Atlantic rather than with the government that was trying to crush it out of existence. It further shows that M. de Vergennes made lighter of the commercial rivalry of Prussia than any recent foreign minister of France has done, or any future one is likely to do.

I thank you for the information you give me of the Prussian officer just from America. I do not doubt that he was an emissary from the king, his master, but I am equally persuaded that the latter none the less prays for the independence of America. Be well assured that all that the English gazettes publish is not gospel. It would be very well to entertain this officer with talk about the ulterior advantages to commerce likely to result from liberty in America. *Such a competition, if established, will never be very dangerous to anyone.* I have the honor to be, etc.,

DE VERGENNES.

VERSAILLES, 18 November, 1778.

On the 11th of February, 1780, M. de Sartine acknowledges the receipt from M. de Chaumont of a letter dated the 26th of the preceding month, and thanks him for the details and observations he had furnished in relation to a proposition which a M. de Mauleon had made to the minister for the establishment of a line of packets between France and North America, and which the minister had referred to M. de Chaumont for a report. This was the first project for a transatlantic line of packets of which there is any record. M. de Chaumont discouraged the scheme, because at that time it was necessary to have fast sailers and armed for the proposed service, and he thought the Government could perform the service with its own ships better and with less expense.

In consequence of the confusion in the financial relations of Beaumarchais with his government growing out of the very mixed character of his operations and the indefiniteness of the line which separated private from public functions, French from American liabilities, diplomatic from commercial services, public beneficence from personal ambition, it became necessary in 1784 to appoint a commission to examine his claims against the French government. M. de Calonne, the Minister of Finance, selected M. de Chaumont as one of the three commissioners to whom this delicate duty was assigned, as we learn from a commission found among De Chaumont's papers.

It appears, however, by a subsequent letter from M. de Calonne, that M. de Chaumont declined this appointment. The reasons are not assigned, but they are not difficult to conjecture. If there is any truth in the proverb that two of a trade can never agree, it is not surprising that M. de Chaumont should have hesitated from motives of delicacy, if from no other, to accept the responsibility of passing upon the accounts of Beaumarchais.

It is manifest, from the voluminous correspondence that has survived him, that in organizing and conducting all the maritime operations of the French government in support of the insurgent American colonies M. de Chaumont was the active and most efficient agent. No vessel seems to have been equipped or commissioned for this service except with his knowledge and coöperation. A most flattering and gratifying success rewarded his efforts, and his influence near his government at the close of our war was only less than that of a cabinet minister. Unfortunately for him, in helping to lay the foundations of popular government in America he was unconsciously preparing the way for his own ruin. The French Revolution was among the first fruits of the revolution in America, and made swift havoc of the fortunes of all whose estates were at all dependent upon public and even private credit; of M. de Chaumont's among the rest. His troubles at home were aggravated by troubles of a different character in the United States.

Because of the different currencies of the several colonies, and the depreciation of the colo-

nial paper, the accounts of M. de Chaumont with our Government could not be, or at least were not, adjusted. To stimulate Congress to a consideration of these claims, M. de Chaumont sent his son Le Ray to the United States, either with or immediately after the return of Dr. Franklin, in 1785, to look after them. Le Ray, as I shall call him by way of distinction from his father, was then only twenty-five years of age. He bore letters from Dr. Franklin, John Jay, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Count de Montmorin, and others. He was specially commissioned to claim from Congress the face of the depreciated paper money held in large quantities by French subjects. Barbé Marbois, the French *chargé d'affaires*, was instructed to second his efforts.

The government of the Confederation, however, was so weak, and its credit so impaired, that it was finally deemed impolitic to press these claims, and they shared the fate of all other claims against the revolutionary government; not, however, until Le Ray had exhausted his influence with others and his personal resources. Among the letters to which these efforts gave rise there are two, though written nearly four years after Le Ray's arrival in the country, which may find a suitable place in this stage of our narrative. They were from Dr. Franklin, one to President Washington and the other to Le Ray himself, who appears to have applied to the doctor for a loan or an indorsement. Meantime, De Chaumont the father, yielding to his embarrassments, had made an assignment to his son.

FRANKLIN TO WASHINGTON.

PHILADELPHIA, 3 June, 1789.

I have made a rule to myself that your Excellency should not be troubled with any solicitations from me for favors to any even of my nearest connections, but here is a matter of justice in which the honor of our country is concerned, and therefore I cannot refuse giving this line for your information. Mr. Le Ray de Chaumont, father of the young gentleman who will have the honor of waiting on you with this, was the first in France who gave us credit, and before the Court showed us any countenance trusted us with 2000 barrels of gunpowder, and from time to time afterwards exerted himself to furnish the Congress with supplies of various kinds, which, for want of due returns, they being of great amount, has finally much distressed him in circumstances. Young Mr. Chaumont has now been here near four years, soliciting a settlement of the accounts merely, and though the payment of the balance, to be sure, would be acceptable, yet proposing to refer that to the time when it shall better suit the convenience of our Government.

This settlement, if the father had it to show, would tend to quiet his creditors, and might be made use of for that purpose; but his son has not hitherto been able to obtain it, and is detained in this country at an expense that answered no end. He hopes, however, now, that your Excellency may prevail to have some settlement made of those accounts, that he may carry home to his father the statement of them; and I the rather hope this likewise, that we may thereby be freed from the imputation of adding ingratitude to injustice.

FRANKLIN TO LE RAY.

PHILADELPHIA, October 31, 1789.

DEAR FRIEND: I was too much indisposed yesterday to write in answer to your affecting letter, but I have considered the case very attentively and will now give you the results. In the first place, what you demand of me is impracticable, the sum I have to draw upon in France being but little more than half of what you require; and upon that small sum, though my late extraordinary expenses have much straitened me in furnishing my ordinary expenses, I dare not draw, under the present circumstances of affairs in that country, lest through the lowness of the funds I should lose perhaps half my property in selling out to pay the bills, or in case of public bankruptcy, which I find is apprehended by many as a possible case, my bill should be returned under a protest, which, besides the damages, would extremely embarrass me. By the last accounts I received, I suffered a loss of fifteen per cent. in the sale of my funds to produce money for the payment of a bill for ten thousand livres which I sold towards the end of the last year; and we now learn from the public prints that the new proposed loan of thirty millions does not fill, and that Mr. Neckar is discouraged and in bad health, which, together, has occasioned the funds to fall much lower. In the next place, it seems to me that in your present circumstances (excuse my freedom in presuming to give you my advice) it would be more advisable for you to remain here a few months longer, in order to finish your affair with the Congress.

They meet again in the beginning of January, and there is no doubt but the officers through whose hands such affairs must pass will be present, and your accounts having already been examined and passed, I am of your opinion, that they will probably be some of the first paid. Money, I think, will not be wanting, as it is thought the immense importation of goods lately made into this port must produce at least one-fourth of the impost expected from the whole of the United States.

If you should be absent at the next meeting of Congress it may occasion a still further delay of payment, for want of somebody present to solicit the business, which would be a further prejudice to the creditors. If you should conclude to stay I would write a letter to your father, which he might show to them, expressing that your stay was by my counsel, with the reasons, and that as soon as the Congress should meet I would support your application for immediate payment with my strongest interest. This delay of two or three months, I should think, cannot make much difference in your father's affairs, the present disorders of that country being considered; or, if you apprehend, as you have mentioned, that the creditors may suspect your having an intention of assuming to your own use the property of your father, you may, to prevent such suspicion, offer the creditors to deliver up to them, or to any person they shall please to appoint, all the papers ascertaining your father's claim upon the Congress; thereby enabling them to solicit for and receive the same. I wish I could give you still better counsel; but this is what occurs (in my present inability of otherwise serving you) to your affectionate friend,

(Signed) B. FRANKLIN.

It appears by a letter from M. Luzerne, the French ambassador at London, that M. le Ray had aspirations for the place occupied by M. Marbois as the diplomatic representative of the French government in the United States. He was promised the cordial coöpera-

tion of M. Luzerne, but if there was at any time a chance of his aspirations being crowned with success, it was swept away by the revolutionary whirlwind which was already threatening France.

Pending these operations Louis Chassanis, a brother-in-law of Le Ray, acting for an association of gentlemen in Europe, purchased several large tracts of land in the northern part of the State of New York. The purchasers formed themselves into a land company with a view of disposing of these lands to refugees. The scheme of colonization was perfected and put forth only a few days before Louis XVI. was guillotined.* Five commissioners were charged with the management of this property, two to reside on it and three in Paris. The two commissioners sent here, Simon Desjardiniers and Peter Pharoux, arrived in New York in September, 1793. At Albany they fell in accidentally with a young exiled countryman whose address and accomplishments impressed them so favorably that they invited him to join them, and made him their captain. He became a shareholder in the company and ultimately the proprietor of five hundred acres of land. Later, he and Pharoux were employed to survey a canal that should connect the waters of the Hudson and of Lake Champlain,—the first canal ever surveyed in this country. This young man, then only twenty-four years of age, who laid the foundations of his fame as an engineer in the wilds of northern New York, was Mark Isambard Brunel, since famous as the founder of the machine shops of the Royal Navy Yard at Portsmouth in England, the builder of some of the most magnificent railway structures in the world, the engineer of the Thames tunnel, and the father of Mr. I. K. Brunel, the builder of the steamer *Great Eastern*.

The venture not proving as successful as was expected, the stock of the company was divided into 680 shares, and Gouverneur Morris, on his return from the French mission, was appointed the agent of the company on the 2d of January, 1800. A deed for half the tract, or 220,000 acres, was then executed to him, and the following day a deed was given for the other half to Le Ray. In 1809 Morris retired from the agency, taking with him a title to 26,840 acres to cover his expenses and commissions.

Le Ray, who had become proprietor of 126 shares of the stock in his own right, bought the company out on the 17th of September, 1810, opened an office for the sale of lands, built roads, mills, docks, ship-yards, and managed to effect large sales of land, but, unfortunately, not to the class of emigrants who build up a new country. He sold 4480 acres to Lord Augustin de Caulaincourt, who afterward sold them to Count Réal, Chief of Police under Napoleon. He also sold to Count de Grouchy, to General Dufernaux, and, as appears by the following note from Gouverneur Morris, to Madame de Staël:

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS TO MADAME DE STAËL.

MORRISANIA, August 23, 1807.

I flatter myself then, Madame, that next spring you will sail for America. For this purpose, about the middle of April you can embark for New York. As soon as you arrive, you will come to Morrisania, partake what our dairy affords, and refresh yourself. In the beginning of July you shall set out to visit your lands and the interior country, and return by the middle to repose after your fatigues, to gather peaches, take walks, make verses, romances — in a word, to do whatever you please.

Necker, the father of Madame de Staël, also became one of Le Ray's clients and a New York land-holder.†

But the most distinguished party to this speculation was Joseph Bonaparte (Count Survilliers), who seems to have fallen a victim to his good nature rather than to any desire of gain. How it was brought about is thus related by Hough in his "History of Lewis County":

Mr. Le Ray de Chaumont was at his estate in Touraine in 1815, when he heard of Joseph Bonaparte's arrival at Blois. He had known this prince before his great elevation and was his guest at Mortefontaine when the treaty of September 30, 1800, between the United States and France was signed there, but he had ceased meeting him afterwards. Seeing, however, that misfortune had assailed the prince, he remembered the man and hastened to Blois. The prince, having invited Mr. Chaumont to dinner, said suddenly to him: "Well, I remember you spoke to me formerly of your great possessions in the United States. If you have them still, I should like very much to have some in exchange for a part of that silver I have there in those wagons, and which may be pillaged any moment. Take four or five hundred thousand francs and give the equivalent in land." Mr. Le Ray objected that it was impossible to make a bargain where one party alone knew what he was about. "Oh," said the prince, "I know you well, and I rely more on your word than my own judgment." Still Mr. Le Ray would not be satisfied by his flattering assurances, and a long discussion followed, which was terminated by the following propositions, immediately assented to by the prince: Mr. Le Ray Chaumont would receive four hundred thousand francs, and would give the prince a letter for Mr. Le Ray's son, then on the lands, instructing him to convey a certain designated tract, if, after having visited the country (whither he was then going), the prince confirmed the transaction; otherwise, the money to be refunded.

As Count Survilliers was an alien, and therefore could not hold a title to real estate in New York, a deed for 150,260 acres of land was made out to the learned Peter Duponceau of Philadelphia, in trust, to secure the

* The original of this scheme is to be seen now in the State Library at Albany.

† See "Life of Gouverneur Morris."

repayment of the $120,000 which Le Ray had taken.

It can hardly be necessary to say that the count was obliged to accept lands instead of money when the loan came due.

Le Ray had only postponed the disaster which was inevitable. He became land poor. The abundance of better land in less rigorous climates, and the completion of the Erie Canal, which opened the States on the Ohio River to emigration, operated disastrously upon all the large land proprietors in the East — providentially, no doubt, for the country. He was unable to make head against the sea of trouble on which he found himself embarked, and at last was compelled to apply for the benefit of the insolvent laws, and, like his father before him, surrender his estates in turn to his own son for the benefit of his creditors.*

His landed property in the State of New York at the time of making the assignment consisted of

30,759 acres	in Franklin Co., valued at	$ 22,500
73,947 "	in St. Lawrence Co., valued at..	106,000
143,500 "	in Jefferson Co., valued at	574,000
100,000 "	in Lewis Co., valued at.....	133,000
348,206 acres	.....	$835,500

The winding up of his affairs was so managed as to satisfy in full all the claims of his American creditors; but Count Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte), as early as 1820, had consented to accept 26,840 acres of land, valued at that time at $40,260, in discharge of his claims. To hold this land, the New York legislature passed an enabling act in March, 1825. In June, 1835, the count sold his land to John La Farge of New York City for $80,000, and thus dropped the curtain upon the last act of this disastrous enterprise. It gave a chill to the spirit of emigration from France, from which it never recovered. Had Le Ray invested in lands on or near any of our great water-ways, or even in a more congenial climate, it might now be the descendants of the French, rather than of the English, who would be making the laws of the United States.

Le Ray seems to have been an amiable man, and a liberal and popular landlord. The towns of Raysville and Chaumont perpetuate the remembrance of his name, his rashness, and his misfortunes. He founded the Jefferson County Agricultural Society, and was its first president. He was also one of the earliest presidents of the New York State Agricultural Society. He returned to France in 1832, and died at Paris on December 31, 1840, in the eightieth year of his age.

Le Ray's son, Vincent Le Ray de Chaumont, to whom in his troubles he assigned his property, and who at the age of eighty and upwards frequented the American colony in Paris as late as 1866, lost no time in winding up the estate, all of which has long since passed entirely out of the De Chaumont family. Charles Le Ray de Chaumont de St. Paul, great-grandson of Le Ray, and of course great-great-grandson of Franklin's host, if still alive is now the only representative of the family. As he has been many years married and is childless, with his death the name will probably become extinct.

If the De Chaumonts did not secure the Golden Fleece in America, they secured in the United States what was of far greater value — American wives. Le Ray married a Miss Coxe, and their son married a Miss Jahel, both of New York.

From a letter which appeared in the "New York Evening Post" on the 19th of November, 1885, dated from Royat, Puy de Dôme, and devoted to an account of "The Treasures of French Country Houses," I make the following extract, which fitly concludes this account of a family whom the people of the United States can do no less than hold in grateful and honored remembrance:

> It was in Blois that I first rummaged among these shops, whose attractions are almost a rival to those of the castle, though this is certainly one of the most interesting in France. The traveler will remember the long flight of stone steps which climbs the steep hill in the center of the town. Near the foot of this hill there is a well-furnished book-shop; its windows display old editions and rich bindings, and tempt one to enter and inquire for antiquities. Here I found a quantity of old notarial documents and diplomas of college or university, all more or less recently cleared out from some town hall, or unearthed from neighboring castles, and sold by a careless owner, as no longer valuable to him. This was the case with most of the parchments I found at Blois; they had been acquired within a few years from the castle of Madon, and from a former proprietor of the neighboring castle of Chaumont (the *calvus mons* of medieval time), and most of them pertained to the affairs of the *seigneurie de Chaumont*. Contracts, executions, sales of vineyards and houses, legal decisions, *actes de vente*, loans on mortgage, the marriage contract of a M. Lubin — these were the chief documents that I found and purchased.

* As a justification of his course, Le Ray published a statement entitled "Acte de transmission par M. Le Ray de Chaumont à son fils de ses propriétés, 4to, pp. 70, Paris," in which, says Hough, he vindicated himself satisfactorily. See "History of Jefferson Co." by Franklin B. Hough.

John Bigelow.

RUSSIAN STATE PRISONERS.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE PRISON LIFE OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

IN considering the life of political prisoners in the fortress of Petropavlovsk, the reader must bear steadily in mind the fact that the men and women who thus languish for months or years in the silent bomb-proof casemates of the Trubetskoi bastion are all persons who have not had a trial. Their case is by no means that of condemned criminals undergoing just punishment for offenses of which they have been duly convicted in a court of justice. It is rather that of presumably innocent persons, deprived for an unreasonable length of time of the right to be heard in self-defense, and treated meanwhile as if their guilt were unquestionable. That a very large proportion of the men and women thrown into prison in Russia upon political charges are in fact innocent is not a matter of opinion, it is a matter of official record. I have shown in a previous paper that out of more than a thousand persons arrested for alleged participation in the so-called "revolutionary propaganda" of 1872–75 only 193 were ever brought to trial, and even of this relatively small number 90 were acquitted by a court of judges of the Government's own selection. Nine-tenths, therefore, of these prisoners were entirely innocent, not only of real crime but even of the vague and shadowy offenses set forth in Section 250 of the Russian Penal Code; and yet all of them were subjected before their release to from six months to three years of rigorous solitary confinement in the House of Preliminary Detention, or in the damp prison sepulchers of the Trubetskoi bastion. That a system which brings about such results is in the highest degree arbitrary and unjust, and that the subjection of presumably innocent persons to two or three years of such treatment pending trial is cruel in the extreme, are propositions that hardly admit of argument. Whether such wrongs and cruelties are adequate to excuse the violent measures of retaliation adopted by the terrorists is a question to which different answers may be given by different people; but it will, I think, be generally admitted that the confinement of an innocent man for three years in a casemate of the Trubetskoi bastion under the conditions that I have described, and the final release of such a man without reparation or apology, and perhaps without even the formality of a judicial hearing, constitute extreme provocation. Such was the view taken by the eminent Russian advocate Gerard when, in the trial of the regicides at St. Petersburg in 1881, he endeavored to show that his client Kibalchich had been changed from a law-abiding citizen to a revolutionist by unjust treatment of precisely this character; and such was evidently the view also of the Court, which refused to allow Mr. Gerard to finish his statement, and which, when he persisted, informed him sharply that the Government's treatment of its subjects was "not a matter for his judgment."*

That undeserved imprisonment and cruel treatment before trial were important factors in the development of the Russian revolutionary movement clearly appears from the later history of the 90 prisoners who were acquitted at the end of the trial of the 193 in January, 1878. According to the judgment of a court not at all likely to err on the side of clemency, these 90 young people were wholly guiltless of any offense against the laws. They had not even rendered themselves amenable to the 250th section of the Russian Penal Code by manifesting "an intention to bring about a change of government . . . at a more or less remote time in the future," and yet they all had been punished with three years of the strictest solitary confinement in the House of Detention or the Petropavlovsk fortress, and had finally been denied even the poor boon of a public trial in an open court, where they might at least have made apparent to the world the injustice from which they had suffered. The result was that which might have been anticipated. Almost every one of the persons thus punished and then found not guilty ultimately became a revolutionist, and before 1885 more than a third of them were in Siberia, and two of them — Andre Zheliaboff and Sophia Perofskaya — had perished on the scaffold with the blood of Alexander II. upon their hands.†

I do not know a more significant illustration

* Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides, p. 217. St. Petersburg, 1881.

† Sentence of the Court in the case of the 193, p. 8. Manuscript list of names of political exiles in Siberia, now in my possession. Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides, p. 260. St. Petersburg, 1881.

than this of one way in which revolutionary impulses in Russia are excited and kept alive. The agencies which transformed these innocent young people into revolutionists were unwarranted arrest, denial for an unreasonable length of time of the right to be heard in their own defense, and prolonged imprisonment under conditions that threatened to deprive them of health, sanity, or life. Three years — two years — or even one year of solitary confinement in a casemate of the Trubetskoi bastion is quite enough to embitter and exasperate to the last degree a consciously innocent man; and if to such unjust imprisonment be added the loss of a brother, sister, wife, or friend in prison before trial, the transformation of the surviving sufferer into a revolutionist becomes at least an understandable phenomenon.

THE FATE OF THE "CONDEMNED."

THIS, however, is by no means a complete presentation of that part of the revolutionist's case which relates to the fortress of Petropavlovsk. Political suspects awaiting trial are not the only persons therein confined, nor are the casemates of the Trubetskoi bastion the only cells in that vast state prison. The fortress is a place of punishment as well as a place of preliminary detention, and its gloomy walls hold the "condemned" as well as the "accused." When a burglar, murderer, or other common Russian felon has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude, he is, as a rule, released from the solitary confinement in which he has been held pending trial, is allowed to mingle with other prisoners of the same penal grade, and is forwarded without unnecessary delay to Siberia. When, however, a political offender has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude under the same code of laws, he is not released from solitary confinement, nor sent with reasonable promptness to Siberia, as he would be if he had merely killed his mother with an ax, but is thrown into a bomb-proof casemate in what is known as the "penal servitude section" of the Petropavlovsk fortress, or into one of the smaller cells of a "Central Convict Prison," and there lies in solitude and wretchedness for one, two, three, or even five years before he finally goes insane or is sent to the convict mines of Kara.* In what part of the fortress the "penal servitude section" is situated, the exiles whom I met in Siberia did not know. It is probable, however, that "condemned" politicals are distributed among various bastions and ravelins in that extensive fortification, and that the words "penal servitude section" designate the criminal class or grade to which such prisoners belong, rather than the particular part of the fortress in which they are confined. The material environment of the "condemned" differs little from that of the "accused." They are shut up in the same spacious but damp and gloomy casemates, with the same high grated windows looking out upon a blank wall, with the same "Judas" pierced doors through which they are constantly watched, and in the same tremorless atmosphere of eternal silence. The difference between their life and the life of the "accused" is mainly a difference of treatment.

DEPRIVATION OF ALL CIVIL RIGHTS.

WHEN a criminal in Russia is judicially condemned to a term of penal servitude, or "katorga," the sentence of the court carries with it deprivation of all civil rights. The political offender who incurs this penalty ceases to be a citizen, and loses at once not only all the privileges and immunities that appertain to his rank or social station, but also all control over his property, his family, and his own person, and all right to claim the protection of the laws, even when his life is imperiled by the treatment to which he is subjected. He is virtually outside the pale of the law, and may be dealt with by the officers of the state as if he were a slave. The fact that the term of penal servitude to which he has been condemned is a short one does not lessen the force of this secular excommunication. A hard-labor sentence of four years divests the criminal of all his civil and political rights as completely as a sentence to penal servitude for life. The property which was his before his condemnation descends to his legal heirs as if he were dead, or is sequestered by the state. The family of which he was the head ceases to belong to him, and the state may assume the custody of his children. The exemption from liability to corporal punishment which he has previously enjoyed is taken away from him, and he may be flogged with the "rods" or the cat. Finally, during what is officially known as the "period of probation," which lasts from a year and a half to eight years, he is not allowed to have either bed, pillow, blanket, money, books, writing materials, or communication with relatives; his head is kept half shaved longitudinally from the forehead to the nape of the neck; he must wear the coarse gray convict dress, must live on the convict rations, and must wear a chain and leg-fetters weighing five pounds. For violent insubordination, even when it is

* There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, and Russian officials assert that political offenders are now held in solitary confinement after sentence only in the castle of Schlüsselburg.

the result of delirium or partial insanity, he may be handcuffed, flogged, confined in a strait-jacket, fettered to the wall of his cell, or chained to a wheel-barrow.*

LIFE IN THE "PENAL SERVITUDE SECTION."

It is hardly necessary to point out the difference which this treatment makes between the life of the "condemned" and the life of the "accused," even although both may be imprisoned in the same fortress. For the "accused" there is always the hope of ultimate trial and release; for the "condemned" there is only the prospect of slow mental and physical decay in the solitude and gloom of a bomb-proof casemate, and finally death, insanity, or the mines of the Trans-Baikal.

You cannot imagine, Mr. Kennan [said a condemned revolutionist to me in Siberia], the misery of prolonged confinement in a casemate of the fortress under what are known as dungeon conditions [kartsernoi polozhenie]. My casemate was sometimes cold, generally damp, and always gloomy. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, I lay there in solitude, hearing no sound save that of the high-pitched, melancholy bells of the fortress cathedral, which slowly chimed the quarter hours, and which always seemed to me to half articulate the words, "Tee zdais seedeesh — ee seedee tee" [Here thou liest — lie here still]. I had absolutely nothing to do except to pace my cell from corner to corner and think. For a long time I used to talk to myself in a whisper; to repeat softly everything in the shape of literature that I could remember, and to compose speeches, which, under certain imagined conditions, I would deliver; but I finally ceased to have energy enough to do even this, and used to sit for hours in a sort of stupor, in which, so far as I can now remember, I was not conscious of thinking at all. Before the end of the first year I grew so weak mentally and physically that I began to forget words. I knew what ideas I desired to express, but some of the words that I needed had gone from me and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could recover them. It seemed sometimes as if my own language were a strange one to me, or one which, from long disuse, I had forgotten. I greatly feared insanity, and my apprehension was increased by the fact that two or three of my comrades in cells on the same corridor were either insane or subject to hallucinations; and I was often roused at night and thrown into a violent chill of nervous excitement by their hysterical weeping, their cries to the guard to come and take away somebody, or something which they imagined they saw, or their groans and entreaties when, in cases of violent delirium, they were strapped to their beds by the gendarmes. My inability to see what was happening in the cells from which these groans, cries, and sounds of violence came gave full play, of course, to my imagination, and thus increased my nervous excitement, until I was on the verge of hysterics myself. Several times, when I feared that I was losing all self-control, I summoned the fortress surgeon, or the "feldsher," who merely gave me a dose of bromide of potassium and told me that I must not excite myself so; that nothing serious had happened; that two or three of the prisoners were sick and delirious; but that there was nothing to be alarmed about. As the fortress contained no hospital, insane and delirious patients were treated in their cells, and were rarely removed to an asylum unless they were manifestly incurable, or the care of them became burdensome. The effect of the eternal stillness, solitude, and lack of occupation on the mind was greatly heightened by the want of proper exercise and nourishment for the body. "Accused" prisoners awaiting trial in the Trubetskoi bastion were allowed to have money in the hands of the "smatritel," or warden, and could direct its expenditure for white bread, vegetables, tea, sugar, etc., to make up the deficiencies of the prison ration; but we, the "condemned," had to live upon black rye-bread, soup which it was often impossible to eat on account of the spoiled condition of the meat from which it had been made, and a small quantity of "kasha," or barley, boiled with a little fat and served without seasoning, and sometimes only half cooked. Such food, in connection with the damp, heavy air of the casemate and the lack of proper exercise, caused derangement of the digestive organs, and this was soon followed by more or less pronounced symptoms of scurvy. Madame Lebedeva, who was in the penal servitude section with me, suffered from scurvy to such an extent that her teeth became loose and her gums greatly swollen, and she could not masticate the prison bread without first soaking it in warm water. Scurvy, even in an incipient form, intensified, of course, the mental depression due primarily to other causes and made it almost insupportable. I never seriously meditated suicide,— it always seemed to me a cowardly thing to escape from suffering by taking one's own life,— but I did speculate upon the possibility of suicide, and wondered how I *could* kill myself in a casemate where there was absolutely nothing that could be used as an implement of self-destruction. Once I went so far as to see if I could hang myself from the small cylindrical hot-air pipe which projected two or three inches into my cell from the face of the brick oven. I did not really intend to take my life, but I felt a morbid curiosity to know whether or not I could do it in that way. As soon as I threw my weight on the pipe, it pulled out of the masonry, making, as it fell to the floor, a noise which attracted the attention of the guard in the corridor. I was forthwith removed to another cell, and I never again tried a similar experiment. They say that poor Goldenberg succeeded in committing suicide in the fortress, but I cannot imagine how he accomplished it. I became satisfied that I could not kill myself in my casemate in any other way than by biting into an artery or dashing my head against the wall, and I ultimately became so weak that I doubt very much whether I could have fractured my skull by the latter method.

ARE FORTRESS PRISONERS FLOGGED AND TORTURED?

It is not my intention to create prejudice against the Russian government, nor to

* Russian Penal Code [Ulozhenie o Nakazaniakh], Official Edition, sections 22 to 25, inclusive, and sections 27 and 28: Government Printing Office, St. Petersburg, 1885. See also the rules for the treatment of convicts which are contained in the XIVth volume of the Russian Collection of Laws [Svod Zakonof], and particularly the Statutes Relating to Exiles [Ustav o Sylnikh], Part II. An exception is made in the fortress to the rule that convicts shall wear leg-fetters, for the reason that the clanking of chains would facilitate communication between cells, and would break the perfect stillness which is regarded as an essential part of prison discipline. The rule that there shall be no communication between the "condemned" and their relatives is sometimes so strictly enforced that a mother cannot even learn whether her son is living or dead. I met in Russia relatives and near friends of Muishkin, Nechaief, Gellis, and Madame Vera Phillipova, who told me that they had been unable to ascertain whether those unfortunate prisoners were in the castle of Schlüsselburg or in their graves.

excite sympathy for the Russian revolutionists, by exaggerating the sufferings of condemned politicals in the penal servitude section of the Petropavlovsk fortress. I desire to state only those things which I have the very strongest reason to believe are true. Stepniak and Prince Krapotkin have painted the life of condemned politicals in somewhat darker colors than my information would justify me in using. Of the fifty or more fortress prisoners whose acquaintance I made in Siberia, not one had ever heard of cells situated below the level of the Neva River; nor of the famous letter written by Nechaief in his own blood; nor of dungeons infested by rats; nor of the flogging of political prisoners with whips; nor of a single case of torture. I am not prepared to assert that the statements of Stepniak and Prince Krapotkin upon these points are inaccurate, or without foundation; but I must, in fairness, say that they are not sustained by the results of my investigations. There are cells in the fortress whose atmosphere is so damp that salt and sugar melt or liquefy in it after a few hours' exposure, and such cells are sometimes occupied by political offenders; but they are not situated below the level of the Neva. Nechaief was chained to the wall of his cell as a disciplinary punishment for striking the gendarme officer Potapoff; but previous to that time he had been treated fairly well, and if he was ever flogged, or ever wrote a letter in his own blood to Alexander III., or to any other person, the exiles in Siberia are ignorant of the fact. Condemned political prisoners in the fortress have frequently been beaten with the butts of guns and with the fists of the guard, but I have not been able to authenticate a single report of actual flogging with a whip, although the latter punishment is authorized by law. As for torture,—that is, the infliction of pain by means of artificial appliances,—I do not believe that it has recently been practiced, either in the fortress or in any other prison of European Russia. A distinguished revolutionist, who is well known to Stepniak and whose biography the latter has written, said to me in Siberia:

I assure you, Mr. Kennan, that torture in the fortress, in our time, has not so much as been heard of. The nearest approach to torture of which I had knowledge during my three-years' confinement there was the forcible administration of chloroform to Oboleshef and Madame Vitanieva, for the purpose of rendering them unconscious while their photographs were being taken.* Several of the prison guard revolted even at that, and one of them refused to assist in holding the struggling prisoners, declaring that he was not a "palach" [hangman], and that it was not a part of his duty to poison people.

EFFECTS OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN FORTRESS CASEMATES.

In the main, however, the descriptions of fortress life given by Stepniak and Prince Krapotkin are much more nearly in accord with the results of my investigations than are those published by the Rev. Henry Lansdell and one or two other English travelers who visited and superficially inspected the Trubetskoi bastion some years ago. There can, I think, be no doubt—and in my own mind there is not even the shadow of a doubt—that prolonged solitary confinement in one of the casemates of a Russian fortress, without books, writing materials, bedding, proper food, or communication of any kind with the outside world, is a much more terrible punishment than death. Madame Vera Phillipova, a well-known revolutionist and a beautiful and accomplished woman, who was tried and condemned at St. Petersburg in 1884, asked as a last favor that she might be hanged instead of being sent to the castle of Schlüsselburg, but her request was denied. Suicides and attempts at suicide in fortress casements are comparatively common, and condemned political prisoners frequently strike some officer of their guard with the hope of being tried by court-martial and shot. The presiding judge of a Russian circuit court, whose acquaintance I made in Moscow on my way home from Siberia, told me, in reply to an inquiry, that the revolutionist Muishkin was shot in the castle of Schlüsselburg in the summer of 1885 for striking the fortress surgeon. The desperate prisoner had resolved to escape from a life of hopeless misery by starving himself to death, and the prison surgeon had been sent to his cell to feed him by force. The high judicial officer who gave me this information was not a revolutionist, nor a sympathizer with revolution; he made the statement dryly, without comment and without manifestation of feeling, and there is, so far as I am aware, no reason for doubting its truth.

The inhumanity of the treatment to which condemned political prisoners are subjected in the penal servitude section of the Petropavlovsk fortress is clearly shown by the phys-

* Oboleshef and Madame Vitanieva were thrown into the fortress upon a charge of participation in the plot to assassinate General Mezzentsef. They refused to allow their photographs to be taken, and were thereupon chloroformed by force. Madame Vitanieva became unconscious and quiet; but the chloroform excited Oboleshef, and made him so delirious and violent that the attempt to photograph him was finally abandoned. There were present on this occasion Major Nikolski, an officer of gendarmes, Doctor Vilms, the fortress surgeon, and a number of "nadziratels," or prison overseers.

ical condition of such prisoners when finally released. In April, 1883, the Department of Imperial Police sent an order to the commandant of the fortress to make up a large party of condemned politicals for deportation to the East Siberian mines. The commandant, after consultation with the fortress surgeon and with the officer appointed to take charge of the convoy, reported that most of the political prisoners named in the order were so weak that they probably could not endure three days' travel, that more than half of them were unable to stand on their feet without support, and that the convoy officer declined to take charge of prisoners who were in such physical condition unless he could be freed from all responsibility for deaths that might occur on the road. In view of this state of affairs the commandant recommended that the condemned politicals who had been selected for deportation be removed to the House of Preliminary Detention, and be held there under more favorable conditions until they should recover strength enough to render their transportation to Siberia practicable. Acting upon this suggestion, the Director of the Imperial Police ordered the removal of twenty-two prisoners, including six women, from the casemates of the fortress to comparatively light and airy cells in one of the upper stories of the House of Detention.* Of the prisoners so removed six were already in an advanced stage of consumption, and twelve were so feeble that they could not walk nor stand, and were carried from their casemates to carriages, either in the arms of the prison guard or upon stretchers.† In the House of Preliminary Detention these wrecks of human beings received medical care and were fed with nourishing food and stimulants for about three months, at the expiration of which time all except Fridenson and Emelianoff were reported convalescent. Orloff and Madame Lebedeva were still suffering from scurvy, and the others were mere shadows of their former selves; but they were officially regarded as strong enough to begin their toilsome journey of nearly five thousand miles to the mines of the Trans-Baikal.

THE DEPARTURE FOR SIBERIA.

I SHALL never forget, while I live [said to me an exile who went with these condemned prisoners to Siberia], the last night in the House of Preliminary Detention before our departure. It was the night of July 24–25, 1883. A rumor was current among the political prisoners that a large party would start for Siberia on the following morning, but no one knew who was to go, and all were awake and watchful. I did not notice any unusual sounds until shortly after midnight, when a cell near mine was thrown open, and I heard, passing my door, the once familiar footsteps of a dear friend and comrade, who had been long in prison, and whom I had not seen since the years of our early manhood, when we breathed together the air of freedom and worked hand in hand for the realization of our ideals. The convict party was evidently being made up, and my friend was to go with it to the mines of the Trans-Baikal. In ten or fifteen minutes I heard his footsteps returning, but they were not so rapid and assured as before and were accompanied by the sharp metallic clink and rattle of chains. He had been put into leg-fetters. I knew, of course, that this was inevitable, and yet the first sound of the chains chilled me with a vague sense of horror. It seemed unnatural and incredible that he — the man whom I loved like a

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* The names of these prisoners, with their ages, stations in life, and terms of penal servitude, are as follows:

WOMEN.

1. Anna Pavlovna Korba; age 32; school-teacher, and afterward, during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–78, a Red Cross nurse in a field hospital at the front; 20 years' penal servitude.
2. Anna Yakimova; age 27; school-teacher; penal servitude for life.
3. Praskovia Ivanofskaya; age 30; school-teacher; penal servitude for life.
4. Tatiana Lebedeva; age 31; school-teacher; penal servitude for lite.
5. Nadezhda Smirnitskaya; age 31; student in women's college [*Vwyshi Zhenski Kursi*]; 15 years' penal servitude.
6. Antonina Lisofskaya; age 26; student in women's college; 4 years' penal servitude. [She died of consumption at the mines of Kara a few weeks previous to my arrival there.—G. K.]

MEN.

1. Mirski; age 26; student; penal servitude for life. [He had lain four years in a casemate of the Alexei ravelin.—G. K.]
2. Voloshenko; age 31; student; penal servitude for life.
3. Nagorni; age 25; student; penal servitude for life.
4. Fomin; age 25; army officer; penal servitude for life.
5. Yevseief; age 26; peasant; penal servitude for life.
6. Zlatapolski; age 35; technologist; 20 years' penal servitude.
7. Pribuiloff; age 25; physician; 15 years' penal servitude.
8. Kaluzhni; age 26; student; 15 years' penal servitude.
9. Orloff; age 27; student; 13 years' penal servitude.
10. Novitski; age 29; student; 12 years' penal servitude.
11. Hekker; age 19; 10 years' penal servitude.
12. Stephanovich; age 30; student; 8 years' penal servitude.
13. Liustig; age 27; army officer; 4 years' penal servitude. [I saw Liustig in the Irkutsk prison in September, 1885, but had no opportunity to talk with him alone.—G. K.]
14. Kuziumkin; age 21; peasant; 4 years' penal servitude.
15. Emelianoff.
16. Fridenson.

† The twelve prisoners carried out of the fortress were Mesdames Yakimova, Smirnitskaya, and Korba; and Messrs. Zlatapolski, Liustig, Voloshenko, Nagorni, Kaluzhni, Mirski, Hekker, Fridenson, and Emelianoff.

brother; the man whom I regarded as the embodiment of everything good, brave, and generous — had already been fettered like a common highway robber, and was about to go into penal servitude. For a time I paced my cell in uncontrollable nervous agitation, and at last, as prisoner after prisoner was taken from my corridor to the prison work-shop and came back in clanking fetters, I could endure it no longer, and throwing myself on the bed I covered my head with pillows and bed-clothing in order to shut out, if possible, the hateful sound of the chains.

About 3 o'clock in the morning an overseer unlocked and opened the door of my cell and said to me, "Come!" I followed him to the office of the prison, where the commander of the convoy made a careful examination of my person, noted my features and physical characteristics as set forth in a description which he held in his hand, compared my face with that of a photograph taken soon after my arrest, and at last, being apparently satisfied as to my identity, received me formally from the prison authorities. I was then taken down a flight of stairs to the *corps de garde*, a large room on the ground floor, at the door of which stood an armed sentry. The spacious but low and gloomy hall was dimly lighted by a few flaring lamps and candles, and in the middle of it, at two long bare tables, sat ten or fifteen men and women, in coarse gray convict overcoats, drinking tea. The heads of the men were half shaven, they all wore chains and leg-fetters, and on the back of every prisoner, between the shoulders, appeared the two black diamonds which signify that the criminal so marked is a hard-labor convict. Near the door, in a little group, stood six or eight uniformed gendarmes and officers of the detective police, who watched the prisoners intently, whispering now and then among themselves as if communicating to one another the results of their observations. The stillness of the room was unbroken save by the faint hissing of two or three brass samovars on the tables, and an occasional jingle of chains as one of the convicts moved his feet. There was no conversation, and a chance observer would never have imagined that the gray-coated figures sitting silently side by side at the tables were near friends, and in some cases relatives, who had long been buried in the casemates of the fortress, and who were looking into one another's faces for the first time in years.

As I entered the room, one of the prisoners, whose face I did not at first recognize but who proved to be an old friend, rushed forward to meet me, and as he threw his arms around me whispered in my ear, "Don't recognize anybody but me — the gendarmes are watching us." I understood the warning. The police really knew very little about the history and the revolutionary records of some of the political convicts who were present, and it was important that they should not be able to get a clew to any one's identity or past history by noting recognitions as prisoner after prisoner was brought in. The incautious manifestation of emotion by one convict as he met another might result in the return of both to the casemates of the fortress and their detention there until their mutual relations could be investigated. This was the reason for the silence which prevailed throughout the gloomy hall and for the seeming indifference with which the prisoners regarded one another. They were apparently strangers, but in reality they were bound together by innumerable ties of friendship and memories of the past; and as they looked into one another's faces, and noted the changes that time and suffering had wrought, they maintained their composure only by the most heroic effort. On one side of the table sat an old comrade of whom we had heard nothing in years and whom we had all supposed to be dead. On the other side were a young man and his betrothed, who for five years had not seen each other, and who, when thus reunited under the eyes of the gendarmes, did not dare to speak. Near them sat a pale, thin woman about twenty-seven years of age, who held in her arms a sickly baby born in a casemate of the fortress, and who looked anxiously at the door every time it opened with the hope of seeing her husband brought in to join the party. Most of us knew that her husband was dead, but no one dared to tell her that she watched the door in vain.

Nothing could have been more dramatic than the scene in that gloomy hall at half-past 4 o'clock in the morning, when the last of the condemned prisoners had been brought in. The strange and unnatural stillness in a room filled with people; the contrast between the blue and silver uniforms of the gendarmes and the coarse gray overcoats, chains, and leg-fetters of the prisoners; the furtive whisperings of the detective police; and the silence and assumed stolidity of the pale, emaciated, shaven-headed convicts would have made the scene striking and impressive even to a chance spectator. To one, however, who could look beneath the surface of things; who could appreciate the tragic significance of the situation; and who could see with spiritual insight the hot tides of hatred, agony, sympathy, and pity which surged under those gray overcoats, the scene was not merely striking and impressive, but terrible and heart-rending.

At 5 o'clock we were taken in closed carriages to the station of the St. Petersburg and Moscow railway, were put into convict cars with grated windows, and began our long and eventful journey to Siberia. I could not describe, if I would, the scenes that I witnessed in that train, when we were at last freed from the espionage of the gendarmes; when we could greet and embrace one another openly without fear; and could relate to one another the histories of our lives during the long years of our enforced separation. The experiences of all were essentially alike, and the stories were an endless epopee of suffering. We talked all day, and should perhaps have talked all night had not the over-strained nerves of the weaker members of the party given way at last under the tension of excitement and the sudden in-rush of a flood of new sensations and new emotions. To a prisoner who had lived for years in the silence and solitude of a bomb-proof casemate the noise and rush of the train, the unfamiliar sight of God's green world, and the faces and voices of friends who seemed to have been raised suddenly from the dead, were at first intensely exciting; but the excitement was soon followed by complete prostration. Early in the evening one of my comrades, without the least warning, suddenly became hysterical, and in less than ten minutes seven men in our car were either delirious or lying on the floor in a state of unconsciousness. Some of them raved and cried, some went from one long faint into another, and some lay motionless and breathless in a profound swoon until we almost gave them up for dead. The surgeon who accompanied the convoy was summoned, stimulants were administered, water was dashed into the white, ghastly faces, and everything was done that could be done to restore the sufferers to a normal condition; but all night the car was filled with moans and hysterical weeping, and the women of the party — particularly Anna Pavlovna Korba, who was stronger and more self-possessed than any of the men — went from one fainting or hysterical patient to another with restoratives, stimulants, and soothing ministrations. When we arrived in Moscow nearly half of the party had to be carried out of the car in the arms of the guard, and our journey was temporarily suspended in order that they might receive medical treatment.

It may perhaps seem to the reader that the above description, which was first given to me orally by a member of the party, and which afterward, at my request, was written out in

detail, is sensational and exaggerated; but I have simply to say that the condition of that party has been described to me many times, not only by politicals, but by officers of the Exile Administration. One of the latter, who saw the party after it left Moscow and before it crossed the Siberian frontier, said to me that the prisoners who composed it were little more than epileptics — mere wrecks of human beings, who fainted at the least excitement. He probably would not have made this admission had he not been trying to prove in an argument with me that the condition of politicals in Siberia, and even at the mines, was far better than in the fortresses and central convict prisons of European Russia.

"BREAKING THE CHARACTERS" OF POLITICAL OFFENDERS.

I HAVE never been able to obtain from any officer of the Russian government a satisfactory explanation of the fact, that while condemned murderers, highway robbers, and other common felons are allowed almost unrestricted intercommunication and association in the forwarding prisons, and are deported as speedily as practicable to Siberia, political criminals of the same grade are thrown into fortress casemates, or into the "secret" cells of central convict prisons, are detained there for years in the strictest isolation, and are sent to Siberia only when their minds and bodies have been almost hopelessly wrecked by hardships, privations, and solitude. There is a story current among the exiles in Siberia to the effect that when the penal servitude section of the Petropavlovsk fortress was organized, a late director of the Imperial Police, whose name I purposely withhold, explained its object by saying that it was intended to "break the characters" of political offenders. Whether such a remark was really made or not, and whether, if made, it was the authorized statement of a real purpose, I do not know, but in any case the words express forcibly and concisely the actual tendency of this cruel system of punishment. The records of Russian insane asylums, and particularly of the asylum at Kazan, would show, if they could be examined, in what way and to what extent the characters of political offenders are broken.

DELUSIONS OF INSANE POLITICAL CONVICTS.—"FICTITIOUS MARRIAGES."—THE EMPRESS'S PHOTOGRAPH.

IN the month of October, 1880, there arrived at the Russian provincial prison of Mtsensk a party of condemned politicals, who had just been released from four or five years of solitary confinement in the fortress of Petropavlovsk and the central convict prison of Kharkoff, and who were on their way to the East Siberian mines. It happened to be my fortune to find several of these condemned prisoners still alive in various parts of Siberia in 1885, and to make the acquaintance, near Irkutsk, of an exiled journalist named X——, who was in the Mtsensk prison when these convicts arrived there. The condition of the condemned party was pitiable in the extreme. Two of them — Plotnikoff and Donetski — were hopelessly insane, three or four others were hysterical or subject to hallucinations, and all were so worn, emaciated, and weak that it was found necessary to postpone their deportation to Siberia until they could be revived and restored to something like health by means of stimulants and nourishing food.

It was pitiful [said Mr. X——, in describing to me the appearance of these condemned convicts] to see how the mental powers of some of them had been wrecked by misery and solitude. Donetski, before his arrest, had contracted a "fictitious marriage" with a young girl in a Russian provincial town, for the purpose of freeing her from the patriarchal despotism of her home, and affording her an opportunity to educate herself at St. Petersburg.* He had parted from her at the church door and had never again seen her; but after he went insane in the central prison of Kharkoff, he constantly raved about her, and seemed to think that she would come to him if she were not prevented from doing so by the Government. He had obtained in some way while in prison a small card photograph of the Empress, taken when she was the Crown Princess

* At the time of that great spiritual and moral awakening of the youth of Russia which resulted in the so-called movement "to the people," between the years 1870 and 1875, it was a common thing for a young man to emancipate a young woman from the patriarchal tyranny and the cramped life of a Russian provincial household, by contracting with her what was called a "fictitious marriage." The ceremony was not fictitious in the sense of illegality,— it was, on the contrary, a valid and binding tie,— but the contracting parties did not live together and never expected to do so. The young man voluntarily sacrificed his domestic future, and all his anticipations of home and family, for the sake of liberating some young girl from the despotic power of the head of her household, and giving her an opportunity to educate herself and to make herself useful to "the people and the Fatherland." Hundreds of such marriages were contracted in all parts of Russia between 1870 and 1875, and in many cases the young men had never seen, previous to marriage, the young women to whom they bound themselves, and knew of their existence only through mutual friends. Sometimes fictitious husbands met and fell in love with their wives in prison or in exile many years after their nominal union; but in most cases their respective fields of activity were widely separated, and they remained strangers. The purpose of these fictitious marriages was a pure and noble one, but the method adopted to carry out that purpose was in the highest degree quixotic and impracticable, and it was ultimately abandoned. At the time when Donetski lay insane in the central prison of Kharkoff, his fictitious wife was under arrest upon a political charge in Moscow.

Dagmar, and after he became insane he imagined that it was a photograph of his fictitious wife, and would look at it for hours with the most ardent affection and admiration. In the prison of Mtsensk, where he was put into a large cell with other political convicts, he would show to the latter this worn and soiled portrait of the Empress, and say, with a sort of childish pride, "This is my wife — is n't she beautiful?" Then with a mournful intonation he would add, "I have asked them so many times to send for her — I know she would come — but [hysterically] they don't do it — they don't do it!"

Could anything [said Mr. X——] be more touching and pathetic than to find a political convict in chains and leg-fetters cherishing as his dearest possession a photograph of her Majesty the Empress — to see a revolutionist insane from ill-treatment at the hands of the Government and in love with the wife of the Tsar!

THE INSANE POLITICAL PRISONER, PLOTNIKOFF.

THE case of Plotnikoff, the other insane prisoner in this party of condemned politicals from the central prison of Kharkoff, was, if possible, even more pitiable than that of Donetski. At the time of his arrest he was a student in the Moscow University — a quiet, modest young fellow about twenty years of age, with a very attractive and lovable character and a rather serious and thoughtful disposition. He had been well educated and was a good linguist, speaking fluently four or five languages, including English, French, and German. He had never been engaged in active revolutionary work, but was a member of a so-called "circle" of young people in Moscow, known from the name of its founder as the "Dolgushintsi." He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to penal servitude, and the world of the living knew him no more.

When he came to Mtsensk [said one of my informants] he was a broken, insane, emaciated man about twenty-eight years of age, and had been eight years in solitary confinement. How long he had been insane I do not know; but his condition was evidently hopeless, as his mania had assumed a religious form and was accompanied by profound melancholy. He still retained consciousness of the fact that he was a political criminal, but that fact seemed to be a source of distress and humiliation to him, and he did not like to be reminded of it. He was particularly ashamed of his chain and leg-fetters, and used to try in every possible way to conceal them. When I first saw him he had carefully wrapped up all the links of his chain in rags, so that they should not jingle when he moved and thus call the attention of others to what he regarded as his disgrace. He saved carefully all the pieces of old clothing and foot-wrappers which fell into his hands, and finally made out of them a sort of ragged patchwork petticoat, which, when tied about his waist, fell to the floor all around like a woman's dress and entirely concealed from sight both his leg-fetters and his muffled chain. His hair was long on one side of the head and closely shaven on the other, and this, with his coarse gray prison shirt, and the patchwork petticoat hanging from his waist to the floor and concealing his legs, made him the most extraordinary figure I had ever seen.

During all the time that Plotnikoff had been in the penal servitude section of the fortress, and in the central prison of Kharkoff, his mother had neither seen him, communicated with him, nor had news of him; but as soon as she heard that he had been removed from the prison of Kharkoff to Mtsensk and was about to be sent to Siberia, she implored the Minister of the Interior to allow her a last interview with him. If the Minister had been aware that Plotnikoff was insane, he probably would have refused to allow the mother to see him; but high Government officials cannot be expected to remember the names of all the condemned politicals in Russian prisons who happen to be insane.

When Madame Plotnikoff, eager and excited, presented herself at the Mtsensk prison and asked to see her son, the warden, who was naturally a kind-hearted man, tried to dissuade her from her purpose by telling her that her son was about to go to Siberia for life; that he was virtually dead to her already; that he was greatly worn and broken by long imprisonment; and that she would be happier if she would content herself with remembering him as he was in boyhood, or as he appeared when she last saw him, and not lay up for herself a new store of bitter memories by insisting upon an interview that could only increase her grief and renew her sense of bereavement. The mother, however, would not be denied. She had been granted permission to see her son, and see him she would. The warden then tried to prepare her for a great change in her son's appearance, and finally told her frankly that he was broken down mentally and physically and that she might not know him. The mother, however, would not believe that she could fail to recognize her boy, however pale, however wasted by prison confinement, he might be. Seeing at last that argument, persuasion, and forewarning were all useless, the warden conducted the mother to the interview room of the prison, where her son sat reading a prison Bible. For a moment she gazed at him in amazement and horror. In the wild-looking figure before her, with its thin, yellowish face, half-shaven head, coarse gray prison shirt, and patchwork petticoat, she could not see even a suggestion of the boy from whom she had parted eight years before. As she looked at him, however, some maternal instinct told her that it was indeed her son, and with a cry, which was half joy and half terror, she threw herself upon him and clasped him in her arms. The insane prisoner shrank away from her in alarm and embarrassment, and as he strove to unclasp her arms and escape from her embrace she looked into his eyes and the truth suddenly

flashed upon her. The body was that of her son, but the mind was gone. The abruptness of this terrible shock was more than her overstrained nerves could bear. She sank on the floor in a deep swoon and was carried out of the room unconscious. Plotnikoff was sent to the insane asylum at Kazan, and shortly afterward died there.

The facts above set forth I obtained partly from political convicts who were confined with Plotnikoff in the prison of Kharkoff, and partly from exiles who were in the Mtsensk prison when he arrived there and when he was visited by his mother. All of my informants are still in Siberia, and most of them are in the Trans-Baikal.

ARE EXILES' ACCOUNTS OF PRISON LIFE EXAGGERATED?

It may, perhaps, seem to the reader that accounts of prison life obtained from political exiles are likely to be overcolored and exaggerated — that it must in the nature of things be impossible for a man who has had such an experience to regard it fairly and judicially and to describe it without overstatement. I fully understand and appreciate this skeptical attitude toward such facts as those set forth in these papers; but I must say, in justice to the ex-prisoners whose acquaintance I made in Siberia, that they were reluctant, rather than eager, to live over again in narration these terrible months and years of their lives, and that when, by persistent questioning, I succeeded in getting at their darkest memories, it was often at the expense of an outburst of grief which was almost as painful to me as to the narrator. A Russian author, whose name is known even in Western Europe, and who is now an exile in Eastern Siberia, attempted to describe to me one night the death in the fortress of a comrade — an army officer — to whom he was tenderly and devotedly attached. Before he ended his recital my eyes were full of tears, and he himself was pacing the floor with tightly clinched hands, striving to control his emotion and to keep his voice from breaking, while his breast heaved with the tearless, convulsive sobs which make the grief of a strong man more painful to witness than even the uncontrolled weeping of a woman. He succeeded in finishing his story; but he would talk of the fortress no more that night. In the mind of any one who heard that recital there could have been no question of exaggeration or overstatement. Men are not thus profoundly moved by the simulated recollection of unreal experience.

If his Imperial Majesty the Tsar, to whose eyes I hope these pages may come, will summon the officer who was warden of the Kharkoff Central Prison in 1880, and the commandant and the surgeon who served in the Petropavlovsk fortress in 1883, and will personally examine those officers, and, if necessary, their subordinates, as to the mental and physical condition of the political convicts who left those prisons for Siberia in the years named, he will learn at least one of the reasons why, when he goes from St. Petersburg to Moscow, it is necessary to guard the railway with twenty thousand soldiers.

THE HOUSE OF PRELIMINARY DETENTION.

One of the most interesting prisons in European Russia, and the only one containing politicals that I was permitted to inspect, is the House of Preliminary Detention in St. Petersburg. It is not, properly speaking, a political prison, since most of the persons therein confined are common criminals; but it has held at times as many as three hundred political offenders awaiting trial or exile to Siberia. It is, in a certain sense, the great show prison of the empire, and has been particularly commended by the Rev. Henry Lansdell as an illustration of "what Russia can do" in this particular field. It was constructed in 1873–75, under the supervision of a special commission appointed by the Minister of Justice and the Minister of the Interior jointly, and in accordance with plans drawn by Actual State Counselor Maiefski. It cost more than 800,000 rubles (about $400,000 at the present rate of exchange), contained all sorts of modern improvements in the shape of heating and ventilating apparatus, and was believed to embody the latest results of scientific experiment in the department of prison architecture. From the fact, however, that a criminal suit based on alleged incompetence was instituted against the architect before the building had been fairly completed, it would appear that its defects as a prison soon became manifest. To what extent, when completed, it answered the purposes for which it was designed may be inferred from the fact that between 1875 and 1880 it was formally condemned by three successive prison commissions.*

In the summer of 1886, armed with a permit from Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, I presented myself at the door of the House of Preliminary Detention, sent my card to the warden, and was promptly admitted. The prison is situated in the heart of the city, on a corner of the Liteni Prospekt, directly behind the Circuit Court.

* "Prison and Exile" [Tiurma i Sylka], by V. N. Nikitin [one of the Directors of the St. Petersburg Prison Committee], p. 519. St. Petersburg, 1880.

It is a large, square, rather showy building, with high arched windows, and suggests to an American a town-hall or an opera-house rather than a prison. The exterior of the building, however, is merely an ornamental mask, designed apparently to disguise the real character and purpose of the structure. From the outside it appears to be only four stories in height, but upon entering the court-yard, or quadrangle around which it is built, one discovers that the high external windows are deceptive, that the building really consists of six stories, and that all the cells look out into the completely inclosed court-yard. Whether the high outside windows serve any useful purpose or not I failed to ascertain; but they certainly do not light any of the cells, and it is impossible for a prisoner to get through these windows, or any others, so much as a glimpse of the outside world. By standing on his stationary wash-basin he can look down into the quadrangle, but that is all.

The prison contains 317 solitary confinement cells, and 68 kameras, or cells for more than one person, and was designed to hold 700 prisoners. The solitary confinement cells, which are all alike, seemed to me to be about 12 feet long by 7 feet wide and 7½ feet high, with whitewashed brick walls and concrete floors. They contain a gas fixture, a stationary wash-basin, an iron bedstead which can be folded up against the wall, two hinged slabs of iron which fold up in the same way, and serve respectively as a table and a chair, and finally, in the end of the cell near the window, a modern water-closet seat and basin, with a round cover and a water trap to exclude noxious air from the soil pipe. As it is not my purpose to describe this prison more minutely than may be necessary in order to explain certain events of which it was the scene, I will merely say, briefly, that the cells and corridors shown me were scrupulously clean, and that the light in the upper stories on a pleasant day in summer was fairly good. The lower stories, however, seemed to be dark and damp, and the ventilation to be bad everywhere. As the cells all open through their windows upon the quadrangle, which is virtually nothing more than a deep square well, the wind rarely blows into or through them, and the circulation of air secured by artificial means is sluggish and inadequate. The sanitary condition of the building, as shown by hospital records, is very unsatisfactory. Even when it was new, 20 per cent. of its criminal population received hospital treatment some time in the course of the year,* and in 1884 it furnished 116 cases of anæmia and scurvy.†

The treatment of political offenders in the House of Preliminary Detention is generally lenient and fairly considerate. They are not obliged to wear any particular dress, they are allowed to have interviews with relatives and to receive from the latter unobjectionable books and articles of clothing, and they may keep money of their own in the hands of the warden and order all their own meals, if they choose, from a restaurant.

The difference between confinement in such a prison as this and incarceration in a casemate of the fortress is very great.

> When I was transferred from the Trubetskoi bastion to the House of Detention [said Dr. Sokolof to me in Siberia], it was like going from a sepulcher to a watering-place hotel. The sound of footsteps, the rumble of ventilating apparatus, the comparative lightness and airiness of the cells, the doves flying about the windows, and the faint roar of vehicles in the adjacent streets, which suggested the busy life and activity of the world, all combined to give me a sense of unwonted exhilaration. In the "monastery"‡ I never saw a human being except the guard, and rarely heard a sound except, perhaps, the low tapping of a prisoner in an adjoining cell. In the House of Detention, on the contrary, I heard noises of all sorts, and soon found myself in communication with everybody. Before I had been there a day, some one in the cell below mine knocked out to me on the steam pipe which ran up beside my door, "Scoop the water out of your basin." I went and looked into my wash-basin and found it to be empty. In a few moments the command came again in a slightly different form, "Scoop the water out of your water-closet basin." Then the significance of the direction flashed upon my mind. Somebody wished to talk to me through the soil pipe with which his basin and mine were in communication. I succeeded, after some trouble, in clearing the trap, and as I did so a babel of hollow human voices came up through the basin, and I found myself able to talk freely with the inmates of eleven other cells, most of whom were politicals.

"PIPE CLUBS" OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

If the reader will imagine six capital Y's placed over one another in such a manner that the stem of each rests in the fork of the next one below, he will have a rough general idea of the way in which the soil pipes of the

* There were imprisoned in the House:

	Men.	*Women.*	
In 1876	1502	173	
" 1877	1148	149	
" 1878	1195	138	
	3845	460	
Total			4305

Of this number there were taken sick:

	Men.	*Women.*	
In 1876	146	33	
" 1877	287	45	
" 1878	296	40	
	729	118	
Total			847

† "Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884," p. 234.

‡ The fortress of Petropavlovsk has received from political offenders the nickname of the "monastery."

House of Detention are arranged. The arms of the Y in each story terminate in the water-closet basins of two adjoining cells, while the stem forms a section of the large perpendicular pipe which runs from the roof to the ground, and with which twelve cells are thus connected. All that it is necessary to do, therefore, in order to open oral communication with the occupants of these twelve cells is to clear the water-traps. The political prisoners confined in the House of Detention soon discovered that they could talk with one another through these pipes, and when the number of such prisoners was so great that the dark punishment cells of the prison would not hold a tenth part of them, the authorities of the prison were almost powerless to prevent such intercommunication. Before 1876 all attempts to prevent it had been virtually abandoned, and the political prisoners had formed what they called "Water-closet Clubs" or "Pipe Clubs," for social intercourse and mutual improvement. Each club consisted of ten or twelve members, and had its own name and rules. Frequently, when I asked a political exile in Siberia whether he knew such or such a person, he would reply, "Oh, yes! I have never seen him, but I know him well — he was a member of my pipe club in the House of Detention." Educated political prisoners gave lessons through these pipes to the uneducated; languages were taught through them; newspapers were read through them; and they served all the purposes for which speaking and pneumatic tubes are employed in large public buildings. Miss Medvedieva, who afterward became the wife of the Russian author Machtet, read aloud to the members of her pipe club the whole of Turgenieff's novel "Virgin Soil." The political prisoners, however, were not contented with mere oral communication through these pipes, but made them useful also as a means of conveying packages from cell to cell within the limits of each club. A prisoner, for example, in one of the upper stories, would ravel out a part of one of the sheets from his bed, twist the threads into a long cord, fasten to it a securely inclosed package, throw or push the package through the branch pipe of the water-closet basin into the main perpendicular pipe, and then lower it. The prisoner in the cell below for whom it was intended could not reach it, as it hung in the main pipe, but he would have ready another similar cord with a small weight attached, would throw that out through the branch pipe into the main pipe, and the two prisoners would then jerk their respective cords up and down until they became intertwined, when the lower prisoner would haul in the package through his branch pipe and basin. In this way, and by means of weighted cords, swung like pendulums from window to window between clubs, small articles were circulated and distributed throughout the whole prison.

PRISON CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH OF JULY.

In the summer of 1876, when there were confined in the House of Detention more than three hundred political offenders, it was decided to have a general prison celebration of the Centennial Fourth of July — the birthday of the American Republic. As early as the first week in June the prisoners began to make preparations for the proposed celebration, by requesting relatives who visited them to send to the prison for their use as many red and blue handkerchiefs, neckerchiefs, shirts, and pairs of red flannel drawers as could be sent without exciting suspicion, and at the same time all the prisoners who were permitted to have movable lights began to purchase and hoard candles. The colored garments were torn into strips, the candles were cut into inch-long bits, and both were distributed by means of the water-closet pipes throughout the whole prison. Some of the women, who were allowed to have needles and thread and to sew in their cells, succeeded in making rude American flags, and before the 1st of July almost every political offender in the prison had either a flag, or a few strips of red, white, and blue cloth, and an inch or two of candle.

Day breaks in the latitude of St. Petersburg, in summer, very early, and on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1876, hours before the first midnight cannon announced the beginning of the great national celebration in Philadelphia, hundreds of American flags and streamers of red, white, and blue fluttered from the grated windows of the politicals around the whole quadrangle of the great St. Petersburg prison, and the members of the prison "clubs" were faintly hurrahing, singing patriotic songs, and exchanging greetings with one another through the water-closet pipes which united their cells. The celebration, of course, was soon over. The prison guard, although they had never heard of the Declaration of Independence and did not understand the significance of this extraordinary demonstration, promptly seized and removed the flags and tricolored streamers. Some of the prisoners, however, had more material of the same kind in reserve; and at intervals throughout the whole day scraps and tatters of red, white, and blue were furtively hung out here and there from cell windows or tied around the bars of the gratings. Late in the evening, at a preconcerted hour, the

politicals lighted their bits of candle and placed them in their windows, and the celebration ended with a faint but perceptible illumination of the great prison quadrangle.

There seems to me to be something profoundly mournful and touching in this attempt of three hundred political offenders to celebrate together, in the loneliness and gloom of a Russian prison, the centennial birthday of a free people. Compared with the banners, the fireworks, the martial music, and the glowing pageantry of triumphant liberty in Philadelphia, the rudely fashioned stars and stripes hung out from grated cell windows, the faint hurrahing and singing of patriotic songs through water-closet pipes, and the few bits of tallow candle, illuminating faintly at night the dark, silent quadrangle of the prison in St. Petersburg, may seem pitifully weak, ineffective, and insignificant; but judged by a spiritual standard, the celebration in the House of Preliminary Detention in the Russian capital of the American Centennial Fourth of July, is an event almost as extraordinary, and to the heart and imagination of a freeman almost as impressive, as the splendid demonstration in Philadelphia. Human actions are not to be judged solely by the scenic effect which they produce, but are also to be regarded as manifestations of human emotion and purpose. When Mary Magdalene anointed the feet of her Lord and Master as an expression of her devotion and love it was a simple thing, almost a trivial thing, but Christ said, "She hath done what she could." When the Russian revolutionists hung out rude imitations of the star-spangled banner from their cell windows and lighted at night their hoarded bits of candle as an expression of their devotion to liberty and their sympathy with the rejoicings of a freer and happier people, it too was a simple thing, almost a trivial thing, but they did what they could. Some of them were weak from sickness and long solitary confinement; some of them had just come from the voiceless casemates of the Petropavlovsk fortress, where they had lost count of days and months; some of them were living in anticipation of the unknown hardships and privations of Siberia, and upon some of them rested already the dark shadow of the scaffold; but in all their solitude, their loneliness, and their misery they did not forget the Centennial Fourth of July. What little they could do to show their devotion to the cause of freedom and their sympathy with a freedom-loving people on the centennial anniversary of the latter's emancipation, that little they bravely did; and the spirit by which they were animated transfigured their pitiful celebration, with its tricolored rags and its paltry bits of candle, and made it something infinitely more significant in the world's history than all the pomp and ceremony which attend the coronation of a Tsar.

George Kennan.



BISMARCK.

TWO colossal figures stand forth in the history of this century overtopping all their contemporaries, the first Napoleon and Bismarck, both creators of great empires — Napoleon, the first warrior of his time, who welded the revolutionary forces of France into a military machine to satisfy his own imperial ambition in subduing all Europe and making its kings his vassals; Bismarck, the foremost statesman of his time, the political leader of a military people, whose strength he called forth to satisfy their yearnings for national unity, their ambition to become once more a great national power. Napoleon's gigantic plans broke down, after a period of amazing military triumphs, because the statesmanship which guided his warlike enterprises lost itself in fantastic conceptions, and, satisfied with no achievement or conquest, exhausted his means in attempting the impossible. Bismarck's statesmanship,

leaning upon the military strength of his country, directs its efforts to the end of safely maintaining, against the dangers surrounding it, the national power that has been achieved, without striving for anything beyond — and his creation still stands.

In one important respect Bismarck's position is far stronger than Napoleon's ever could be. Napoleon was, and felt himself as, a soldier of fortune. Sprung from low degree, he won his imperial crown by the splendor of his military exploits, and he was constantly disquieted by the consciousness that by new splendors of achievement he had to preserve it. He had to prove the necessity of his remaining at the head of the state from day to day. He had to create exigencies which in the opinion of the people he alone could satisfy. He felt himself obliged to hurry from enterprise to enterprise without end, each to be more dazzling than that which preceded it. Thus there could be no stable condition of things, no repose for him and his people. Bismarck, not a monarch himself, enjoys all the advantage conferred by the historic "legitimacy" of the monarch whom he serves as minister. The hereditary loyalty of the people to the dynasty and their affection for the monarch are an essential part of the minister's power. The two together are not obliged to win popular admiration, and to make good their title to their places, by spectacular effects from day to day. They can stop without impunity. There is no necessity, there is hardly any temptation, for them to follow a policy of adventure and to run new risks for the purpose of maintaining their greatness. They can confine themselves to preserving and fortifying what has been won, and cultivate peace and repose without dangerous loss of prestige.

Yet the question is frequently asked, What will become of the German Empire when the old Kaiser, with his phenomenal popularity, and the old Chancellor, with his phenomenal genius, quit the scene? That question is asked and discussed not without reason. The Kaiser will be followed on the throne by another legitimate "sovereign," who will indeed not inherit the sentimental affection cherished by the people for his predecessor, but who will have the benefit of that hereditary loyalty with which the people regard the reigning dynasty. And so long as Bismarck is chancellor,— that is, so long as he lives, for no new Kaiser will be likely to take the responsibility of displacing him,— things will probably continue to run in the accustomed course. But who or what is there to replace Bismarck when he too disappears?

He is a born commander of men, and as such insists upon accomplishing his objects in his own way. He is a born autocrat, and as such profoundly convinced that his will must prevail. Those who have to work with him are to him not co-workers, but simply instruments. He employs them so long as they promise to be useful. He throws them aside as soon as their usefulness appears exhausted. He cares little, if anything, for what is commonly called political principle. No doubt he is loyal to his sovereign, but not because he unconditionally believes, as a matter of principle, in the divine right of kings; for while he clings with the utmost devotion to the house of Hohenzollern, which represents the strength of Germany, he did not hesitate to drive princes who were just as "legitimate," but who stood in the way of German unity under Prussian leadership, from their thrones and to confiscate their territories. When the constitution of the empire was made, he favored universal suffrage — not because he believed in the principle that the citizen is entitled to active participation in the government, but because he thought that its establishment would be apt to attach the people to the empire, and that, as he had to submit to some sort of representative institution, universal suffrage, embracing the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the educated, would be most likely to furnish representatives accessible to his influence. He has been a free-trader and a protectionist — not as if he had seen in either free trade or protection a principle consistently to be recognized and adhered to, but because he looked at different times first upon one and then the other as the system most likely to strengthen the country or to array on his side its political forces.

He has no respect for political parties, his policy being to use them each and all as it may temporarily serve his purposes. Before the war of 1866 he appeared identified with the Absolutists, in order to make preparation for the war which was to drive Austria out of the German federation and begin the unification of Germany under Prussian leadership, and for which the Prussian landtag refused to furnish the means. After that war he appeared to side with the Liberals — not as if he had shared their principles or approved of their ultimate aims, but because he depended upon them for the measures required to strengthen the new national organization. Then he turned to the Conservatives for support, because the Liberals aspired to the introduction of parliamentary government, which he thought would weaken the power of the monarch necessary for the defense of the country.

He was a fierce Anti-Clerical, because he feared the influence of the Catholic clergy as a dangerous element of disintegration in the empire. Then he endeavored to win the friendship of the clergy by abandoning some of the

principal features of the *Kultur Kampf*, and admitted even the friendly interference of the Pope in the elections for the German Reichstag, when he found the continuance of the fight against the Church useless and needed the votes of the clerical party for his military and fiscal measures. Thus he cajoles or rebuffs, attracts or repels, treats as friends or as enemies, each and all political parties in turn as they appear fit or unfit to serve the objects he has in view, trying to form, with each session of the parliament, new combinations of political forces to furnish to the government the necessary majority. The party is, for the time being, that which obeys his will. He accepts the advice only of those who agree with him. To those who differ from him he yields only as much as he must, and then only temporarily, to resume the fight with the same stubborn determination at the next convenient moment until he carries his point. In this manner has Bismarck achieved his great successes.

Such a statesman must needs have certain peculiar advantages to sustain him in power. One of these is a constitutional system which raises him above the control of parliamentary majorities. In this respect Bismarck is situated comfortably enough. As minister of the Prussian crown and as chancellor of the German Empire he is, according to the prevailing constitutional theory, responsible only to the King and Kaiser. His official acts, done in the King's and Kaiser's name, are "government acts" of the sovereign, who is responsible only to God. According to this constitutional system, the parliament may pass or defeat bills, grant or withhold supplies, but it cannot drive a minister out of his place by a direct or implied vote of want of confidence. There is no minister living whose measures have been so often defeated in parliament as Bismarck's have been; but, undisturbed, he holds his post, regarding the adverse vote of a parliamentary majority not as a decision, but merely as an adjournment of the struggle.

Still, all these constitutional advantages would not suffice to secure his position did he not possess another and far more potent element of strength. It is not merely his ability as a debater, which, however, although he is not an orator in the ordinary sense, shines the more brilliantly the more difficult the occasion: it is rather that imposing authority acquired by the greatness of his achievements. It is the immense personality which seems to preside over the destinies of the Old World, and which, standing behind what he says and does, overawes the minds of men. Certainly, not a few of his measures of home policy have called forth much well-grounded criticism; his startling political marches and countermarches, the fierce outbursts of his autocratic temper, his undisguised contempt for the principles of parliamentary government, the petty police prosecutions which pursue those who offend him, have deeply irritated many men of liberal views and of self-esteem. Nobody else could have done these things without serious harm to himself. But, in spite of it all, Bismarck's popularity has grown larger from year to year. He can say to his opponents what no one else can say: Remember your resistance to me when I prepared the first blow for German unity. Those who most bitterly denounced me had then to confess that I knew better than they what was good for the Fatherland — that they were wrong and I was right.

This, indeed, does not prove that he is always right; but it goes far to nourish the popular impression that he may be right again, his opponents not knowing it, and that those who are against Bismarck may turn out to be against their country. Thus a large portion of the German people have, under the fascination of this imposing authority, gradually lapsed into the acquiescence of the consciously inferior understanding, trusting that whatever Bismarck may do will be well done. And this condition of things is not now unlikely to last while Bismarck stands at the head of affairs.

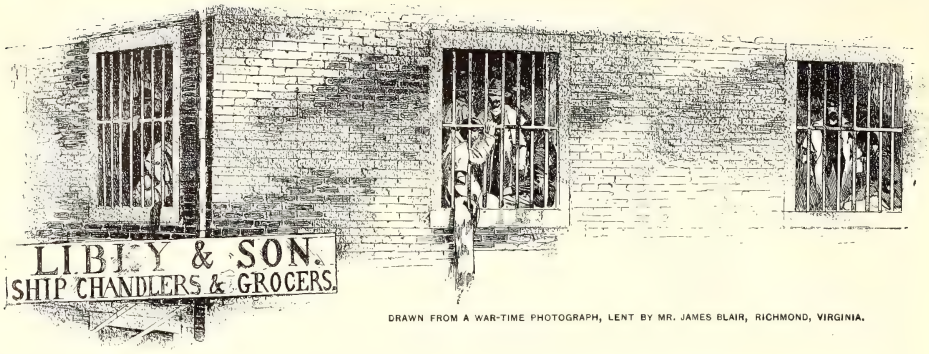
But his disappearance will at once reveal the fact that he has no successor. Whoever may follow him will look small in his place. The spell of mysterious superiority will be broken. Bismarck's peculiar power cannot be bequeathed to any one else. His system of policy, if it may so be called, fitted only him. Neither has he suffered to be developed any other system that might take the place of his own. No statesman has been permitted to grow into greatness by his side, nor have parliamentary parties, under his rule, been allowed opportunity to acquire the sense of governmental responsibility. The participation of the representatives of the people in practical government has of late years in Germany rather shrunk than expanded; and yet nothing is more certain than that a determined effort to expand it will be made as soon as the great one-man authority which stands in the way is removed. Germany is full of able men, and a thousand hitherto suppressed ambitions will then make themselves felt. Had they been trained to larger responsibilities, the changes which will inevitably come would probably be easier. It is said that no man is necessary in this world; but Bismarck has been and still is so tremendous a factor in the history of his time, that the uncertainty which his disappearance will leave behind it appears uncommonly obscure.



SCULPTOR, CHR. ROTH.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES HIDEUX.

PRINCE OTTO EDWARD LEOPOLD BISMARCK.



DRAWN FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH, LENT BY MR. JAMES BLAIR, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

COLONEL ROSE'S TUNNEL AT LIBBY PRISON.

AMONG all the thrilling incidents in the history of Libby Prison none exceeds in interest the celebrated tunnel escape which occurred on the night of February 9, 1864. I was one of the 109 Union officers who passed through the tunnel, and one of the ill-fated 48 that were retaken. I and two companions — Lieutenant Charles H. Morgan of the 21st Wisconsin regiment, who has since served several terms in Congress from Missouri, and Lieutenant William L. Watson of the same company and regiment — when recaptured by the Confederate cavalry were in sight of the Union picket posts. Strange as it may appear, no accurate and complete account has ever been given to the public of this most ingenious and daring escape made on either side during the civil war. Twelve of the party of fifteen who dug the tunnel are still living, including their leader.

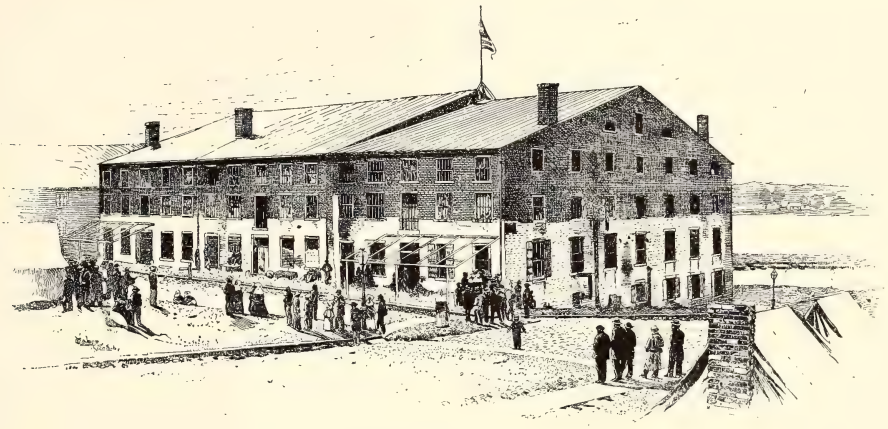
Thomas E. Rose, colonel of the 77th Pennsylvania Volunteers, the engineer and leader in the plot throughout,— now a captain in the 16th United States Infantry,— was taken prisoner at the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. On his way to Richmond he escaped from his guards at Weldon, N. C., but, after a day's wandering about the pine forests with a broken foot, was retaken by a detachment of Confederate cavalry and sent to Libby Prison, Richmond, where he arrived October 1, 1863.

Libby Prison fronts on Carey street, Richmond, and stands upon a hill which descends abruptly to the canal, from which its southern wall is only divided by a street and having a vacant lot on the east. The building was wholly detached, making it a comparatively easy matter to guard the prison securely with a small force and keep every door and window in full view from without. As an additional measure of safety, prisoners were not allowed on the ground-floor, except that in the day-time they were permitted to use the first floor of the middle section for a cook-room. The interior embraced nine large warehouse-rooms 105 x 45, with eight feet from each floor to ceiling, except the upper floor, which gave more room, owing to the pitch of the gable roof. The abrupt slant of the hill gives the building an additional story on the south side. The whole building really embraces three sections, and these were originally separated by heavy blank walls. The Confederates cut doors through the walls of the two upper floors, which comprised the prisoners' quarters, and they were thus permitted to mingle freely with each other,



COLONEL THOMAS E. ROSE.

but there was no communication whatever between the three large rooms on the first floors. Beneath these floors were three cellars of the same dimensions as the rooms above them, and, like them, were divided from each other by massive blank walls. For ready comprehension, let these be designated the east, middle, and west cellars. Except in the lofts known as "Streight's room" and "Milroy's room," which were occupied by the earliest inmates of Libby in 1863, there was no furniture in the building, and only a few of the early comers possessed such a luxury as an old army blanket



LIBBY PRISON IN 1865.

or a knife, cup, and tin-plate. As a rule, the prisoner, by the time he reached Libby, found himself devoid of earthly goods save the meager and dust-begrimed summer garb in which he had made his unlucky campaign.

At night the six large lofts presented strange war-pictures, over which a single tallow-candle wept copious and greasy tears that ran down over the petrified loaf of corn-bread, Borden's condensed milk can, or bottle in which it was set, and where it struggled on until "taps," when the guards, with unconscious irony, shouted, "Lights out!" at which signal it usually disappeared amid a shower of boots and such other missiles as were at hand. The sleepers covered the six floors, lying in ranks, head to head and foot to foot, like prostrate lines of battle. For the general good, and to preserve something like military precision, these ranks (especially when cold weather compelled them to lie close for better warmth) were subdivided into convenient squads under charge of a "captain," who was invested with authority to see that every man lay "spoon fashion."

No consideration of personal convenience was permitted to interfere with the general comfort of the "squad." Thus, when the hard floor could no longer be endured on the right side,— especially by the thin men,— the captain gave the command, "Attention, Squad Number Four! Prepare to spoon! One — two — spoon!" And the whole squad flopped over on the left side.

The first floor on the west of the building was used by the Confederates as an office and for sleeping-quarters for the prison officials, and a stair-way guarded by sentinels led from this to Milroy's room just above it. As before explained, the middle room was shut off from the office by a heavy blank wall. This room, known as the "Kitchen," had two stoves in it, one of which stood about ten feet from the heavy door that opened on Carey street sidewalk, and behind the stove was a fire-place. The room contained also several long pine tables with permanent seats attached, such as may be commonly seen at picnic grounds. The floor was constantly inundated here by several defective and overworked water-faucets and a leaky trough.

A stair-way without banisters led up on the south-west end of the floor, above which was a room known as the "Chickamauga room," and chiefly occupied by Chickamauga prisoners. The sentinel who had formerly been placed at this stair-way at night, to prevent the prisoners from entering the kitchen, had been withdrawn when, in the fall of 1863, the horrible condition of the floor made it untenable for sleeping purposes.

The uses to which the large ground-floor-room east of the kitchen was put varied during the first two years of the war, but early in

October of 1863, and thereafter, it was permanently used and known as the hospital, and it contained a large number of cots, which were never unoccupied. An apartment had been made at the north or front of the room, which served as a doctor's office and laboratory. Like those adjoining it on the west, this room had a large door opening on Carey street which was heavily bolted and guarded on the outside.

The arrival of the Chickamauga prisoners greatly crowded the upper floors, and compelled the Confederates to board up a small portion of the east cellar at its south-east corner as an additional cook-room, several large caldrons having been set in a rudely built furnace; so, for a short period, the prisoners were allowed down there in the day-time to cook. A stairway led from this cellar to the room above, which subsequently became the hospital.

Such, in brief, was the condition of things when Colonel Rose arrived at the prison. From the hour of his coming, a means of escape became his constant and eager study; and, with this purpose in view, he made a careful and minute survey of the entire premises.

From the windows of the upper east or "Gettysburg room" he could look across the vacant lot on the east and get a glimpse of the yard between two adjacent buildings which faced the canal and Carey street respectively, and he estimated the intervening space at about seventy feet. From the south windows he looked out across a street into the canal and James River, running parallel with each other, the two streams at this point being separated by a low and narrow strip of land. This strip periodically disappeared when protracted seasons of heavy rains came, or when spring floods so rapidly swelled the river that the latter invaded the cellars of Libby. At such times it was common to see enormous swarms of rats come out from the lower doors and windows of the prison and make head for dry land in swimming platoons amid the cheers of the prisoners in the upper windows. On one or two occasions Rose observed workmen descending from the middle of the south side street into a sewer running through its center, and concluded that this sewer must have various openings to the canal both to the east and west of the prison.

The north portion of this cellar contained a large quantity of loose packing straw, covering the floor to an average depth of two feet; and this straw afforded shelter, especially at night, for a large colony of rats, which gave the place the name of "Rat Hell."

In one afternoon's inspection of this dark end Rose suddenly encountered a fellow-prisoner, Major A. G. Hamilton, of the 12th Kentucky Cavalry. A confiding friendship



MAJOR A. G. HAMILTON.

followed, and the two men entered at once upon the plan of gaining their liberty. They agreed that the most feasible scheme was a tunnel, to begin in the rear of the little kitchen apartment at the south-east corner of Rat Hell. Without more ado they secured a broken shovel and two case-knives and began operations.

Within a few days the Confederates decided upon certain changes in the prison for the greater security of their captives. A week afterward the cook-room was abandoned, the stair-way nailed up, the prisoners sent to the upper floors, and all communication with the east cellar was cut off. This was a sore misfortune, for this apartment was the only possible base of successful tunnel operations. Colonel Rose now began to study other practicable means of escape, and spent night after night examining the posts and watching the movements of the sentinels on the four sides of Libby. One very dark night, during a howling storm, Rose again unexpectedly met Hamilton in a place where no prisoner could reasonably be looked for at such an hour. For an instant the impenetrable darkness made it impossible for either to determine whether he had met a friend or foe: neither had a weapon, yet each involuntarily felt for one, and each made ready to spring at the other's throat, when a flash of lightning revealed their identity. The two men had availed themselves of the darkness of the night and the roar of the storm to attempt an escape

from a window of the upper west room to a platform that ran along the west outer wall of the prison, from which they hoped to reach the ground and elude the sentinels, whom they conjectured would be crouched in the shelter of some door-way or other partial refuge that might be available; but so vivid and frequent were the lightning flashes, that the attempt was seen to be extremely hazardous.

Rose now spoke of an entrance from the south side street to the middle cellar, having frequently noticed the entrance and exit of workmen at that point, and expressed his belief that if an entrance could be effected to this cellar it would afford them the only chance of slipping past the sentinels.

He hunted up a bit of pine-wood which he whittled into a sort of wedge, and the two men went down into the dark, vacant kitchen directly over this cellar. With the wedge Rose pried a floor-board out of its place, and made an opening large enough to let himself through it. He had never been in this middle cellar, and was wholly ignorant of its contents or whether it was occupied by Confederates or workmen; but as he had made no noise and the place was in profound darkness, he decided to go down and reconnoiter.

He wrenched off one of the long boards that formed a table-seat in the kitchen, and found that it was long enough to touch the cellar base and protrude a foot or so above the kitchen floor. By this means he easily descended, leaving Hamilton to keep watch above.

The storm still raged fiercely, and the faint beams of a street lamp revealed the muffled form of the sentinel slowly pacing his beat and carrying his musket at a "secure" arms. Creeping softly towards him along the cellar wall, he now saw that what he had supposed was a door was simply a naked opening to the street; and further inspection disclosed the fact that there was but one sentinel on the south side of the prison. Standing in the dark shadow, he could easily have touched this man with his hand as he repeatedly passed him. Groping about, he found various appurtenances indicating that the south end of this cellar was used for a carpenter's shop, and that the north end was partitioned off into a series of small cells with padlocked doors, and that through each door a square hole, a foot in diameter, was cut. Subsequently it was learned that these dismal cages were alternately used for the confinement of "troublesome prisoners"—*i. e.*, those who had distinguished themselves by ingenious attempts to escape—and also for runaway slaves, and Union spies under sentence of death.

At the date of Rose's first reconnoissance to this cellar, these cells were vacant and unguarded. The night was now far spent, and Rose proceeded to return to the kitchen, where Hamilton was patiently waiting him.

The very next day a rare good fortune befell Rose. By an agreement between the commissioners of exchange, several bales of clothing and blankets had been sent by our Government to the famishing Union prisoners on Belle Isle, a number of whom had already frozen to death. A committee of Union officers then confined in Libby, consisting of General Neal Dow, Colonel Alexander von Schrader, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph F. Boyd, and Colonel Harry White, having been selected by the Confederates to supervise the distribution of the donation, Colonel White had, by a shrewd bit of finesse, "confiscated" a fine rope by which one of the bales was tied, and this he now presented to Colonel Rose. It was nearly a hundred feet long, an inch thick, and almost new.

It was hardly dark the following night before Rose and Hamilton were again in the kitchen, and as soon as all was quiet Rose fastened his rope to one of the supporting posts, took up the floor-plank as before, and both men descended to the middle cellar. They were not a little disappointed to discover that where there had been but one sentinel on the south side there were now two. On this and for several nights they contented themselves with sly visits of observation to this cellar, during which Rose found and secreted various tools, among which were a broad-ax, a saw, two chisels, several files, and a carpenter's square. One dark night both men went down and determined to try their luck at passing the guards. Rose made the attempt and succeeded in passing the first man, but unluckily was seen by the second. The latter called lustily for the corporal of the guard, and the first excitedly cocked his gun and peered into the dark door through which Rose swiftly retreated. The guard called, "Who goes there?" but did not enter the dark cellar. Rose and Hamilton mounted the rope and had just succeeded in replacing the plank when the corporal and a file of men entered the cellar with a lantern. They looked into every barrel and under every bench, but no sign of Yankees appeared; and as on this night it happened that several workmen were sleeping in an apartment at the north end, the corporal concluded that the man seen by the sentinel was one of these, notwithstanding their denial when awakened and questioned. After a long parley the Confederates withdrew, and Hamilton and Rose, depressed in spirits, went to bed, and Rose as usual concealed his rope.

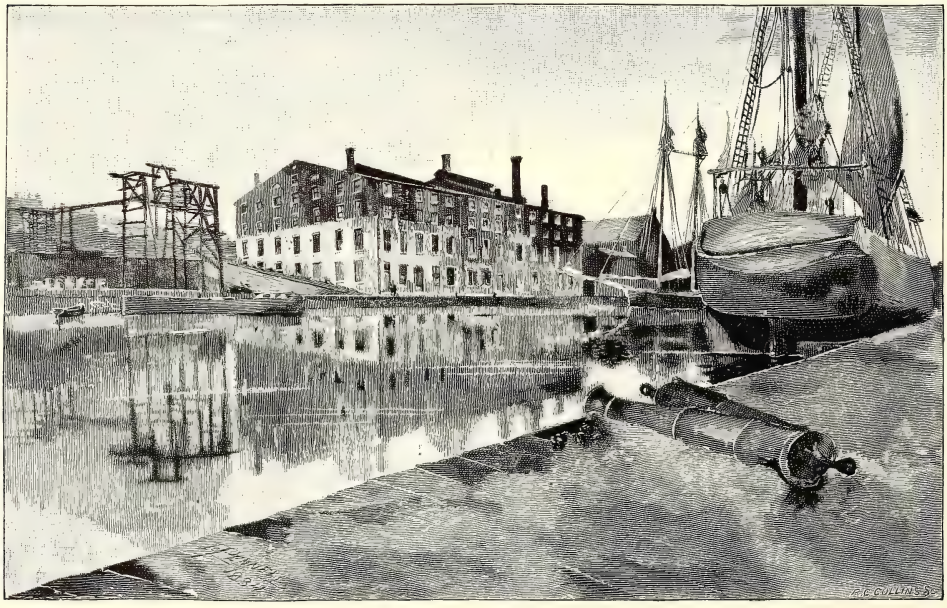
Before the week was out they were at it again. On one of these nights Rose suddenly came upon one of the workmen, and, swift as

thought, seized the hidden broad-ax with the intention of braining him if he attempted an alarm; but the poor fellow was too much paralyzed to cry out, and when finally he did recover his voice and his wits, it was to beg Rose, "for God's sake," not to come in there again at night. Evidently the man never mentioned the circumstance, for Rose's subsequent visits, which were soon resumed, disclosed no evidence of a discovery by the Confederates.

Hamilton agreed with Rose that there remained apparently but one means of escape, and that was by force. To overpower the two sentinels on the south side would have been an easy matter, but how to do it and not alarm the rest of the guard, and, in consequence, the whole city, was the problem. To secure these sentinels, without alarming their comrades on the east, west, and north side of the prison, would require the swift action of several men of nerve acting in concert. Precious time was passing, and possibly further alterations might be decided upon that would shut them off from the middle cellar, as they had already been from their original base of operations. Moreover, a new cause of anxiety now appeared. It soon transpired that their nocturnal prowlings and close conferences together had already aroused the belief among many observant prisoners that a plan of escape was afoot, and both men were soon eagerly plied with guarded inquiries, and besought by their questioners to admit them to their confidence.

Hamilton and Rose now decided to organize an escaping party. A number of men were then sworn to secrecy and obedience by Colonel Rose, who was the only recognized leader in all operations that followed. This party soon numbered seventy men. The band was then taken down by Rose in convenient details to the middle cellar or carpenter's shop on many nights, to familiarize each man with the place and with his special part in the plot, and also to take advantage of any favoring circumstances that might arise.

When all had by frequent visits become familiar with the rendezvous, Rose and the whole party descended one night with the determination to escape at whatever hazard. The men were assigned to their several stations as usual, and a selected few were placed by the leader close to the entrance, in front of which the sentinel was regularly passing. Rose commanded strict silence, and placed himself near the exit preparatory to giving the signal. It was an exciting moment, and the bravest heart beat fast. A signal came, but not the one they looked for. At the very moment of action, the man whom Rose had left at the floor-opening in the kitchen gave the danger signal! The alert leader had, with consummate care, told every man beforehand that he must never be surprised by this signal,—it was a thing to be counted upon,—and that noise



LIBBY PRISON AS IT NOW IS.

and panic were of all things to be avoided as fatal folly in their operations. As a consequence, when this signal came, Rose quietly directed the men to fall in line and re-ascend to the kitchen rapidly, but without noise, which they did by the long rope which now formed the easy means of communication from the kitchen to the cellar.

Rose remained below to cover the retreat, and when the last man got up he followed him, replaced the board in the floor, and concealed the rope. He had barely done so when a detail of Confederate guards entered the kitchen from the Carey street door, and, headed by an officer, marched straight in his direction. Meantime the party had disappeared up the stair-way and swiftly made their way over their prostrate comrades' forms to their proper sleeping places. Rose, being the last up, and having the floor to fix, had now no time to disappear like his companions, at least without suspicious haste. He accordingly took a seat at one of the tables, and, putting an old pipe in his mouth, coolly awaited the approach of the Confederates. The officer of the guard came along, swinging his lantern almost in his face, stared at him for a second, and without a remark or a halt marched past him and ascended with his escort to the Chickamauga room. The entrance of a guard and their march around the prison, although afterward common enough after taps, was then an unusual thing, causing much talk among the prisoners, and to the mind of Rose and his fellow-plotters was indicative of aroused suspicion on the part of the Confederates.

The whispering groups of men next day, and the number of his eager questioners, gave the leader considerable concern; and Hamilton suggested, as a measure of safety rather than choice, that some of the mischievous talk of escape would be suppressed by increasing the party. This was acted upon; the men, like the rest, were put under oath by Rose, and the party was thus increased to four hundred and twenty. This force would have been enough to overpower the prison guard in a few minutes, but the swift alarm certain to ensue in the streets and spread like wild-fire over Richmond, the meager information possessed by the prisoners as to the strength and position of the nearest Federal troops, the strongly guarded labyrinth of breastworks that encircled the city, and the easy facilities for instant pursuit at the command of the Confederates, put the success of such an undertaking clearly out of the range of probability, unless, indeed, some unusual favoring contingency should arise, such as the near approach of a coöperating column of Federal cavalry.

Nor was this an idle dream, as the country now knows, for even at this period General Kilpatrick was maturing his plans for that bold expedition for the rescue of the prisoners at Richmond and Belle Isle in which the lamented and heroic young cripple, Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, lost his life. Rose saw that a break out of Libby without such outside assistance promised nothing but a fruitless sacrifice of life and the savage punishment of the survivors. Hence the project, although eagerly and exhaustively discussed, was prudently abandoned.

All talk of escape by the general crowd now wholly ceased, and the captives resigned themselves to their fate and waited with depressed spirits for the remote contingency of an exchange. The quiet thus gained was Rose's opportunity. He sought Hamilton and told him that they must by some stratagem regain access to Rat Hell, and that the tunnel project must be at once revived. The latter assented to the proposition, and the two began earnestly to study the means of gaining an entrance without discovery into this coveted base of operations.

They could not even get into the room above the cellar they wanted to reach, for that was the hospital, and the kitchen's heavy wall shut them off therefrom. Neither could they break the heavy wall that divided this cellar from the carpenter's shop, which had been the nightly rendezvous of the party while the break-out was under consideration, for the breach certainly would be discovered by the workmen or Confederates, some of whom were in there constantly during daylight.

There was, in fact, but one plan by which Rat Hell could be reached without detection, and the conception of this device and its successful execution was due to the stout-hearted Hamilton. This was to cut a hole in the back of the kitchen fire-place; the incision must be just far enough to preserve the opposite or hospital side intact. It must then be cut downward to a point below the level of the hospital floor, then eastward into Rat Hell, the completed opening thus to describe the letter "S." It must be wide enough to let a man through, yet the wall must not be broken on the hospital side above the floor, nor marred on the carpenter's-shop side below it. Such a break would be fatal, for both of these points were conspicuously exposed to the view of the Confederates every hour in the day. Moreover, it was imperatively necessary that all trace of the beginning of the opening should be concealed, not only from the Confederate officials and guards, who were constantly passing the spot every day, but from the hundreds of uninitiated prisoners who crowded around the stove just in front of it from dawn till dark.



WORKING AT THE TUNNEL.

Work could only be possible between the hours of 10 at night, when the room was generally abandoned by the prisoners because of its inundated condition, and 4 o'clock in the morning, when the earliest risers were again astir. It was necessary to do the work with an old jack-knife and one of the chisels previously secured by Rose. It must be done in darkness and without noise, for a vigilant sentinel paced on the Carey street sidewalk just outside the door and within ten feet of the fire-place. A rubber blanket was procured, and the soot from the chimney carefully swept into it. Hamilton, with his old knife, cut the mortar between the bricks and pried a dozen of them out, being careful to preserve them whole.

The rest of the incision was made in accordance with the design described, but no conception could have been formed beforehand of the sickening tediousness of cutting an "S" shaped hole through a heavy wall with a feeble old jack-knife, in stolen hours of darkness. Rose guarded his comrade against the constant danger of interruption by alert enemies on one side and by blundering friends on the other; and, as frequently happens in human affairs, their friends gave them more trouble than their foes. Night after night passed, and still the two men got up after taps from their hard beds, and descended to the dismal and reeking kitchen to bore for liberty. When the sentinel's call at Castle Thunder and at Libby announced 4 o'clock, the dis-

lodged bricks were carefully replaced, and the soot previously gathered in the gum blanket was flung in handfuls against the restored wall, filling the seams so entirely between the bricks as to defy detection. At last, after many weary nights, Hamilton's heroic patience and skill were rewarded, and the way was open to the coveted base of operations, Rat Hell.

Now occurred a circumstance that nearly revealed the plot and nearly ended in a tragedy. When the opening was finished, the long rope was made fast to one of the kitchen supporting posts, and Rose proceeded to descend and reconnoiter. He got partly through with ease, but lost his hold in such a manner that his body slipped through so as to pinion his arms and leave him wholly powerless either to drop lower or return — the bend of the hole being such as to cramp his back and neck terribly and prevent him from breathing. He strove desperately, but each effort only wedged him more firmly in the awful vise. Hamilton sprang to his aid and did his utmost to effect his release; but, powerful as he was, he could not budge him. Rose was gasping for breath and rapidly getting fainter, but even in this fearful strait he refrained from an outcry, that would certainly alarm the guards just outside the door. Hamilton saw that without speedy relief his comrade must soon smother. He dashed through the long, dark room up the stairway, over the forms of several hundred men, and disregarding consequences and savage curses in the dark and crowded room, he trampled upon arms, legs, faces, and stomachs, leaving riot and blasphemy in his track among the rudely awakened and now furious lodgers of the Chickamauga room. He sought the sleeping-place of Major George H. Fitzsimmons, but he was missing. He however found Lieutenant F. F. Bennett, of the 18th Regulars (since a major in the 9th United States Cavalry), to whom he told the trouble in a few hasty words. Both men fairly flew across the room, dashed down the stairs, and by their united efforts, Rose, half-dead and quite speechless, was drawn up from the fearful trap.

Hamilton managed slightly to increase the size of the hole and provide against a repetition of the accident just narrated, and all being now ready, the two men entered eagerly upon the work before them. They appropriated one of the wooden spittoons of the prison, and to each side attached a piece of clothes-line which they had been permitted to have to dry clothes on. Several bits of candle and the larger of the two chisels were also taken to the operating-cellar. They kept this secret well and worked alone for many nights. In fact, they would have so continued, but they found that after digging about four feet their candle would go out in the vitiated air. Rose did the digging, and Hamilton fanned air into him with his hat: even then he had to emerge into the cellar every few minutes to breathe. Rose could dig, but needed the light and air; and Hamilton could not fan, and drag out, and deposit the excavated earth, and meantime keep a lookout. In fact, it was demonstrated that there was slim chance of succeeding without more assistance, and it was decided to organize a party large enough for effective work by reliefs. As a preliminary step, and to afford the means of more rapid communication with the cellar from the fire-place opening, the long rope obtained from Colonel White was formed by Hamilton into a rope-ladder with convenient wooden rungs. This alteration considerably increased its bulk and added to Rose's difficulty in concealing it from curious eyes.

He now made a careful selection of thirteen men beside himself and Hamilton, and bound them by a solemn oath to secrecy and strict obedience. To form this party as he wanted it required some diplomacy, as it was known that the Confederates had, on more than one occasion, sent cunning spies into Libby disguised as Union prisoners, for the detection of any contemplated plan of escape. Unfortunately, the complete list of the names of the party now formed has not been preserved, but among the party, besides Rose and Hamilton, were Captain John Sterling, 30th Indiana; Captain John Lucas, 5th Kentucky Cavalry; Captain Isaac N. Johnson, 6th Kentucky Cavalry; and Lieutenant F. F. Bennett, 18th Regulars.

The party being now formed were taken to Rat Hell and their several duties explained to them by Rose, who was invested with full authority over the work in hand. Work was begun in rear of the little kitchen-room previously abandoned at the south-east corner of the cellar. To systematize the labor, the party was divided into squads of five each, which gave the men one night on duty and two off, Rose assigning each man to the branch of work in which experiments proved him the most proficient. He was himself, by long odds, the best digger of the party; while Hamilton had no equal for ingenious mechanical skill in contriving helpful little devices to overcome or lessen the difficulties that beset almost every step of the party's progress.

The first plan was to dig down alongside the east wall and under it until it was passed, then turn southward and make for the large street sewer next the canal and into which Rose had before noticed workmen descending. This sewer was a large one, believed to be fully six feet high, and, if it could be gained,

there could be little doubt that an adjacent opening to the canal would be found to the eastward. It was very soon revealed, however, that the lower side of Libby was built upon ponderous timbers below which they could not hope to penetrate with their meager stock of tools — such, at least, was the opinion of nearly all the party. Rose nevertheless determined that the effort should be made, and they were soon at work with old pen-knives and case-knives hacked into saws. After infinite labor they at length cut through the great logs, only to be met by an unforeseen and still more formidable barrier. Their tunnel, in fact, had penetrated below the level of the canal. Water began to filter in — feebly at first, but at last it broke in with a rush that came near drowning Rose, who barely had time to make his escape. This opening was therefore plugged up; and to do this rapidly and leave no dangerous traces put the party to their wit's end.

An attempt was next made to dig into a small sewer that ran from the south-east corner of the prison into the main sewer. After a number of nights of hard labor, this opening was extended to a point below a brick furnace in which were incased several caldrons. The weight of this furnace caused a cave-in near the sentinel's path outside the prison wall. Next day, a group of officers were seen eying the break curiously. Rose, listening at a window above, heard the word "rats" repeated by them several times and took comfort. The next day he entered the cellar alone, and felt that if the suspicions of the Confederates were really awakened a trap would be set for him in Rat Hell, and determined, if such were really the case, that he would be the only victim caught. He therefore entered the little partitioned corner room with some anxiety, but there was no visible evidence of a visit by the guards, and his spirits again rose.

The party now reassembled, and an effort was made to get into the small sewer that ran from the cook-room to the big sewer which Rose was so eager to reach; but soon it was discovered, to the utter dismay of the weary party, that this wood-lined sewer was too small to let a man through it. Still, it was hoped by Rose that by removing the plank with which it was lined the passage could be made. The spirits of the party were by this time considerably dashed by their repeated failures and sickening work; but the undaunted Rose, aided by Hamilton, persuaded the men to another effort, and soon the knives and toy saws were at work again with vigor. The work went on so swimmingly that it was confidently believed that an entrance to the main sewer would be had on the night of January 26, 1864.

On the night of the 25th two men had been left down in Rat Hell to cover any remaining traces of a tunnel, and when night came again it was expected that all would be ready for the escape between 8 and 9 o'clock the following night. Meantime, the two men were to enter and make careful examination of the main sewer and its adjacent outlets. The party, which was now in readiness for its march for the Federal camps, waited tidings from these two men all next day in tormenting anxiety, and the weary hours went by on leaden wings. At last the sickening word came that the planks yet to be removed before they could enter the main sewer were of seasoned oak — hard as bone, and three inches thick. Their feeble tools were now worn out or broken; they could no longer get air to work or keep a light in the horrible pit which was reeking with cold mud; in short, any attempt at further progress, with the utensils at hand, was foolish.

Most of the party were now really ill from the foul stench in which they had lived so long. The visions of liberty that had first lured them to desperate efforts under the inspiration of Rose and Hamilton had at last faded, and one by one they lost heart and hope and frankly told Colonel Rose that they could do no more. The party was therefore disbanded, and the yet sanguine leader, with Hamilton for his sole helper, continued the work alone. Up to this time thirty-nine nights had been spent in the work of excavation. The two men now made a careful examination of the north-east corner of the cellar, at which point the earth's surface outside the prison wall, being eight or nine feet higher than at the canal or south side, afforded a better place to dig than the latter, being free from water and with clay-top enough to support itself. The unfavorable feature of this point was that the only possible terminus of a tunnel was a yard between the buildings beyond the vacant lot on the east of Libby. Another objection was that, even when the tunnel should be made to that point, the exit of any escaping party must be made through an arched wagon-way under the building that faced the street on the canal side, and every man must emerge on the sidewalk in sight of the sentinel on the south side of the prison, the intervening space being in the full glare of a gas-lamp. It was carefully noted, however, by Rose, long before this, that the west end of the beat of the nearest sentinel was between fifty and sixty feet from the point of egress, and it was concluded that by walking away at the moment the sentinel commenced his pace westward, one would be far enough into the shadow to make it improbable that the color

of his clothing could be made out by the sentinel when he faced about to return towards the eastern end of his beat, which terminated ten to fifteen feet east of the prison wall. It was further considered that as these sentinels had for their special duty the guarding of the prison, they would not be eager to burden themselves with the duty of molesting persons seen in the vicinity outside of their jurisdiction, provided, of course, that the retreating forms — many of which they must certainly see — were not recognized as Yankees. All others they might properly leave for the challenge and usual examination of the provost guard who patrolled the streets of Richmond.

The wall of that east cellar had to be broken in three places before a place was found where the earth was firm enough to support a tunnel. The two men worked on with stubborn patience, but their progress was painfully slow. Rose dug assiduously, and Hamilton alternately fanned air to his comrade and dragged out and hid the excavated dirt, but the old difficulty confronted him. The candle would not burn, the air could not be fanned fast enough with a hat and the dirt hidden, without better contrivances or additional help.

Rose now reassembled the party and selected from them a number who were willing to renew the attempt.* Against the east wall stood a series of stone fenders abutting inward, and these, being at uniform intervals of about twenty feet, cast deep shadows that fell towards the prison front. In one of these dark recesses the wall was pierced, well up towards the Carey street end. The earth here has very densely compressed sand, that offered a strong resistance to the broad-bladed chisel, which was their only effective implement, and it was clear that a long turn of hard work must be done to penetrate under the fifty-foot lot to the objective point. The lower part of the tunnel was about six inches above the level of the cellar floor, and its top about two and a half feet. Absolute accuracy was of course impossible, either in giving the hole a perfectly horizontal direction or in preserving uniform dimensions; but a fair level was preserved, and the average diameter of the tunnel was a little over two feet. Usually one man would dig, and fill the spittoon with earth; upon the signal of a gentle pull, an assistant would drag the load into the cellar by the clothes-lines fastened to each side of this box, and then hide it under the straw; a third constantly fanned air into the tunnel with a rubber blanket stretched across a frame, the invention of the ingenious Hamilton; a fourth would give occasional relief to the last two; while a fifth would keep a lookout.

The danger of discovery was continual, for the guards were under instructions from the prison commandant to make occasional visits to every accessible part of the building; so that it was not unusual for a sergeant and several men to enter the south door of Rat Hell in the day-time, while the diggers were at labor in the dark north end. During these visits the digger would watch the intruders with his head sticking out of the tunnel, while the others would crouch behind the low stone fenders, or crawl quickly under the straw. This was, however, so uninviting a place, that the Confederates made this visit as brief as a nominal compliance with their orders permitted, and they did not often venture into the dark north end. The work was fearfully monotonous, and the more so because absolute silence was commanded, the men moving about mutely in the dark. The darkness caused them frequently to become bewildered and lost; and as Rose could not call out for them, he had often to hunt all over the big dungeon to gather them up and pilot them to their places.

The difficulty of forcing air to the digger, whose body nearly filled the tunnel, increased as the hole was extended, and compelled the operator to back into the cellar often for air, and for air that was itself foul enough to sicken a strong man.

But they were no longer harassed with the water and timbers that had impeded their progress at the south end. Moreover, experience was daily making each man more proficient in the work. Rose urged them on with cheery enthusiasm, and their hopes rose high, for already they had penetrated beyond the sentinels' beat and were nearing the goal.

The party off duty kept a cautious lookout from the upper east windows for any indication of suspicion on the part of the Confederates. In this extreme caution was necessary, both to avert the curiosity of prisoners in those east rooms and to keep out of the range of bullets from the guards, who were under a standing order to fire at a head if seen at a

* The party now consisted of Colonel Thomas E. Rose, 77th Pennsylvania; Major A. G. Hamilton, 12th Kentucky; Captain Terrance Clark, 79th Illinois; Major George H. Fitzsimmons, 30th Indiana; Captain John F. Gallagher, 2d Ohio; Captain W. S. B. Randall, 2d Ohio; Captain John Lucas, 5th Kentucky; Captain I. N. Johnson, 6th Kentucky; Major B. B. McDonald, 101st Ohio; Lieutenant N. S. McKean, 21st Illinois; Lieutenant David Garbett, 77th Pennsylvania; Lieutenant J. C. Fislar, 7th Indiana Artillery; Lieutenant John D. Simpson, 10th Indiana; Lieutenant John Mitchell, 79th Illinois; and Lieutenant Eli Foster, 30th Indiana. This party was divided into three reliefs, as before, and the work of breaking the cellar wall was successfully done the first night by McDonald and Clark.

window, or at a hand if placed on the bars that secured them. A sentinel's bullet one day cut a hole in the ear of Lieutenant Hammond; another officer was wounded in the face by a bullet, which fortunately first splintered against one of the window-bars; and a captain of an Ohio regiment was shot through the head and instantly killed while reading a newspaper. He was violating no rule whatever, and when shot was from eight to ten feet inside the window through which the bullet came. This was a wholly unprovoked and wanton murder; the cowardly miscreant had fired the shot while he was off duty, and from the north sidewalk of Carey street. The guards (home guards they were) used, in fact, to gun for prisoners' heads from their posts below pretty much after the fashion of boys after squirrels; and the whiz of a bullet through the windows became too common an occurrence to occasion remark unless some one was shot.

Under a standing rule, the twelve hundred prisoners were counted twice each day, the first count being made about 9 in the morning, and the last about 4 in the afternoon. This duty was habitually done by the clerk of the prison, E. W. Ross, a civilian employed by the commandant. He was christened by the prisoners, by reason of his diminutive size, "Little Ross."* Ross was generally attended by either "Dick" Turner, Adjutant Latouche, or Sergeant George Stansil, of the 18th Georgia, with a small guard to keep the prisoners in four closed ranks during the count. The commandant of the prison, Major Thomas P. Turner (no relative of Dick's), seldom came upstairs.

To conceal the absence of the five men who were daily at work at the tunnel, their comrades of the party off digging duty resorted, under Rose's supervision, to a device of "repeating." This scheme, which was of vital importance to hoodwink the Confederates and avert mischievous curiosity among the uninformed prisoners, was a hazardous business that severely taxed the ingenuity and strained the nerve of the leader and his coadjutors. The manner of the fraud varied with circumstances, but in general it was worked by five of Rose's men, after being counted at or near the head of the line, stooping down and running towards the foot of the ranks, where a few moments later they were counted a second time, thus making Ross's book balance. The whole five, however, could not always do this undiscovered, and perhaps but three of the number could repeat. These occasional mishaps threatened to dethrone the reason of the puzzled clerk; but in the next count the "repeaters" would succeed in their game, and for the time all went well, until one day some of the prisoners took it into their heads, "just for the fun of the thing," to imitate the repeaters. Unconscious of the curses that the party were mentally hurling at them, the meddlers' sole purpose was to make "Little Ross" mad. In this they certainly met with signal success, for the reason of the mystified clerk seemed to totter as he repeated the count over and over in the hope of finding out how one careful count would show that three prisoners were missing and the next an excess of fifteen. Finally Ross, lashed into uncontrollable fury by the sarcastic remarks of his employers and the heartless merriment of the grinning Yanks before him, poured forth his goaded soul as follows:

"Now, gentlemen, look yere: I can count a hundred as good as any blank man in this yere town, but I 'll be blank blanked if I can count a hundred of you blanked Yankees. Now, gentlemen, there 's one thing sho, there 's eight or ten of you-uns yere that ain't yere!"

This extraordinary accusation "brought down the house," and the Confederate officers and guards, and finally Ross himself, were caught by the resistless contagion of laughter that shook the rafters of Libby.

The officials somehow found a balance that day on the books and the danger was for this once over, to the infinite relief of Rose and his anxious comrades. But the Confederates appeared dissatisfied with something, and came upstairs next morning with more officers and with double the usual number of guards; and some of these were now stationed about the room so as to make it next to impossible to work the repeating device successfully. On this day, for some reason, there were but two men in the cellar, and these were Major B. B. McDonald and Captain I. N. Johnson.

The count began as usual, and, despite the guard in rear, two of the party attempted the repeating device by forcing their way through the center of the ranks towards the left; but the "fun of the thing" had now worn out with the unsuspecting meddlers, who resisted the passage of the two men. This drew the attention of the Confederate officers, and the repeaters were threatened with punishment. The result was inevitable, the count showed two missing: it was carefully repeated, with the same result. To the dismay of Rose and his little band, the prison register was now brought upstairs and a long, tedious roll-call by name was endured, each man passing through a narrow door as his name was called, and between a line of guards.

No stratagem that Rose could now invent could avert the discovery by the Confederates

* "Little Ross" was burned to death with other guests at the Spotswood House, Richmond, in 1873.

that McDonald and Johnson had disappeared, and the mystery of their departure would be almost certain to cause an inquiry and investigation that would put their plot in peril and probably reveal it.

At last, the "J's" were reached and the name of I. N. Johnson was lustily shouted and repeated, with no response. The roll-call proceeded until the name of B. B. McDonald was reached. To the increasing amazement of everybody but the conspirators, he also had vanished. A careful note was taken of these two names by the Confederates, and a thousand tongues were now busy with the names of the missing men and their singular disappearance.

The conspirators were in a tight place, and must choose between two things. One was for the men in the cellar to return that night and face the Confederates with the most plausible explanation of their absence that they could invent, and the other alternative was the revolting one of remaining in their horrible abode until the completion of the tunnel.

When night came the fire-place was opened, and the unlucky pair were informed of the situation of affairs and asked to choose between the alternatives presented. McDonald decided to return and face the music; but Johnson, doubtful if the Confederates would be hoodwinked by any explanation, voted to remain where he was and wait for the finish of the tunnel.

As was anticipated, McDonald's return awakened almost as much curiosity among the inhabitants of Libby as his disappearance, and he was soon called to account by the Confederates. He told them he had fallen asleep in an out-of-the-way place in the upper west room, where the guards must have overlooked him during the roll-call of the day before. McDonald was not further molested. The garrulous busybodies, who were Rose's chief dread, told the Confederate officials that they had certainly slept near Johnson the night before the day he was missed. Lieutenant J. C. Fislar (of the working-party), who also slept next to Johnson, boldly declared this a case of mistaken identity, and confidently expressed his belief to both Confederates and Federals who gathered around him that Johnson had escaped and was by this time, no doubt, safe in the Union lines. To this he added the positive statement that Johnson had not been in his accustomed sleeping-place for a good many nights. The busybodies, who had indeed told the truth, looked at the speaker in speechless amazement, but reiterated their statements. But others of the conspirators took Fislar's bold cue and stoutly corroborated him.

Johnson was, of course, nightly fed by his companions, and gave them such assistance as he could at the work; but it soon became apparent that a man could not long exist in such a continuously pestilential atmosphere. How long were the days and nights the poor fellow passed among the squealing rats no tongue can tell — the sickening air, the deathly chill, the horrible, interminable darkness. One day out of three was an ordeal for the workers, who at least had a rest of two days afterward. As a desperate measure of relief it was arranged, with the utmost caution, that late each night Johnson should come upstairs, when all was dark and the prison in slumber, and sleep among the prisoners until just before the time for closing the fire-place opening, about 4 o'clock each morning. As he spoke to no one and the room was dark, his presence was never known, even to those who lay next to him; and indeed he listened to many earnest conversations between his neighbors regarding his wonderful disappearance.*

As a matter of course, the incidents above narrated made day-work on the tunnel too hazardous to be indulged in, on account of the increased difficulty of accounting for absentees, but the party continued the night-work with unabated industry.

When the opening had been extended nearly across the lot, some of the party believed they had entered under the yard which was the intended terminus; and one night when McDonald was the digger, so confident was he that the desired distance had been made, that he turned his direction upward, and soon broke through to the surface. A glance showed him his nearly fatal blunder, against which, indeed, he had been earnestly warned by Rose, who from the first had carefully estimated the intervening distance between the east wall of Libby and the terminus. In fact, McDonald saw that he had broken through in the open lot which was all in full view of a sentinel who was dangerously close. Appalled by what he had done, he retreated to the cellar and reported to his companions the disaster. Believing that discovery was now certain, the party sent one of their number up the rope to report to Rose, who was asleep. The hour was about midnight when the leader learned of the mischief. He quickly got up, went down cellar, entered the tunnel, and examined the break. It was not so near the sentinel's path as McDonald's excited report indicated, and fortunately the breach was at a point whence the surface sloped downward towards the east. He took off his blouse and stuffed it into the

* In a volume entitled "Four Months in Libby," Captain Johnson has related his experience at this time, and his subsequent escape.

opening, pulling the dirt over it noiselessly, and in a few minutes there was little surface evidence of the hole. He then backed into the cellar in the usual crab fashion, and gave directions for the required depression of the tunnel and vigorous resumption of the work. The hole made in the roof of the tunnel was not much larger than a rat hole, and could not be seen from the prison. But the next night Rose shoved an old shoe out of the hole, and the day afterward he looked down through the prison-bars and saw the shoe lying where he had placed it, and judged from its position that he had better incline the direction of the tunnel slightly to the left.

Meantime Captain Johnson was dragging out a wretched existence in Rat Hell, and for safety was obliged to confine himself by day to the dark north end, for the Confederates often came into the place very suddenly through the south entrance. When they ventured too close, Johnson would get into a pit that he had dug under the straw as a hiding-hole both for himself and the tunnelers' tools, and quickly cover himself with a huge heap of short packing straw. A score of times he came near being stepped upon by the Confederates, and more than once the dust of the straw compelled him to sneeze in their very presence.

On Saturday, February 6, a larger party than usual of the Confederates came into the cellar, walked by the very mouth of the tunnel, and seemed to be making a critical survey of the entire place. They remained an unusually long time and conversed in low tones; several of them even kicked the loose straw about; and in fact everything seemed to indicate to Johnson — who was the only one of the working party now in the cellar — that the long-averted discovery had been made. That night he reported matters fully to Rose at the fire-place opening.

The tunnel was now nearly completed, and when Rose conveyed Johnson's message to the party it caused dismay. Even the stout-hearted Hamilton was for once excited, and the leader whose unflinching fortitude had thus far inspired his little band had his brave spirits dashed. But his buoyant courage rose quickly to its high and natural level. He could not longer doubt that the suspicions of the Confederates were aroused, but he felt convinced that these suspicions had not as yet assumed such a definite shape as most of his companions thought; still, he had abundant reason to believe that the success of the tunnel absolutely demanded its speedy completion, and he now firmly resolved that a desperate effort should be made to that end. Remembering that the next day was Sunday, and that it was not customary for the Confederates to visit the operating-cellar on that day, he determined to make the most in his power of the now precious time. He therefore caused all the party to remain upstairs, directing them to keep a close watch upon the Confederates from all available points of observation, to avoid being seen in whispering groups,— in short, to avoid all things calculated to excite the curiosity of friends or suspicion of enemies,— and to await his return.

Taking McDonald with him, he went down through the fire-place before daylight on Sunday morning, and, bidding Johnson to keep a vigilant watch for intruders and McDonald to fan air into him, he entered the tunnel and began the forlorn hope. From this time forward he never once turned over the chisel to a relief.

All day long he worked with the tireless patience of a beaver. When night came, even his single helper, who performed the double duty of fanning air and hiding the excavated earth, was ill from his hard, long task and the deadly air of the cellar. Yet this was as nothing compared with the fatigue of the duty that Rose had performed; and when at last, far into the night, he backed into the cellar, he had scarcely strength enough to stagger across to the rope-ladder.

He had made more than double the distance that had been accomplished under the system of reliefs on any previous day, and the non-appearance of the Confederates encouraged the hope that another day, without interruption, would see the work completed. He therefore determined to refresh himself by a night's sleep for the finish. The drooping spirits of his party were revived by the report of his progress and his unalterable confidence.

Monday morning dawned, and the great prison with its twelve hundred captives was again astir. The general crowd did not suspect the suppressed excitement and anxiety of the little party that waited through that interminable day, which they felt must determine the fate of their project.

Rose had repeated the instructions of the day before, and again descended to Rat Hell with McDonald for his only helper. Johnson reported all quiet, and McDonald taking up his former duties at the tunnel's mouth, Rose once more entered with his chisel. It was now the seventeenth day since the present tunnel was begun, and he resolved it should be the last. Hour after hour passed, and still the busy chisel was plied, and still the little wooden box with its freight of earth made its monotonous trips from the digger to his comrade and back again.

From the early morning of Monday, Febru-

ary 8, 1864, until an hour after midnight the next morning his work went on. As midnight approached, Rose was nearly a physical wreck: the perspiration dripped from every pore of his exhausted body; food he could not have eaten if he had had it. His labors thus far had given him a somewhat exaggerated estimate of his physical powers. The sensation of fainting was strange to him, but his staggering senses warned him that to faint where he was meant at once his death and burial. He could scarcely inflate his lungs with the poisonous air of the pit; his muscles quivered with increasing weakness and the warning spasmodic tremor which their unnatural strain induced; his head swam like that of a drowning person.

By midnight he had struck and passed beyond a post which he felt must be in the yard. During the last few minutes he had turned his course upward, and to relieve his cramped limbs he turned upon his back. His strength was nearly gone: the feeble stream of air which his comrade was trying, with all his might, to send to him from a distance of fifty-three feet could no longer reach him through the deadly stench. His senses reeled; he had not breath nor strength enough to retreat backward through his narrow grave. In the agony of suffocation he dropped the dull chisel and beat his two fists against the roof of his grave with the might of despair — when, blessed boon! the crust gave way and the loosened earth showered upon his dripping face, purple with agony; his famished eye caught sight of a radiant star in the blue vault above him; a flood of light and a volume of cool, delicious air poured over him. At that very instant the sentinel's cry rang out like a prophecy — "Half-past one, and all 's well!"

Recovering quickly under the inspiring air, he dragged his body out of the hole and made a careful survey of the yard in which he found himself. He was under a shed, with a board fence between him and the east-side sentinels, and the gable end of Libby loomed grimly against the blue sky. He found the wagon-way under the south-side building closed from the street by a gate fastened by a swinging bar, which, after a good many efforts, he succeeded in opening. This was the only exit to the street. As soon as the nearest sentinel's back was turned he stepped out and walked quickly to the east. At the first corner he turned north, carefully avoiding the sentinels in front of the "Pemberton Buildings" (another military prison north-east of Libby), and at the corner above this he went westward, then south to the edge of the canal, and thus, by cautious moving, made a minute examination of Libby from all sides.

Having satisfied his desires, he retraced his steps to the yard. He hunted up an old bit of heavy plank, crept back into the tunnel, feet first, drew the plank over the opening to conceal it from the notice of any possible visitors to the place, and crawled back to Rat Hell. McDonald was overjoyed, and poor Johnson almost wept with delight as Rose handed one of them his victorious old chisel and gave the other some trifle he had picked up in the outer world as a token that the Underground Railroad to God's Country was open.

Rose now climbed the rope-ladder, drew it up, rebuilt the fire-place wall as usual, and, finding Hamilton, took him over near one of the windows and broke the news to him. The brave fellow was almost speechless with delight, and, quickly hunting up the rest of the party, told them that Colonel Rose wanted to see them down in the dining-room.

As they had been waiting news from their absent leader with feverish anxiety for what had seemed to them all the longest day in their lives, they instantly responded to the call and flocked around Rose a few minutes later in the dark kitchen where he waited them. As yet they did not know what news he brought, they could scarcely wait for him to speak out; and when he announced, "Boys, the tunnel is finished," they could hardly repress a cheer. They wrung his hand again and again, and danced about with childish joy.

It was now nearly 3 o'clock in the morning. Rose and Hamilton were ready to go out at once, and indeed were anxious to do so, since every day of late had brought some new peril to their plans. None of the rest, however, were ready; and all urged the advantage of having a whole night in which to escape through and beyond the Richmond fortifications, instead of the few hours of darkness which now preceded the day. To this proposition Rose and Hamilton somewhat reluctantly assented. It was agreed that each man of the party should have the privilege of taking one friend into his confidence, and that the second party of fifteen thus formed should be obligated not to follow the working party out of the tunnel until an hour had elapsed. Colonel H. C. Hobart, of the 21st Wisconsin, was deputed to see that the programme was observed. He was to draw up the rope-ladder, hide it, and rebuild the wall; and the next night was himself to lead out the second party, deputing some trustworthy leader to follow with still another party on the third night; and thus it was to continue until as many as possible should escape.

On Tuesday evening, February 9, at 7 o'clock, Colonel Rose assembled his party in

the kitchen, and, posting himself at the fire-place, which he opened, waited until the last man went down. He bade Colonel Hobart good-by, went down the hole, and waited until he had heard his comrade pull up the ladder and finally heard him replace the bricks in the fire-place and depart. He now crossed Rat Hell to the entrance into the tunnel, and placed the party in the order in which they were to go out. He gave each a parting caution, thanked his brave comrades for their faithful labors, and, feelingly shaking their hands, bade them God-speed and farewell.

He entered the tunnel first with Hamilton next, and was promptly followed by the whole party through the tunnel and into the yard. He opened the gate leading towards the canal and signaled the party that all was clear. Stepping out on the sidewalk as soon as the nearest sentinel's back was turned, he walked briskly down the street to the east, and a square below was joined by Hamilton. The others followed at intervals of a few minutes, and disappeared in various directions in groups usually of three.

The plan agreed upon between Colonels Rose and Hobart was frustrated by information of the party's departure leaking out; and before 9 o'clock the knowledge of the existence of the tunnel and of the departure of the first party was flashed over the crowded prison, which was soon a convention of excited and whispering men. Colonel Hobart made a brave effort to restore order, but the frenzied crowd that now fiercely struggled for precedence at the fire-place was beyond human control.

Some of them had opened the fire-place and were jumping down like sheep into the cellar one after another. The Colonel implored the maddened men at least to be quiet, and put the rope-ladder in position and escaped himself.

My companion, Sprague, was already asleep when I lay down that night; but my other companion, Duenkel, who had been hunting for me, was very much awake, and seizing me by the collar, he whispered excitedly the fact that Colonel Rose had gone out at the head of a party through a tunnel. For a brief moment the appalling suspicion that my friend's reason had been dethroned by illness and captivity swept over my mind; but a glance towards the window at the east end showed a quiet but apparently excited group of men from other rooms, and I now observed that several of them were bundled up for a march. The hope of regaining liberty thrilled me like a current of electricity. Looking through the window I could see the escaping men appear one by one on the sidewalk below, opposite the exit-yard, and silently disappear, and without hindrance or challenge by the prison sentinels. While I was eagerly surveying this scene I lost track of Duenkel, who had gone in search of further information, but ran against Lieutenant Harry Wilcox, of the 1st New York, whom I knew, and who appeared to have the "tip" regarding the tunnel. Wilcox and I agreed to unite our fortunes in the escape. My shoes were nearly worn out and my clothes were thin and ragged. I was ill prepared for a journey in midwinter through the enemy's country: happily I had my old overcoat, and this I put on. I had not a crumb of food saved up, as did those who were posted; but as I was ill at the time, my appetite was feeble.

Wilcox and I hurried to the kitchen, where we found several hundred men struggling to be first at the opening in the fire-place. We took our places behind them and soon two hundred more closed us tightly in the mass. The room was pitch dark and the sentinel could be seen through the door-cracks, within a dozen feet of us. The fight for precedence was savage, though no one spoke; but now and then fainting men begged to be released. They begged in vain: certainly some of them must have been permanently injured. For my own part, when I neared the stove I was nearly suffocated; but I took heart when I saw but three more men between me and the hole. At this moment a sound as of tramping feet was heard, and some idiot on the outer edge of the mob startled us with the cry, "The guards, the guards!" A fearful panic ensued, and the entire crowd bounded towards the stair-way leading up to their sleeping-quarters. The stair-way was unbanistered, and some of the men were forced off the edge and fell on those beneath. I was among the lightest in that crowd; and when it broke and expanded I was taken off my feet, dashed to the floor senseless, my head and one of my hands bruised and cut, and my shoulder painfully injured by the boots of the men who rushed over me. When I gathered my swimming wits I was lying in a pool of water. The room seemed darker than before; and, to my grateful surprise, I was alone. I was now convinced that it was a false alarm, and quickly resolved to avail myself of the advantage of having the whole place to myself. I entered the cavity feet first, but found it necessary to remove my overcoat and push it through the opening, and it fell in the darkness below.

I had now no comrade, having lost Wilcox in the stampede. Rose and his party, being the first out, were several hours on their journey; and I burned to be away, knowing well that my salvation depended on my passage beyond the city defenses before the pursuing



FIGHTING THE RATS.

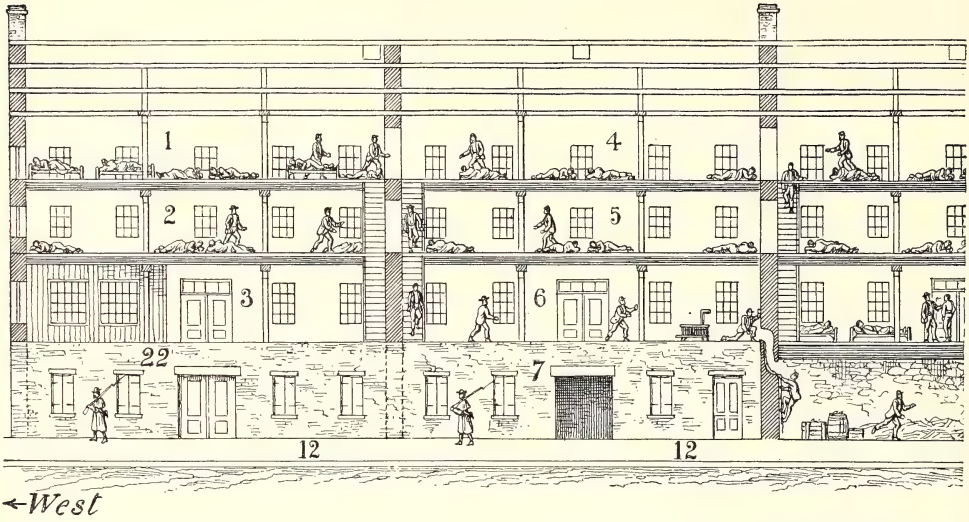
guards were on our trail, when the inevitable discovery should come at roll-call. The fact that I was alone I regretted; but I had served with McClellan in the Peninsula campaign of 1862, I knew the country well from my frequent inspection of war maps, and the friendly North Star gave me my bearings. The rope-ladder had either become broken or disarranged, but it afforded me a short hold at the top; so I balanced myself, trusted to fortune, and fell into Rat Hell, which was a rayless pit of darkness, swarming with squealing rats, several of which I must have killed in my fall. I felt a troop of them run over my face and hands before I could regain my feet. Several times I put my hand on them, and once I flung one from my shoulder. Groping around, I found a stout stick or stave, put my back to the wall, and beat about me blindly but with vigor.

In spite of the hurried instructions given me by Wilcox, I had a long and horrible hunt over the cold surface of the cellar walls in my efforts to find the entrance to the tunnel; and in two minutes after I began feeling my way with my hands I had no idea in what part of the place was the point where I had fallen: my bearings were completely lost, and I must have made the circuit of Rat Hell several times. At my entrance the rats seemed to receive me with cheers sufficiently hearty, I thought, but my vain efforts to find egress seemed to kindle anew their enthusiasm. They had received large reënforcements, and my march around was now greeted with deafening squeaks. Finally, my exploring hands fell upon a pair of heels which vanished at my touch. Here at last was the narrow road to freedom! The heels proved to be the property of Lieutenant Charles H. Morgan, 21st Wisconsin, a Chickamauga prisoner. Just ahead of him in the tunnel was Lieutenant William L. Watson, of the same company and regiment. With my cut hand and bruised shoulder the passage through the cold, narrow grave was indescribably horrible, and when I reached the terminus in the yard I was sick and faint. The passage seemed a mile long; but the crisp, pure air and first glimpse of freedom, the sweet sense of being outdoors, and the realization that I had taken the first step towards liberty and home, had a magical effect in my restoration.

I have related before, in a published reminiscence,* my experience and that of my two companions above named in the journey towards the Union lines, and our recapture, but the more important matter relating to the plot itself has never been published. This is the leading motive of this article, and therefore I will not intrude the details of my personal experience into this narrative. It is enough to say that it was a chapter of hair-breadth escapes, hunger, cold, suffering, and, alas! failure. We were run down and captured in a swamp several miles north of Charlottesville, and when we were taken our captors pointed out to us the smoke over a Federal outpost. We were brought back to Libby and put in one of the dark, narrow dungeons. I was afterwards confined in Macon, Georgia; Charleston and Columbia, South Carolina; and in Charlotte, North Carolina. After a captivity of just a year and eight months, during which I had made five escapes and was each time retaken, I was at last released on March 1, 1865, at Wilmington, North Carolina.

Great was the panic in Libby when the next morning's roll revealed to the astounded Confederates that 109 of their captives were missing; and as the fire-place had been rebuilt by some one and the opening of the hole in the yard had been covered by the last man who went out, no human trace guided the keepers towards a solution of the mystery. The Richmond papers having announced the "miraculous" escape of 109 Yankee officers from Libby, curious crowds flocked thither for several days until some one, happening to remove the plank in the yard, revealed the tunnel. A terrified negro was driven into the hole at the point of the

* "Philadelphia Times," Oct. 28, 1882.

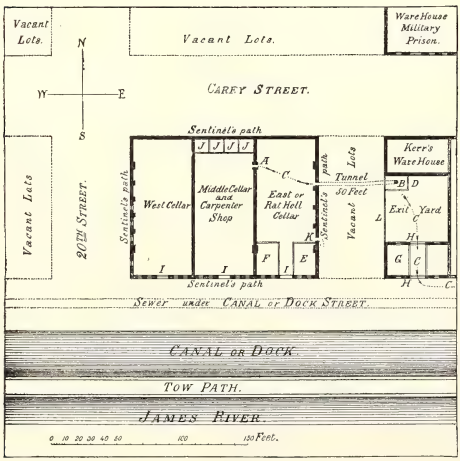


SECTION OF INTERIOR OF

1. Streight's room; 2. Milroy's room; 3. Commandant's office; 4. Chickamauga room (upper); 5. Chickamauga room (lower); 11. East or "Rat Hell" cellar; 12. South side Canal street, ten feet lower than Carey street; 17. Shed; 18. Kerr's warehouse; 19. Office James River Towing Co.;

bayonet, and thus made a trip to Rat Hell that nearly turned him white.

Several circumstances at this time combined to make this escape peculiarly exasperating to the Confederates. In obedience to repeated appeals from the Richmond newspapers, iron bars had but recently been fixed in all the prison windows for better security, and the guard had been considerably reënforced. The columns of these same journals had just been aglow with accounts of the daring and successful escape of the Confederate General John Morgan and his companions from the Columbus, Ohio, jail. Morgan had arrived in Richmond on the 8th of January, exactly a month prior to the completion of the tunnel, and was still the lion of the Confederate capital.

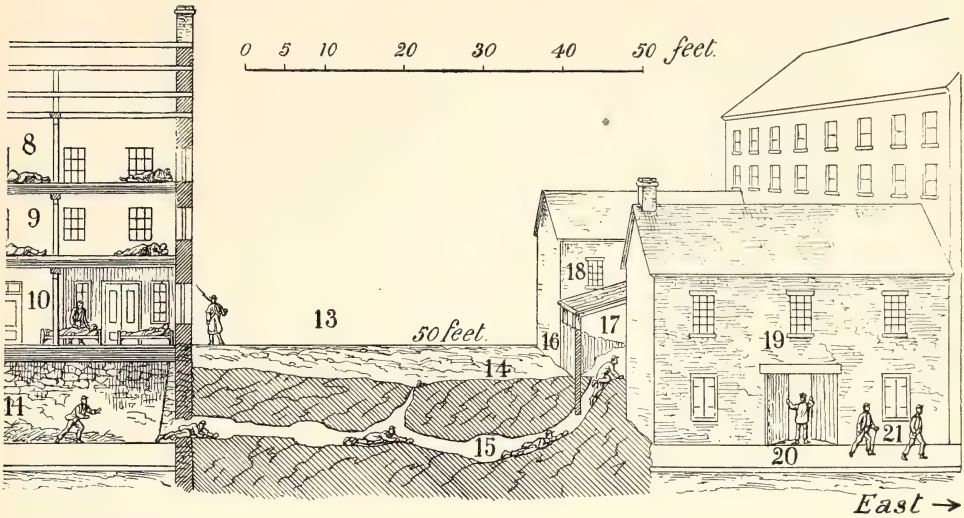


GROUND PLAN OF LIBBY PRISON AND SURROUNDINGS.

A. Break in fire-place on floor above; B. End of tunnel; CCC. Course of party escaping; D. Shed; E. Cook room (abandoned Oct., '63); F. Lumber room; G. Office of James River Towing Company; HH. Gates; III. Doors; J. Cells for condemned prisoners; K. First tunnel (abandoned); L. Fence.

At daylight a plank was seen suspended on the outside of the east wall; this was fastened by a blanket-rope to one of the window-bars and was, of course, a trick to mislead the Confederates. General John H. Winder, then in charge of all the prisoners in the Confederacy, with his headquarters in Richmond, was furious when the news reached him. After a careful external examination of the building and a talk, not of the politest kind, with Major Turner, he reached the conclusion that such an escape had but one explanation — the guards had been bribed. Accordingly, the sentinels on duty were marched off under arrest to Castle Thunder, where they were locked up and searched for "greenbacks." The thousand and more prisoners still in Libby were compensated, in a measure, for their failure to escape by the panic they saw among the "Rebs." Messengers and dispatches were soon flying in all directions, and all the horse, foot, and dragoons of Richmond were in pursuit of the fugitives before noon. Only one man of the whole escaping party was retaken inside of the city limits.* Of the 109 who got out that night 59 reached the Union lines, 48 were recaptured, and 2 were drowned.

* Captain Gates, of the 33d Ohio.



LIBBY PRISON AND TUNNEL.

6. Dining room; 7. Carpenter's shop (middle cellar); 8. Gettysburg room (upper); 9. Gettysburg room (lower); 10. Hospital room; 13. North side Carey street, ground sloping towards Canal; 14. Open lot; 15. Tunnel; 16. Fence; 20. Gate; 21. Prisoners escaping; 22. West cellar.

Colonel Streight and several other officers who had been chosen by the diggers of the tunnel to follow them out, in accordance with the agreement already referred to, lay concealed for a week in a vacant house, where they were fed by loyal friends, and escaped to the Federal lines when the first excitement had abated.

After leaving Libby, Rose and Hamilton turned northward and cautiously walked on a few squares, when suddenly they encountered some Confederates who were guarding a military hospital. Hamilton retreated quickly and ran off to the east; but Rose, who was a little in advance, walked boldly by on the opposite walk and was not challenged, and thus the two friends separated.

Hamilton, after several days of wandering and fearful exposure, came joyfully upon a Union picket squad, and received the care he painfully needed and was soon on his happy journey home.

Rose passed out of the city of Richmond to the York River Railroad, and followed its track to the Chickahominy bridge. Finding this guarded, he turned to the right, and, as the day was breaking, he came upon a camp of Confederate cavalry. His blue uniform made it exceedingly dangerous to travel in daylight in this region; and seeing a large sycamore log that was hollow, he crawled into it. The February air was keen and biting, but he kept his cramped position until late in the afternoon, and all day he could hear the loud talk in the camp and the neighing of the horses. Towards night he came cautiously forth, and finding the Chickahominy fordable within a few hundred yards, he succeeded in wading across: the uneven bed of the river, however, led him into several deep holes, and before he reached the shore his scanty raiment was thoroughly soaked. He trudged on through the woods as fast as his stiffened limbs would bear him, borne up by the hope of early deliverance, and made a brave effort to shake off the horrible ague. He had not gone far, however, when he found himself again close to some Confederate cavalry, and was compelled once more to seek a hiding-place. The day seemed of interminable length, and he tried vainly in sleep to escape from hunger and cold. His teeth chattered in his head, and when he rose at dark to continue his journey his tattered clothes were frozen stiff. In this plight he pushed on resolutely, and was obliged to wade to his waist for hundreds of yards through one of those deep and treacherous morasses that proved such deadly fever-pools for McClellan's army in the campaign of 1862. Finally he reached the high ground, and as the severe exertion had set his blood again in motion and loosened his limbs, he was making better progress, when suddenly he found himself near a Confederate picket. This picket he easily avoided, and, keeping well in the shadow of the forest and shunning the roads, he pressed forward with increasing hopes of success. He had secured a box of matches before leaving Libby; and as the cold night came on and he felt that he was

really in danger of freezing to death, he penetrated into the center of the cedar grove and built a fire in a small and secluded hollow. He felt that this was hazardous, but the necessity was desperate, since with his stiffened limbs he could no longer move along fast enough to keep the warmth of life in his body. To add to his trouble, his foot, which had been broken in Tennessee previous to his capture, was now giving him great pain, and threatened to cripple him wholly; indeed, it would stiffen and disable the best of limbs to compass the journey he had made in darkness over strange, uneven, and hard-frozen ground, and through rivers, creeks, and bogs, and this without food or warmth.

The fire was so welcome that he slept soundly — so soundly that waking in the early morning he found his boot-legs and half his uniform burned up, the ice on the rest of it probably having prevented its total destruction.

Resuming his journey much refreshed, he reached Crump's cross-roads, where he successfully avoided another picket. He traveled all day, taking occasional short rests, and before dark had reached New Kent Court House. Here again he saw some pickets, but by cautious flanking managed to pass them; but in crossing an open space a little farther on he was seen by a cavalryman, who at once put spurs to his horse and rode up to Rose, and, saluting him, inquired if he belonged to the New Kent Cavalry. Rose had on a gray cap, and seeing that he had a stupid sort of fellow to deal with, instantly answered, "Yes," whereupon the trooper turned his horse and rode back. A very few moments were enough to show Rose that the cavalryman's report had failed to satisfy his comrades, whom he could see making movements for his capture. He plunged through a laurel thicket, and had no sooner emerged than he saw the Confederates deploying around it in confidence that their game was bagged. He dashed on as fast as his injured foot would let him, and entered a tract of heavily timbered land that rose to the east of this thicket. At the border of the grove he found another picket post, and barely escaped the notice of several of the men. The only chance of escape lay through a wide, clear field before him, and even this was in full view from the grove that bordered it, and this he knew would soon swarm with his pursuers.

Across the center of this open field, which was fully half a mile wide, a ditch ran, which, although but a shallow gully, afforded a partial concealment. Rose, who could now hear the voices of the Confederates nearer and nearer, dove into the ditch as the only chance, and dropping on his hands and knees crept swiftly forward to the eastward. In this cramped position his progress was extremely painful, and his hands were torn by the briers and stones; but forward he dashed, fully expecting a shower of bullets every minute. At last he reached the other end of the half-mile ditch, breathless and half-dead, but without having once raised his head above the gully.

Emerging from this field he found himself in the Williamsburg road, and bordering the opposite side was an extensive tract thickly covered with pines. As he crossed and entered this tract he looked back and could see his enemies, whose movements showed that they were greatly puzzled and off the scent. When at a safe distance he sought a hiding-place and took a needed rest of several hours.

He then resumed his journey and followed the direction of the Williamsburg road, which he found picketed at various points, so that it



LIBERTY.

was necessary to avoid open spaces. Several times during the day he saw squads of Confederate cavalry passing along the road so near that he could hear their talk. Near nightfall he reached Diasen Bridge, where he successfully passed another picket. He kept on until nearly midnight, when he lay down by a great tree and, cold as he was, slept soundly until daylight. He now made a careful reconnoissance and found near the road the ruins of an old building, which, he afterwards learned, was called "Burnt Ordinary."

He now found himself almost unable to walk with his injured foot, but, nerved by the yet bright hope of liberty, he once more went his weary way in the direction of Williamsburg. Finally he came to a place where there were some smoking fagots and a number of tracks, indicating it to have been a picket post of the previous night. He was now nearing Williamsburg, which, he was inclined to believe, from such meager information as had reached Libby before his departure, was in possession of the Union forces. Still, he knew that this was territory that was frequently changing hands, and was therefore likely to be under a close watch. From this on he avoided the roads wholly and kept under cover as much as it was possible; and if compelled to cross an open field at all, he did so in a stooping position. He was now moving in a south-easterly direction, and coming again to the margin of a wide opening, he saw, to his unutterable joy, a body of Union troops advancing to the road towards him.

Thoroughly worn out, Rose, believing that his deliverers were at hand, sat down to await their approach. His pleasant reverie was disturbed by a sound behind and near him, and turning quickly he was startled to see three soldiers in the road along which the troops first seen were advancing. The fact that these men had not been noticed before gave Rose some uneasiness for a moment, but, as they wore blue uniforms, and moreover seemed to take no note of the approaching Federal troops, all things seemed to indicate that they were simply an advanced detail of the same body. This seemed to be further confirmed by the fact that the trio were now moving down the road, apparently with the intent of joining the larger body; and as the ground to the east rose to a crest, both of the bodies were a minute later shut off from Rose's view.

In the full confidence that all was right he rose to his feet and walked towards the crest, to get a better view of everything and greet his comrades of the loyal blue. A walk of a hundred yards brought him again in sight of the three men, who now noticed and challenged him.

In spite of appearances a vague suspicion forced itself upon Rose, who however obeyed the summons and continued to approach the party, who now watched him with fixed attention. As he came closer to the group, the brave but unfortunate soldier saw that he was lost.

For the first time the three seemed to be made aware of the approach of the Federals, and to show consequent alarm and haste. The unhappy Rose saw before the men spoke that their blue uniform was a disguise, and the discovery brought a savage expression to his lips. He hoped and tried to convince his captors that he was a Confederate, but all in vain; they retained him as their prisoner, and now told him that they were Confederates. Rose, in the first bitter moment of his misfortune, thought seriously of breaking away to his friends so temptingly near; but his poor broken foot and the slender chance of escaping three bullets at a few yards made this suicide, and he decided to wait for a better chance, and this came sooner than he expected.

One of the men appeared to be an officer, who detailed one of his companions to conduct Rose to the rear in the direction of Richmond. The prisoner went quietly with his guard, the other two men tarried a little to watch the advancing Federals, and now Rose began to limp like a man who was unable to go farther. Presently the ridge shut them off from the view of the others. Rose, who had slyly been staggering closer and closer to the guard, suddenly sprang upon the man, and before he had time to wink had twisted his gun from his grasp, discharged it into the air, flung it down, and ran off as fast as his poor foot would let him towards the east and so as to avoid the rest of the Confederates. The disarmed Confederate made no attempt at pursuit, nor indeed did the other two, who were now seen retreating at a run across the adjacent fields.

Rose's heart bounded with new hope, for he felt that he would be with his advancing comrades in a few minutes at most. All at once a squad of Confederates, hitherto unseen, rose up in his very path, and beat him down with the butts of their muskets. All hands now rushed around and secured him, and one of the men called out excitedly, "Hurry up, boys; the Yankees are right here." They rushed their prisoner into the wooded ravine, and here they were joined by the man whom Rose had just disarmed. He was in a savage mood, and declared it to be his particular desire to fill Rose full of Confederate lead. The officer in charge rebuked the man, however, and compelled him to cool down, and he went along with an injured air that excited the merriment of his comrades.

The party continued its retreat to Barhamsville, thence to the White House on the Pamunkey River, and finally to Richmond, where Rose was again restored to Libby, and, like the writer, was confined for a number of days in a narrow and loathsome cell. On the 30th of April his exchange was effected for a Confederate colonel, and on the 6th of July, 1864, he rejoined his regiment, in which he served with conspicuous gallantry to the close of the war.

As already stated, Hamilton reached the Union lines safely after many vicissitudes, and did brave service in the closing scenes of the rebellion. He is now a resident of Reedyville, Kentucky. Johnson, whose enforced confinement in Rat Hell gave him a unique fame in Libby, also made good his escape, and now lives at North Pleasantville, Kentucky.

Of the fifteen men who dug the successful tunnel, four are dead, viz.: Fitzsimmons, Gallagher, Garbett, and McDonald. Captain W. S. B. Randall lives at Hillsboro, Highland County, Ohio; Colonel Terrance Clark at Paris, Edgar County, Illinois; Captain Eli Foster at Chicago; Colonel N. S. McKean at Collinsville, Madison County, Illinois; and Captain J. C. Fislar at Lewiston, I. T. The addresses of Captains Lucas, Simpson, and Mitchell are unknown at this writing.

Colonel Rose has served faithfully almost since the end of the war with the 16th United States Infantry, in which command he holds a captain's commission; and no one meeting him in these peaceful days would hear from his reticent lips, or read in the placid face of the veteran, the thrilling story that links his name in so remarkable a manner with the history of the famous Bastile of the Confederacy.

Frank E. Moran.



THE ROADS THAT MEET.

ART.

ONE is so fair, I turn to go,
As others go, its beckoning length;
Such paths can never lead to woe,
I say in eager, early strength.
What is the goal?
Visions of heaven wake;
But the wind's whispers round me roll:
"For you, mistake!"

LOVE.

ONE leads beneath high oaks, and birds
Choose there their joyous revelry;
The sunbeams glint in golden herds,
The river mirrors silently.
Under these trees
My heart would bound or break;
Tell me what goal, resonant breeze?
"For you, mistake!"

CHARITY.

WHAT is there left? The arid way,
The chilling height, whence all the world
Looks little, and each radiant day,
Like the soul's banner, flies unfurled.
May I stand here?
In this rare ether slake
My reverential lips,— and fear
No last mistake.

Some spirits wander till they die,
With shattered thoughts and trembling hands;
What jarred their natures hopelessly
No living wight yet understands.
There is no goal,
Whatever end they make;
Though prayers each trusting step control,
They win mistake.

This is so true, we dare not learn
Its force until our hopes are old,
And, skyward, God's star-beacons burn
The brighter as our hearts grow cold.
If all we miss,
In the great plans that shake
The world, still God has need of this,—
Even mistake.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

IMMIGRATION BY PASSPORT.



HERE is a strong tendency — strongest perhaps in the worthiest if not greatest minds — to contend unduly for an ideal state of society. We could not advance one step without this tendency, but the excess of it is to be guarded against in practical social science. The tendency to push some one principle through to its ideal end, to make some few laws universal, and in so doing to override other principles and laws that are less obtrusive or that wear the suspicious garb of expediency, is one which has always characterized and vitiated human thought,— balanced, indeed, and rendered serviceable by even a stronger tendency to tread the path of mere expediency. Hence such men as George Fox and Fourier, Shelley and Emerson. The thing never to be forgotten by one engaged in the study of great subjects is that every principle, law, and method has its limits, and that it is played upon by other forces that seem to be opposite. The constant temptation is to become fascinated with either unity or complexity, forgetting one while we kneel before the other. The wise man encounters no question more difficult than how far to insist on ideal, and how far to be content with imperfect, conditions. It is the steadily recurring question between the conservative and the radical, and in every-day life, without which the judgment would have no field of action, and that thing called wisdom or common sense would have no existence because no ground of exercise. To pursue ideals or to consult expediency is small tax on our powers; rightly to join them is the special function of wisdom.

This nation began its career under lofty ideals; personal liberty, freedom of conscience, social equality, government in the interest of the poor and defenseless,— the contrast of the ideas and methods prevailing in Europe which prompted the first emigrations. The early settlers took up the line of progress in England, but leaped over its intermediate stages and formed a State of almost ideal perfection in its political forms. It can hardly be said that this nation developed its institutions; it decreed them, and the struggle has been to live up to them. We are finding out that we have too much liberty and too little restriction; enough law but a vast amount of lawlessness. Liberty slips easily into license; we are impatient of restraint; we legislate in crude ways; our political action is without moral earnestness and dignity. In the main, we have followed in the line of the early ideals, but we insist on them in a blind way; we turn them into a cry and use them in a wholesale way and without much regard to consequences: "It is a free country — keep it free; the asylum of the poor and oppressed — let them come; the refuge from tyranny — open wide the ports; the land of equal rights — give every man an equal chance." It will not be denied that these are brave words, full of noble sentiments, nor that the realization of them is to be sought. The only question is whether we can carry all this sail of lofty purpose and keep a steady keel; whether we must not ballast the ship of State with solid citizenship instead of filling its decks with a promiscuous throng. There is no question as to the value of liberty and equality and humanity as social factors, but only by what process they are to be realized. Public opinion inclines to the view that they are to be assumed with all their incidental evils, which are to be endured, or worked out, or left to correct themselves under their own educating and disciplining processes.

Another preliminary question — one which perplexes many minds — is: Should this nation, in view of its providential history and the divineness of its institutions, be interfered with? — a weighty question, for few will deny that there is a mysterious force directing the course of history, which is best named as Providence. To determine the relation between Divine will and human conduct is the never-settled problem in philosophy, and will not be raised here beyond saying that its application to national and to individual life is the same. Providence does not relieve either the individual or the nation from the necessity of using its faculties in determining action. It was a favorite expression of Dr. Mulford, that "the nation fulfills its vocation in freedom," by which he meant, in part, that it is itself to work out its life by self-chosen processes. It is as free as man, and is not a necessary evolution of certain forces, nor the product of certain principles blindly followed and turned into laws of fate.

Such considerations as these underlie our subject and meet in advance the position of those who would settle this question of foreign

immigration with the brief logic that we are a free nation and must continue free; that, having started out as the asylum of the poor and oppressed, we should continue in this line, come what may; a logic that hurries into thoughtless enthusiasm, and cap-in-air hurrahs, and stump oratory over the vast resources and glorious privileges of this country, "the biggest on earth and quite able to take care of itself,"— a proposition that need not be disputed, but may be objected to as a substitute for statesmanship.

This method of reasoning was universal a generation ago, but it has given place in thoughtful minds to solicitude before the startling facts of immigration and the transformations of social and political life which threaten to follow. One may not be popular who contends for a closer restriction of immigration, but one may be sure of an audience which has sufficiently swerved from traditional notions to be open to conviction.

The Declaration of Independence has been thought to stand in the way of a restricted immigration. It is a brave utterance, but it is not a binding document. The organic law of the country offers no impediment to a sharply restricted immigration. While it defines and guards citizenship, especially by its amendments, it does not prescribe the terms on which citizenship may be transferred from other nations to this,— a matter that is left to State legislation; nor does it invite or forbid the transfer of other populations to this country. The silence of the Constitution on so grave a subject plainly indicates that it is to be regarded as a matter for legislation, which may vary according to circumstances.

It is a sound political principle that it is the first duty of a nation to secure the conditions necessary to its physical life.

It was once a favorite theory among sociologists that the perfect nation would be gained through the amalgamation of all races, the typical man being the union of all — a plausible idea and one wearing a religious color, reflected from the declaration that of one blood are all the nations of the earth. But science no longer permits us to think in this direction. Whatever it may ultimately say of the origin of man, it has plainly shown that the best development of man is along certain fixed racial lines closely adhered to. Any mingling of the three families, the white, the yellow, the black, is always attended with disastrous physical and moral results. When the Aryan forsakes his family and mingles with either of the others, he mingles only to produce a progeny which runs out after a few increasingly weak generations. Nor do remote branches of the same family unite favorably. There is a certain trend or propulsive force wrought into tribes and families — the product of climate, food, habits, religion, and general environment — that seems destined to go on its own way and in its own place. The ancient emigrations were not rapid movements, but a slow pressing out, covering a degree of space in a generation, or moving along lines of similar environment. When a family moves to remote countries and mingles with other families, the subtle currents of thought and physical habit combine inharmoniously and with mutual injury. The mustangs of Mexico are the descendants of the Arab horse and are fit representatives of their riders. When the ripe or over-ripe apple of Mexico drops into our lap, it will be when an ill-combined blood has no longer enough vitality to retain its hold. The combinations of races by emigration which have been most successful have been that slow spreading of the Aryan along the Mediterranean and northward, where it met no change of environment for which it was not prepared, encountering tribes similarly nurtured, which it absorbed or annihilated; and that in Great Britain where the Teutonic tribes and the Normans made a short journey into a land not unlike their own. The Roman left no population in Britain. It does not follow that because tribes are of the Aryan stock they can safely mingle; the propulsive force of long-continued diverse environment may stand in the way. This point is emphasized by the fact that the invading emigrations carried their institutions with them, and, by conquering, secured for themselves the best possible environment and preserved their original habits. The successful emigrations did not conform to the ways of the countries to which they went, but, crossing the narrow sea, did not change their mind. The emigrations that have promoted civilization have been invasions by stronger tribes which carried and kept their institutions. Before such a fact a nation may well hesitate to admit an emigration of a weaker element which is required to give up its institutions. If it should prove beneficial, it would contradict all historical precedents. Nothing justifies a nation in admitting an emigration which cannot become both a healthy blood-factor and a sympathetic element in its population.

Such considerations are usually set aside as too general to enter into the practical conduct of a nation, and as pertaining to natural science rather than to government; but it is through indifference to just such generalities and scientific facts that nations are involved in calamities, confusions, and conflicts which last through centuries. The hardest problems

before this country are not moral, for the moral is amenable to effort; it generates its own course, cures its own evils, and transforms by its own divine alchemy. Our problems are largely physiological,— how to mingle, or rather not mingle, our diverse bloods so that the physical stock shall not degenerate, and how to keep the strong, fine strain ascendant. We have already several such problems on hand. The fatal feature of the early importation of blacks was not slavery,— for a strong nation may long safely cherish such an institution,— but their presence as a large fraction and factor of the population. This problem cannot now be touched practically; ancient wrong binds the nation hand and foot, and its outcome must be awaited as we await the gathering of tempests,— powerless to avert, and trembling over the steady approach. We have also the Indian, happily a lessening factor, and probably not one to become a blood-element nor a political force in the national life. There is a graver problem in that immense population in the South-west, liable at any time to be increased by additions of Mexican territory, a population of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, sharing in the degeneracy of the stronger stock and the inherent weakness of the other. In California this population was overwhelmed and nearly exterminated by the sudden and vast movement from the East in '49, but in New Mexico and the Mexico that is coming such a process cannot be expected. This population will enter, a weak and vitiating element, into the national body, where it will work immense mischief. In the mingling of greatly diverse bloods the weaker drags down the stronger. Nature, in such a case, does not work towards a cure, but by destruction protests against the mistake. The Indian drew the Spanish towards itself, and the mingled blood will act in like manner,— a vitiating element, too large in these new territories to be crowded out as was done in California. This nation has already had two lessons on this subject, and has their unsolved problems on hand; namely, the negro, with whom the white mingles fatally, and the Mexican, with whom he mingles only to his hurt. It would seem to be the part of statesmanship to scrutinize this matter of race-mingling. Science is forcing theology, jurisprudence, sociology, to face facts and to change theories and methods, and it would not be amiss for statesmen to consult science as to what populations shall enter the ports of New York and San Francisco. It is the right and the duty of a nation, however originally constituted, to prevent physical degeneration of its stock. It is akin to that first duty and instinct of the individual, the preservation of life,— overriding morals, or rather, creating its own law of morals. Such scientific scrutiny might embrace certain classes of certain nations, and especially that stratum of foreign population which has sunk below the average of its own national life. There is in all Europe an immense pauper class physically and mentally incapable of recuperation, fixed, like a natural species, in an enduring form, and another large class hovering on its border. In the changes brought about by steam navigation it is becoming possible for such populations to come hither in great numbers. Our wharves and cities already swarm with them, held back only by some feeble enactments as to paupers, which have regard only to our pauper institutions and not to the effect upon the vitality and well-being of the nation itself. There are no enactments that are scientific; none that make close and reasonable discrimination, or other than is based on economic interests. This is, indeed, a good general ground to go upon, based as it is on the principle that a man who can get across the Atlantic can earn his living. Property is to a certain degree an evidence of fitness, and, like children, is a hostage to fortune. But a nation is something more than economic; it is physical and intellectual and moral and political. If immigration is to be restricted at all, it should be on a basis inclusive of qualifications beyond those of property.

It is also a sound principle that a nation should secure, so far as possible, political homogeneousness.

In those nations where the government is monarchical, and therefore largely by force, there may safely be a lack of homogeneousness so long as the force is superior to the divergent influences, but in a democracy homogeneousness is the first requisite. If the people of a democracy do not think and feel within certain lines of sympathy they will not act together, and in that case the attitude of one party or class will be regarded by others as tyrannical. Government which is not understood always wears that aspect.

This nation began its career with a fair degree of homogeneousness. The Puritan and the Cavalier, the Dutchman and the Quaker, at least understood each other, and coöperated intelligently in the formation of the government. But we are to-day breeding a diversity in religions, languages, customs, conditions, blood, sentiments, and temperaments such as no nation, except possibly Russia, ever experienced. Granting the assimilating power of free and favoring institutions, of climate, food, education, and moral effort, the question remains whether the nation is able to digest the heterogeneous masses it is taking in. If we could rid

ourselves of that blind optimism which seems to be the political vice of the American people, and look at this process with a calm and measuring eye, it would wear its proper cast of audacity. Our politics play in limited fields — fisheries on the North and border-quarrels on the South — and are mostly a strife of parties to get in and keep out. The questions which are bearing the nation on to an uncertain destiny are passed by and left to work themselves out as may happen. The national life has been so simple that we have not been trained to consider complex and subtle questions. The very perfection of our institutions tempts us to leave them to enforce themselves, as an engineer may be tempted to sleep before a good engine. Meanwhile, great generic changes are taking place in the composition of the nation beside which the general run of our political questions is of the smallest account. A nation must do more than administer its laws and enforce its precedents. There is no charm nor secret power in institutions that renders them self-operative or self-preserving. We dwell on the formation of the government as the great fact of our history, and honor the founders by ascribing almost the weight of law to their intentions; but questions as new and radical as those which engaged them are constantly arising, and among them is the one under discussion. Instead of an immigration from kindred stocks, mainly homogeneous in morals and political principles, as at the first, we have one literally of all sorts and conditions of men. "Let them come," cries the political optimist; "we can take care of them,"— indifferent to the possibility of a social compound that may explode, like carelessly mixed chemicals.

There is flowing into this country an immense stream of foreigners who are not only ignorant, in every sense of the word, but who are worn out by poverty and oppression, exhausted in vitality, and sunk below all possibility of recovery except by processes as long as those which have made them what they are. Five hundred years of political training lie behind and enter into the American citizen; it has taken that time to teach men how to vote and to govern themselves, but we are now creating their peers in as many months. These foreigners are not simply here, but they are here clad with citizenship, to act and to be used, make-weights to be thrown on the side of any party that may win them, the special tool of the saloon politician, open to bribery, ready to be massed in labor troubles and the chief factor in them. The almost hopeless complications of the labor question are wholly due to this foreign element, which not only leads and comprises the mob, but so widens the range of the price of labor that the American laborer cannot endure the competition. Thus, the foreigner first depresses the labor market and then joins in a murderous struggle for its rise. Capital and blind statesmanship are simply reaping what they have sown: they wanted cheap labor, but, having got it, they are finding it dear,— a hopeless complication, because the largest and strongest factor in it is incapable of reason, distrustful of employers and superiors, hostile to law, suspicious of all except those of its own class, capable of great endurance, and familiar only with indirect and brutal means of gaining ends; hopeless, also, because this main factor is both unfit and unwilling to enter upon the only possible solution of the labor question; namely, an intelligent and cooperative relation to employers. The ground for the elevation of this class does not yet present itself; it shows but little sign of tendency in right directions save in individual cases; the mass gravitates towards the atheistic and anarchical parties, or if it escapes this direction, it falls under the control of the saloon politicians, when the doom of its political value is irrevocably fixed. The ignorant emigrant does not fall into the embrace of free institutions and education and Christian civilization; these angels do not welcome him at Castle Garden, nor get much access to him later on. That other angel, which if not tutelar is presiding,— the saloon,— takes him in charge and educates him in its political creed of spoils and brutality. The Scandinavian peasant taking land in Minnesota is but a small sample of immigration: the greater part of it goes to the cities where already is one-tenth of our population, and it is in cities that the foreigner is to learn the graces of American citizenship. When it is remembered that the municipal governments of our larger cities are simply schools of intrigue and corruption, and occasions of plunder to which almost any bold man can put his hand, we need not expect any great improvement in the foreigner; he becomes simply another fang of the serpent that is poisoning the life of the nation. To meet this growing influx of chaotic and depraved citizenship we have only some feeble and ineffective legislation against the importation of paupers and insane. This country can be made an asylum for the poor and oppressed, but it is neither a hospital nor a foundling institution. It is not within its vocation to receive the sick and cure them of their age-long diseases; nor the unborn, as it were, of other nations, and deliver them into political life. We are free and humane, but not for this.

This degraded and heterogeneous population is already seriously felt in both municipal and

national legislation. More and more it assumes the form of evasion and compromise and bargaining, or undisguised action in favor of some class. It busies itself about trifles in order to avoid questions of real importance. In municipal government the main feature is jobbery, and in national government, patronage and retention of power. The only steady and uncompromising force in politics is the saloon, an institution of American origin but now almost wholly in the hands of foreigners of the first or second generation,— the bright, consummate flower of the policy of unrestricted immigration. Such processes cannot go much farther without causing paralysis of legislative action. The strong point in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy is his plea that the Irish question blocks legislation. But several questions of like nature are looming up in our horizon,— questions based on race or religion or deep-rooted prejudice; questions which draw their support from ignorance or climatic temperament, or from long-endured wrongs, like agrarian abuses. Such questions produce a state of things quite different from that caused by the rivalry of political parties in a homogeneous state. These are normal, and necessary to healthy political life. But the Irish member not only votes for Ireland every time, but votes against everything else; and Mr. Parnell commands the situation. The example is fraught with instruction. The struggle of England since those early conflicts which Milton describes as the "wars of kites and crows" has been to govern a heterogeneous people. This history is to be viewed favorably only on Pope's principle that "whatever is, is right," but is not a history that statesmanship should aim to repeat.

The statistics of foreign immigration and the sources of it are so well known that they scarcely need mention. In the last thirty years, seven and a half millions of immigrants have come to us,— a considerable fraction of the present population. They and their children number fifteen millions, or one-fourth of the people. During the decade ending in 1884 the immigration numbered about four millions. Much of this is in the same racial line with our own — English, Teutonic, and Scandinavian — and so far as blood goes reenforces the national type. But whatever is gained in this respect is more than offset by the blacks, and the mixed Spanish and Indian populations of the South-west, so that we still have from ten to fifteen millions utterly alien to our stock, and for the most part unfit for citizenship. Generalizing these statistics, we have the grave fact that one-fifth of our population is either of blood outside of the national strain or defective in political capacity.

It now costs thirty dollars or less to transport a Bohemian or Italian from his home to our ports, and five dollars more will place him in the middle of the continent. Absolute paupers cannot make this journey, and there are laws shutting them out, the only penalty of which is the trouble of taking back those who may be detected as paupers or insane. The feebleness of the legislation is exceeded by the weakness of its enforcement. Consequently, we are already burdened with a large element of European paupers and insane. Our beggars are nearly all foreigners, and nearly one-third of our insane are immigrants,— a fact that emphasizes nearly every point that has been named. This proneness to insanity among immigrants reveals their worn-out vitality, their ignorance, and their inability to endure so great a change; it is the protest of nature against it. But there is a class just above that of the pauper, and into which it is constantly slipping, hardly more desirable, which now avails itself of this cheap transportation. The foreign element is not only increasing, but it is deteriorating. It is beneath the dignity of argument to contend that much of the immigration from Southern and Central Europe, and some also of that from England and Ireland, is unfit, on physical, moral, and political grounds, for incorporation into American life. It is equally beyond dispute that it constitutes a large factor in labor troubles, crowding the market and depressing wages below the American living point. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in his first annual report as Commissioner of Labor, tells us that already 31.9 per cent. of our mechanical laborers are immigrants, and, while recognizing their value in some respects, finds in the fact a main cause of overproduction and excessive competition. His wise inference is that this immigration should be restricted for the sake of a sound industry. Equally weighty considerations of a political and moral nature could be urged. Baneful as the process and the degree of it are, it seems likely to go on in geometrical ratio. Larger and swifter ships, cheaper railway transportation, the crowding out in Europe, its military laws, the increasing attractions on this continent, and especially the fact that overproduction here through immigration reacts on the labor market there,— such are the forces that swell the current. Thus, the greater the immigration the faster will it increase, and without possibility of end till the balance in populations and resources is reached, and America becomes, in one brief, rapid rush of changing population, another Europe,— a work which, if done at all, should fill centuries. Europe is steady and strong, so far as it is so, be-

cause there are behind it two thousand years of consolidating life packed full of binding tradition and usage. We have no past, no traditions, no usage, but only some sound principles of government upon which we rely to do the work of history. We propose to convert and transform the basest populations of the civilized world by the Constitution,— the caucus and the ballot being the nominal teachers, though the real ones are the saloon and the ward politician. Locomotion may be increased to an untold degree, but not the paces of life. Neither the stature of the body nor the growth of the nation can be hastened. We have a population, such as it is, but it is an open question if we have a true nation, or can have one until we take more pains to secure its proper elements. We successfully played the part of the leaven for a long time, but the meal is now not only increasing beyond all measure, but is of a character not to be leavened. The principle of exclusion already recognized in our laws should be made to embrace any element which is not already well fitted to enter harmoniously into the life of the nation. Such legislation would, of course, shock the traditional American sentiment, but there are some things this nation sadly needs to learn if it would remain true to itself; such as courage to resist the clamor of sentimental religionists, political idealists, and atheistic anarchists. These unconsciously play into one another's hands, paralyze parties by their converging streams of talk, and prevent the adoption of any strong, intelligent, and patriotic action. When a board of health was first established in London, Charles Kingsley prayed God that they might be saved from "Idealism." The most homely, practical, unsentimental people in the world, we are yet the most given to following a vague and general idealism. We regulate the details of private life by the severest common sense, but leave great matters of public interest to be settled by what we call *principles*. Reasons for this may be found in our history and in the better parts of human nature, but none the less do they prevent us from drifting into a political life that is without order or reason or purpose.

There is nothing which calls more loudly for a closer restriction of immigration than the inroad of criminals from Europe. Like the first murderer, the criminal is a wanderer; and this being a free country and full of chances, he naturally wanders hither. Seventy-five per cent. of the crime in New England is committed by foreigners. Seventy-four per cent. of the discharged Irish convicts come to this country. It is a common practice of the Irish courts to discharge those accused of crime with the understanding that they shall go to America, and the same thing is done in Switzerland. There are laws against the landing of convicts, but none against accused criminals; still, it is doubtful if one class is hindered more than the other. The hunted anarchists and fugitive nihilists of course come hither, and amuse themselves by publishing treasonable journals and scattering bombs among the police.

The passage of a discharged criminal from one country to another cannot in individual cases be prevented by ordinary legislation, but when there is an immigration of masses of criminals, and the fact enters into the administration of foreign courts of justice, some extraordinary legislation would seem to be necessary. These imported criminals keep our saloons, whence they dictate our politics; they rob our houses, murder us on the street, and crowd our prisons. The time has come when it is not amiss for the American sociologist to fix his eye upon this word *foreign* and measure its import in our social and political life. There is not an evil thing among us, not a vice, nor crime, nor disturbing element, which is not for the most part of foreign origin. Mobs, murder, burglary, ruffianism, boycottism, drunkenness, lawlessness, atheism, bribery, anarchism, political corruption and intrigue,— it is a simple fact that the largest element in each member of this fearful category is mainly composed of foreigners. There are Americans who are criminals, but it can hardly be said that there is an American criminal class.

There is, of course, a worthy and decent immigration, the continuance of which we may invite and even covet; but it should be under restrictions that are effective, and that sharply discriminate against criminals, paupers, insane, Mormons, anarchists, and also against those classes whose depraved social condition renders them unfit to assume the duties of American citizenship. Only the last point is controverted on the ground that it shuts out the ignorant who may become intelligent, the poor who may prove industrious, and that it is a policy essentially inhuman. Such considerations deserve respectful treatment.

It is urged that it is not just and merciful to close our ports against the poor, the ignorant, the oppressed, and the debased of other lands. It may not be easy to distinguish between the moral duty of the individual and of the nation, so close is the analogy between them; but it is clear that one may do some things as an individual which one may not do as the head of a family, some things as the father of a household which he may not as a citizen. The welfare or safety of others comes in to limit his action and shut it off from what it

might be his duty to risk or endure as an individual. If the house of Victor Hugo's good bishop had held a wife and children, it would not have been right for him to open his doors to Jean Valjean; something more than the spoons would have been endangered. The law of mercy and humanity which justifies a man in taking his life in his hand and encountering the last degree of risk and sacrifice does not require him to drag others along his path. It is not asserted that a nation should not be merciful and humane, nor that there are two kinds of morality, but only that the enforcement of even the highest principles has limitations that become moral standards. A corporate body cannot go so fast and so far in sacrificial ways as an individual. The spirit of humanity and mercy is to be always cherished by political bodies, but the degree of its enforcement should be regulated and determined by inseparable circumstances. The head of man may touch the stars, but his feet rest on the dust of the earth.

But it is a question if this nation is pursuing a merciful and humane course in permitting a nearly unrestricted immigration. What is the function of this nation as related to other nations? Chiefly that it shall offer to them the spectacle and example of a true nation.

This we have done so far as institutions go, and the sight has moved the world. We can still render the nations no better service than by making our own homogeneous in blood and sentiment, intelligent, moral, harmonious and strong in unity. Such an example is an achievement of mercy and humanity far beyond any spasmodic and sentimental embrace of suffering humanity; it says to the nations, "Go, and do thou likewise." We thus start the currents of mercy and good-will where they most need to flow, and where also are their natural channels. But small service is rendered to the cause of humanity by relieving other nations of their proper duties. The exodus of immense populations from Europe has delayed healthful and necessary processes which otherwise would there have gone on. The pressure against existing evils has been taken off, when it would have been better if it had been continued. The spectacle of a heterogeneous and discordant nation staggering under heavy burdens of ignorance and crime and political corruption and unenforced laws, and bewildered by unsolvable problems of race, serves to strengthen institutions and usages in Europe that need to be modified or swept away. The evils from which we suffer through excessive immigration react in favor of the very causes that produce it. It is not only wiser, but more humane, to return these problems to their sources, and thus force each nation to bear its own burdens and work out its own salvation. What mercy, in the larger view, is there in permitting an immigration which encourages the hideous military system of Europe? It is far easier for a nation to deplete itself of a population whose miseries drive it to threaten the injustice and oppression that render it miserable than to correct the abuses. That which makes the municipal government of our larger cities intolerable contributes to a peace in Europe which it does not deserve. Chicago has had the expense and trouble of trying and executing several men whose careers ought to have been run in the land where they were born. So long as we receive this fugitive and crushed-out immigration, we are playing into the hands of institutions and usages against which our nation is, by its nature, a protest. More than this: we are playing into the hands of organized inhumanity by fostering that combination of throne and class and land-monopoly and military service which drains the life-blood of the European populations. If it is humanity that seems most to justify the present immigration, the tide should be reversed and sent back where it will compel the nations from which it comes to give their own children land and bread, justice and equality. The resources of Europe are not exhausted, but are either monopolized or undeveloped,— often one and the same thing. Let England break up her parks and game preserves, and give Ireland a good land-bill; let Ireland drain her bogs, and cultivate the deep-sea fisheries that Lord Churchill proposed to foster and the industries that Home Rule will reëstablish. Let Scotland send Winans home, or to Australia, and restore the deer preserves to the crofters, and so rectify the most inhuman wrong of the century. Let Russia either exterminate or pacify her revolutionists. Let Prussia and Italy and Austria disband the armies which starve one part of their populations by keeping the other part in enforced and costly idleness. Let the Great Powers form alliances in behalf of their people instead of the dignity of their crowns. Instead of emigrating, these oppressed multitudes should stay and hammer at the doors of palaces and the gates of hedged forests and untilled parks, and cast their burdens of military despotism, and taxation, and groaning want upon the floors of Parliament and Reichstag,— demanding relief, and taking it if it be not granted. Here is a field for the exercise of humanity worth considering. The time has come when this nation can best fulfill its lofty mission of mercy and good-will by transferring the field of their action beyond its shores. There can be no act of humanity until there

is a standard of character; the moral, the fit, the necessary underlie all beneficent conduct. Such a standard this nation once had, but it is a question if it can long be retained.

The only restrictive legislation now in force is that which forbids the immigration of Chinese, paupers, and insane, and "an act to prohibit the importation and migration of foreigners and aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in the United States, its Territories, and the District of Columbia." These restrictions are easily evaded. There might be more stringent laws of the same sort, and possibly an honest commission might be secured to enforce them, but evasion and deception are so easy that it is doubtful if much would be gained. The question of legislation is confessedly one of great difficulty, and any new measures are suggested only in a tentative way. I venture, however, to name a method which the free and independent American has been accustomed to associate with "the effete and crumbling monarchies of Europe" as, perhaps, the completest symbol of their tyrannical disposition,— namely, the *passport*. There are many American citizens who, if they should search the archives of their households, would find a document so named, secured at a cost of five dollars and some trouble, regarded first as a jest but later as an occasion of profane ejaculation in the streets of Italian and Austrian cities, and preserved as a memento of foreign wanderings and despotic governments. The passport, however, is not necessarily a symbol of tyranny. It represents a political necessity in the past, and it may be a useful political instrument in the future. It is not tyrannical in its nature; it contravenes no right; for it does not follow that because a man has feet he may go wherever he chooses. It may be a limitation of personal independence, but it is not different from, nor greater than, many others which are necessary to social welfare, and it is less severe and arbitrary than the requirements of vaccination or military service. The passport simply indicates that the time has not yet come when men may go from one country to another without some guarantee of good intention, worthy character, and general fitness to make such a change. It is better for society that some people should stay at home. The political value of the passport is not to be set aside by crude talk about the freedom of God's earth and international hospitality and the right of a man to go wherever he sees fit. Its use in immigration would emphasize the gravity of a transfer of citizenship from one nation to another. It is not a slight thing for a man to change continents, language, citizenship, institutions, customs, hereditary surroundings, and present ties and throw himself into an environment new in every respect save the sky above him. Such an act should be made difficult, so that men shall not rashly undertake it, and it should be suffered only on the ground of entire fitness. The most fit are those whose intelligence renders them least dependent upon environment; and the least fit are those who are still the creatures of environment. Immigration is largely tragical, as is shown by the statistics of insanity. The ratio of insane foreigners to native born is about three to one; of those born of foreign parents to native born, nearly four to one. These facts do not show that the insane come hither, but that the coming makes them insane. The reasons are evident and full of warning significance. Immigration is an act fraught with tremendous risks, not only to those who undertake it, but to those among whom it is consummated. It is not only a religious but a political truth that the bounds of our habitations are appointed. No man should break over them without the best of reasons and distinct fitness; least of all should the weak and the ignorant, for the simple reason that they most need a molding and restraining environment. When such come hither, they are practically without environment, being too ignorant to perceive and come under that which exists. Concretely stated, such immigrants do not become Americans. Hence that social and political condition which now so obtrudes itself upon public attention,—anarchism, lawlessness, hoodlumism, pauperism, boycottism, labor strikes, and a general violation of personal rights such as the Anglo-Saxon race has not witnessed since Magna Charta. The combined tyranny of Europe during the last half-century does not afford such a spectacle of cruel and unreasonable tyranny, of trampling upon personal freedom, as that witnessed in the United States during the last three or four years. This horrible tyranny is wholly of foreign origin,— the plain and simple fruit of ignorance of American institutions and of the meaning of the word *rights*. If we suffer from this, we have ourselves to thank for it. We invoked ignorance, and it is tormenting us with its proper weapons. The negro problem aside, there is scarcely a great public evil in this nation but has its roots in this indiscriminate immigration. It is the foreign element that poisons politics, blocks the wheels of industry, fills our prisons and hospitals and poor-houses, defies law, perplexes our schemes of education, lowers the grade of public virtue, atheizes the state, confuses labor, supplants the caucus by the saloon, feeds the drink-evil, and turns municipal government into a farce and a shame.

It is getting to be felt in many quarters that

this process has gone far enough, and that it may be well to exchange our grand idealism for a little common sense and practical statesmanship. The passport seems to be the only available means of restricting immigration so as to exclude that which is undesirable. No scrutiny by a commission in our ports will turn back any considerable number. The restriction must be made before the journey hither begins. For this purpose the consulate could easily be employed.* It is not proposed to prohibit foreign immigration; but it is proposed to make it, at least, not so easy a matter as it is at present. To this end it is suggested that laws be enacted requiring every person to show before an American official his fitness to become an American citizen,— laws strong on the negative side, shutting out the grossly degraded and ignorant, the physically degenerate, the criminal; and still stronger on the positive side, requiring some inceptive preparation for entering into American life, and some real intention to fall into the current of the national life and to support its institutions.

We are aware that a government cannot do everything that needs to be done for its people; also that human society, as distinct from government, must work out many of its problems without the aid of law, and that, being an organism, it is fitted to do this. We are also aware that social regeneration must be largely left to science and ethical teaching and religion. Society has laws and forces of its own which work towards the elimination of evil and the creation of good and require no aid from the civil law. But these social forces presuppose a normal constitution of society,— potentially, at least. When society is suffered by law, or by the absence of law, to become abnormally constituted,— heterogeneous, ill-balanced, overweighted with bad elements alien to itself,— then civil law may be invoked to take off the hindrances, and thus make the way clear for society to enforce its own redemptive methods.

* Since these pages were written, the subject has engaged the attention of Congress, and bills have been introduced which call for the use of the consulate to determine the fitness of emigrants. The press, and especially the New York "Evening Post" in its able columns, criticise this feature of the bills as unworthy of consideration on the ground of the utter inability of consuls to do the required work. I would not insist upon this or any other specific method, but only that some method shall be adopted which will shut out a part, at least, of the undesirable and already illegal immigration. It would seem that a commissioner in the ports of departure would find no greater difficulty than a commission in the ports of arrival; that it is as easy to determine embarkation as disembarkation. It would also seem that a consul or a commission in Queenstown could more easily ascertain if Irish emigrants are discharged criminals than a commission in New York. The difficulty in all cases would not be with the consul or commission, but with those who are required to produce the proper and sufficient certificates of good character,— that is, the emigrants themselves.

An "Ex-Consul," in the New York "Evening Post" (December 24), ridicules the use of the consulate for the purpose named, but suggests that "it might be well to require of every one [emigrants] a certificate of good conduct from the local authorities of the place from which he came, and this might be legalized by the consul at the place of shipment, or the consul nearest the place from which he came, as in the case of merchandise."

The suggestion is well worthy of consideration as suggesting the ground upon which a consul or commission might grant a passport. The humanity of checking paupers and insane in the ports of departure rather than in ports of arrival is too obvious to need mention.

I will add that this paper was written nearly two years ago, and before the suggestions as to the use of the consulate, now so frequently heard, were made.

T. T. Munger.

AUSPICIUM.

LIKE a beautiful flying bird it came
Out of the sunlight and breath of Spring;
I could not name it by any name
Half fair enough for so fair a thing.

Into my life and my heart's deep heart
Bringing a song and a laugh — a dream,
Sweet tears, glad silence, and that strange art
That makes Life's shadow like sunshine seem.

Safe on my breast, with swift wing still,
And dear head nestled, it long had lain;
I could not dream that the yearning thrill
For flight would waken, ever again.

But out of my life it swept one day,
With song and silence and shadow-flame;
And I never knew by what unseen way
It came and went — nor its unnamed name.

Mary Ainge De Vere.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"English as She is Taught."

WHEN last year, in the April number of this magazine, "English as She is Taught" was published, and editorial notice of the article was taken, it was hoped that something for the good of the schools might come from the discussion. Unfortunately, not many of the letters received have been of a character to justify the faith. They have been, as a rule, either hopelessly acquiescent or helplessly resentful. Many teachers have sent us similar lists of answers, but few have made suggestions; others have admitted that such lists might be made by any teacher, but protest against the conclusions drawn from them. The range of protestation has been wide, and some fierce minds have even accused us of attempting to overthrow the public-school system of the country and of unpatriotic criticism of one of the elements of our national greatness.

Tacitly, and often irritably, the teachers who have taken exception to "English as She is Taught" have recognized the fact that it is not the child, but the system and, indirectly, the teacher that these examination-results bear most severely against. Briefly stated, the main points of their arguments run in this wise: Such answers as Miss Le Row has collected — annotated by Mark Twain in "English as She is Taught" — are valueless, because they can in no sense be considered representative of the character of the work done in our public schools. They are, they claim, the attempts of exceptionally dull or careless pupils; of pupils absorbed in thoughts of sport or completely unnerved by the examination; or of those few found in every school who have a genius for misapprehension and misstatement. Instruction in our schools, they say, is of necessity given by classes, and examination-papers must have reference to the average capability or advancement of the class examined. In each class may be found pupils of all degrees of capacity, individuality, and environment, and the surprising results of Miss Le Row's collection must be ascribed to the incompletely assimilated elements in these incongruous masses. Therefore, they add, in order to obtain from examination-papers any trustworthy information as to the quality of the teaching, one must take into consideration all the answers of the child who makes one absurd error, and the answers of his classmates, and must know, besides, the temper and condition of the children's minds.

All this is true, but it does not entirely satisfy. Now, at the very beginning, it may be admitted that the public schools have many difficulties with which to contend. In the city there is overcrowding; in the country there is a multiplicity of classes. This demands too great an amount of mere police duty of the teacher, and renders individual teaching, with too great ambition, impossible. Straightway mechanical methods creep in, and the child is treated as one of an average, and not as an individual. So this assumption becomes the foundation-stone of our public-school system,— that what one can do another must. The practical result is, that if the same work cannot be done by all, the next best thing is to appear to do it. So long as a teacher feels that his reputation, popularity, and position depend in a great measure upon his ability to "pass" nearly all of his class, the temptation to promote thoroughly incompetent pupils, from motives of policy or cowardice, or from a desire to get rid of stupid or troublesome pupils, is too strong to be wholly disregarded in considering the causes of failure in the working of our school system.* Now, much as may be said of the share of the dull and careless pupil in the poor work of Miss Le Row's collection, it is painfully apparent that the questions are too ambitious and that the children are beyond their depth. No one who has watched our schools in the past ten years can fail to note the influence of a growing class of teachers who are working out results that are steadily becoming better and better; but improvements in our schools have too often been the heaping of accretion upon accretion, the multiplying of studies. We attempt too much; we strive for all knowledge, and we load childhood with a jargon of confused facts and theories that disciplines nothing, that effects nothing, that is forgotten as soon as the brilliant hour of its parrot-like repetition has passed. The truth is that most of what we teach is simply thrown away; and, were it not for the negative evils that keep step with all this misdirected direction, it would not matter. We have too little sense of proportion, and entirely lose sight of the fact that thought and expression should be the first qualities to develop in a pupil. The child — not examinations, not promotions, not courses of study — should be the objective point in all teaching. Develop habits of strict attention, and you have gone far towards developing powers of thought and quick comprehension.

The fatal element about such answers as, "*Mendacious*, what can be mended," and "*Parasite*, the murder of an infant," is, that the words are but sounds to the child, and the effort to express them and their meanings is but a dull, unreasoning groping after a set of sounds committed to memory in a perfunctory way. And in the answer, "The chyle flows up the middle of the backbone and reaches the heart, where it meets the oxygen and is purified," it is evident that the pupil has no understanding of the matter, though it is manifest that he has gone through the form of studying the subject. He is simply the victim of a stupid theory that we are trying to harbor; namely, that a wide acquaintance with facts and phenomena means education, and that examination-papers are the highest expressions of culture. A wise man might be glad to know that a boy of his, in a walk with him through the fields, could correctly name the beech and

* See "The Public-School Problem," in "Open Letters."

the white-oak, could spy out greenstone and granite, and could tell which was snakeroot and which saxifrage, or name the bird whose song was heard in the green hedge beyond, if his knowledge were the natural growth of healthy methods; and if he found that his words were to the point and his sentences well constructed and idiomatic, that he knew his vocabulary thoroughly and could write it automatically, unhampered by ignorance of words or expressions, he would have but a large and kindly fellow-feeling for him if he knew that he had defined quaternions as "a religious convention held every hundred years," and he would certainly wonder why a child were asked such a question; and if he found that the boy had been taught to think, and bore himself well, he would not be greatly troubled if he knew nothing about the chyle, and had a very fleeting knowledge of Chaucer and Addison. Now, it would be well enough to let the boy learn of Chaucer and Addison, of Bryant and Byron, and the host of other names of whom he had committed dreary and barren paragraphs, if it were the beginning that would lead him up to literature and wide reading. But too often it is the end, so far as public-school teaching goes. There is no beyond to such teaching. It bears with it a sense of completeness; it incites to nothing; it is content with low results and incompleteness; it has no high aims; it is satisfied with itself.

The Growing Independence of American Journalism.

WHILE there are phases of current journalism which are discouraging, there are others which are most hopeful. Chief among these is the remarkable development of the spirit of independence. Until comparatively recent times the party newspaper — and every political journal in the old days was a party newspaper — was an organ, which made it a part of its regular business to praise every action of its own side and to condemn whatever was done by the opposition. To admit that the other party had nominated an unexceptionable candidate, or had taken a praiseworthy position on some issue, was a thing not to be thought of.

The course of the press since the advent of the present Administration at Washington shows that a change has occurred which amounts almost to a revolution. We have only to refer to the support given by a large part of the Republican press to certain of President Cleveland's vetoes during the Forty-ninth Congress. There has been remarkable independence, too, among Republican party papers in the reception of the views of the President on the surplus as given in his Message to the Fiftieth Congress.

The Southern press, being very largely Democratic, has not had such opportunity as that of the North for the display of fairness towards a political opponent in the White House. But the leading newspapers in the South have manifested of late years a spirit of independence quite as striking and even more creditable. Throughout the whole period of the renaissance in that region the conductors of the chief journals, as a rule, have been far in advance of their readers. They early saw that the new South must learn the necessity and dignity of labor; that it must drop the "code," and abandon the false social theory upon which the code was based; that it must make the education of blacks as well as whites the corner-stone of its future, and must tax itself to provide schools for the children of the men and women whom under slavery it had been a crime to teach the alphabet. To a large element in their constituency — in some cases, at first, probably to a majority — this was an unwelcome gospel, which it required no little courage and faith to preach. It is now so generally accepted that we are in danger of forgetting that there has really been a revolution in public sentiment throughout a great region within a score of years, and that the chief element in bringing it about so quickly has been the independence of a small number of journalists, who were brave enough to speak frankly to those upon whom they depended for support.

It is thus evident that a spirit of real independence characterizes the press of the whole country more generally now than at any previous time in our history. Discouraging as certain manifestations of journalism may appear, they are offset by this pronounced drift in the right direction of the underlying motives of action.

American Architecture in English Eyes.

"THE progress of American architecture has been remarkable within the last few years, and though there is much that is bad, vulgar, and pretentious, it has begun to exhibit artistic and peculiar features of a very high order. The best specimens are scholarly and refined in detail, but adhere less slavishly to precedent than European work. New combinations are introduced, dictated by, and growing out of, the necessities of the building, without violating the character of the style. The best work is accordingly living and interesting — less the production of a dry-as-dust archæology, and more in accordance with the true principles of all great architecture."

These words sound like an echo of many that have already been printed in these pages, but gain a new significance from the fact that they were spoken by an Englishman and an architect. At the annual meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects in March, 1886, Mr. John B. Gass, an Associate of the Institute, submitted full reports upon the architectural works which he had seen during a recent trip through the United States and Canada, and exhibited a collection of pictures representing many among them. He also read a paper in which the results of his observations were summarized, and it is from an abstract of this (as published in the Institute's official report) that the foregoing sentences have been quoted. The mere fact that his journey had been thought worth making speaks a great deal for the growing reputation of American art; for he made it, not as a tourist seeking private pleasure, but as the holder for 1885 of the Godwin Bursary — a prize which entails upon its recipient the obligation to study for a time foreign works of sufficient importance to promise that his report shall be of interest and profit to the profession at large.

Most of Mr. Gass's address was devoted to the consideration of American methods of construction, to which he gave great praise, especially as regarded fire-proof construction and systems of ventilation. In the discussion which followed, and in which several eminent architects took part, his views in regard to these matters were echoed with emphasis. Mr.

John Slater, for example, remarked: "It appears to me that with regard to the structural methods of America there is a boldness, a thoroughness, a directness of aim, and lack of conventionality which are extremely refreshing. Whether the same lack of conventionality on the art side is a success is open to question, but as to the structural part there can be no doubt of the success attained"; and Professor Kerr said: "With regard to ingenious construction the Americans, in their own language, beat all creation. The whole population of America seems to grasp the necessity for new inventions, and when an invention is brought to bear fully upon any requirement it seems to be done, not in the rough-and-ready way as we are too much accustomed to think it is, but in a precise and practical way which, to my judgment, shows the Anglo-Saxon intellect at its very best. . . . I have no doubt in my own mind that in the course of the next generation American inventors in respect of building will do a great deal, for there is a great deal to be done. We seem in this country to be too much trammeled with old traditions; we do not seem to get beyond the instruction that we received at school. The Americans throw all that to the winds and strike out for themselves."

As regards the purely æsthetic side of American art there was less unanimity of almost unmixed praise. But enough praise was here also given to fill us with a righteous pride. Most of the speakers had visited America themselves, and spoke, therefore, with full knowledge of the relative proportion which our good works bear to our bad, and of the rate of speed at which the former are increasing. Mr. Thomas M. Rickman remarked: "Seeing the buildings in Canada and the United States, one sees in all their phases a very great change from the architecture of this country. One sees the survivalism which we have here, which has been transplanted, and also buildings in every style corresponding to our own; but one also sees, when one gets to the United States, a class of buildings altogether different. There architects have thrown aside survivalism and have worked according to their own ideas. Now, one thing I noticed when there was, that, though there were buildings most objectionable according to any canon of taste, one was not so much struck with the *bizarrerie* of their appearance as was to be expected." The President of the Institute, Mr. Ewen Christian, spoke in a similar strain: "Nobody can pass through any city of America without learning at every step. He will see much that will disgust him, no doubt, because people who go ahead in the way the Americans do, do a great many things that we should be ashamed of here in matters of art. But the impression that I derived from what I saw in America was that there was a great revolution going on, that a great deal of bad work had been done, but that there was a foundation of good work laid, and that a grand future was before its architects."

"With regard to Mr. Richardson's work" (which naturally had received the chief share of praise from more than one speaker), the President added, "I was never more surprised in my life than when I saw the tower of the church that he built at Boston. It is a tower that is a real pleasure to look upon on account of its enormous mass. It must be double the size of any tower with which I am acquainted that has been erected in modern times in England. . . . It is not a lofty tower, but its grand square mass is very striking indeed. Then the plan of the church itself is very good. . . . I cannot say that I agree with Mr. Gass as to the details, because I do not think them up to the mark; but it is a question of growth. American art is a giant that has grown rather too rapidly, and therefore there is not the amount of finish about it that there should be." As against these last phrases, however, we may quote Mr. R. Phené Spiers, who called especial attention to the photographs of Mr. Richardson's Harvard Law School, saying that they "contain a large amount of original and peculiar refinement mixed with extreme breadth and boldness of treatment. It would have been impossible," he continued, "for an English architect to have dared to go to that extent; he would have had against him all the criticisms of all those who are afraid of sinning against the laws of recognized archæology. I remember I could not help thinking that when Professor Ware went home he would be in one sense a happy man, because he would be able to found a style upon principles; his pupils would not always be bound by precedent, and he would be able to bring materials into use which we find it difficult to do in England. That has been borne out, I think, in the work of his pupils."

Not the least welcome part of the praise given by various speakers is that which refers to this same point of education. One gentleman said that he heard Mr. Richardson was not only producing exceedingly good work himself, but "doing one of the most useful things that can be done for American architecture in that he is training in his office men who will worthily succeed him"; and another referred to the course of study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, because it seemed to him that "the student in that country has before him an opportunity of acquiring which is wanting here. . . . They are a young nation and we are an old one, yet they have done infinitely more" [in respect to providing thorough courses of training].

The degree to which we recognize the necessity for supplementing home instruction by foreign study and travel was also commented upon with approval, and many judicious references were made to the strong influence which French architecture has had upon American in recent years. In some instances, however, the extent of this influence was exaggerated — as, for example, with regard to Mr. Richardson, who owed France an enormous debt for the thorough training which he received in her schools, but chose to owe her modern art a very small debt as regarded the conceptions, features, and details which he put to use in his subsequent work.

It has seemed worth while to quote these verdicts here because, as regards matters of art at least, we are still timid in estimating our own successes — we are still too apt to appreciate them and believe in their prophecies only in proportion as they are indorsed by foreign critics. Many Americans certainly now appreciate the exceptional excellence of our best recent buildings, the exceptional talent of our foremost architects, and the rapid way in which their influence is spreading through the profession at large. But the public as a whole does not appreciate them, intrinsically considered, and is very far from knowing how great is their excellence when judged by the standards set by contemporary work abroad. The praise of these distinguished

Englishmen may therefore do a useful work among us; but at least as useful a work ought to be done by the sentences of blame with which it was interspersed.

It would be well, for instance, if we should give ear to the note of warning struck by one speaker, who referred to Mr. Gass's statement that when he went to examine the ventilating-shafts which we had so cleverly constructed, he most often found them all closed up. It would be well, too, if we could realize the pity of the fact that, despite most excellent opportunities for study, "the Americans cannot bear to go slowly. They will not give the time for studying which they ought to do." But it would be still better if we could distinctly realize and determine to remedy an unfortunate state of affairs to which the President of the Institute referred as "the universal tendency to jobbery" in public work. This he truly affirmed to be the most damaging thing with which we have to contend in our public buildings. "At Chicago," he explained, "I saw a great building in progress, and I do not know how many architects had been employed upon it. When the Government changes the architect changes, and the consequence is you get all kinds of styles mixed up, and a building which ought to be a fine one is utterly discreditable. There is only one comfort — that in a place like Chicago, where they think more of business than of beauty, they cover up the whole façade with such a net-work of telegraph and telephone wires that you cannot see it. This tendency to jobbery is a very serious matter for architecture: we are not entirely free from it in this country, but we are freer from it than they are."

In conclusion, a fact may be referred to which our visitors overlooked, or the unfortunate nature of which they were not in a position to understand. It is not only jobbery in municipal and State architecture which makes our public buildings inferior as a class to those built by private enterprise. It is not only because the architect of the United States Government is changed from time to time that the works for which that Government is responsible are so often discreditable. The whole system by means of which the Government manages such matters is a bad one — bad not merely in the sense that it is not always well administered, but in the sense that it cannot be so administered as to result in an average of works which would rightly represent the standing of American architecture to-day. Until the system is radically changed — until the architectural business of the United States Government is put upon such a basis that it will tempt the hands of our very best architects, and will permit that many of them shall join in devoting to it a portion of their time — until this good day comes, American *citizens* may feel sure of being as well served (if they wish) as any individuals in the world, but the American *people* must be content with a worse service than any other nation accepts. It must be satisfied to put itself on record as too blind or too indifferent to see and appreciate and secure a quality of work which year by year excites an ever-growing admiration among our foreign visitors. It must submit to perpetuate the sins of a past generation of architects when it might be giving immense assistance to the virtues of the generation which is now at work and of those others which are to follow in its steps, if we may trust our English critics, with still greater freedom of effort and power and skill.

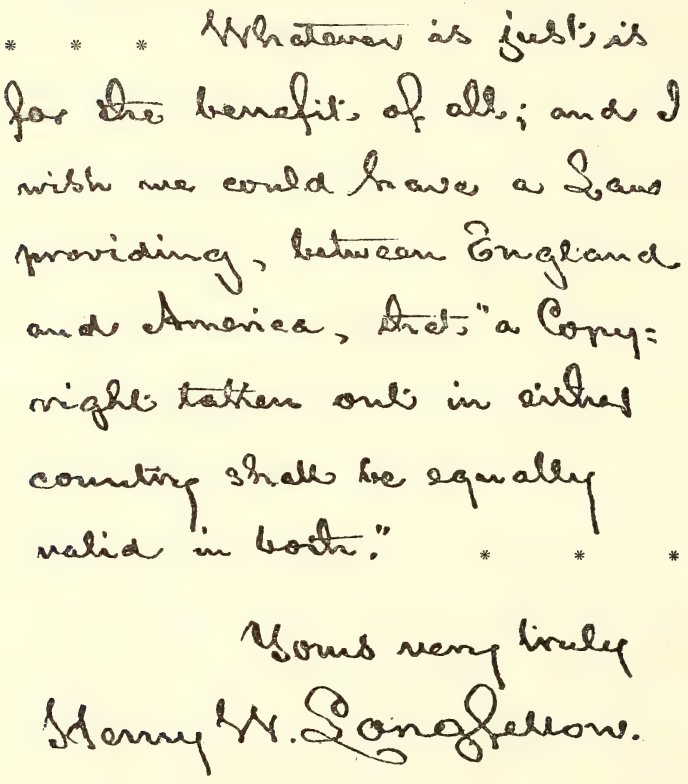
Landscape Gardening and Forestry.

A FEW months ago we spoke in these columns of the status and needs of the landscape-gardener's art in America. A little later we drew attention to the relative value of native and foreign trees for American planting. In both cases we believed that the subject would prove as interesting to the public as it certainly was important, and in both our belief has been justified. Many letters have come to us asking where further information could be obtained. Perhaps the most welcome have been those which showed a desire on the writers' part to study landscape gardening with a view to its professional practice. As was said before, few professions offer so good a future to the young American of to-day. There are few in which laborers are so scarce and in which a growing demand for intelligent labor is so clearly promised. The renewed interest with which New York City has turned to the improvement of its partly completed parks and to the establishment of others is but one hopeful sign among very many. The success of Tuxedo Park has already led to the projecting of other suburban resorts of the kind. A scheme is on foot in Boston to redeem the islands in the harbor from the deplorable state of nudity to which they have gradually been reduced. In Boston also and in many Western towns new parks are under way. Everywhere there seems to be a nascent desire to preserve or to restore the beauty of the water-fronts of cities. And to those who keep a keen eye upon such matters, private owners as well as corporations seem to be taking a new interest in the art. Senator Stanford, for instance, in establishing his great university for California has chosen a rural site, and has associated Mr. Olmsted with his architects in its arrangement; and the same artist's services were demanded not long ago for so purely utilitarian a scheme as the building of a new hotel near Salt Lake City.

One of the most encouraging facts to be mentioned, however, as affecting both the subjects discussed in our previous articles is the recent establishment in New York of a weekly journal devoted to the interest of horticulture, forestry, and landscape gardening. It is not a botanical journal properly so-called; but the name of its editor — Professor C. S. Sargent of Harvard University — guarantees scientific accuracy to all its presentations of facts, and its special departments have been intrusted to gentlemen as well entitled to confidence as he. Its discussion of flowers, shrubs, and trees will supply a necessary basis for its discussion of the forest interests of the country and of the artistic aspects of the gardener's art. There is no place in America where this art can be studied as a whole. There is no place where preparatory teaching in its problems can be obtained except the office of one of the few artists who practice it with success. The books which relate to it are not very numerous and are sometimes hard to get, and the best of them are in foreign tongues. We have had no medium for popular instruction with regard to our existing forests or to questions of economic tree-planting, and no recognized organ for bringing such subjects to the notice of our legislators. All these wants "Garden and Forest" gives good promise of meeting in so far as they can be met by printed words. We have therefore called attention to it as the best way of answering our numerous correspondents.

Longfellow on International Copyright.

FROM A LETTER TO MR. WILLIAM DULLES, JR., DATED OCTOBER 8, 1878.



The Public-School Problem.

THE statement is made editorially by THE CENTURY, "We need [in our public schools] less ambition and more thoroughness; less of the *what* and more of the *why*," and the question is asked, "Who is to teach the American people this?" My answer is, that a large part of the people are already convinced of it. If the genuine evils of the present system can be shown still more plainly and a remedy for them suggested, surely the progressive American spirit may be trusted to apply it.

One of the best instructors in the country asserts that "in no work to-day is there so much quackery as in the so-called educational work of the schools."

Of what is the public-school system accused? As Herbert Spencer forcibly states it, "The wrong things are taught at the wrong time and in the wrong way." Whether this sweeping assertion is entirely true or not, it is certainly true that our schools teach too many things at the same time, even if — which is not the case — every one of them was taught as it should be.

There is no time given in our schools to the development of a strong and symmetrical body; no time to allow the reasoning faculties to draw the breath of life; no time for anything but to crowd the memory with facts, the *why* of them all being as utterly unknown to the pupil as it is to the wooden desk upon which he piles his many books.

There is no need to argue the statement that the health of many children suffers in this process of holding the metaphorical nose and pouring instruction down the metaphorical throat. Why should the word of the majority of parents, teachers, and physicians be doubted? Because a child does not drop dead or have a fit on the spot, it does not follow that he is uninjured. Even ignoring all physical evils resulting from this cause, what vast and dreadful mental damage is done him by the starvation of his reasoning faculties in proportion to the stuffing of his memory, by requiring him to grapple with many subjects, some beyond his intellectual strength, and even, under such circumstances, to do the work of a year in six months' time!

Teachers are not responsible for this state of things. They are, in common with their pupils, the victims of this great crime — "the assassination of intellect." Teachers work for wages as do the other laboring classes of the community, and in this special pro-

fession the supply is always in excess of the demand. The overworked and discouraged teacher has her choice of evils,— to resign her position and with it her bread and butter, or to keep it and make the best of a bad matter.

The remedy for this condition of affairs lies in the creation of a public sentiment against the universal and destructive "cramming" process. Let a strong public sentiment demand a reform in this matter, and the reform will follow as surely as the earth will continue to revolve upon its axis.

The courses of study for our public schools and the amount of time to be given to each branch are planned by committees, trustees, and boards of education. Generally they are the most influential and honored men of the community. They spend gratuitously much time and labor in the interests of the schools. But it is not enough that they should be moral and "well-meaning" men. They should comprehend the duties required and possess the necessary sort of ability for their performance. The overseers of these great mental mills should at least be as familiar with their workings, and as good judges of the quality of the material produced, as the foreman of a woolen factory would be. It is a stupid and illogical procedure to elect to such positions men who, though they may be skillful manufacturers or successful merchants, know little or nothing of the laws of mental development, and possess no practical knowledge of school-room work.

Caroline B. Le Row.

Mind Training.

Is it not plain, in order that the student of average ability shall obtain the power and intelligence that is expected, in view of her so-called advantages, that either the years spent at school must be extended, or some more efficient methods of acquiring knowledge must be employed? As to the former, every teacher of private schools knows that no more time will be allowed. The years granted to the school-girl are grudgingly given, and often from these much time is pilfered by social distractions.

Persuaded that some *direct means* must be found for the development of more intelligent and efficient working power, and aided by the observation and experience gained in contact with the minds of nearly two thousand pupils, I was led to conclude that the power our pupils need lies in *the ability to concentrate the attention*. Then arose the question, How may the powers of perception and of concentration be gained at school, and made to become habits of the mind? Plainly, in no other way than by regular and systematic training to this end. Then was formulated a variety of exercises, to be practiced by the pupils from ten to twenty minutes each day, with no effort at learning or memorizing, although these would be attained, but solely to the end of acquiring the power of attention.

To insure *quickness and accuracy in seeing*, the reversible blackboard may be made a valuable auxiliary. A collection of figures, groups of circles or marks for unconscious counting, lists of words, and long sentences may each be presented for an instant, and the pupils be required to write or to repeat precisely what they have seen.

These exercises, it must be understood, are as distinct and apart from the work of learning lessons as are gymnastic exercises from the habits which follow their use, and, like such physical exercises, are to be considered only as means to an end.

Various and multiform are the means to which the awakened teacher may resort to quicken the minds of her pupils, and to obtain that all-important result of attention — accuracy in seeing and hearing. One of the most renowned of French educators was accustomed to require the boys under his charge to run with all speed past the shop windows of the streets, and on returning to write the names of all the articles exposed to view. It has been proved that the power to concentrate the attention may be cultivated and strengthened to such a degree, the mind becoming more and more obedient to the will, that pupils thus prepared are able to learn lessons, within their comprehension, in less than one-half of the time formerly required.

I venture to assert that a very large part of the time spent in studying lessons in school and at home is wasted for lack of early training to habits of perception and attention.

Instead of vexing the mind of the delinquent with persistent questioning, for the mere sake of "hearing the lesson," an endeavor as hopeless as that of trying to pump water from an empty cistern, let the teacher first make clear the meaning of the lesson, emphasizing with marked distinctness the principal points; this done, require the learner either to write or to repeat the precise words, or words of the same meaning, which she has just heard. This requirement, be it understood, is not for the sake of committing the words to memory, but is a means of holding the pupil's entire attention until she has full possession of the lesson to be learned. To know that the results must be produced at once will stimulate the dullest mind to its full measure of activity, and in the effort to recall the exact meaning, and the corresponding words, all other issues must be laid aside: the teacher is calling her to a quick account, and there is no escape.

The teacher will find it expedient to set apart, each day, short periods of time, varying in length from ten to twenty minutes, according to the age of her pupils, for the single purpose of developing and strengthening those faculties which will, at last, enable them to study, according to the true meaning of the word.

In order to show how much may be accomplished by training the mind to *accuracy in hearing*, when the power of attention has been acquired, some examples, by way of results, are here given. In my school were assembled about forty girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age. A poem by Wordsworth, consisting of twenty-four lines, was perfectly recited by the entire class in seven minutes; the teacher, as is her invariable rule, read each verse once only. An extract of seventeen lines from one of Charles Lamb's stories was accurately repeated after nine minutes. Twenty-one lines read from Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" were instantly reproduced without an error.

A part of the description of the battle of Waterloo by Victor Hugo was read aloud once, and the listeners immediately recalled thirty-six lines, or four hundred and sixteen words, precisely as they had heard them; and this was done without the least mental strain. The power had been acquired by a slow and

systematic process of training, lasting but a few minutes at once.

Many specimens of good literature have been learned in a minute portion of the time which would be found necessary to the untrained student.

It is undeniably true that the mind retains longest that to which it gives the closest attention; therefore, it need be no matter of astonishment that the pupils are able to recall selections, or lessons, thus learned, after months or even years have passed.

Classes in history, literature, and art have been conducted with little use of text-books. There have been readings, lectures, and familiar talks on the part of the teacher, the oral method having been found to impart more of the substance to be learned than the pupil could gain from the mere study of the book. Many examples might be given proving the efficacy of a system which strives to develop to the fullest extent, in each individual, the power of attention and concentration.

With this important part of the mental machinery in efficient working condition, the judicious teacher, ever watchful of the physical welfare of the youth intrusted to her care, will gladly dispense with many brain-wearying hours for her pupils, and will rejoice in being able to afford them sufficient time for play and physical development. She will not insist upon a verbal recitation, in order that she may "hear a lesson," but will require of the scholars an oral or written account of what has been learned in listening to her instructions, and as the result of their own research and observation.

In a school where the pupils are daily exercised to the end of securing habits of attention, much time will be economized, more instruction will be imparted, fewer text-books will be used, a clearer and broader intelligence will be secured, by direct contact with the teacher's mind; and last, but by no means least, a truer sympathy will exist between teacher and pupil.

Catharine Aiken.

The Education of the Blind.

A REPLY.

IT is in no spirit of controversy, but from a feeling that the schools and institutions for the blind are placed in a false light, that I enter a protest against certain sentiments expressed in the "Open Letter" entitled "The Blind as Students," in the November CENTURY.

After the faint praise of the opening sentence we are told that the schools "are fearfully one-sided in their training, lamentably limited in their scope." First, let us see what their scope is. That of one, according to the words of the director, taken from its prospectus, is, "in all cases to fit them [the pupils] for usefulness in life, and for maintaining themselves, if necessary, by their own efforts"; of another, "to furnish to the blind children of the State the best known facilities for acquiring a thorough education, and to train them in some useful profession or manual art, by which they may be enabled to contribute to their own support after leaving the institution." There seems to be nothing "lamentably limited" thus far, and these are but specimens of many which might be cited.

Just what is meant by their being "fearfully one-sided in their training" is not made very clear. They are charged with conducing to "blindisms," such as "snapping the fingers to indicate the position of the extended hand when about to exchange a friendly greeting or pass an object." How it may have been in time past I am unable to say, but in an experience of three years' teaching, and having witnessed their greetings and hand-shakings scores of times, I have never yet noticed the "snapping of fingers," nor until the perusal of Mr. Perry's letter had I heard of such an expedient. On the other hand, however, I have known cases where pupils have come to the school with "blindisms" acquired at home, such as moving the body and making grotesque motions with the hands and arms, which gradually disappeared under the timely and friendly admonitions of teachers and the influence of their new companions, many of whom have gone through the same experience and are on the lookout for these peculiarities in new-comers.

It is true that not all is accomplished that might be wished, but the same is true of the public schools. The course of study pursued in the schools for the blind with which I am acquainted is at least equal to that up to and including the ordinary high school.

Last year a lady, known as a lecturer in an adjoining State, visited a class of blind in algebra. After listening to the recitation, which consisted in solving problems of two and three unknown quantities, from books printed in the ordinary raised type, the time spent in the learning of which Mr. Perry considers "wholly wasted," she told them that they recited as well as any seeing scholars she ever heard. A young man from the same school last year entered a theological seminary, passing the required examination without a single "condition," while several other candidates, some of whom were college graduates, were "conditioned" on two or more subjects. I give these merely as examples of what the institutions are doing educationally. I would not discourage the education of the blind in the public schools, as the writer recommends, if it were practicable. But we must take the facts as they are, and as the case now stands it is unquestionably impracticable. Of this, however, it is not my purpose now to speak.

We are told that our methods are "slow and clumsy." It is only fair to judge of the methods by the results. The young man referred to was congratulated upon his successful examination by a seeing classmate, who said, "If my college had done for me what your little school has for you, I should be satisfied." It is further objected that "the competition at such institutions is always and in every department only with those hampered by a like disadvantage," and that the pupil "needs the constant spur to his pride of seeing those about him accomplishing more in less time, to stimulate his ambition." What stimulus can there be to the ambition of a pupil capable of learning a lesson from one or two readings, in surrounding him with children who, "with fingers crammed into their ears, buzz over a lesson of three pages for the fifteenth time"?

The efficiency of wooden maps and globes in teaching geography is admitted; but "an excellent substitute may be furnished by any friend at home who will carefully trace the outlines of maps in a common atlas." "Whatever these contrivances lack, the native ingenuity and aptitude of the pupil must supply." This is

followed by the sage remark that "after all, the stimulating of these is of far more value than any number of facts or theories crammed into his brain by patent processes." Why should not this hold as true for the "clumsy methods" of the schools in question? Why should the writer take into consideration, at all, the methods of instruction if, as he further says of the pupil, "it is what he is, and not what he is taught, that makes him a success or a failure"? A casual reader would be led to infer that a school for the blind assumes to take in hand any "individual under thirty" and turn him out a "finished specimen of its educational excellence." As, however, the school age is usually placed at from six to twenty years, it will be seen that this does not fall within its "scope."

In short, Mr. Perry, notwithstanding his characterization of the methods pursued in the schools as "clumsy," recommends, especially in the home, the use of the Braille-board for writing, maps in relief, and the type-board for arithmetical calculations.

These constitute in effect nearly all the apparatus, designed specially for the blind used in the schools, with the exception that here their use is directed by experienced teachers.

J. T. Morey.

Perkins Institution for the Blind, So. Boston, Mass.

The American of the Future.

It has been observed that the bulk of American citizens now engaged in the attempt to free labor from the tyranny of capital were not born in this country; and this fact has been mentioned as if, in some way, it cast a reflection upon the expediency or wisdom of the attempt in question. Native-born Americans, it is urged, trained from birth and by inheritance in the traditions of Ameriean independence and in the principles of the Constitution of the United States, would never lend themselves to such "foreign" and aggressive measures as the boycott, the strike, and the bomb. This position, however, will be found upon examination to be both logically and morally indefensible. In the first place, it is much to be doubted whether one native-born American in ten could repeat from memory a single clause of the Constitution of his country; and this ignorance bears practical point in the uncomplaining submission with which most native-born Americans endure insolence, imposition, and robbery that would stimulate to rebellion the least warlike denizens of the effete monarchies of Europe. Our foreign-born population, on the other hand, especially those of recent importation, are still instinct with something of the same enthusiasm for liberty and for having their own way which distinguished the Pilgrims of 1620 and the patriots of 1776; they have not yet succumbed to the apathy and timidity which seem inseparable from a prolonged residence in the land of the free. It is not the descendants of the "Mayflower," in short, who are the representative Americans of the present day; it is the Micks and the Pats, the Hanses and the Wilhelms, redolent still of the dudeen and the sauerkraut barrel; and it is to them that a prudent public sentiment will intrust the reins of power and the destinies of the republic. Nor should we stop here. There is a further step to be taken; one which the increasing enlightenment of this age will be certain, sooner or later, to force upon us. America, unlike all other countries of the world, is an idea rather than a place; a moral rather than a geographical expression. It is not so much the land, as the principle, of Freedom. To be an American, therefore, it is by no means necessary to be an inhabitant of the United States. In a higher and truer sense, an American is a man of European birth, who renders himself obnoxious to the land or social proprieties of his birthplace. And since, as has been shown, the genuine American spirit deteriorates in direct ratio with the length of the individual's residence in America, it follows that the most genuine Americanism must be that which has been free from this enervating influence altogether. If this reasoning be valid, an amendment to the Constitution should be introduced without delay, providing that no person of American birth or descent should be allowed to hold any political or public office in the United States; that the most recent immigrants should be intrusted with the most controlling offices of government; and that no man shall be eligible for the Presidency unless he can prove that he is an outlaw in his own country, and that he has never set foot in this.

Julian Hawthorne.

Christian Union.

In reading the profoundly interesting second paper on the "United Churches of the United States," in the December Century, I was struck by the omission of all reference to an episcopal church (probably on account of its numerical weakness) which, owing to its peculiar history, would have been deserving of mention in Professor Shields's scholarly essay. I refer to the Moravian Episcopal Church, with its historical name of Unitas Fratrum. Taking its rise in the forces set in motion by the Bohemian-Moravian Reformation of Huss in the fifteenth century, and experiencing a renewal under German influences in the eighteenth century, it possesses the oldest Protestant historic episcopate, antedating the Anglican, continuing in an unbroken succession to the present day from 1467, at which time the episcopate was obtained from the Romish Church through the medium of two Waldensian bishops, regularly consecrated by Roman prelates. After a searching examination, the church was legally acknowledged as an "Ancient Episcopal Church" by an act of the English Parliament in 1749, and thus, so far as I know, is the only church whose clergy is officially acknowledged by the Anglican church.

So early as 1840 the late Right Rev. B. B. Smith, the then Presiding (Anglican) Bishop of Kentucky, proposed an organic union between the Methodist Episcopal and Protestant Episcopal churches through the medium of Moravian ordination, *i. e.*, that the Methodist clergy were to be ordained by Moravian bishops, as "this was an episcopate which both churches acknowledged." The two Wesleys, John and Charles, were converted through the instrumentality of the Moravian bishop Peter Boehler.

The Moravian Church, while admitting of the greatest freedom of worship, has a rich scriptural liturgy, which, with its pure historic episcopate, it prizes as its richest treasure.

Although historically an episcopal church, its government is largely synodical and conferential, and thus presents an example of a church combining these two forms of government.

It has from its origin always been of strong union tendencies, and of a truly catholic spirit, ever recognizing, even in times of prevalent bigotry, all sister churches, and standing in friendly relations with them where they would let it. It possesses this same spirit to-day, and hails with delight all signs of union in the great denominations of our country, for its churchly watch-word has ever been the high-priestly prayer of Christ, "that they may be one."

Paul de Schweinitz.

MEDFIELD, MINN.

To the Deaf.

THE conditions and troubles of defective hearing may not interest the general reader, for none but the sufferers themselves have any idea of the burden of sorrow imposed by the impairment or deprivation of the sense of hearing. Nothing save blindness is so hard to bear, especially for those full of ambition, and otherwise capable of the full enjoyment of life.

But there are comforts even in deafness. We can see the faces of our loved ones, we can enjoy all beautiful sights,— the lovely flowers, the rich landscapes, the glorious sunsets, and all the beauties of nature,— while all arts save music lay their treasures and achievements at our feet. The pleasures of travel, too, are not less to us,— perhaps in many respects they are rather enhanced.

We can make the pen available by correspondence, and so benefit ourselves and our friends. We can use the brush, and enjoy our labor at the easel; and we can employ our hands for our own and others' comfort and happiness in a thousand ways.

Deafness is far more common than is generally supposed, and is especially prevalent among the middle-aged. Medical works assert that fully one-third of our population between the ages of twenty-five and fifty are partly deaf, the trouble having come on so gradually that fully one-half of those afflicted are unaware of it until sufficiently advanced to become troublesome.

We believe the best aurists agree that there is no help for hereditary and congenital deafness, or those cases where the nerves are paralyzed. A very common cause of temporary deafness is hardening of the wax of the ear; and the trouble may become serious if not relieved by prompt and proper treatment at the hands of a good aurist. Where such aid is not available, it is safe and possible to remove the wax by putting into the ear two or three drops of pure glycerine three times a day for three days, and then syringing with warm water (as warm as can be comfortably borne) in which a little carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Use a teaspoonful to one quart of water.

The ear being a very intricate, delicate, and sensitive organ, no patent nostrum should ever be introduced into it nor any quack ever allowed to tamper with it. Only the very best aurists should treat it. Many disorders and conditions of the inner parts of the organ are beyond the reach of medical skill. Such cases are disheartening. Obstruction of the Eustachian tube (the tube that connects the tympanum, or ear-drum, with the back upper part of the throat) is a frequent cause of deafness. Inflammation of the throat, affecting this tube, also causes it. In either case, a good aurist can afford speedy relief by removing the obstruction or allaying the inflammation.

Catarrhal deafness usually disappears when the cause is removed, if the trouble has not become too deeply seated. Early manifestations of deafness should not be overlooked or neglected. Elderly people are often deaf because vitality is declining generally; the hearing, in common with the other powers, shows the approaching weakness and decay of age. Some persons whose hearing is ordinarily very acute are quite deaf when extremely weary.

Rupture of the drum membrane by an accidental puncture, by whooping-cough, or by a blow on the head, is among the causes of deafness. The sudden concussion of air against the delicate tympanum, caused by the discharge of heavy artillery, has often more or less impaired the sense of hearing, and, strangely enough, in some reported cases where the hearing was already weakened, has restored it. Many soldiers were made deaf during the war. The ears sometimes seem entirely stopped up by a severe cold; but let them alone, treat and remove the cause, and the effect will probably disappear.

Climatic causes produce deafness. We have visited a county in central Pennsylvania where deaf people are the rule and those with good hearing the exception. In districts in Alpine Switzerland the same peculiarity has been observed. Another cause of deafness is thickening of the lining membranes of the ear, and for this there is no known remedy. It may be constitutional, or caused by ulceration after scarlet fever, or by other diseases; but it sometimes comes on without any known or apparent cause. All that can be done in this case is to palliate the trouble by using an ear-trumpet, or, better still, an audiphone. The latter is now oftenest made in the form of a fan of vulcanite, and being black, and a seeming accessory to the toilet, is in no respect objectionable, as was the large ear-trumpet of former days. There is a very small ear-trumpet made that is helpful. These instruments are of great assistance in hearing lectures and the like, as well as in lending distinctness to conversation.

It has been said that "Deaf people are always proud." Call it pride, if you will; but why needlessly proclaim a misfortune (which, unlike blindness, is not often evident) by using a conspicuous and forbidding instrument? One does not care to emphasize his own personal afflictions for the observation and comment of others.

If people only knew how to talk to the deaf, a great many heart-aches would be saved. First, have a little consideration, and by a very trifling motion, which they readily see and understand, call their attention to you; then articulate clearly and distinctly — not too fast, and not too loud. It is this shouting into the ear of a deaf person that fills him with confusion and sends all the blood to his face; by his wavering and equivocal responses he sometimes hardly gets credit for due intelligence, although he may really be very well informed on the subject under discussion. He had hoped you would speak low and distinctly; he could then have heard you, acted like himself, and been himself; but now all within hearing know he is deaf, think he is very deaf, and look upon him with com-

miseration perhaps, as well they may; perhaps gaze at him much, and long and rudely too. This only adds to his perplexity, and induces fresh resolves never to go again where there is any danger of the occurrence being repeated. Strange as it may seem, some deaf people often hear much better in the noisy street, or traveling in the cars, than in a quiet place.

This is the reason why deaf people shun society, for there lie the rough places in their pathway, because few know *how* to talk to them. We do not mean the very deaf, but those who enjoy a chat or a conversation with a friend without discomfort. Their greatest trouble is to hear mixed conversation, sermons, and the like. Familiar voices are easily heard by the partly deaf: so they are happiest at home, and avoid general society. The annoyances that seem to accompany the deaf are numerous, and often very hard to bear. It leads them very often to renew their determination to stay closer at home, plunge deeper into books, and try there to find compensation for the unattainable pleasure of social intercourse.

Katharine Armstrong.

Names.

An amateur painter was once strolling through the streets of a coast town, when he suddenly espied, standing in the door of a little cottage, a beautiful young woman with a sturdy child in her arms. The pretty picture framed in the dusky doorway attracted him, and with an eye to a "study" he accosted the unconscious Madonna. The young mother answered that she was n't particular about herself, but that she should admire to have Iddy's picture taken. "Iddy!" rejoined the painter; "what 's the rest of his name?" "Oh," said she, with an air of pardonable pride, "you know he 's our first baby, and we did n't want him to have a name like everybody else; so *he* found some nice words in a book, and Iddy's name is one of 'em — Idiosyncrasy!"

That the above is a true story as to the main fact makes it none the less melancholy. But at the same time there was the germ of reform wrapped up in the idea of an original name for the child. This motive governed our friend Mrs. Kenwigs, when she composed the immortal cognomen of her Morleena; and I knew a lady who bravely carried about the appellation of Garaphelia Mohalba. This was certainly unique, though for purposes of convenience it had to be dwarfed to the commonplace and every-day Garry.

In these complex times it is useless to hope that the simplicity and truth of the old Hebrew nomenclature can ever be restored. But what an amazing effect might be predicted if names were all at once to resume their old-time elasticity, and could be donned and doffed as character suggested. Think of being known as "Supplanter," or "Dishonest," or "Repentant," as the case might require. And what an immense stimulus to self-righteousness there would be, supposing a man had really begun to mend his ways, in being addressed as "Virtuous," or "Excellent," or "Pure." It would never do. It would be "living in a lantern" with a vengeance. The present fashion of newspaper publicity would be retirement and secrecy compared with it, and something more serious than "dramatic situations" would inevitably result. It is probably for the general good, therefore, that the moral condition of language renders such a state of things impossible. No doubt speech was orignally an honest interpreter of thought, but the interpreter has trifled with his moral sense until it is hopelessly degraded, and he has no longer even the courage of his opinions left. So we give a child his father's name just because it is his father's name, and not from any special fitness. Indeed, the whole question of fitness seems to be lost sight of, except in rare cases. The original significance of baptismal names is buried under a mountain of associations, and we characterize certain ones as stately, or somber, or piquant, chiefly because of the qualities of some former possessor. And as with "Iddy's" parents, the mere sound of a name goes far to recommend it to many people. The melodious arrangement of vowels and consonants is, after all, one of the main motives; and as tastes differ in regard to what constitutes melody, the standard has to vary in a somewhat trying manner. A large class of excellent people confine themselves with praiseworthy fidelity to Bible names, on account of which a girl now and then finds herself weighted in the race of life with such a burden as Keren-happuch, or a boy is forever jeered by his mates on account of being known as Tiglath-Pileser. Even this, however, is an improvement on the Cromwellian style of using whole formularies of theology, such as, "Through much tribulation we enter into the kingdom of Heaven" (which was irreverently condensed to Tribby), or the famous Praise-God Barebones. That was a quaint and not unpleasing usage of two generations back which gave our aunts and grandmothers such names as Patience, Mercy, Thankful, Submit, etc. But how an occasional "high-strung" maiden must have rebelled against the meekness of such an appellation. A mode which finds more or less favor in the Western States has at least the merit of being patriotic. Thus a boy born on the Fourth of July was christened Independence, and I remember such combinations as Indiana Martin, Peoria Frye, and Minneapolis Forsyth. There is a certain breadth and freshness, as it were, about these specimens which smack of wide rivers and wider prairies.

There is one aspect of the case against which the writer feels bound especially to protest. It is the nefarious practice of altering a child's name, now happily taking its place among other relics of barbarism — a very different thing, you will perceive, from the honesty of the Hebrew usage; but it has been largely sanctioned, even among the most intelligent people. Say, for instance, that a child has, after much anxious thought and search, been given her great-great-grandmother's majestic and honorable name. All the associations of early infancy naturally cling about it. The baby's silver cup and the little spoon and fork bear the three stately initials, and various precious heirlooms are held in trust for the future pleasure of the fortunate namesake. But an elder sister dies, and straightway, through some occult law of sympathy or sentiment, away goes the grand old name to give place to — Susie! It is nothing short of robbery. That obnoxious "ie" reminds me of another practice which is almost too absurd to combat. Can any reasonable being give a valid excuse for the strange fatuity which makes grown-up women, and business women at that, announce themselves to the world as Jennie, Mattie,

Maggie, etc., *ad nauseam?* How can they help seeing the increased dignity of Jane and Martha and Margaret? May a new baptism into the eternal fitness of things come to the rescue!

I have known several bright children who refused to be known by the name which had been given them, and desired to be called by a name of their own choosing. "I am not Mary; my name is Rosalind," or whatever it was. I also knew one child who was actually not named at all till she was seven years old, when she proceeded to take things into her own hands, and name herself. What a comfortable way is here suggested of shirking an alarming responsibility, and at the same time revolutionizing the whole matter. Let there be some convenient generic term for children till the age of six or seven years, and then boldly rely on the genius of the coming generation to name itself!

E. W. Denison.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

To a Little Girl in "Punch."

WHO SAID:

GRANDMA, after giving the subject every consideration, I have come to the conclusion that — the World is Hollow, and my Doll is stuffed with Sawdust; so — I — should like — if you please, to be a Nun!

Here still in "Punch's" page you stand
Where younger eyes may view you,
Quaint as when Leech's skillful hand
For older laughers drew you.

Here grandma sits, and, type of joys
By Fate untimely shattered,
In sad confusion dolls and toys
About the floor are scattered.

So early wise, Life's vanity
With prescient gaze discerning!
How found you out the truth that we
Are all our lives in learning?

Alas! what cynic moralist
(Few, let us hope, as youthful)
But proves, O tiny pessimist,
Your quaint conclusion truthful?

Yet, we may trust *your* words expressed
A transient melancholy,
From which you soon, with gayer zest,
Returned to play and Dolly.

With *us*, alas! — But why pursue
The dismal allegory?
Far pleasanter to laugh at you,
And trace in "Punch" your story.

For surely in the magic glass
Of those delightful pages
We see your little figure pass
At various youthful ages.

And later, smiling through your curls,
You greet us, kind and witty,—
One of your artist's English girls,
Fresh, rosy, round, and pretty.

And still you live (but older grown)
In some gay land of fable,
And have for children of your own
Du Maurier's "Jack" and "Mabel"!

Robertson Trowbridge.

Uncle Ezek's Wisdom.

OBSTINACY is the characteristic of the ignorant; and, after all, it is their only safety.

WHEN I look around me and see the bickerings and strifes among us Christians here on earth, I sometimes wonder what we shall do to enjoy ourselves when we reach heaven, where all bickerings and strifes are unknown.

INTEREST is remorseless; it knows no rest, no mercy, no limits. One penny put at interest when Adam was created, and compounded, would bankrupt creation when Gabriel comes.

AS base as slander is, it is never lost for the want of listeners.

VANITY is the one thing that every one seems to have more than his neighbor has.

COMMON sense is the rarest of all possessions, and those who have the most of it seem to know it the least.

ACT natural, my friend, and though you may not be very strong, you won't be ridiculous.

OPINION is a kind of half-way house, where people meet to exchange lies and guess at what they don't understand.

AN old man in love is as helpless as a blind kitten.

IT is very rare indeed that a man is too great for his creditors, and it is equally common that his condition is too great for him.

IGNORANCE makes a man impudent; you would think it ought to make him modest.

GHOSTS are a thin package — so thin, that only one man can see them at a time.

THERE is one instrument that no clever woman has ever learned to play on, and that is a second fiddle.

WHAT a miserable time we should have in this life if we were obliged to mind our own business and let our neighbors mind theirs.

MY friend, don't forget this,— if you lie down, the world will go out of its way to drive over you; but if you stand up, and look severe, it will give you half the road at least.

THE man who has no home generally does n't want one; he is ever verging towards vagrancy, and is pretty sure to reach there at last.

A SPOONFUL of molasses will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar; every one will tell you this, but how few try it.

IT is easier to control a hundred men than one man.

YOU may argue ever so elegantly against a success; the success wins every time.

THERE are certain things that virtue won't mix with; ingratitude is one of them.

Uncle Ezek.



A TAM O' SHANTER.

The Reason.

"GET married," say my friends, and I,
Who 've just turned thirty-four,
Join their lament and, sigh for sigh,
My loneliness deplore.

It is not that I fear to speak,
By bashfulness distressed—
In fact, I 'm noted for my cheek,
And know the bold are blest.

My reason, then, if I must give,
Is simple, short, and clear—
I know that I can't wed and live
On half-enough a year.

Wood B. Benedict.

The Question.

SPAKE the youth Adam, to the maiden Eve:
"Dost love me? Answer! answer, or I die!"
"Not so!" she said, with instinct to deceive:
Then downward glanced, and blushed from No to Ay.
"Dost love me, love me?" And denial failed,
With love's first kiss.—"Be sure I love thee."—Nay,
Not sure was he: with sharper doubt he wailed,
"Dost love me, love me?"—Till, upon a day,
Suspecting him by vaster thoughts beguiled,
Quoth she, more softly than the widowed bird,
"Dost love me, Adam?" And his quick ears heard:
With half a sigh, and half a yawn, he smiled,
As one convinced: and thenceforth, o'er and o'er,
Answered the question—which he asked no more.

William Young.

The Glacier versus the Editor.

ADOWN a Glacier's steep crevasse I dropped a little song,
And far within the shining depths it slipped and slid along.
Then to an Editor I sent the self-same song away;
The Editor accepted it upon that self-same day.
He did not print it — but his words were courteous, warm, and kind.
The Glacier held with frigid grasp my little song enshrined.
The Glacier or the Editor? — I fain would see revealed
Which icy heart would be the first my little song to yield.
Far, far above, through sun and storm, the Glacier gleamed and shone;
I took my little rocking-chair and climbed the Alps alone;
For fifty years I sat and watched that Glacier's glittering way,
In hope to see it bring my song again to upper day.
For fifty years I watched the date the magazine appears —
No murmur once escaped my lips in all those fifty years;
But still, with meek humility,— heart-sick with hope deferred,—
Deferred to judgment wiser far, and never once demurred.
And yet again the pages scanned each month with hope renewed,
Each month, in deep dejection lost, the cruel pages viewed.
Again Hope spake with cheering voice, and waved her drooping wing,
"Take heart! THE CENTURY of next month your song will surely bring!"
At last, with heart all turned to ice, despair too deep to name,
I calmly gave my poem up — the Glacier did the same!

Charlotte W. Thurston.

His Grave.

BY no friend's footstep is it visited;
No flowers are there, not even a hardened wreath
Of immortelles; no marble at its head
Tells the cold secret of who sleeps beneath.

Though he has charmed a world with fire and soul,
His lowly grave is never visited.
Sad? strange? — Well, not so very, on the whole:
You see, this charming man is not yet dead.

A. W. R.

Multum in Parvo.

A RHYME OF COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHY.

IN love! And the picture belonged to Joe!
Photograph — cabinet size:
Sort of ethereal style, you know —
Dark hair, and bottomless eyes.

We were college chums, but, powder and flame!
How can a fellow keep cool?
He never would even tell me her name,
And laughed, and called me a fool.

He liked her, too, I was sure he did,
He was praising her high and low,
And he 'd give me a look from under his lid—
Well, I certainly hated Joe!

Did I ever swear I was bound to win
If the kindly fates approved? —
She was "more to him than friend or kin,"
And "the sum of all he loved."

In short, it was something else than play,
And at last I said so too,
And vowed in a most convincing way
He should tell me all he knew.

"Well — it 's my brother at home," said he,
Checking him off on his thumb;
"My two little sisters,— that makes three,—
And my cousin, and his chum:

"My mother, my aunt, and my uncle John —
It 's the latest thing, you know.
Now of course you 're really in love, my son,
But *which is the girl?*" said Joe.

Dora Read Goodale.

Ballade of Rejected MS.

I 'VE "submitted" my verse and my prose
To the editors' "reading machines,"
Yet my name 's unfamiliar to those
Who subscribe for the best magazines.
I began to write verse in my teens,
By the light of sweet Erato's face; —
Now, what is it the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space"?

Here are madrigals written to Rose —
'T is to Rose that my preference leans;
Here are triolets, rondels, rondeaux,
And the charms they portray our *Fifines;*
Here 's "A Plea for our Gallant Marines"—
'T was the Admiral "stated the case";
Pray, what is it the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space"?

Here are tales quite as ghastly as Poe's,
And weird legends; — the "limit" still screens
All I fain to the world would disclose,
So I clasp my portfolio's shagreens:
But just here a grim thought supervenes —
Does my "style" lack acceptable grace?
And is *that* what the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space"?

ENVOY.

Friend,— for you 're at the back of the scenes,—
Does my Pegasus halt in his pace?
Can *you* tell what the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space"?

Andrew Hussey Allen.

In Silken Hose.

IN silken hose and powdered hair,
And gay pumps twinkling at the toes,
He had no vulgar flesh to spare
In silken hose!

His cheeks were like Moore's laggard rose;
And though he breathed Parisian air,
Insidious wrinkles were his woes.
Time planned for him no sudden snare,
But probing age — his worst of foes —
Laid all his imperfections bare
In silken hose!

William H. Hayne.

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DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

A KHAN NEAR THE JOPPA GATE, JERUSALEM.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

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DRUSE SHEPHERD.

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA.

THE humble fishermen of Tyre and Sidon, the capitals of Phenicia, had become rich and influential merchants long before the Christian era. By their enterprise they had made their cities the ports of the East, and had gained commercial intercourse with other countries bordering on the Mediterranean and with those beyond. Instead of being a barbarous people, with unattractive surroundings, they possessed many of the signs of elegance and taste which marked the cities of the West. Theaters were numerous; baths abounded; and the shows, the games, and the combats of wild beasts caused the people from all parts to pour into the Phenician cities.

But little remains at Tyre or Sidon now to give evidence of their past. Seldom does a modern vessel touch at either port. The rapid traveler of to-day is content with a passing glimpse of them through a marine glass. When the weather is fair, the Mediterranean steamers pass near the shore and make such an opportunity possible, though that "soft artistic haze," so fascinating to the painter, is apt to obscure the distance, and shut from view the inclines bare, yet lovely, which reach inland. But when Tyre and Sidon were in their glory, how beautiful the scene must have been! Then the richly cultivated farms reached down to the very borders of the sea, and each cape, promontory, and hill-top exposed to the glittering rays of the sun the white walls of some prosperous town or the sumptuous dwelling of a landed proprietor.

A small but magnificent port was then part of the glory of each city. When Herod ruled in Phenicia, these harbors were continually crowded with the vessels of all nations. The noise and confusion were scarcely less than at Antioch or Rome. The cities and the ports, though not extensive, always teemed with life, and were vivid with a wealth of color. The moving vessels, the rude encounters of the sailors, the ravings of the wild beasts which were brought from the far East and South for the public games, the songs of the fishermen, the busy movements of the merchants — all together made up picturesque scenes in endless variety.

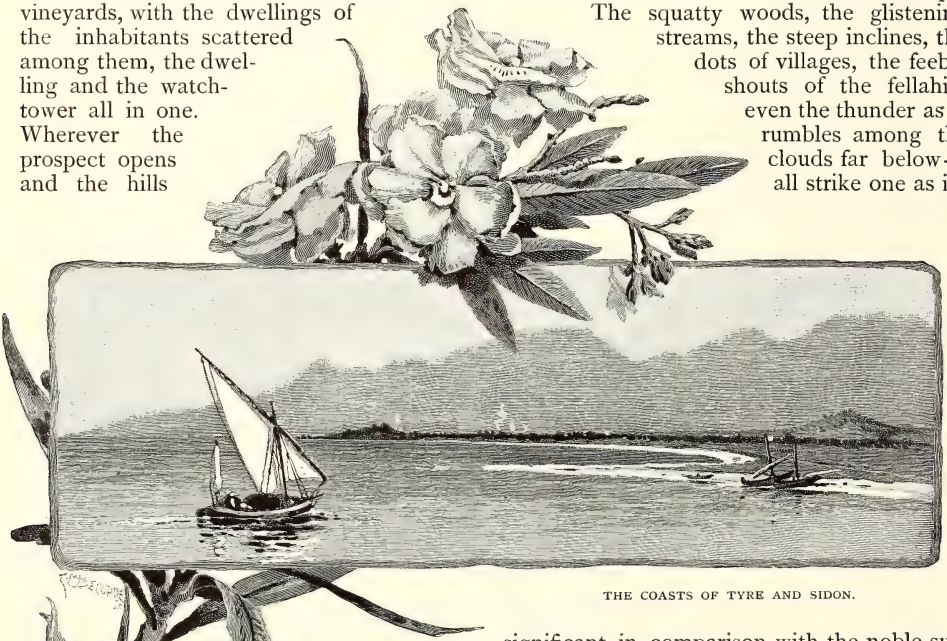
How changed it all is now!

Eastward are the undulating, fruitful plains, gay and bright with flowers and verdure, backed by the southern ridges of Lebanon. These plains, extending from one city to the other, twenty-five miles, constituted "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," or, as the New Revision calls them, "the borders."

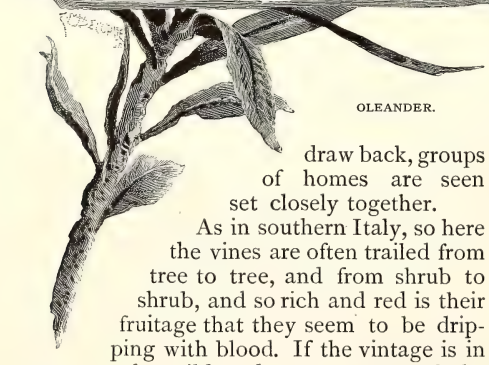
One may start from Sidon on the old road and then go through the wooded pathways and the romantic ravines of the spurs of Lebanon, until a height of six thousand feet or more is reached. Soon after the descent on the eastern side, the natural bridge which spans the Leontes is crossed, and then the road is good until the valley of the upper Jordan comes into view, and a turn to the south is made. If the start is made early in the day, the air will be fresh. The first rays of the sun, coming up over the mountains, set aglow one line of hills after another as the

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light descends and diffuses itself in the valley, at the same time awakening the laggard clouds and sending them up whence they came. Peasants are met, now singly, now in twos, now in groups, with loaded mule or camel, on their way to the markets of the Phenician capital; others are seen coming out from their humble dwellings, or humbler tents, it may be, to begin the labor of the day. It is a region full of beauty. Now the sun is well up, and the most striking features of northern Syria begin to be revealed. Hills of considerable height abound, and remind one of the lower ridges of the Apennines, or of the New England Appalachians. Some are bare and rocky, but the majority are clothed with verdure. Far above the narrow road are the terraced vineyards, with the dwellings of the inhabitants scattered among them, the dwelling and the watch-tower all in one. Wherever the prospect opens and the hills draw back, groups of homes are seen set closely together.



THE COASTS OF TYRE AND SIDON.



OLEANDER.

As in southern Italy, so here the vines are often trailed from tree to tree, and from shrub to shrub, and so rich and red is their fruitage that they seem to be dripping with blood. If the vintage is in progress, the wild and merry songs of the laborers will be heard right and left, only silenced for a moment as you are greeted with their hearty "Salaam ahlaykoom!" ("Peace go with you!") and a free and abundant gift of the fruit is pressed upon you.

Now the second climb begins. The outlooks from the narrow way are wonderfully impressive. One seems to be traveling in the center of the world. For there, far below, and each hour growing farther, lies spread all the world the eye can see, while upward the stupendous masses of what seem to be parts of another world pierce the clouds and invite the pilgrim on. As the higher points are gained, the expanses below widen and the glory of the scene increases. On the west is the sea, whose breakers carry the warm breath of the Orient to the shores of Europe; on the east is the wonderful desert, whose golden carpet stretches to the Persian Gulf.

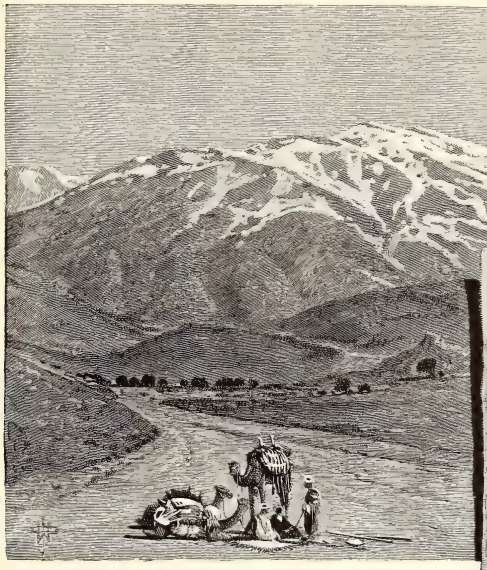
The land westward, over which we have traveled, looks like a miniature landscape. The squatty woods, the glistening streams, the steep inclines, the dots of villages, the feeble shouts of the fellahin, even the thunder as it rumbles among the clouds far below— all strike one as insignificant in comparison with the noble surrounding peaks.

Now we turn to the east. Away across a deep valley is another range of mountains, snow covered, stream scarred, broken by chasms and ravines through its great length. This is the Anti-Lebanon,— Mount Hermon its crown,— and runs almost parallel with the range of Lebanon itself. These two stupendous ranges have been pushed up from the earth-crust to an altitude, in some places, of thirteen thousand feet. The great depression between them is Cœle-Syria, or "Hollow-Syria." Through it run the two great rivers of Syria: the Orontes flowing north and entering the Mediterranean at Antioch; and the Leontes, crossed on our way, and ending near Tyre.

The plain is nine miles wide, and for centu-

ries has been the track of invading armies. Nearly every foot has been fought over by Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, Greeks, Moslems, and Crusaders.

When the atmosphere is free from haze, one can see an incredible distance north and south



MOUNT HERMON.

— almost from "Dan to Beersheba." Northward, the Leontes may be traced almost to Baalbec. South-eastward, the country of Bashan lies outspread with a surface undulating as gently as the waves of the summer sea — Gilead, dotted with its dark-green groves of oaks, rounded and inclined to suit the humor of its rising and falling expanses; the first swell of the Jordan at Lake Hûleh, the "waters of Merom"; the second widening of the sacred river — the Sea of Galilee — and the twisting of the connecting torrent-broken stream, with miles of country beyond, are in full view. If your geography serves you, there is no trouble in locating Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, in Samaria; Mount Tabor, at the head of the plain of Esdraelon; Mount Gilboa, far to the south; and Mount Carmel, by the Mediterranean.

The eastern incline of the Lebanon range is not so attractive as the side towards the sea, and traveling there is fatiguing. In some places the path is so narrow and runs so near the verge of frightful precipices, that one shudders every time his carefully-stepping animal grazes its side against the walls of rock. The views are magnificent. Here and there, on the left, bright golden lines are seen, strangely smooth in contrast with the rugged scenery. They are parts of the diligence road running from Baalbec to Beyrout. When the plain is reached, the scenes of the western slope are repeated. The journey across is a delightful one. The whole way seems to be cultivated, and at places thick groves of poplar and walnut are seen. Villages are conspicuous on all sides;



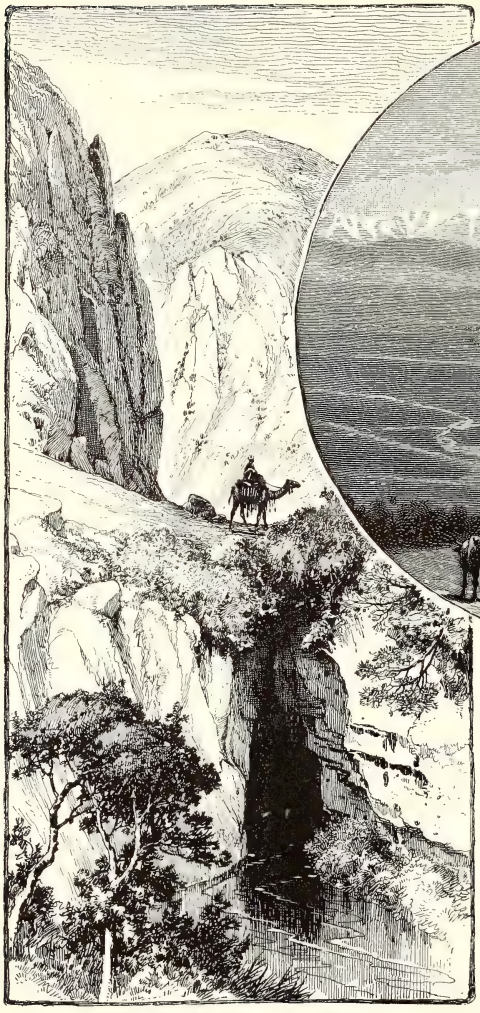
THE FOUNTAIN OF DAN.

the husbandmen are busy, and flocks of sheep and cattle are plenty.

There are khans, or inns, by the wayside. These the caravan merchant considers very desirable; but they have only an æsthetic attraction to the European or the American, and are without any comforts.

When the shades of evening come on, crowds of travelers, with their camels, asses, and other beasts of burden, throng the gateways of the khan. There is always a storm of bickering going on between the keeper of the khan and his patrons, or among the attachés of the caravan — merchants and servants. The khan is usually built around a court-yard, with sheds or booths for the animals occupying the ground floor, while the travelers may take what chance there is for sleep on the more elevated platforms.

Our route brings our crossing of the Leontes at the natural bridge, near the town of Belat. The bridge seems to be formed of immense



NATURAL BRIDGE OVER THE LEONTES.



LEBANON TO ANTI-LEBANON.

rocks which have fallen from the sides of the chasm. It supplies a safe and easy passage across the stream, which here is very narrow and is broken up by tumbling cascades, but it is so hidden by the foliage that one uninformed as to its location would scarcely discover it. The length of the bridge is perhaps less than 100 feet. The width is barely ten feet, but its height above the stream is fully 100 feet. One's admiration for it increases when, after a difficult and dangerous descent, it is viewed from the level of the stream. The walls of the chasm are 400 to 500 feet high. In season, the oleanders reach out from their rocky hold and offer their pink flowers to any one who will be tempted to risk his life to obtain them. The view up the gorge towards Baalbec is grand and impressive. When standing upon any spur of Lebanon, one would hardly believe that what there appeared to be only a green, velvety line, like a length of soft chenille on edge, could in reality be such a deep-cut scar in the lovely valley, with a tumultuous, deafening warfare of waters going on between its walls.

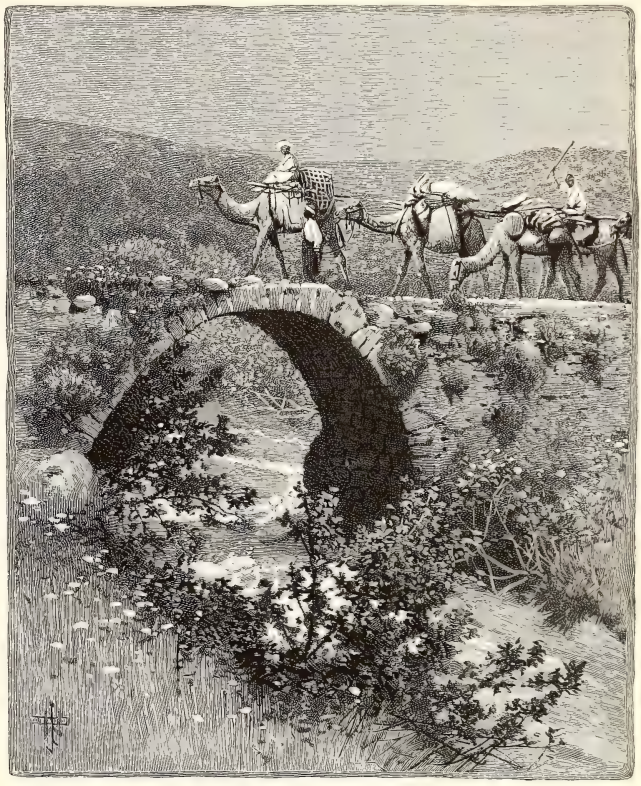
A return to the caravan route brings the Anti-Lebanon range into full view. A few miles directly eastward is the Hasbany, the northernmost tributary of the Jordan, and Mount Hermon is in full view, its snowy range half hidden by the clouds. The river is but a passive stream, in comparison with the uneasy Leontes, and there is but little of interest attending it until, as we journey southward, the bridge over which we cross on the way to Cæsarea Philippi is reached. There quite a deep gorge has been cut by the Hasbany, for the descent is considerable and the water is turbulent. The bridge is one of the largest and strongest in the land, and yet it shows plainly that it has had some fierce struggles with the torrents which come down from Mount Hermon in the spring of the year; for its walls are broken, and many a stone has been carried away from the strong masonry of the parapet. The sides of the river are lined with oleanders, reeds, rushes, and wild flowers of infinite variety. The scenery hereabouts is as lovely as that of the St. Gothard Pass; but all thoughts of Switzerland are dissipated when

one sees an Arab caravan, with its fifty awkward camels laden with merchandise and as many dark-skinned attendants with their noisy bluster and pompous demeanor, crossing the bridge, on its way to Cæsarea Philippi. The music of the stream sounds all the sweeter when the caravan is lost in silence.

After crossing the bridge, we change our course to the right for a mile, and come upon the Fountain of Dan, which is the largest spring in Syria, if not in the world, and one of the loveliest spots in Palestine. Here is another source of the Jordan nestled among the wild flowers. Its waters once supplied the ancient city after which it is named. It also marks the northern border of Palestine. To possess its cool waters, more than one fierce combat has taken place. Here Lot was brought a prisoner from Sodom by the five kings of Mesopotamia, and hither came Abram to rescue him. The growth of flowers is charming. It includes our own red poppy, the daisy, white and yellow roses, the thistle, the blue flag, and the "lily of the field." A few rods down the stream is a grove of oak trees of immense girth. These shade the grave of an Arab sheik, and are hung with rags — the offerings of pilgrims. Upon a portion of the hill once stood the city of Dan. A search amidst the neighboring jungle of grasses, shrubs, and scrubs will reward the explorer with a sight of the broken-down walls of the old-time town and disclose some of the débris of its once splendid structures. Mount Hermon's snowy range is in full view, in strange contrast with the surrounding loveliness of the well-cultivated farms of Bashan which form the plain. From this plain rises the hill of Dan.

Bursting forth from the rocks, the water tumbles down the hill and then forms the "fountain," or lake. From this it hurries on southward, and is known as the Leddân until, four miles below, it joins a stream coming from Banias, which we are yet to visit. A mile farther on, these two are joined by the Hasbany, the largest of the three Jordan tributaries; then, together, they plunge through the marshes and "waters of Merom" to Lake Hûleh. Thus the upper Jordan is created.

Four miles from Dan is Cæsarea Philippi. After the oaks of Bashan are left, the path winds towards the north-east. As we approach the city, the varying landscape presents some lovely views. A broad terrace is now seen, cut in the side of the mountain by some strange forces of Nature. Upon its rocky floor is located Banias,— the Paneas of old,— the Cæsarea Philippi of our Saviour's day, and the northernmost limit of his wanderings. The terrace is bounded by two deep, uninviting ravines, one on the north and the other on the south. Between these, and beyond the city, rises an isolated peak a thousand feet high, crowned by the magnificent ruins of the castle of Subeibeh. By whom this wondrous pile was erected, no one can tell. It is attributed to the Crusaders, but there is evidence that the Phenicians erected at least a part. From the yawning, fractured mouth of a cave which covers a fathomless pit the waters gush with tremendous power and roar down the ravine through a portion of the city, supplying a magnificent, but almost unused, mill-power.



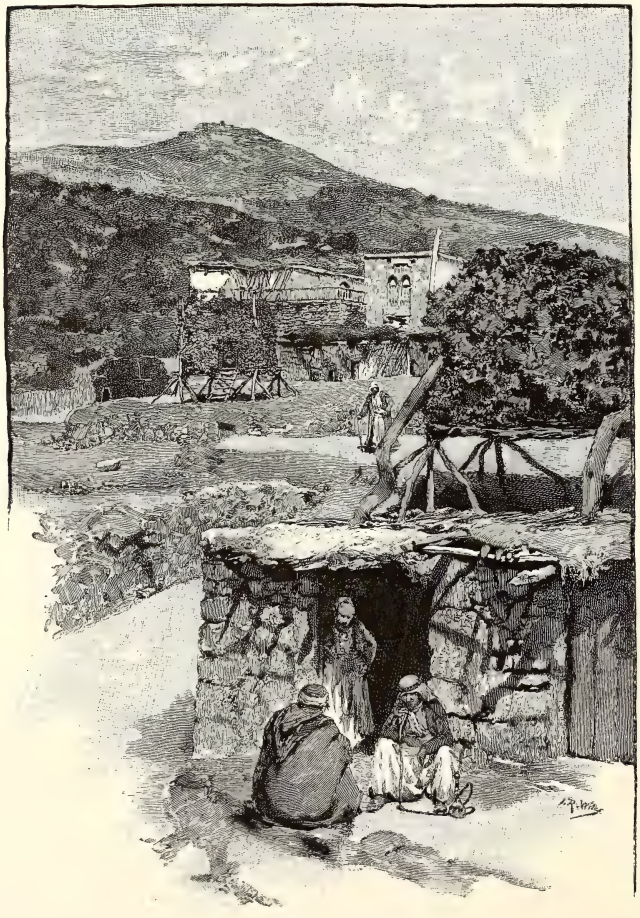
BRIDGE OVER THE HASBANY.

Cæsarea Philippi does not profit, however, by its superb site. Like nearly all the towns of Palestine, its houses are rude and out of repair; its people are shiftless and idle; and its bazars are scarcely worth a visit. Nature supplies the bric-à-brac; she also supplies the centipedes and scorpions which infest the houses in the wet season and cause the poor, suffering inhabitants to exercise sufficient industry to erect booths of tree branches upon their flat roofs, in which they may sleep until the plague ceases.

The past holds the principal points of interest concerning Cæsarea Philippi. When the Phenicians were there, they established the idolatrous worship of Baal, and enjoyed their splendid possessions until Joshua drove them out. Then it was Baal-gad. When the Greeks came, the shrine of Pan, the god of the shepherd and of the huntsman, was located here. This gave it the name of Paneas. It is now called Banias by the Arab inhabitants. In the course of time this region became part of the possessions of "Philip, tetrarch of Iturea and Trachonitis," son of Herod the Great, who rebuilt the city, enlarged it, and named it Cæsarea, in order to gain the favor of his emperor, Tiberius Cæsar. That it might not thus become confused with Cæsarea on the Mediterranean, he added his own name and called it Cæsarea Philippi.

All that now remains of the past are the ruins of the old citadel, and the shrines which, similar to those at Petra, are cut in the face of the rock.

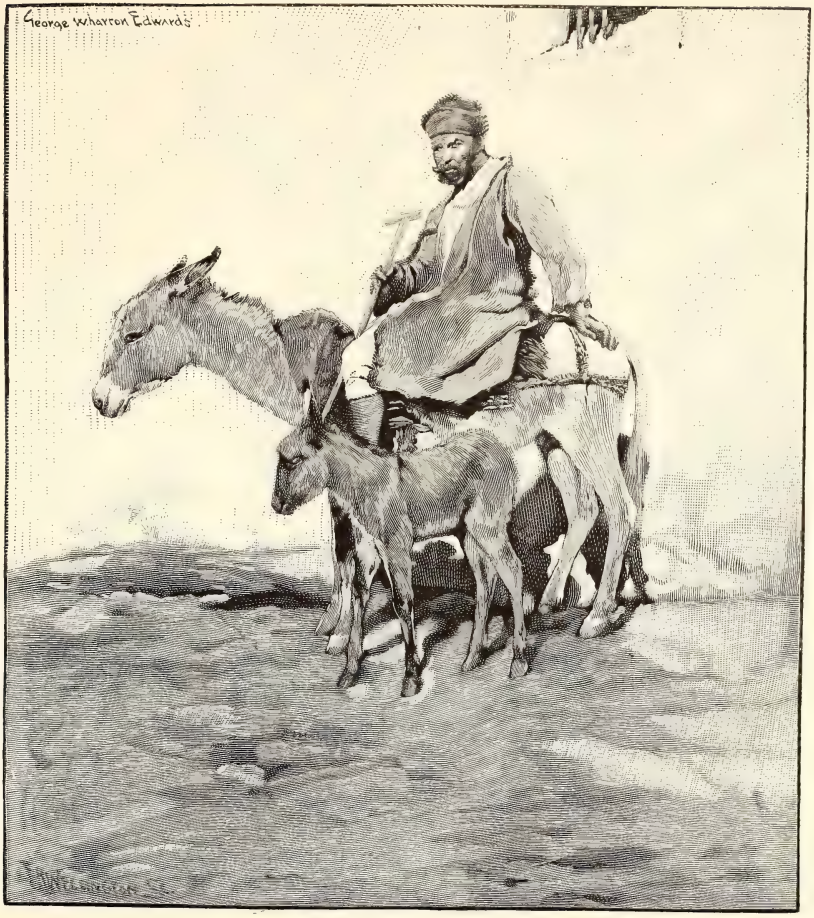
At the base of a cliff, over one hundred feet high, is a cave as dark as the worship to which it was devoted. Near its mouth are many fragments of the splendid edifices which must have been erected near by, and doubtless some of the broken columns which adorned the cave itself, for it was the temple of Pan — so a Greek inscription on the face of the cliff informs us. No wilder place could have been chosen for the worship of a pagan god. A pretty fluted roof with an arched canopy adds to the interest of one of the shrines, while several tablets with defaced inscriptions are found in another. The whole neighborhood has a wild, uncanny appearance. To the left is the tomb of the Moslem Saint George. The little white structure covers also a fragment of the white marble temple which, Josephus tells us, Herod the Great erected to the memory of Augustus.



CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

Last of all is the momentous incident of the visit of our Lord to Cæsarea Philippi. "And after six days Jesus . . . bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them."

Authorities disagree as to the locality of this "high mountain apart." No record is given of the employment of the "six days." If they were filled with acts of mercy at Cæsarea Philippi, then undoubtedly the Transfiguration took place on one of the peaks of Mount Hermon. If the six days were occupied in crossing over to Galilee, a journey



"THE FOAL OF AN ASS."

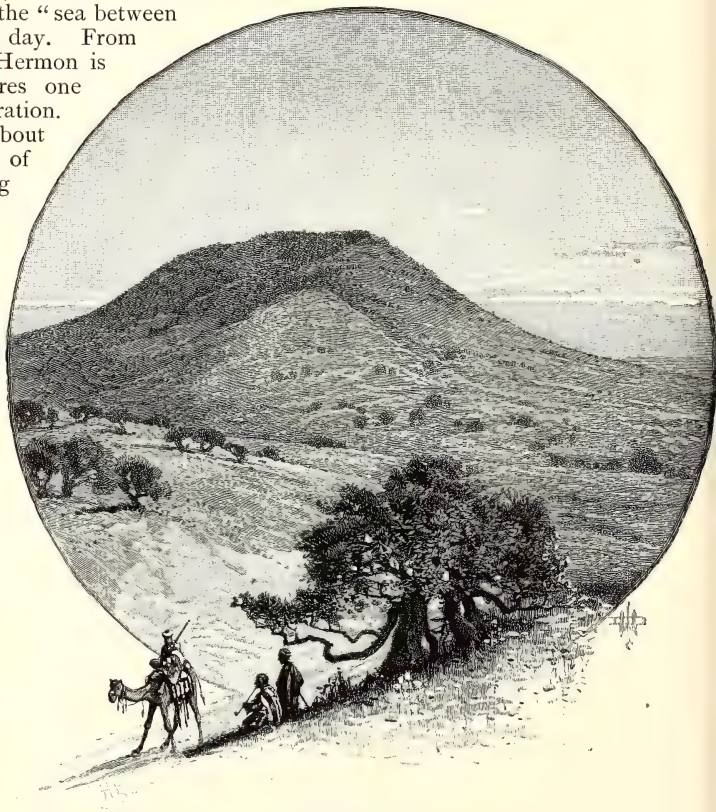
which really was taken between the visit to Cæsarea Philippi and the journey from Capernaum to Perea, then Mount Tabor has some claims to the honor of being the site of that transcendent occurrence. Mount Hermon, again, is entitled to the most favor, if being the loftiest of all the Holy Land mountains gives it any claim. It is not a single peak indeed, but a long ridge running northward from Banias, and eastward for many miles, supplying the highest points of the Anti-Lebanon range. It is now called by the Arabs "Jebel-esh-Sheikh" (the Mountain of the Old Chief), and it still serves as the guiding point of the nomads who wander over the desert. The Palestine sojourner sees it oftener than any other spot in the land. From the Mediterranean above Joppa, almost to Tyre, its long snowy inclines are visible. It may be seen from the Dead Sea shores, and it is constantly making its appearance to the tourist as he climbs up towards it from Jerusalem to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee, and thence to the Fountain of Dan.

The ascent of Mount Hermon may be made by several routes. Each one of these will reward the traveler for the labor involved by a disclosure of relics of the genius, intrepidity, and faith of the people who chose to dwell there in the ages long past. From almost every peak a fine view is gained. Running northward, from wherever one stands, is the Anti-Lebanon range, near the terminus of which is the magnificent cluster of ruins at Baalbec. The valley of Buka'a resembles the hold of a gigantic ship, smooth and gray, with the line of the Leontes coursing through its center like a limitless keelson. On the other side, the Lebanon range rises, and we know that the great sea is still beyond. Turning east, we may discern the serpentine caravan-route reaching far out towards the Arabian desert and again towards Damascus, with the great country of the Druses intervening. Damascus, with its

olive-orchards, its gardens, and its plantations, seems so near that one is almost tempted to try to startle the field laborers with a shout. Gaulanitis and Galilee lie outstretched on either side of the Jordan; Lake Hûleh and the Sea of Galilee are plainly in view; the whole depressed line of the Jordan may be traced until it is lost amidst the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Bashan, Gilead, and the entire route from Dan to Decapolis come within view on the east; while Samaria, Galilee, "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," and even Mount Carmel, jutting out into the "sea between lands," are all as plain as day. From whatever point Mount Hermon is viewed, it always inspires one with awe and veneration. Upon its summits and about its base the fragments of history abound. Nothing except the limits of the perennial snow has been changed for generations.

If we turn from Mount Hermon for the site of the Transfiguration, we must look to Mount Tabor. After their visit to Cæsarea, the Divine Traveler and his disciples returned to Capernaum and sojourned a while before visiting the cities of Decapolis. Mount Tabor could have been visited *en route* at either time. It is only two thousand feet in height, but its isolated position gives it a commanding appearance from all directions. To the very summit it is thickly wooded with walnut, oak, pistachio, and rose. Some of its inclines are so rocky and so steep that one intuitively dismounts and relieves his horse until the climb is easier. There are ruins on the top, dating at least from the time of the crusades, and there is an old gateway remaining, which the Arabs call "Bab-el-Hâwâ" (the Gate of the Wind). A convent on the summit is inhabited by a few monks who entertain the strangers that visit there.

Although the views are wide and fine, yet, looking off, one is impressed with the thought that it is the peculiar situation of Mount Tabor which gives it the appearance of great altitude. The outlook is disappointing, even though it does extend into Galilee, over the mountains of Samaria, across to Perea, and up to Mount Hermon, besides including all the glories of the land intervening — Safed, the "Horns of Hattîn," Nazareth, the deep depression of the Sea of Galilee, and the mountains of Moab, which rise beyond the Jordan like palisades. Indeed, there is no grander view than the near expanse south of this famed mountain. The vast cultivated plain of Esdraelon sweeps its base; the towns of Jezreel, Nain, Tiberias,



MOUNT TABOR.

and Endor are all within the compass of a near semicircle; while at the base of Mount Gilboa, in the south, one can see, glistening like silver, the waters of Jezreel where Gideon's band of three hundred were chosen to combat the invader.

In the past, Mount Tabor has served as a tribal boundary line; as a strategic war-point; as a symbol of glory; as the stronghold of kings; as a witness to battles from the days of Deborah and Sisera to the struggle between Kléber and the Turks. And yet it occurs to me that the quiet and retirement of some spot on Mount Hermon would have been preferred

for such an exalted scene as the Transfiguration, rather than a site whose entire surroundings only recalled scenes of sorrow and struggling.

We continue our journey directly from Cæsarea Philippi to the cities of Decapolis, though half a dozen or more routes could be taken, east or west of the Jordan. It is not our present purpose to follow any of them in detail. No strict account is given us of the route of the Divine Teacher. It probably led back to Dan, through the coasts of Galilee to the "waters of Merom," and along the Jordan to Capernaum. From there the west shore of the sea may have been followed, but probably the quieter upland country was chosen, and the bases of Mount Tabor and Little Hermon were passed within close range. The Jordan was crossed at Bethshean, the town where the corpses of Saul and his sons were fastened up to the wall by the Philistines. It is located within four miles of the Jordan, and was the only city of Decapolis west of the river. Both ford and bridge are there.

The natural scenery of Perea is lovely. There are forests of old oak-trees among whose gray, moss-covered branches song birds of tropical beauty dart in and out. Gardens, olive-groves, vineyards, and fertile meadows are numerous, all tipped towards the Jordan and the western sun. Sometimes the buildings of the villages are overrun with climbing vines. Wild flowers, plants, and shrubs grow according to their own sweet will.

Almost always one can climb to some adjacent elevation, and see the snow-clad line of Mount Hermon in the north, the blue waters of the Dead Sea in the south, and the long line of overhanging foliage which marks the track of the Jordan. Beyond the river the country from Jerusalem to Carmel is discernible, with the varied prospects of wood and hill, mountain, lake, and sea.

In the spring one can, from almost any elevation, count thousands of the black tents of the Arabs, who from north, south, and east herd their flocks here, and as warm weather approaches gradually work their way up the mountain inclines. They are usually "sahib" (friendly) with the visitor, but they themselves live in constant dread of the wild wandering Bedouin.

Nineteen hundred years ago Decapolis was not such a pastoral land as it is now. The remains of perhaps as many as twenty cities of the past may be seen from the higher ruins of any one of them. Their massive walls, their noble triumphal arches, their forests of columns still stand, because the wanderer of the country prefers his tent to a dwelling-place among these ruins, and the vandal seldom comes in this



WOMEN OF BETHANY.

direction. A massively constructed triumphal arch or gateway, with a smaller arched passage on each side, gave entrance to Gerasa, which is situated about twenty miles east of the Jordan and twenty-five miles north of Philadelphia, the ancient Rabbath-Ammon.

As one enters the main street, the ruined temple is seen on the left — a magnificent pile. It looks like a portion of Baalbec. Its columns were forty feet high and six feet in diameter. A corner pinnacle still stands erect.

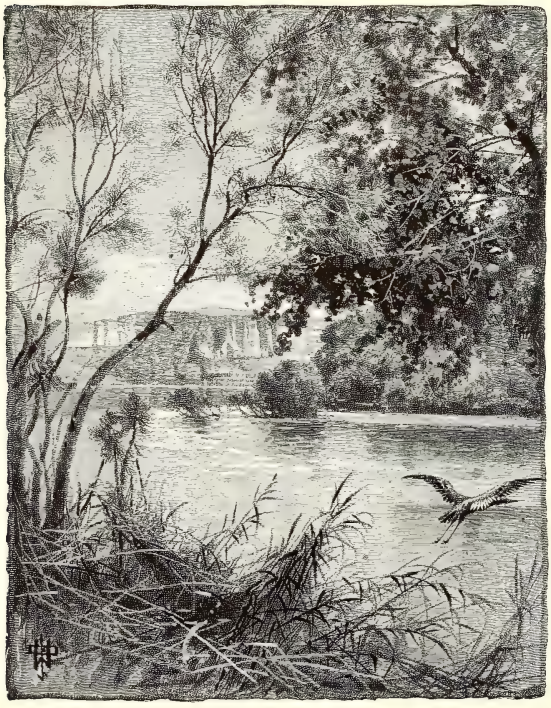
Close to the temple is a theater which would seat six thousand people. Near by are the ruins of another theater, and both show what wealth and taste were expended upon places of amusement.

No traces of any wheeled vehicle are ever seen in the majority of the towns of Palestine; but here, along the paved causeway, the deep-cut ruts of chariot-wheels are as plainly visible as those at Pompeii. Gerasa is almost unknown to history, but we are informed that it was noted for its men of learning, and that it was the "Alexandria of Decapolis."

At Philadelphia the ruins are by no means so extensive nor so picturesque, though very important and interesting. The city lies in a valley, and even in old times was famed for its water supply. It is about twenty-two miles

from the Jordan. Even some of the ancient private houses remain in a good state of preservation, for time has been gentle, and there has been no one to destroy them mischievously. Like one of those in Gerasa, the theater is very large, and is set in a depression in the side of a hill.

The houses of the ancient Jews living in opulence were constructed much as we see them to-day among the ruins of Gerasa and Philadelphia. As a rule, the wealth was not expended upon the exterior; the interior took it all. The walls were plain, the roofs were flat; frequently balconies were attached. The doorway was sometimes ornamented. Passing this, the court was entered. From this court all the various apartments of the house were reached, the upper ones by means of stairways. In the central yard trees, shrubs, and flowers grew; fountains sent up their cooling influence and broke the sun's intruding rays into fragments of rainbows; the walls, the floors, the stairways, and the seats were of marble or of some other stone. Each apartment was raised a little from the court and was reached by steps. When the women of the household came clattering through the court in their wooden "pattens," or shoes, to visit the various apartments, their curious foot-gear was always left outside before entering. The house was made bright by a multitude of lamps. When the stranger came, the table was laden not only with a wealth of service, but with all that could tempt the appetite or please the taste. After the feast, the timbrel, the pipe, and the harp were brought in, and all the members of the household, including the servants, joined in the dance. Those who chose not to take part in the rustic exercises sat upon the roof or balconies, and discussed the topics of the day while they watched the merry-making below.



THE JORDAN.

In all the pleasures of the household the children were allowed to take a moderate share. Moreover, when the noted guest came, he was expected to express his best wishes for the little ones, and impart his blessing to them. At an early age the child was taken to the synagogue, that he might have the prayers and blessings of the elders. More than usual attention was given to this duty during the times of discussion over the coming of the Messiah; for sectarianism grew apace, and the populace became divided into religious parties.

The state of society in Decapolis when its cities were visited by Jesus was anything but peaceful. The first care of their ruler seemed to be to turn the streams of wealth into his own coffers; next into those of Rome, through the appointed Zaccheus of each city and town.

A camel-back journey of a day, if the camel be fleet and his rider light and merciful, will take the traveler from Philadelphia, the easternmost city of Perea, to Jericho, the easternmost city of Judea. The ford of the Jordan is near the "pilgrims' bathing place." After the upper Zerka, or Jabbok, is crossed, in close succession one passes the spot where John must have ended his mission and entered the shadows of the mountains of Machærus, where he was beheaded. Then Mount Nebo is approached, where Moses died, and close to Attaroth the headless corpse of the Baptist must have been laid. As one descends towards the ford, the sloping plains of Jericho are approached, rising gently from the Dead Sea, 1350 feet below the Mediterranean. The mountains of Moab draw nearer, and the Dead Sea becomes plainly visible from end to end. Sometimes the scene presented is desolate and dreary in the extreme. Here the white rocks force themselves through

the parched earth; here are shifting sands, cracked and fissured soil, and deep, dry channels, cut by the torrents which in the rainy season come down from the mountains.

At the ford of the Jordan many generations have trodden down the earth or pushed their way eagerly through the marshes and the jungle. The luxuriant growth and variety of trees and shrubs remind one of a carefully made collection at some exhibition. The willows dip their yielding branches into the hurrying stream; the tamarisks flutter in the soft breeze; the oleanders stand up stiffly lest their waxen leaves and rose-tinted flowers become contaminated by the muddy water; and the wonderful blossoms and berries of many trees whose names I cannot tell help to make up a picture of great beauty. Here came the swarming millions of Israel; here the river was twice opened for Elisha and Elijah; here Naaman bathed; here John baptized; here annually still come thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world to look, to bathe, and to vanish. A ride of six miles through a perfect jungle of reeds, thistles, and other plants of rank growth brings the traveler to the most squalid town in all Palestine — the Jericho of to-day. There were, in former times, three Jerichos. The Jericho of Joshua, it is believed, was located near the lovely Fountain of Elisha,— called "Ain es-Sultan" by the Arabs,— the place where Elisha healed the waters with salt. This was the Jericho of the Jews, whose history is so full of romance. The Jericho of the Romans — that is, of Herod's or of Christ's day — was more than a mile away, as the old aqueduct beyond Ain es-Sultan and the Roman ruins thereabouts indicate. The ruins of the Jericho of the time of the crusades probably lie beneath the modern village, only a short distance from the Fountain of Elisha. Making a composite of them, we may say that Jericho was situated on a plain nearly three thousand five hundred feet below Jerusalem. Even in the days of Christ, it was surrounded by towers and castles. If you could stand upon the roof of one of those strong structures, towards the Jordan shore, the semicircular plain would rise up like an amphitheater. Its swelling slopes, lifted one above the other to the height of seven hundred feet and running back nearly three miles, would well resemble the tiers of seats, the width stretching over eight miles from north to south, in good proportion, while a strip of dividing wilderness, clothed with the richest decorations Nature could supply, would serve for the main aisle. Perhaps there is no more torrid place in all Palestine than this sunken hollow wherein the fated city once flourished. It is magnificently fertile. There is scarce a rod unoccupied by some luxuriant growth. It must have been a lovely spot when Cleopatra persuaded the infatuated Antony to make it her private possession. It was then known as "the city of palm-trees." The balm, which so delighted even that fastidious queen, was cultivated here, together with henna, camphor, and other rare commodities. The only structures now standing here are a khan, in charge of Russian monks, and the "house of Zaccheus," a low tower-like building, doubtless a



MODERN JERICHO.



FOUNTAIN OF ELISHA.



AQUEDUCT NEAR JERICHO.

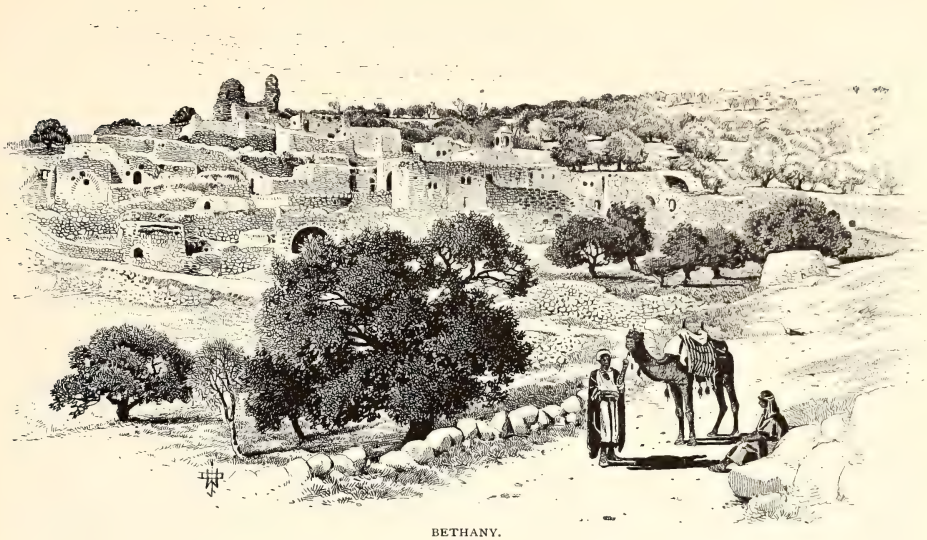
relic of the crusades. Sixty families, living in extreme degradation, now make up the population.

Jericho is about thirteen and a half miles north-north-east of Jerusalem, just opposite the opening of the valley of Achor, in which Achan, "the troubler of Israel," was stoned, and through which runs what is supposed by some to be the brook Cherith, where Elisha was fed by the ravens. A fine stone bridge, thirty-five feet high, with pointed arches, crosses the Cherith here. Standing upon it, one can see several ruined aqueducts, showing how much attention must have been given to the irrigation of the entire plain. Some of these aqueducts have two tiers of arches, and are handsome even in their ruin. Surely the skillful engineering of the Roman Campagna was followed in their construction. Some of them run into and through the hills. Here and there a great reservoir or cistern has been sunk. Even Damascus, "the earthly Paradise," could not have presented a more garden-like luxuriance than did the plains of Jericho when Jesus came here and halted to heal the blindness of poor Bartimeus. Now its glory is all gone, but the blind are not all gone. It seems true that one in ten of the native people met in the way are either blind or have diseased eyes. They still sit by the wayside, usually in couples, appealing to the charity of the stranger.

The climb from Jericho to Bethany is one of the most exasperating in Judea. There are a number of routes, but if any one is chosen, sorrow is sure to follow the preference. The journey is not a long one, and soon after leaving the sunken plain of Jericho, the air becomes more vital. The rolling hills are dotted with olive trees, and green fields lined with stone walls appear, between which the tortuous bridle-path ascends. One favorite route is by the brook Cherith, which hurries Jordanward through a deep slit in the earth, cut by some unusually awful blow of Nature.

After climbing, say five hundred feet, by turning one may gain an appreciation of the true depression of the site of Jericho and of the Dead Sea. Now the path runs up rocky defiles, amid chalk hills, through stony valleys, and over blighted soil; up, up, in the sun, until the tops of two giddy fragments of masonry are seen. These are in Bethany, and form part of what is called "the house of Martha and Mary."

There seems to be a contented community



BETHANY.

at Bethany, in pleasant contrast with the wretches of Jericho. The people politely welcome the stranger; the oldest inhabitant exhibits the few attractions of the town; the women carry their babies in sacks upon their backs, and serve fresh buffalo-milk to the visitor; the children are many, pretty, and shy. Their good traits are all the more apparent after one has been stoned by the urchins of Hebron, and hooted at by those of Jerusalem and other places.

Here, at Bethany, we saw the "father" idea illustrated as prettily as in the Arabian desert. If a child enters an apartment where its father is, it will not sit down or speak until the father notices it and bids it be seated. Moreover, if children grown up to some size enter and find the father engaged in any labor — beating coffee in the mortar, for example — the youth will assume the work and go on with it.

The "tomb of Lazarus," at Bethany, like many other sites in this country of ruins, is far below the street surface, and is reached by twenty-six stone steps. A simple vault excavated in the natural rock is shown as the place whence Lazarus came forth.

No one can visit Bethany without being impressed with a sense of its sacredness. It is lovely for situation, and its people are different from the rest of their countrymen.

From Bethany, Jesus rode to Jerusalem on the foal of an ass. The Mount of Olives was crossed on the way. One must always traverse it when journeying between the two towns. This may be done from the east, or its shoulder may be passed over, south and west. The path by either way is lovely, leading through richly cultivated fields and orchards of olives and fruit. And whether one follows the first-named way, and so obtains the view of the holy city from the summit of Olivet, or, going the other, gains the same just as he emerges from the groves which fringe the western brow of the sacred mountain, entering the pathway which Jesus traveled daily for so long a time, the admiration is unbounded, and the emotions are indescribable.

No matter how much of the structures of the past is buried beneath the present surface, or how much the people have changed, these hills, these valleys, were all looked upon by Jesus of Nazareth and became familiar to him; nor have they changed since he was here. The whole extent of the city is seen from Olivet, with no object intervening to divide the prospect. Mount Moriah rises from the ponderous walls which seem rather to support the hill than to rest upon it. The Temple is gone, but there within the precincts of its magnificent area are the Mosques of El Aksa and the domed Mosque of Omar. Mount Zion asserts itself, more steep of ascent than all the rest, though its glittering palaces are no more. The ragged old walls and the perfect gateways alike present visions of power and beauty; for, as they are approached, their height and thickness grow upon one, and they seem impregnable. Amid a cluster of mosque minarets the domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher are centered. A diagonal depression runs across the city from the Gate of St. Stephen to the Holy Sepulcher; it is one of the principal streets — *Via Dolorosa*. If water ran through it, what with its grated windows, low doorways, narrowness, prison-like walls, and

serpentine windings, one might call it a street of Venice. The monks have, through the straining endeavors of ages, located eight "events" here which took place during the last days of our Saviour, and have erected a "station" with an accompanying shrine at each traditional spot. Soon after entering St. Stephen's Gate, the wall of the Temple area is reached. In it are the stones of two ancient arches where stood Pilate's Staircase, leading into the Judgment Hall. A little farther westward is the arch of Ecce Homo, where Pilate exclaimed, "Behold the Man!" Following these are the stations "where the fainting Jesus made an impression with his shoulder in the stone wall when he fell; the house of St. Veronica, who wiped the bleeding brow of Jesus with a handkerchief; where Simon was compelled to bear the cross; where the weeping daughters of Jerusalem were addressed by Jesus, and where his tragical death took place."



JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Shrewd Greeks are still allowed to go where the Jew is not tolerated; for, near several of these stations, we find their shops for the manufacture and sale of articles made of olive wood.

A portion of my sojourn in Jerusalem included Easter week. It must have looked then somewhat as it did during the feast, when the triumphal entry was made. All around were the pointed white tents of the stranger-pilgrims who had come from every quarter to witness the services which were to ensue. The paths and roads leading to the gates of the city, and crossing the hills and the plain in every direction, were thronged with those who were arriv-

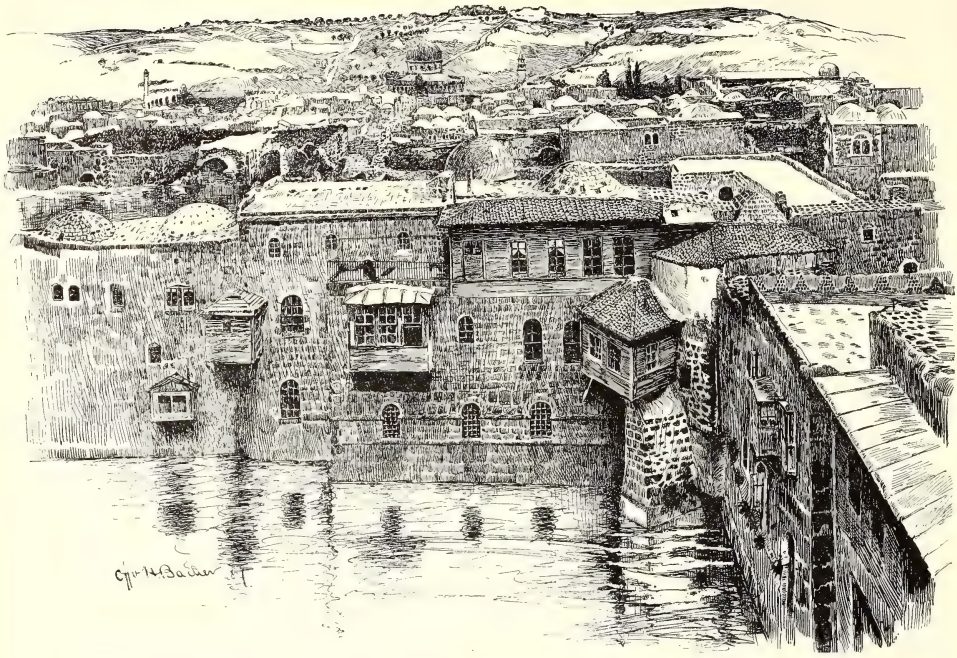
ing from the neighboring villages to share in the observances of the holy week. The noise and the confusion at all the city gates converted them into veritable bedlams and babels. The scenes were picturesque beyond all description.

Jerusalem is divided into four quarters; namely, the Mohammedan, the Jewish, the Greek, and the Latin or "Christian" quarter. The tall minarets of the Moslem enable him to keep an eye over all. The muezzin call is heard everywhere; but the sale of crucifixes and rosaries, together with chromos of the Virgin and Raphael's Madonna, is restricted to the Christian quarter. So rigidly are the Jews enjoined from visiting the more prominent parts of Jerusalem, that, as in Tyre and Sidon two thousand years ago, so here, they find no freedom from insult except in the Jews' quarter. There the new synagogue is located among the curious old houses with modern attachments.

The building is reached by narrow streets. Its locality is close to one of the five or six palm-trees that now remain in the city. The Christian quarter includes the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and the Greek and the Latin convents. The Pool of Hezekiah is one of the authentic places of the past, and lies back of "Christian Street." On one side of the passage-way we see a fair example of those



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER. (FROM AN ETCHING MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE BY OTTO H. BACHER.)



JERUSALEM FROM THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH, LOOKING TOWARDS THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

places so dear to the heart of every Oriental — the coffee-house, the barber-shop, and the Turkish bath. There is no palm-tree in this quarter, but there is as fine an old oak as the groves of Bashan can boast.

There are three sabbaths in Jerusalem — Friday for the Moslem, Saturday for the Hebrew, and Sunday is shared by the Greek and Latin and the Protestant sojourners together. During Passion week the area in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is turned into a regular mart for the sale of carved beads, shell-work, pressed flowers, crosses, and articles fashioned from olive-wood. The salesmen are dreary and indifferent, and the general appearance of things is dull and depressing.

In an upper room of a building which stands over the reputed tomb of David, it is said that the Last Supper was eaten. This room is known as the Cœnaculum. Tradition also locates other events of a sacred character here, as follows: "The assembling of the apostles on the day of Pentecost when the miracle of the cloven tongues of fire occurred; the washing of the disciples' feet by Jesus; the giving of the 'sop' to Judas; and the departure of the sad company, going down through the Vale of Kedron to Gethsemane."

The only gate in use now, on the eastern side, is St. Stephen's Gate. It is nearest to the Mount of Olives, and from its doorway Gethsemane can be plainly seen. The path across leads first down the steep incline of Mount Moriah, and then over the stone bridge which spans the Kedron valley, and ascends to the walls of Gethsemane. There the three pathways which lead to Bethany join, and thence they separate: one leads to the summit of Olivet, through the little village there, and then down on the eastern side; the second, ascending, skirts the shoulder of Olivet on the south, and joins the first a little time before reaching Bethany; the third, and one most used, wends to the right just outside the wall and east of Gethsemane garden; this, following the base-line of Olivet on the south, leads to Bethany, and thither to Jericho, the land of Moab, Perea, and Decapolis. The summit of Olivet is about 400 feet above the Kedron valley, and 2800 feet above the Mediterranean. The ascent from Jerusalem is a steep one. From base to summit its broad terraces are devoted to the cultivation of the olive. The top is quite level, and is the site of a small village with an attendant mosque, "to protect," says the Moslem, "the Church of the Ascension and other religious buildings" located there. My tent, during the greater part of my sojourn in the neighborhood, was pitched in a grain-field beneath the shades of an olive grove just west

of the summit of the Mount of Olives. At the joining of the trio of paths described as leading to Bethany, the Garden of Gethsemane is located. It is surrounded by a stone wall which is divided by shrines facing inside the garden, all looking strangely new in comparison with the gnarled old trees that they surround. After knocking at the low gate, the visitor is questioned by an old monk and

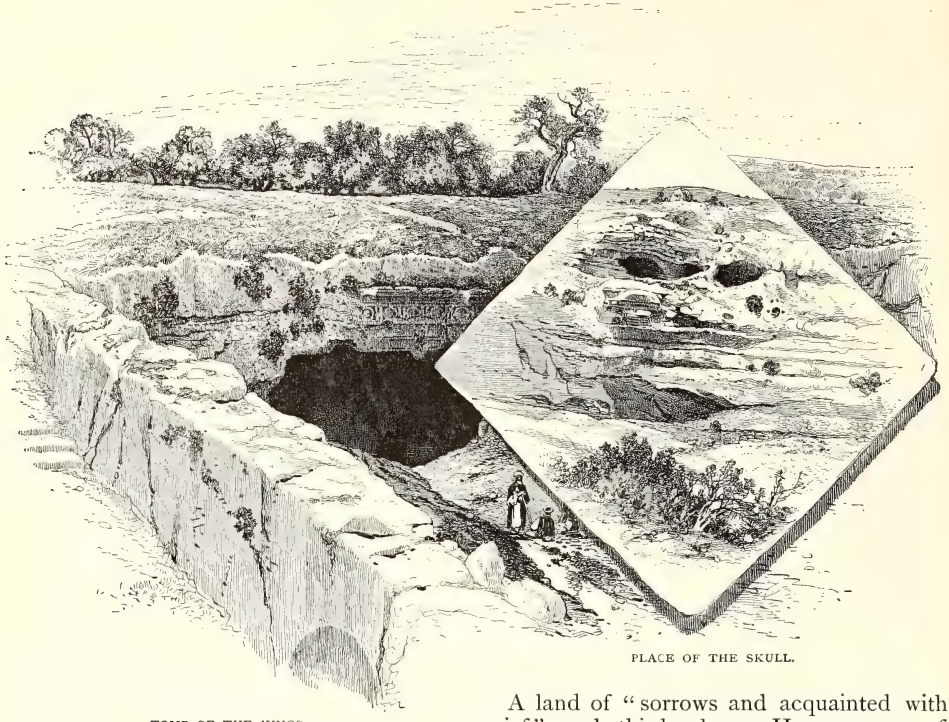


THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE — THE TREE OF AGONY.

then admitted. The garden is carefully kept by the venerable custodian. The whitewashed fence of paling and the trim flower garden afford another strange contrast with the gnarled and ancient olive-trees. In one corner of the garden is a well of delicious water. A bucket with rope running over a pulley are used. Near this well are the humble quarters of the monk in charge. A marble canopy with an iron gate incloses Canova's bas-relief of "The Agony." A neatly kept walk leads one around the circuit of the garden from shrine to shrine. Parts of the walls are covered with pictures representing scenes which took place during our Lord's last night on earth. Wormwood and the Passion-vine trail about the walls in profusion. It is a lovely spot.

On the west side of the city, a few rods north-east of the Damascus Gate, the wall rests partly upon the natural rock. Beneath is the old-time quarry known as the "Cotton Grotto." On the opposite side of the road is "The Grotto of Jeremiah." Farther, on the left, is a hill, the face of which, with the horrid semblance of deep-sunken eyes and broken visage, looks like a human skull. Its locality and surrounding features have led modern explorers to accept it as Mount Calvary. It is without the gates. It commands an extensive view of the city, and of the whole way to the summit of Olivet. The populace assembled on two sides of the city could see an execution on this hill.

From this spot it is but a short ride to the rock-hewn sepulchers known as the "Tombs of the Kings." The entrance to one of these subterranean villages of the dead is closed by a "rolling-stone"— a rudely cut disk, perhaps a yard in diameter, standing on edge in an inclined groove which runs, deep cut, from one side of the doorway to the other. When the tombs are open, the stone is rolled to the left, and a small wedge is placed under it to keep it from returning. When the wedge is removed, the rolling-stone immediately follows the incline to the right until it reaches a slightly



TOMB OF THE KINGS.

PLACE OF THE SKULL.

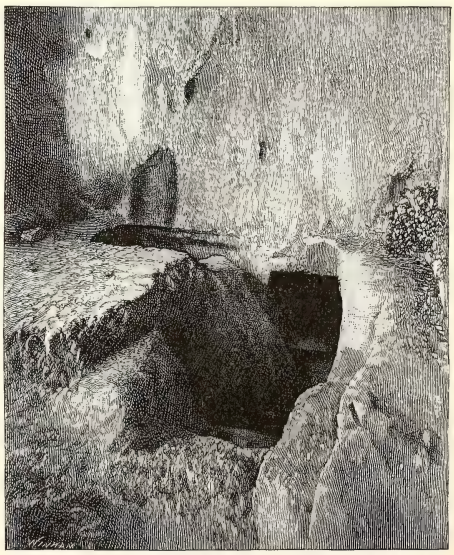
deeper depression, into which it rolls; thus it closes the entrance of the tomb. Considerable strength is required to displace it.

At the south-east corner of the Temple area there are a number of courses of immense stones, with their edges beveled after the Jewish fashion, undoubtedly by the quarrymen of Solomon. Under them is found a beautiful and substantial illustration of the expression in which our Lord is called "the head of the corner," and of Matt. xvi. 18 — "Upon this rock I will build my church."

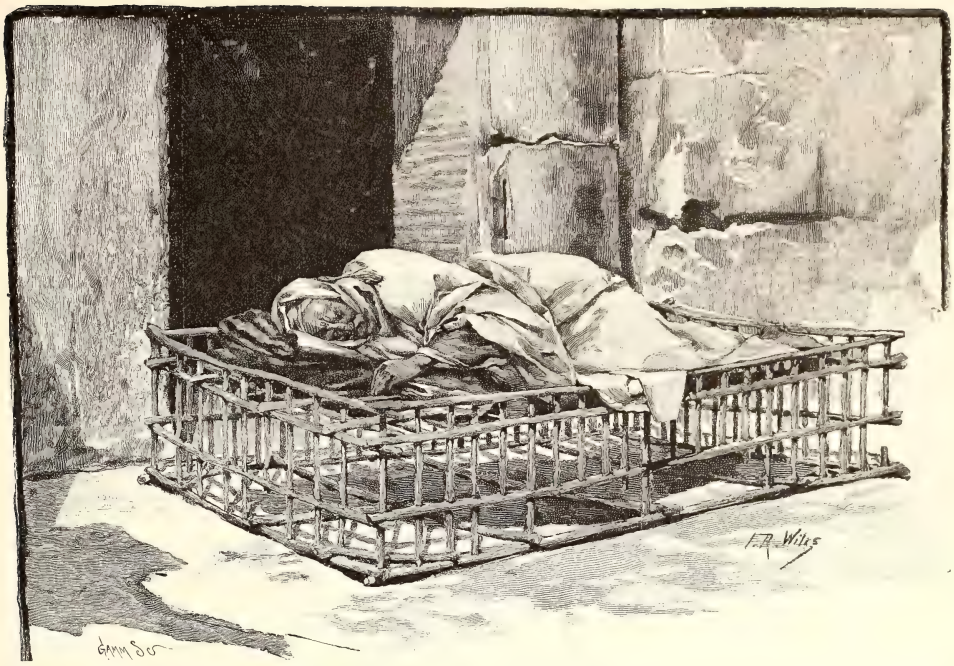
In the valleys one may frequently see a circle of Arabs seated upon the ground, with their sheik at the head of the circle, acting as judge. He hears the causes of his tribe, receives the account of their stewardship, often pleads for the oppressed, and condemns when punishment is deserved. Thus the lessons of forgiveness, of the talents, and of the judgment are here enacted, over and over again, as of old.

At many of the bazars and residences of Jerusalem, as well as in other oriental cities, the "watchman at the gate" is posted night and day. His only bed is a wicker mattress, which stands on end near by during the day. He is allowed to repose upon it at the gate during the night, never forsaking his post as long as his engagement lasts.

A land of "sorrows and acquainted with grief," surely this has been. Here are some of the most splendid ruins in the world — Phenician, Jewish, Roman, Grecian, and Crusaders'. Earthquake, war, and Islam have all shattered the land and broken the spirits of the people, until now there is just as much room for missionary effort as there was when Jesus



A TOMB WITH ROLLING STONE.



THE WATCHMAN AT THE GATE.

and "the twelve" traveled the route over which we have tried to follow them. The legends, the sepulchers, the wells, the caves, the mountains, the rivers, the climate, the "land with milk and honey blest," with all its seclusion and its history, will remain. But there is room for more conquest and more history. What will it be?

Edward L. Wilson.

MOTHERHOOD.

SHE softly sings, and paces to and fro,
Patient, unwearied, bearing in her arms
The fretful, sickly child, with all his harms,
Deformed and imbecile, her love and woe.
Croons, with caressing intonation, low,
Some sweet, old minor melody, that charms
The ear that listens, and the sufferer calms,
And her own sorrow soothes with silver flow.
O holy tenderness of motherhood!
Most pitiful and patient to the child,
Foolish, unlovely, seemingly defiled
By powers of death and darkness. The All Good
Alone so loveth and remembereth,
And, like a tender parent, pitieth.

Abby S. Hinckley.



[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

XVI.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

THE murder of George Lockwood furnished a powerful counter-excitement, which quite broke the continuity of religious feeling, and lacked little of completely breaking up the camp-meeting. Hundreds of men and women thronged about the place of the shooting and discussed all the probable and possible details of the affair, of which several versions were already current. The coroner ordered the body removed to a new hay-barn in the neighborhood; whereupon the people rushed thither to get a sight of the dead man, for there is no source of excitement so highly prized by the vulgar as the ghastly. At 3 in the afternoon, the barn was crowded. The people jostled one another closely upon the wide threshing-floor, and the wheat-mow alongside contained, among others, at least twenty women whose appetite for the horrible had led them to elbow their way early to this commanding situation. The hay-mow at the other end of the floor was full of men and boys, and the cross-beams were occupied by curious spectators, perched like rows of chimney-swifts at the time of autumnal flitting. More adventurous youth had managed to climb even into the dizzy collar-beams under the comb of the barn, to the dismay of the mason-swallows whose young were sheltered in adobe houses attached to the rafters. There were heads, and pendent legs, and foreshortened arms enough in the upper part of the barn to suggest a ceiling-fresco of the Last Judgment by an old Italian master. Yet other curious people had crowded into the horse stables below the wheat-mow, and were peering over the manger into the threshing-floor and intermingling their heads with those of the beasts of the stall, much as the aforementioned old Italian painters mixed up brute and human figures in their Nativity pieces. The crowd upon the floor itself stretched out of the wide-open double doors on each hand, beyond which there was a surging mass of people blindly gravitating towards the center of excitement, though all the proceedings were invisible and inaudible to them.

On two boards supported by kegs and boxes lay the lifeless body of Lockwood. The pitiful sight of the pallid face and the eyes sunken in their sockets exasperated the spectators to revenge. Between the body and the hay-mow the coroner took his place on the only chair in the barn; at the opposite side of the corpse the jury was seated on improvised benches. Markham, the sheriff's deputy, assisted by a constable, kept back the press, whose centripetal force threatened at every moment to overwhelm the innocent jurymen.

As a matter of course, the first witness sworn was a doctor. Coroners begin at the beginning by first proving that the deceased is duly dead, and so within their jurisdiction; and by finding out by just what means the knife, rope, poison, or pistol ball severed the thread of existence. The human passion for completeness is as much prone to show itself in law proceedings as in art performances; coroners' inquests like to go down to the physiological principles that underlie the great fact of practical importance, and to inquire what was the name and function of the particular artery the severance of which put an end to consciousness in a set of ganglia which, with their complicated adjuncts, constitute what we call a man. It was in this case settled very promptly that the unfortunate deceased came to his death by a charge of buckshot. I shall not entertain the reader with the anatomical particulars, although these proved to be of the most pungent interest to the auditory at the inquest, and were scientifically expounded in every cross-roads grocery in the county for months afterward. There are old men in Illinois who have n't got done explaining the manner of it yet. But the important thing was accomplished when the coroner and his jury were convinced that the man was not only apparently, but scientifically, and therefore legally, dead: thus a basis was laid for the subsequent proceedings.

It is one of the strong points of a coroner

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that he knows nothing about what is held to be competent testimony,— nothing of the strict laws of relevancy and irrelevancy. He therefore goes to work to find out the truth in any way that seems good to him, without being balked by that vast network of regulations which are sure to embarrass the best endeavors of a more learned court. Markham was sworn immediately after the doctor had finished. It was his business to identify Tom's pistol. I fancy a lawyer might have insisted that no foundation had been laid for this testimony; but to the coroner it seemed the most orderly way, immediately after proving that Lockwood had been killed, to show the weapon with which he might have been killed. Markham swore to finding this pistol in Tom's room; and the ocular proof of the existence of such a weapon, in juxtaposition with the ghastly evidence before them of Lockwood's violent death, went far to establish Tom's guilt in the minds of the people. Then other witnesses swore to Tom's presence on the camp-ground; and two young men from Moscow had heard him threaten, some weeks before, that he would shoot George Lockwood.

It was just when the evidence of these two was finished that the people on the threshold of the south door of the barn began to sway to and fro in a sort of premonitory wave-motion, for outside of the door Sheriff Plunkett, having just arrived from Moscow with Tom Grayson, was battling with the condensed crowd in an endeavor to reach the presence of the coroner.

"You can't git through, Sher'f," said one man. "This crowd 's so thick you could bore a nauger into it."

But the sheriff's progress was aided by the interest of the people in Tom. They could not resist turning about to look at him, and every movement displaced some human molecules; so that Plunkett, aided by the respect shown to him as an officer, was able to push a little farther in at every budge. But the people were not content with looking at Tom.

"You 've got to swing fer it, you young rascal," said one man as Tom passed.

"Coward, to shoot a man in the dark!" muttered another.

And ever as in this slow progress Tom came nearer to the center he felt the breath of the mob to be hotter. When he got within the door there was a confused rustle among the people on the threshing-floor, a murmur from those who jostled one another in the hay-mows, and a sound of indignation from the people seated on the cross-beams and clinging to the girders; mutterings even came down from those lodged like overhanging angels in the dizzy collar beams, fast by the barn-swallows' nests. Such excited crowds are choruses who wait for some one to give them the key; the pitch of the first resolute voice determines the drift of feeling. If somebody had called out at this moment for fair play, the solvent feeling of the crowd might have crystallized about this one. But indignation got tongue first.

"Hang him!" The words came from the corner of the threshing-floor farthest from the coroner, and in an instant the tide of feeling ran swiftly to that side. Tom recognized the harsh voice, and realized his danger in perceiving that the resentful Jake Hogan was leading those who sought to lynch him.

When the sheriff, with Grayson, had penetrated to the neighborhood of the coroner, the inquest was continued by calling David Sovine. This young man, with stylish trousers strapped down to patent-leather shoes, came forward chewing tobacco and affecting a self-confident swagger. He took the oath nonchalantly.

"Tell us what you know of the murder of George Lockwood," said the coroner.

"Well, me an' George had been together, an' we parted. He was goin' to-*wards* his horse an' me to-*wards* the camp-meetin'. I was about twenty foot, or maybe twenty-five foot, away from 'im when along come Tom Grayson an' says, says he, 'I 'm boun' to git even with you wunst fer all.' I looked aroun', an' Tom was aimin' his pistol. George Lockwood says, says he, 'Don't shoot me, Tom'; but Tom he up an' fired, an' George jist keeled over like, an' never said another word. Tom run off as fast as his legs could carry him. I run up to George, an' he was layin' there dead 's a door-nail. Then the crowd come a-runnin', an' that 's about all I know about it."

"D' you remember the pistol?"

"Yes."

"Was it like this?"

"Yes; an ole-fashioned big bore single-barrel like that, I should say."

"That 'll do. You can stand aside," said the coroner.

"Hang him!" cried Jake Hogan; and there were other cries that showed how swiftly and terribly the current was setting in the direction indicated by Jake.

Tom Grayson was sworn.

"Now," said the coroner, "you don't have to criminate yourself. If you cannot answer any question asked of you without criminating you, you can decline to give an answer."

For how many ages have Anglo-Saxons made their criminal law ridiculous by this rule!

"Now," the coroner went on, "tell us just



"WHERE'S THAT PIECE OF CANDLE GONE TO?" (SEE PAGE 840.)

what you know about the shooting at the camp-meeting."

"I don't know anything at all about it," said Tom with agitation. "I have n't seen George Lockwood since I quarreled with him in Moscow till I saw him here." And he pointed with a trembling finger to the stark form of the man he had hated.

"Lie!" cried Hogan. The coroner called, "Order!"

"Aw!" said one of the women in the wheat-mow. "To think he could have the impedence to hole up his head an' talk that away un the corpse right there afore his eyes!"

"Do you know that pistol?" asked the coroner.

Tom took it up and looked at some marks on the butt of it.

"It 's mine," he said.

"Did you have it at the camp-meeting?"

"No, nor any other."

"You are not obliged to criminate yourself," said the coroner again; "but did n't you see Lockwood killed?"

"No," said Tom. "It 's all a lie that Dave Sovine swore to, and he knows it. I was n't on that part of the ground."

"Hang him!" interjected Hogan.

"The bah-y is awful plucky, upon me sowl," said Magill, who was standing on a plow-beam in order to see over the heads of the crowd. "It would be a pity to hang a man of such good stuff."

"The bare-faced villain!" growled the man next to him, and the unfavorable impression evidently had way with the crowd. When people have once made up their mind as to how a thing has happened, they do not like to have their fixed notions disturbed. Tom's heart sank; he could see that the chance for his getting back to the jail alive was growing smaller. Hiram Mason had attached himself to Tom and the sheriff, and had elbowed his way to the front in their wake; the people, supposing that he had some official function, made way for him. He now got the ear of the sheriff.

"If you don't get Tom away at once he 'll be lynched," he said.

"I know it; but I don't know what to do," said Plunkett. "If I make any move, I 'll fetch the crowd down on Tom."

"Get him down into the cow-stable under the barn, and let Markham take him off. You stay here and they won't suspect that he 's gone."

There was something pitiable about the sheriff's inability to make a decision at a critical moment. He looked at the angry crowd, who were paying little attention to the testi-

mony of unimportant witnesses, and he looked at the coroner. He did n't like to bear the responsibility of having a prisoner taken from his hands; still more he disliked to offend so many voters.

"Settle it with Markham and the coroner," he said, sneaking out of the decision he could not bring himself to make.

"Mr. Markham," whispered Hiram, "the sheriff wants you and me to get Tom off. I 'll get the horses ready, and you and Tom are to come out through the cow-stable. Speak to the coroner about it, and don't let the crowd see it. If we don't get him away before this thing breaks up he 'll never get to town alive."

"All right," said Markham. "I 'll be in the cow-stable with Tom when you 're ready."

Jake Hogan had already gone out to muster his men, and Hiram was very impatient at the long time it took him to work his way outward. He was a little annoyed when Magill, getting down from the plow-beam, stopped him to whisper:

"I say, you 're Tom's friend. Now what can I do for the bah-y? I s'pose he 's guilty, but I don't want to see such a bowld gintleman as he is lynched by such a set of howlin' blackguards as these."

"Go over there and stand in front of Tom, so that the people won't see him and Markham when they get down into the cow-stable."

Having whispered this between his teeth, Mason painfully worked his way out of the door, while Magill pushed forward towards the coroner. For Magill the people made way as best they could, supposing that the clerk was one of the functionaries without whom the performance could not proceed. The coroner had acceded to Markham's proposition and was contriving to protract the session. Magill called Sheriff Plunkett to him and made that worthy stand in unimportant conversation with him, so that they two covered from all observers first Markham's descent and then Tom's. The deputy sheriff and then his prisoner had to climb over a hay-rack and thence down to the ground. The cow-stable was beneath that end of the barn which jutted over a steep hill-side descending to a brook. As nothing was to be seen from this stable, there was nobody in it but a few boys.

When Mason came to say that he was ready, Markham passed out with his prisoner and down the hill-side to the bed of the brook, where Mason had brought the deputy's horse and old Blaze. Tom had been brought to the inquest in a wagon; but as it was necessary to avoid the main road, Mason had unharnessed Blaze for Tom to ride. As the hoofs of the horses clattered down over the stones in the bed of the stream, Tom felt as a man might who had but just eluded the coils of a boa-constrictor. In a little while the two were galloping over the open prairie towards Moscow by by-roads and short cuts.

The prisoner's absence was observed; but, as the sheriff remained, it was not at first suspected that he had got entirely away. People looked for him and inquired of one another where "they had put him." At length the testimony was all in, and the case was given to the jury. These "good men and true," as the old English law supposes them to be, retired for consultation; that is, they changed places with the coroner and stood with their faces towards the wall in the corner and their backs towards the crowd, which now buzzed like a nest of indignant bumble-bees. After a few minutes, the jury turned and their foreman read the verdict:

"We find that George Lockwood came to his death by being shot with buckshot, fired from a pistol by Thomas Grayson, Junior, and we recommend that the said Thomas Grayson be committed to answer to the charge of murder."

When this formal condemnation had been read, the passions of the crowd broke over all bounds, and the words of the coroner, formally ordering the commitment of the prisoner, were not heard. Cries of "Hang him! Hang him to the first tree!" mingled with curses, broke forth. Men swung themselves down from the high beams and there was a rush from the mows, while the women among the wheat-sheaves drew back in terror as they might have done in a rising hurricane. The crowd surged hither and thither about the outside of the barn, and surrounded the sheriff and the coroner, demanding the prisoner. It was more than five minutes after the verdict was in before it was believed that Tom had been taken away, and then the mob were bewildered by the certainty that nobody had seen him taken down the Moscow road. Foiled in their purpose, they fell away, and the tide of passion began to ebb. But the more determined rallied about Hogan, and agreed to meet him at the Broad Run grocery after dark, to make arrangements for a trip to the county-seat during the night.

XVII.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

As soon as Zeke had eaten the frugal supper of mush and milk that Mrs. Britton set out for him, he sought the dilapidated little Broad Run grocery. The building was of logs, and had a pair of deer's antlers over the door for a sign that it was in one sense a public house. The low door, with its threshold on the level

of the ground, the one square, dingy little window, and the shabby stick chimney, in the chinks of which the clay plaster was cleaving, gave the place a run-down expression. In looking at the building, one got a notion that it would like to slink away if it could. Zeke found nobody in but the proprietor, a boozy-headed looking man, with his hands usually in his trousers' pockets, and his swollen eyelids never wide open. The stock of groceries was small; two barrels of corn-whisky and one of molasses were the dominant elements; a quart cup and some glasses stood on a dirty unpainted poplar counter, beside a pair of scales. The whole interior had a harmonious air of sloth, stupidity, and malpropriety; and its compound odors were as characteristic as indescribable. Zeke waited about awhile, wondering that no one should have come to the rendezvous.

"Where 's Jake Hogan?" he inquired of the "grocery keeper."

"I dunno."

Zeke had anticipated this answer. The man never did know anything but the price of his liquors. It was the safest way for one who kept such a resort and heard so many confidences, and it was a way of answering questions that required the least exertion.

"But I wuz to meet him here."

"Oh, you wuz!" Then, after awhile, he asked, "Been over to his house?"

"No."

The grocery keeper did not say any more, but Zeke conjectured that the meeting had adjourned to Jake Hogan's cabin for greater privacy. Zeke made his way over there with much stumbling, for the night was rather a dark one in the woods. The cabin which was now owned and occupied by Hogan was, like most of the Broad Run dwellings, built of round logs with the bark on; that is to say, the bark had been left on when the house was built, but years of rain and sun had peeled off about half of it, and left the house spotted and ragged. There was but one room, and one might enter this without ceremony, for the door stood wide open, though not on account of hospitality. This door was made of heavy puncheons and had originally hung on wooden hinges, but the uppermost hinge had come off six months before, and though Jake had "'lowed to fix it" nearly every day since, it had not been repaired, for Hogan was a public-spirited citizen, deeply interested in politics, and in reformatory movements like the present one for hanging Tom Grayson; and it was not to be expected that such a man could, in the nature of things, spare time to put a paltry hinge on a door, when grave questions were always likely to be mooted at the grocery. So every morning the clumsy door was lifted aside; at bed-time it was with difficulty partly hoisted and partly shoved back into its place. If the night was very warm, the ceremony of closing the door was omitted. Locks were not necessary in a neighborhood like Broad Run, where honesty was hardly a virtue, there being so little temptation to theft. Jake's house contained a rude home-made bedstead of poles, and two or three stools of the householder's own manufacture. Hogan "'lowed" some day to make one or two more stools and a table. At present, he and his wife patiently ate from skillet and pot, until the table should be made. It was something to have conceived the notion of a table, and with that Jake rested. There was a large fire-place built of sticks and clay; it had stones for andirons and was further furnished with a pot, not to mention a skillet, which stood on two legs and a stone and had lost its handle. Jake always 'lowed he 'd get a new skillet; but he postponed it until he should have more money than was absolutely needful to buy indispensable clothes and whisky with. There was also a hoe, on which Mrs. Jake baked cold water hoe-cakes when she had company to supper. For shovel, a rived clapboard had been whittled into a handle at one end. Some previous owner had been rich enough and extravagant enough to have the four-light window glazed, but all the panes were now broken. An old hat, too shabby even for Jake to wear, filled the place of one of the squares of glass; the rest of the sash was left open for light and ventilation.

Secure as Jake and his party felt from legal interference, they had chosen to retire to this cabin instead of remaining at the grocery. This secrecy was rather an involuntary tribute of respect for the law than an act of caution. Mrs. Hogan, whose household duties were of the lightest, had been sent away, and into Jake's cabin a party of twenty had crowded, so far as it was possible for them to get in. Some stood outside of the door, and Zeke had to find a place at the broken window in order to hear what was going on. This was a muster of the leaders and the center of the party; one of the "boys" had been sent to the camp-ground to seek recruits who were not to be trusted in this council of war. The recruits were notified to assemble at the cross-roads, "'twix' midnight un moon-up."

The first that Zeke made out was that Jake was relieving his mind in a little speech:

"D' yeh know they 've gone un set up the k-yards onto us, boys? Soon 's Uncle Lazar h-yer tole me 't Bob McCord ud come over h-yer a-huntin', I know'd he wuz arter sumpin' ur nother besides b'ars. Bob 's purty tol'able

cute, but he a'n't the on'y cute feller in the worl'. Me 'n' Uncle Lazar jes laid fer 'im. Ketch Jake Hogan asleep, won' cheh! Uncle Lazar, when he seen Bob a-comin' down the run weth a b'ar on 'is shoulder, he jes soaks 'im weth a fresh jug uv whisky, un then 'im un S'manthy worms it out 'v 'im what he wuz a-loafin' over yer fer un not at the eenques'. He would n' noways tell Uncle Lazar, but he 's kind-uh fond uv S'manthy, un she 's smart, S'manthy is. She jes kind-uh saf-sawdered 'im un coaxed 'im up, tell he could n' keep it in no longer, bein' a leetle meller, un he tole 'er 't 'e wuz a-spyin' aroun' so 's to let the shurruff know 'f we 'd got wind uv 'is plans, un 't 'e expected to have the larf on Jake tomorry. But Uncle Lazar 'n' me 'ave got that fixed up, un Bob wuz n't more 'n out-uh sight afore Uncle Lazar wuz a trit-trottin' 'n 'is way, yeh know, fer Jake Hogan's. Bob 's a-comin' over to-morry to fetch back Uncle Lazar's mar' un have the larf onto us. But he took jes one too many pulls at Lazar's jug." Here Jake paused to vent a laugh of self-complacency and exultation.

"Thunder 'n' light'in', Jake," called out one of the party who stood outside of the door, beyond the light of the flickering blaze on the hearth, "what did Bob tell S'manthy? Why don' choo tell us, anyways? You 're a long time a-gittin' to the p'int. The business afore this yer meetin' is to hang Tom Grayson to a short meter toon. Now you tell me, what 's Uncle Lazar's whisky-jug got to do weth that? What 's the needcessity uv so much jaw?"

"Don' choo fret the cattle now," said Jake. "You want to know what Bob tole S'manthy? W'y, ut the shurruff was a-sendin' Tom Grayson f'om the eenques' over to Perrysburg jail to git him out-uh your way. I 'low that 's got sumpin' to do weth the business afore the meetin', hain't it?"

"Maybe he wuz a-foolin' S'manthy," said the interlocutor, in a voice a little subdued.

"Maybe he *wuz n't*," retorted Jake.

"He wuz drunk ez a fool," piped up Uncle Lazar in a quivering treble. "He mus' 'a' tuck 'most a quart out-uh my jug, un he could n' stan' straight w'en 'e went away. He tuck keer never to say Perrysburg to me, but he talked about shootin' you-all down at Moscow, jes zif shootin'-irons wuz a-goin' to skeer sech a devilish passel uv fellers ez you-all. I could n' git nuthin' more out 'v 'im. But I seed all the time 't they wuz sumpin' kinday kep' in, like. He on'y let out to S'manthy arter I 'd gone outay doors, un when he wuz thes chock full un one over. Un he tied S'manthy up so orful tight about it, she kinday hated to tell me, un I had to thes tell 'er 't she mus'."

"Jes y' all look at the case," said Jake, with a clumsy oratorical gesture. "Tom's uncle 's one uv them ar rich men what al'ays gits the'r own way, somehow ur nuther. That 's what we 're up fer. Ef we don't settle this yer business by a short cut acrost the woods, they 'll be a pack uv lawyers a-provin' that black 's white, un that killin' hain't no murder no-ways, un Tom 'll git off 'cause he 's got kin what kin pay fer the law, un buy up the jury liker 'n not. A pore man don' stan' no kind uv a chance in this yer dodrotted country. Down in North Kerliny, whar I come from, 't wuz diff'rent. Now I say sass fer the goose is —"

"Aw, well, what 's sass got to do weth the question, Jake? We 're all in favor uv the pore man, cause that 's us," said his opponent, from outside the door.

"Well," retorted Jake, "what would ole Tom do for young Tom 't this time? Ainh? Jes you screw up yer thinkin' machine, ef you 've got ary one, un tell me that. Would n' he jes nat'rally git the shurruff to put out to Perrysburg weth 'im, un then git a change uv venoo, un then buy up a jury un a passel uv dodrotted lawyers un git 'im off; ur else hire some feller to break open the jail un sen' the young scamp to t' other side uv the Mississip'? It stan's to nater 't Tom Grayson 's in Perrysburg jail to-night."

"Un it stan's to nater," said one of the company, "that Broad Run 's a-goin' to make a frien'ly visit to the nex' county to-night. Un it stan's to nater we 're goin' to settle Hank Plunkett's hash at the next 'lection fer shurruff."

"Now yer a-talkin' sense," cried another of the crowd.

As soon as it was clear that the meeting was in favor of going to Perrysburg, the gathering began to break up, some of the men feeling by this time a strong gravitation towards the grocery. Zeke went to Jake Hogan and explained that he "mus' be a-goin'."

"You know," he added, "I 've ruther got to steal my hoss. The ole man Britton mout lemme have one ef the ole woman 'd let *him*. But I know she jest nat'rally won't. So I 'd better go back un git to bed, then when the folks is asleep I 'll crawl out."

XVIII.

ZEKE.

TWO THINGS lay heavy on Zeke Tucker's mind as he hastened towards Britton's. For the life of him he could not tell whether Perrysburg was the destination to which Bob wished to send Jake, or whether Jake might not be right in supposing that Bob had incautiously betrayed his own secret. But this was

Bob's affair; what troubled him most was to devise a way by which he could get possession of a piece of candle. Mrs. Britton would not allow a hired man to have a light. "Any man that could n' feel 'is way into bed mus' be simple," she said.

Zeke found the old people out of bed later than usual. Mrs. Britton had been churning, and the butter "took a con*trar*y streak," as she expressed it, and refused to come until she and the old man had churned alternately for two hours. She was working the butter when Zeke came in and sat down. Watching his chance, he managed to snatch a tiny bit of candle-end that had been carefully laid up on the mantel-piece. But when Mrs. Britton's lighted candle flickered in its socket, she went to get the piece that was already in Zeke's pocket.

"I declare to goodness," she said, as she fumbled among the bits of string and other trumpery on the shelf, "where 's that piece of candle gone to? Do you know, Cyrus?"

This question was addressed to her husband, who never did know where anything she wanted "had gone to." But she always gave vent to her feelings by asking him, and he always answered, as he did now, with an impassive "No."

"Zeke, d' you see that short piece of candle that was here on the shelf?"

Zeke rose and affected to look for it.

"I don't see nothin' uv it," he said at length.

"Well, if the rats ain't a-gittin' no better fast. Who 'd 'a' believed they 'd 'a' got up on the shelf?" So saying, she reluctantly lighted a fresh candle to take her butter to the spring.

By the time she was well out of the back door, Zeke, with one eye on the lethargic Britton, who was now a-doze in his chair, raked a hot coal from the ashes, and blowing it to a flame lighted his bit of candle with it. Then he quickly climbed to the loft, and opening the window-shutter put the candle in the glassless window on the side of the chimney towards Perrysburg. He was shivering for fear the old woman would see the light, though she was at the other end of the house, and he was yet more afraid that Bob would not see it before it should burn out. Hearing, at length, the crack of Bob's rifle, he extinguished the expiring wick and slipped down the ladder without arousing the slumbering old man.

"I expect they 's another man shot," said Mrs. Britton, when she came back. If she had ever been a planter's wife her pronunciation had probably degenerated, though her archaic speech was perhaps a shade better than the "low down" language of Broad Run.

"Why?" asked Zeke.

"Oh! I heerd a gun go off, un guns ain't common at 9 o'clock at night. An' I thought I saw a flicker uv light in our loft jus' now, but it went out as soon as the gun went off. It made me feel creepy, like the house was ha'nted." And she again began to look on the mantel-piece for the lost bit of candle which she was loth to give up.

"I 'm a-goin' to bed," said Zeke, "ghos's ur no ghos's," and he again mounted the ladder. After he had lain on the bed with his clothes on for an hour, keeping himself awake with difficulty, he felt sure that the old couple below stairs must be sound asleep. He softly opened the square window, the wooden shutter of which made no sound, as it swung on hinges of leather cut from an ancient boot-top. Then he climbed out on the projecting ends of the sticks which composed the chimney, and cautiously descended to the ground.

"Cyrus!" said Mrs. Britton to her husband; "did n't you hear that noise?"

"What noise?"

"That scratchin' kind-uh noise inside of the chimbley."

"No, I don't hear nothin'"; and the old man made haste to resume his sleep where he had left off.

"I do believe this house is ha'nted," sighed Mrs. Britton to herself.

The next morning when she woke up she called out, according to her wont, to the hired man in the loft: "Zeke! Zeke! O Zeke!"

She got no reply. Vexed of all things that a hired man should lose a minute of time, she called again in vain. A minute later she was about to get up and go to the ladder so as to be better heard, when there came to her the sound of Zeke chopping wood at the back door.

"Well, ef the world ain't a-comin' to 'n end, when Zeke Tucker gits up an' goes to choppin' of 'is own accord!"

When Zeke came in to breakfast, she said: "You 're out bright and airly this mornin'."

"Yes; I could n' sleep. Heerd noises all aroun' the house."

"So d' I. D' you hear that scratchin' in the chimbley?"

"Ya-as," said Zeke, with hesitation. He was relieved that the conversation should be broken at this point by the entrance of the old man from the stable.

"Zeke," said Britton, as he drew his chair to the table, "what 's the matter weth ole Gray?"

"I never noticed nothin' when I gin him 'is oats. But 't wuz n't fa'rly light then."

"He 's been rode. They 's sweat marks onto him, un the saddle 's wet yet."

The old woman put down her knife and fork. "That 's witch-work," she said. "First,

the butter would n't come, then I lost that piece of candle; un it 's teetotally gone too. Now rats don't never git up onto that shelf. Then I see a flicker of light in the loft while I was puttin' away the butter, an' you 'n' Zeke a-settin' h-yer by the fire. Then I wuz waked up by that scritch-scratchin' soun' in the chimbley, fer all the world like somebody a-climbin' down into the room, though they wa' n't nobody clum down, fer I listened. It kep' Zeke awake all night un roused 'im out airly this mornin'. 'T ain't nothin' short of witch-work gits Zeke up an' sets him to choppin' wood 'thout callin'. An' it 's been a-ridin' ole Gray. Maybe the ghost of that feller that wuz shot over 't the camp-meetin' 's a-ha'ntin' roun' the country, like. I don' b'lieve it 'll ever be quiet tell the feller that shot 'im 's hung."

The old man was very taciturn, and Zeke could not divine whether he was impressed by his wife's mysterious "it," or whether, suspecting the truth about old Gray, he thought best to say nothing. For if anything should set Mrs. Britton going she would not stop scolding for days, and Britton knew well that Zeke would not be the chief sufferer in such a tempest.

As soon as he had eaten his breakfast, Zeke went out to dig early potatoes in Britton's farther field. About 9 o'clock, a clod of earth came flying past his legs and broke upon his hoe. He turned to look, and saw another one thrown from the corn-field near by ascending in a hyperbolic curve and then coming down so near to his head that he moved out of the way. He laid down his hoe and climbed the fence into the corn-field, which at this time of the year was a dense forest of green stalks higher than a man's head. Bob McCord was here awaiting Zeke. He had left Lazar Brown's horse tied in a neighboring papaw patch.

"Did you go to Perrysburg?" began Bob.

"Yes," said Zeke. "You played it onto 'em good. I wuz ruther more 'n half fooled myself. I 'lowed sometimes ut maybe S'manthy *had* come it over you."

Bob laughed all through his large frame.

"When we got to Perrysburg un come to wake up the shurruff he wuz skeerd, un ast what 't wuz we wuz arter.

"'That murderer,' says Jake Hogan, like a ghos' fum behin' his false-face.

"'What murderer?' says the shurruff. 'They hain't no murderer in the jail.'

"'They hain't, sonny?' says Jake, weth *sech* a swing. 'You ketch us with yer dodrotted foolin',' says he; 'we hain't the kind to be fooled. We know what we 're about afore we begin, we do. We hain't the sort to be tuck in by lawyers ur nobody else.'

"'I tell you they hain't no murderer h-yer,' says the shurruff, says he.

"'He 'is han's, boys,' says Jake, in Jake's way, yeh know, like as if he wuz king uv all creation."

"Weth Eelenoys throwed in like a spool uv thread, to make the bargain good," suggested Bob, losing all prudence and giving way to a long unrestrained peal of laughter.

"Jes so," said Zeke. "When we come to the jail un got the door open they wuz n't nobody thar but Sam Byfiel', the half-crazy feller that wuz through h-yer last ye'r a-playin' his fool tricks, un a man name' Simmons, as had stole half a cord uh wood. Simmons was *that* skeered when we come in, 't 'e got down on 'is knees un begged, un whined, un sniffled, un says, 'Boys,' says he, 'I hain't noways purpared to die. Don't hang me, un I won't never steal nothin' ag'in.'"

"I 'll bet Byfiel' wuz n't skeered," said Bob.

"Not *him*. He 'd been a-playin' the angel Gaberl about Perrysburg weth a long tin horn, blowin' it into people's winders at midnight, un the watchman had jugged him. Jake says, says he, 'Sam Byfiel', tell us whar that air murderer is.' Jake put 'is voice away down in 'is boots,— it sounded like a mad bull a-bellerin'. But Sam jest lif's Jake's false-face, this away, un peeps under, un says, 'Jake Hogan,' says 'e, 'I knowed it mus' be you by yer big-feelin' ways. It 's mighty hard fer a man that 's a nateral born to make a fool uv hisself; but, Jake, I 'll be derned ef you hain't done it this time.'

"'Hain't Tom Grayson h-yer?' says Jake.

"'No,' says Byfiel'. 'Somebody 's been a-greenin' on you, Jake; Tom hain't never been h-yer,' says he.

"'Aw, you 're a lunatic, Sam,' says Jake.

"'Ditto, brother,' says Byfiel'.

"The shurruff's folks had run out, un 'bout this time they 'd began to raise the neighbors, un somebody run to the Prisbaterian church un commenced to pull away on the new church-bell, 't a man Down East sent 'em. We thought we 'd better be a-strikin' out mighty soon. But time we wuz in our saddles crack went a gun fum behin' the court-house. I s'pose 't wuz shot into the air to skeer us; but Jake, like a fool, out weth his pistol un shot back. The Perrysburg people wuz like a bee-gum that 's been upsot. The people was now a-runnin', some one way un some t' other, un more guns wuz fired off fum some'ers,— we never stopped to eenquire fum whar, tell we 'd got safe acrost the county line. One uv them guns must 'a' been a rifle, un it must 'a' been shot in bloody yearnest, fer I heerd the bullet whiz."

"You never stopped to say good-bye!" said Bob.

"Not me! Ole Gray wuz the very fust hoss that pulled hisself acrost the corpora-

tion line. I did n' feel no interest in stayin', noways."

"What 's Jake goin' to do nex' thing?" asked Bob, not yet recovered from his merriment.

"Wal, about half the fellers rode straight on home un would n't talk to Jake at all, 'cept maybe to cuss 'im now un then fer a fool, on'y fit to hole a snipe-bag fer Bob McCord. They swore they wuz done go'n' under sech as *him*. But Jake ain't the kind to gin it up; he says 'f 'e kin git a dozen he 's boun' to go a Sunday night when they 'll be lots of fellers about the camp-meetin', un some uh them 'll go too, maybe."

"We 'll have to see about that," said Bob, getting up. "But you stick to Jake, closte ez a cuckle-burr."

"All right," said Zeke, remembering his potato patch and looking ruefully at the ascending sun as he hurried back to his work.

Bob went on his way and returned the horse to Lazar Brown's house; but Uncle Lazar was nowhere to be seen, and S'manthy was evidently out of humor.

"S'manthy, yer 's yer hoss," said Bob.

"Wal, you thes let 'im loose thar; I hain't got time to bother."

"How 'd the boys come out las' night down 't Moscow?"

"Aw, I don' know, un I don' keer, neither. You 're a low-lived passel uh loafers, all uh yeh, big *an'* leetle."

"W'y, S'manthy! You wuz that sweet las' night."

S'manthy was in a hurry about something, but she showed her irregular teeth as she disappeared around a corner of the cabin, looking back over her shoulder to say:

"You 're a purty one, hainch yeh, now?"

Bob's face shone with delight as he went on up the run to look for the bear's cubs. He succeeded in killing one of them and capturing the other alive, but he had to take them and his wounded dog home afoot. It seemed too great a venture to ask S'manthy to lend the horse a second time.

XIX.

THE MYTH.

JAKE'S leadership had received a severe blow, and Bob could hardly believe that he would be able to muster a company again. But Hogan's vindictiveness and persistence rendered it probable that he would not rest in his present ridiculous position without making an effort to redeem himself, even if he had to act with a small party.

"You see," Bob explained to Mason that Saturday night, "Jake 's got the most p'ison kind uv hold-on you ever seed. He 's shore to try 't over, fust *or* last."

"He won't let you fool him again," said Mason.

Bob smiled and picked up a chip, which he began to whittle as an aid to reflection.

"It would be a juberous thing to try again. But I 'm goin to see Pete Markham in the mornin'. He 'll go apast h-yer to the camp-meetin', fer he 's a Methodis' by marriage,— that is, his wife 's a member, un that makes Pete feel 'z if he wuz a kind-uv a member-in-law. Un Pete knows mighty well 't when the time comes roun' fer him to run fer office, it 'll be worth while to know pussidin' elders, un circus-riders, un locus' preachers, un all sorts uv camp-meetin' people. Pete 's jes as shore to go to camp-meetin' a Sunday mornin' 'z a bear is to eat honey when he comes acrost a tumble-down bee-tree."

The next morning Bob stood in his shirt sleeves leaning over Mrs. Grayson's gate and watching the people that rode to the great Sunday assembly at the Union camp-ground. Many a staid plow-horse, with collar marks on his shoulders, had been diligently curried and brushed to transform him into a stylish saddle-nag; and many a young man, with hands calloused by ax-helve and plow-handle, rode to-day in his Sunday best with a blooming girl by his side, or behind him, and with the gay heart of a troubadour in his breast. Fresh calico dresses, in which the dominant tint was either a bright pink or a positive blue, were flaunted with more pride than a princess feels in her lace and pearls. The woman who has worked and schemed and skimped to achieve her attire knows the real pleasure and victory of self-adornment.

The early comers of this Sunday morning procession are, in the main, Methodists going to eat bread and water with the brethren in the 9 o'clock love-feast assembly, to sing together the touching songs of fellowship, and to tell, and to hear told, the stories of personal trials and sorrows,— to taste the pleasure of being one of a great company wrought to ecstasy by a common religious passion. But as the summer sun mounts higher, the road is more and more thronged with a miscellaneous company. For at 11 o'clock the presiding elder, a great man of all the country round, will preach one of his favorite sermons, and all the world — believers and scoffers, doctors and lawyers, and judges and politicians — will be there to hear him marshal in new forms the oft-repeated arguments in favor of the divine origin of Christianity, or the truth of the Arminian system of Wesley, and to admire the dramatic effect of his well-told anecdotes and the masterly pathos of his peroration. The

people no longer go in couples; there are six and even ten in a group. And how well they sit their saddles! There is no "rising to the trot," in the ungraceful fashion of New York and Boston gentlemen and ladies who have put away the tradition of ancestors of unrivaled horsemanship, to adopt from England an ugly custom excusable only in a land of fox-hunting. You might find girls in their teens in this company who ride with grace and dash over difficult roads, and who could learn nothing worth their while from a riding-master,— for to ride perfectly consists chiefly in riding as naturally and unconsciously as one walks, and that is rarely given to any but those that are to the saddle born. But besides saddle-horses there are wagons, for wherever there is a prairie, wheels come early. One or two families not yet out of a pioneer state of existence go creaking painfully along in ox-carts; and there are barefoot boys skurrying afoot across fields to save distance. Everybody feels bound to go. The attraction of a crowd is proportioned to its greatness, like all other gravitation, and this one will drain the country dry of people. Scarcely any one stays at home, as you see. There are little children in the wagons and on the croups of the saddle-horses, while some superfluous ones are stowed away in front: it is in this way that the babies get their first lessons in horsemanship. At half-past 10 o'clock the roads are beclouded with dust that drifts to leeward, turning the green blades of the corn-field to gray and grizzling the foliage of the trees. All along the road there is the sound of voices in many keys,— all of them with a touch of holiday buoyancy in them. There is that universal interchange of good feeling which is only found in communities that have no lines of social cleavage. Everybody is talking to everybody,— about the weather, the crops, the latest weddings, the most recent deaths, and, above all, the murder at the camp-meeting. To this topic every party drifts when the Grayson farm-house comes in sight, if not before. Wild stories are repeated of Tom's profligacy, and of the causes that led to the feud between him and Lockwood. As the people come nearer to the house their voices fall into a lower tone, and they ride by the front gate in almost entire silence, scanning the house with eager curiosity, as though trying to penetrate the chagrin of those within. They all nod to Bob; it is the common and indispensable civility of the country. Bob nods to all in turn and grunts in a friendly way at those with whom he is acquainted; but to his best friends he gives a cheerful "Howdy!"

At length the deputy sheriff, Markham, appears, riding alongside of his wife. She is also escorted on the other side by Magill, the county clerk, who is saying the pleasantest things he can think of to her. When Markham arrives at a point nearly opposite the gate Bob does not nod, but gives his head a significant jerk backward and to the left,— a laconic invitation to stop a moment, rendered the more explicit by the utterance in a low tone of a single word, "Pete!" Markham draws rein and stops to hear what Bob has to say; and Mason, who has come out on the porch at that moment, descends to the gate to talk with Magill and Mrs. Markham, who have also pulled up. The whole five are presently engaged in conversation in one group, while the horses amuse themselves by thrusting their dusty noses through the cracks of the fence to nibble at such blades of grass as are within their reach. The sight of the deputy sheriff and the county clerk in front of the Grayson house piques yet more the curiosity of the passers-by, who wonder what those privileged folks can be talking about.

"You cannot do that," Markham said presently, in reply to a suggestion that came from Mason. "It 's no use talking to the sheriff about moving Tom to Perrysburg. He 's made up his mind not to move him; and if he did move him, Perrysburg would n't be a safe place."

"The shairiff seems to have one eye on Broad Run, ainh Pate?" said Magill chaffingly.

But Pete Markham neither smiled nor said anything in reply.

"It 's a shame something can't be done for Tom," said Mason. "He 's got a right to a fair trial; and we think he 's innocent."

"I 'll do anything I can," said Markham, whose memory had been haunted by the appealing face of Mrs. Grayson ever since his domiciliary visit in search of Tom's pistol.

"I 'm not caring much whether he 's innocent or not, meself," said Magill. "May be Lockwood aggravated 'im an' naded puttin' out of the way. All I say is, Tom faced that crowd the other day like a man, an' he 's a gintleman in me own istimation; an' I 'd niver let a gintleman be hung by a gang of blackguards, if I could help it."

"Broad Run don't vote for you, Magill," said Markham.

"You would n't ixpict it to vote for a man with a clane shirt on, now would ye?"

"Well," said Bob, "I 've been thinkin' that ef Pete could make people b'lieve that they wuz another man wanted fer the shootin', it would sort uh muddle Jake's plans fer awhile, un by that time liker 'n not Abe Lincoln 'll find out who the rale murderer is."

"Tell me what 's the color of his hair,

Pate?" said Magill. "Then I 'll help you foind him."

"Well," drawled Markham, turning a little sidewise in the saddle to rest himself, and looking perfectly serious and secretive, "I have n't found out about his hair,—he wore a straw hat, you know. But he was a youngish fellow, with foxy whiskers under his chin."

"Middlin' small?" suggested Magill, with a faint pucker of drollery about the corner of his mouth.

"Yes," said Markham, biting the butt of his beech switch meditatively. "Ruther under the average, I should say, without being small."

"One eye a leetle crossed?" Bob McCord inquired, laughing.

"Right eye a little *out*," said Markham, waving his hand outwardly. "He had quarreled with Lockwood a good while ago and owed him a grudge. That 's the man."

"Know his name?" put in Magill.

"N-o. That 's one thing we 're trying to find out. He come from off East where Lockwood used to live. We 've got to try to find if anybody knows which way he went when he left the camp-meetin' that night, and if anybody can tell just where he come from."

"Oh! I understand now what you 're after," said Magill. "There 'll be a plinty will remimber the man when you come to spake about him. Don't you say what you want him fer. Lave all explinations to me. I 'm not responsible, an' I 'll let out the saycrits of the shairiff 's office."

The passers-by had grown visibly fewer in the last few minutes, and now the belated ones rode for the most part in a rapid trot or a gallop. Mrs. Markham began to warn her husband that there would not be a seat left; so the horses' heads were drawn up, and the trio set forward with a nod of good-bye to Bob and the schoolmaster.

Markham went to work in all seriousness to get information about the imaginary young man with red whiskers under his chin and an outward cast in one eye who had been seen on the ground the night of the murder. Magill took occasion to remark that if the praycher 'd only 'a' known what Markham was lookin' for, and all about the rale facts of the murder, he might n't have held Tom up for an awful warnin' to the young that mornin'. But he supposed it did not matter whether you had the roight fellow or the wrong one, if you were only praychin'. Some of those who heard the clerk describe the smallish man with the red goatee and one eye *out* a little, thought they could remember having seen a man answering to this description; but as they could not give any information tending to secure his arrest, Magill did not think it worth while communicating their knowledge to Markham. But he quoted their sayings and surmises to the next persons he spoke to; so that without ever straining his conscience to the point of positively asserting the substantive existence of such a red-whiskered young man with a squint, he had almost come to believe in him by the time the day was over.

The story reached Broad Run in two or three forms before night, and served to throw Jake's forlorn hope into confusion. But Magill did not think best to leave the Broad Run people to the mercy of rumor in so important a matter. He rode up to the grocery about half-past 5 in the afternoon, and having hitched his horse to a neighboring dogwood, he walked in with a good-evening to the group at the door. Going up to the counter he called up the whole party to drink with him, as became an Irish gentleman of generous spirit, who was, moreover, a prudent politician. But Broad Run had never taken a fancy to Magill; there was a ceremoniousness about his attempts to flatter them that did not harmonize with their rough-and-ready ways. If he had said, "Come, boys, liquor up!" they would have thought his manner perfect; but he bowed blandly to Jake Hogan, and said, "Have something to drink, won't you?" and so to the rest. They mentally condemned him as "too all-fired fine in his ways and too much dressed up for a free country." But they did not neglect the opportunity to drink at somebody else's expense. Jake Hogan was the more ready to accept such hospitality because he had been feeling a little depressed since his unlucky trip to Perrysburg. And now this story which he had heard of another man who might be the murderer had destroyed what chance he had of mustering a party for Moscow; for Jake's most devoted partisans did not like to run any risk of hanging the wrong man.

"Mr. Magill," said Jake, after he had turned his whisky-glass nearly to the perpendicular in the endeavor to extract the last drop, "what 's this yer story about Tom's not being the ginooine murderer? I don't take no stock in the yarn, fer my part."

"Well, it ain't best to say anything about it till they get the other man," said Magill, assuming a close look. "I hear they 're purty hot on his track."

"What kind of a lookin' creetur wuzzy?" asked Bijy Grimes, an oldish man with an effeminate chin and soft, fair cheeks which contrasted strangely with his slovenly and unkempt appearance. Bijy had drunk his liquor, and now sat resting on a keg with his mouth dropped wide open: it was a way he had of listening.

"Well, I don't know anything only what I hear," said Magill. "I 'm not the shairiff, you know. The story goes that he was a man with a red goatee —"

"Un what fer sized man?" asked Bijy.

"Rather under-sized, and with one eye a little walled," said Magill.

"I 'm derned ef 't ain't the wery man I seed," said Bijy, who never failed to know something about everything. "He wuz comin' towards the camp-meetin' that wery arternoon. Dern!" and he shut his mouth, and got to his feet in excitement. "I kind-uh suspicioned 'im too," he added.

"Well, I don't know anything," said the clerk; "but if they catch that stranger and prove it on him,— mind, I say, if they *prove* it,— count me for one that will help git the world rid of him by Broad Run law, as they call it. But I 've got to get on home, gintlemen. Good-bye, gintlemen, and good luck to you all!"

The rest nodded their heads and said good-bye.

"He 's too orful slick," said Jake, when Magill had gone. "Makes me kind uv sick. Now I like a man ut talks out like a man, you know; without so much dodrotted saf-sawder, un so on. He ain't none uh my kind, Magill hain't."

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.
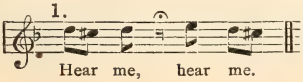
BIRD MUSIC.

THE BLUEBIRD AND THE ROBIN.
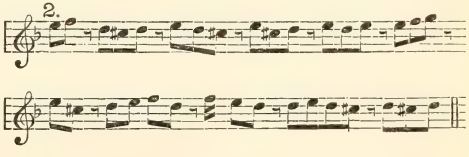
THE writer of this paper has read with great interest the books of many able ornithologists of to-day, and, in his humble way as a musician and a farmer, has for years been an admiring observer of birds. His excuse for abruptly presenting himself among his betters is the fact that, by their inadequate treatment of the chief charm of the singing birds,— their songs,— they have left a space for some one to fill. To express admiration for the music of the birds is not enough: every season the airy songsters of wood and field urge us to a more careful and fitting report. This effort is a step towards so doing. The observations here recorded were made in and about a grove of maples in a valley of south-eastern Vermont.

Our first two spring visitors are the bluebird and the robin, the bluebird invariably coming first. The following are the principal features of the bluebird's songs as I took them, from time to time, last season.

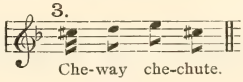
Early on the morning of the 17th of March my ear caught his first, far, faint, but sweet notes.



The weather was cold, and I heard no more for several days; but on the morning of the 25th one made bold to come into the orchard, where he appeared to feel quite at home. Though it was still cold, his pure, soft notes held me within hearing for half an hour, during which time some of his morning talk (the music of a bluebird is often quite as much like talking as like singing) was secured.
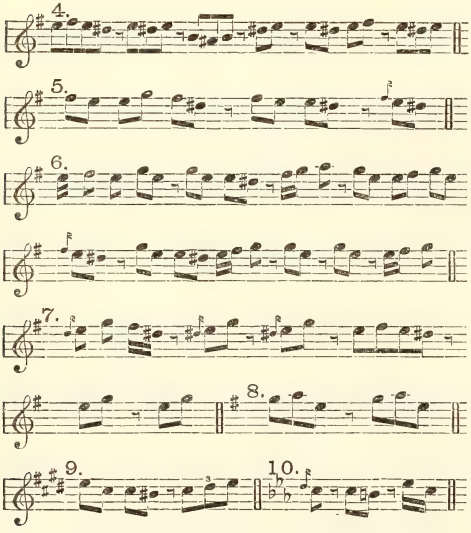


The next morning I heard him sing simply,



The morning of the 28th being rainy, I feared I should see no birds, but by 9 o'clock the clouds began to vanish, and suddenly there were three species within four rods of my window — a flock of snow-birds, a white-breasted nut-hatch, and the bluebird. The latter lit upon the stump of a small plum-tree, when white-breast lit upon the side of the stump and began to dart up and down and around, below him. The bluebird was evidently puzzled
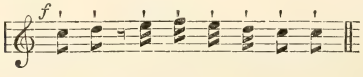
at his friend's eccentric movements. Shifting quickly from point to point, he would peer over in a very quizzical and comical manner, as much as to say, "How do you do that?" It was a pretty pantomime; only two actors, but they acted well. Though no music was added to my notes, I was grateful for the call; and when the silent birds took to the air and left me alone again, I could not but exclaim, "How beautiful are birds, and what is so blue as a bluebird!"

Thus far the bluebird sang in the key of D minor. I afterward heard him in several keys, as here represented:
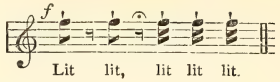


In these examples, the bluebird uses the minor key altogether: we have him in four positions of it. The fact that he sings in the minor key may partly explain the tenderness characterizing his song; but undoubtedly the plaintive quality of his tone is the more important factor. The written songs of the bluebird and the robin might lead one to conclude that their performance would produce much the same effect, but on hearing them the contrast is striking.

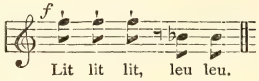
Last season the robin was five days behind the bluebird. The first note I heard from him proved him a magician; the sound of his voice, filling the air with joy, spread a glow of instantaneous happiness over the morning landscape. Perched on the topmost twig of a tall maple, I had only time to lift my hat when he saluted me with,



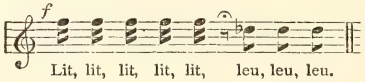
This he repeated two or three times with martial ardor and precision; then with his parting:



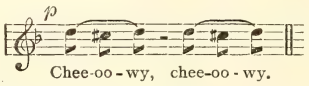
and with a flirt of his tail at each note, he left the grove. He flew high, scorning the earth, and did not return till evening. Then he did not sing: it was only



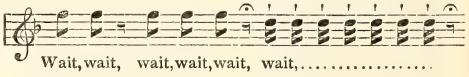
The effect was that of a call, but there was no answer. Soon he called again louder, with more rapid notes, giving another interval:

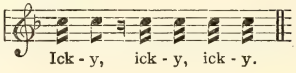


The next morning he again appeared on the same twig and called, "*Lit, lit, lit,*" to which a bluebird promptly responded,
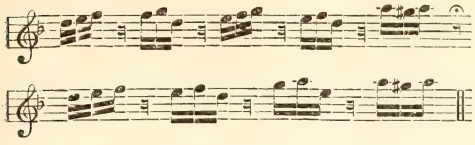


and a nut-hatch rattled away merrily at them both,
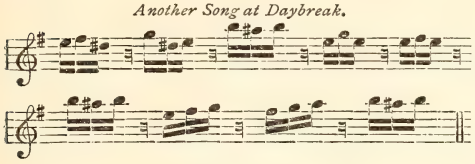




Some two weeks passed before the morning songs proper began, my first record being made May 5. On that morning, before light, I was out, and within a few feet of a robin that struck up his song in a small pear-tree, not more than ten feet from the ground. On this occasion I settled one point; namely, that the robin frequently sings other notes than those heard. He has a habit of, as it were, closing his mouth between strains, and making muffled, indistinct tones — an imperfect echo or, better, a burlesque repetition. The effect is humorous; for he seems to be shyly ridiculing his performance as he goes along, for his own private enjoyment. This after effort, not intended for the public, is usually pitched at the top of his voice — so high that his voice often breaks, when the result is truly ludicrous. I am convinced that many times when we think the robin is resting between strains, he
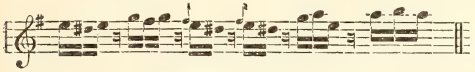
is busying himself in the manner described. His song on this occasion ran,
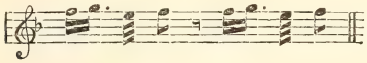


Another Song at Daybreak.



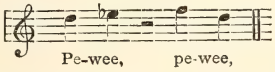
May 6, at 4 P. M., there were signs of rain, and redbreast seemed to be unusually inspired. He sang with great spirit,



While at my work, May 8, I heard him introducing new "kinks" in his vocal twistings. He repeated them many times, almost to tiresomeness. They were:



The morning of the 14th opened rainy, but the drops did not stop the concert of the birds. On putting my head out to catch the first of it, a pewee was singing,
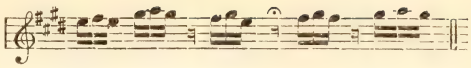


and a robin defied the shower in good set terms, as follows:



Whether he meant to sing in E major or minor, I did not decide.

May 23 I was awake before 2 o'clock A. M. and all was still; not even a frog peeped. At the first faint coming of light the rooster crowed; and in about half an hour I heard the first bird notes — the robin's. At this hour the robin does not burst into full song, but begins with a subdued twitter, which rapidly opens and attunes his throat for the splendid moment when, yielding himself to the fresh gladness, he does his best. The present performance was in a little maple close by my window, where, undoubtedly, he had spent the night. His song was,
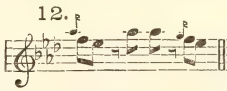


There is no mistake about this being in the major key, and a bit of choice melody. Delivered, as it was, with a delightful animation, the effect was cheering to the last degree. Other voices joined, and immediately a grand chorus resulted, in which, much to my amusement, the frogs and toads, silent up to this time, took a lively part, not to be outdone by the whole choiring hosts of orioles, catbirds, pewees, sparrows, and other feathered rivals. The only fault with the performance was its brevity; in a few minutes all was silent as before. The robin sings more hours than almost any other bird. His songs are short and he repeats them many times, but he is by no means stereotyped in his forms; indeed, he is fair at extemporizing when the mood takes him. A commendable variety will be discovered in the annexed melodies.
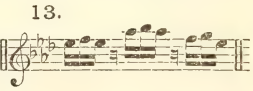
11.
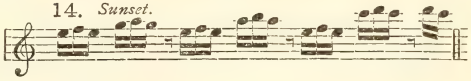


12.
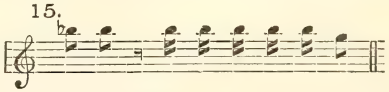


13.



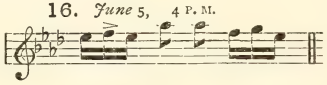
14. *Sunset.*
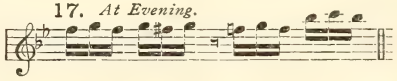


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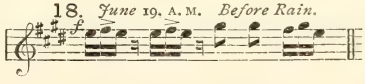
16. *June* 5, 4 P. M.
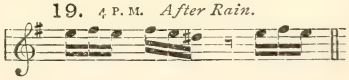


17. *At Evening.*
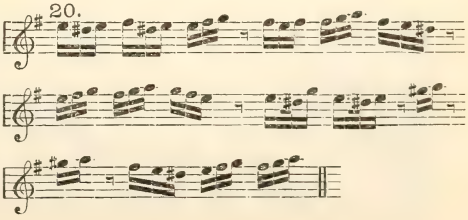


18. *June* 19, A. M. *Before Rain.*

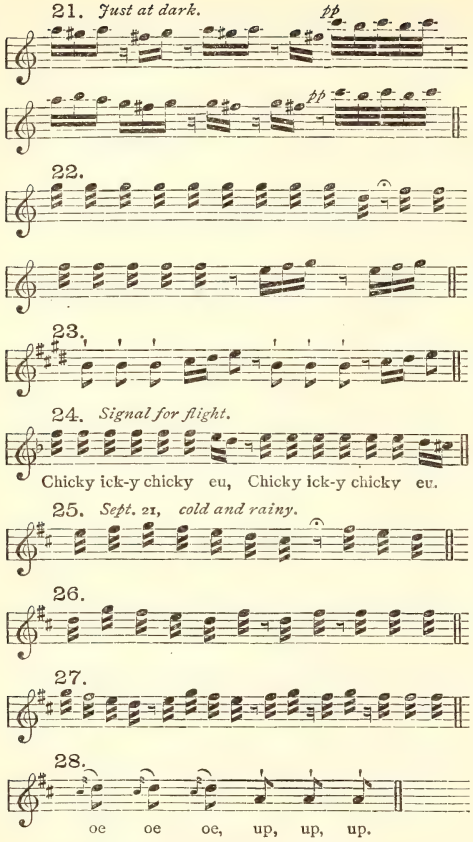


19. 4 P. M. *After Rain.*

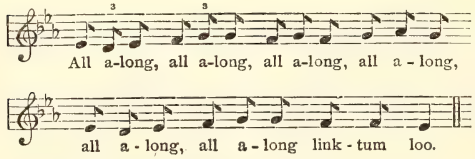


20.





From these examples it will be seen that bird music is akin to our own: the same intervals are used as in the major and minor keys. No. 11 brings to mind the first half of an old melody sung by the spinning-girls fifty years ago, as a substitute for counting, while reeling their yarn:
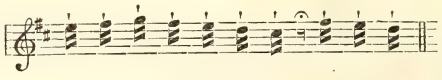


Who is the plagiarist?

The majority of singing birds make free use of triplets; the robins abound in them. They are generally separated by brief rests; but in some instances two or three triplets are given without rests, as in Nos. 17 and 20.

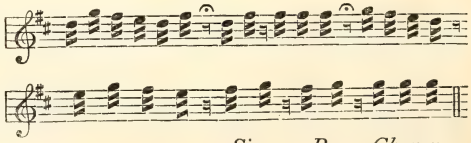
The robins sing throughout the summer, their incessant repetitions frequently becoming tiresome. They take the lead at the opening of the season, and hold it. Every morning they begin the concert, and are the principal performers; indeed, they seem to feel competent to make up the entire orchestra, if necessary. They are by no means our best singers, but were we deprived of them, we should miss their songs more than those of any other bird. They are the most social and domestic of all the migrating birds, belonging to the farm almost as much as do the hens and chickens. They come early and stay late; and after they are supposed to be gone for good, if you have a nice mountain ash, hanging thick with clusters of beautiful red berries,—the very gem of all outdoor ornaments at this season,—some very windy day a cloud of robins will swoop down upon it, when nothing will save it. In mitigation of his offense, I am willing to believe that the robin does not think himself a robber, but simply a high-handed taker of what he has earned by long service of song.

September 21, a cold, rainy day, when no other bird was to be seen, I heard a robin exclaim:



He spoke with much decision and independence, as much as to say, "I am alone, but can take care of myself!" It is a point worth noticing that the farewell of the robin is very similar in style to his first salute in the spring.

The last I saw of the robins they were collecting, at early morning, in the small trees and bushes about a pond near the grove. Very brisk, both in voice and movement, their main notes were:



Simeon Pease Cheney.



THE REALM OF REVERIE.

I SEEK its aerie shore as one enchanted,
Where falls a mystic, dim-delicious glow
On dusky violets and wistful daisies,
And ghosts of roses loved long years ago,
While pallid lily bells, slow swinging, toll
Not sounds, but silences, into the soul.

And oh! its hawthorn blossoms mock the snow-drift,
But never melt and never wear away,
While fair below the gently waving branches
Gold shimmered mists and azure shadows play,
Close where a silver streamlet runs along
So softly, it has neither laugh nor song.

This region is my own, O my beloved!
So much my own I cannot show it thee;
But when in blessed mood my spirit sees it,
This phantom realm, the Realm of Reverie,
Believe me, all the raptured quiet there
Seems waiting for thy voice to thrill its air.

Louise Vickroy Boyd.



AN ARIZONA TYPE.

THE ROUND-UP.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

DURING the winter-time there is ordinarily but little work done among the cattle. There is some line riding, and a continual lookout is kept for the very weak animals; but most of the stock are left to shift for themselves, undisturbed. Almost every stock-grower's association forbids branding any calves before the spring round-up. If great bands of cattle wander off the range, parties may be fitted out to go after them and bring them back; but this is only done when absolutely necessary, as when the drift of the cattle has been towards an Indian reservation or a settled granger country, for the weather is very severe, and the horses are so poor that their food must be carried along.

The bulk of the work is done during the summer, including the late spring and early fall, and consists mainly in a succession of round-ups, beginning, with us, in May and ending towards the last of October. But a good deal may be done by riding over one's range. Frequently, too, herding will be practiced on a large scale.

Still more important is the "trail" work; cattle, while driven from one range to another, or to a shipping point for beef, being said to be "on the trail." For years, the over-supply from the vast breeding ranches to the south, especially in Texas, has been driven northward in large herds, either to the shipping towns along the great railroads, or else to the fattening ranges of the North-west; it having been found, so far, that while the calf crop is larger in the South, beeves become much heavier in the North. Such cattle, for the most part, went along tolerably well-marked routes or trails, which became for the time

being of great importance, flourishing — and extremely lawless — towns growing up along them; but with the growth of the railroad system, and above all with the filling-up of the northern ranges, these trails have steadily become of less and less consequence, though many herds still travel them on their way to the already crowded ranges of western Dakota and Montana, or to the Canadian regions beyond. The trail work is something by itself. The herds may be on the trail several months, averaging fifteen miles or less a a day. The cowboys accompanying each have to undergo much hard toil, of a peculiarly same and wearisome kind, on account of the extreme slowness with which everything must be done, as trail cattle should never be hurried. The foreman of a trail outfit must be not only a veteran cowhand, but also a miracle of patience and resolution.

Round-up work is far less irksome, there being an immense amount of dash and excitement connected with it; and when once the cattle are on the range, the important work is done during the round-up. On cow ranches, or wherever there is breeding stock, the spring round-up is the great event of the season, as it is then that the bulk of the calves are branded. It usually lasts six weeks, or thereabouts; but its end by no means implies rest for the stockman. On the contrary, as soon as it is over, wagons are sent to work out-of-the-way parts of the country that have been passed over, but where cattle are supposed to have drifted; and by the time these have come back the first beef round-up has begun, and thereafter beeves are steadily gathered and shipped, at least from among the larger herds, until cold weather sets in; and in the fall there is another round-up, to brand the late calves and see that the stock is got back on the range. As all of these round-ups are of one character, a description of the most important, taking place in the spring, will be enough.

In April we begin to get up the horses. Throughout the winter very few have been kept for use, as they are then poor and weak, and must be given grain and hay if they are to be worked. The men in the line camps need two or three apiece, and each man at the home ranch has a couple more; but the rest are left out to shift for themselves, which the tough, hardy little fellows are well able to do. Ponies can pick up a living where cattle die; though the scanty feed, which they may have to uncover by pawing off the snow, and the bitter weather often make them look very gaunt by spring-time. But the first warm rains bring up the green grass, and then all the live-stock gain flesh with wonderful rapidity. When the spring round-up begins the horses should be as fat and sleek as possible. After running all winter free, even the most sober pony is apt to betray an inclination to buck; and, if possible, we like to ride every animal once or twice before we begin to do real work with him. Animals that have escaped for any length of time are almost as bad to handle as if they had never been broken. One of the two horses mentioned in a preceding article as having been gone eighteen months has, since his return, been suggestively dubbed "Dynamite Jimmy," on account of the incessant and eruptive energy with which he bucks. Many of our horses, by the way, are thus named from some feat or peculiarity. Wire Fence, when being broken, ran into one of the abominations after which he is now called; Hackamore once got away and remained out for three weeks with a hackamore, or breaking-halter, on him; Macaulay contracted the habit of regularly getting rid of the huge Scotchman to whom he was intrusted; Bulberry Johnny spent the hour or two after he was first mounted in a large patch of thorny bulberry bushes, his distracted rider unable to get him to do anything but move round sidewise in a circle; Fall Back would never get to the front; Water Skip always jumps mud-puddles; and there are a dozen others with names as purely descriptive.

The stock-growers of Montana, of the western part of Dakota, and even of portions of extreme northern Wyoming,— that is, of all the grazing lands lying in the basin of the Upper Missouri,— have united, and formed themselves into the great Montana Stock-growers' Association. Among the countless benefits they have derived from this course, not the least has been the way in which the various round-ups work in with and supplement one another. At the spring meeting of the association, the entire territory mentioned above, including perhaps a hundred thousand square miles, is mapped out into round-up districts, which generally are changed but slightly from year to year, and the times and places for the round-ups to begin refixed so that those of adjacent districts may be run with a view to the best interests of all. Thus the stockmen along the Yellowstone have one round-up; we along the Little Missouri have another; and the country lying between, through which the Big Beaver flows, is almost equally important to both. Accordingly, one spring, the Little Missouri round-up, beginning May 25 and working down-stream, was timed so as to reach the mouth of the Big Beaver about June 1, the Yellowstone round-up beginning at that date and place. Both then worked up the Beaver together to its head, when the Yellowstone men turned to the west

and we bent back to our own river; thus the bulk of the strayed cattle of each were brought back to their respective ranges. Our own round-up district covers the Big and Little Beaver creeks, which rise near each other, but empty into the Little Missouri nearly a hundred and fifty miles apart, and so much of the latter river as lies between their mouths.

The captain or foreman of the round-up, upon whom very much of its efficiency and success depends, is chosen beforehand. He is, of course, an expert cowman, thoroughly acquainted with the country; and he must also be able to command and to keep control of the wild rough-riders he has under him — a feat needing both tact and firmness.

At the appointed day all meet at the place from which the round-up is to start. Each ranch, of course, has most work to be done in its own round-up district, but it is also necessary to have representatives in all those surrounding it. A large outfit may employ a dozen cowboys, or over, in the home district, and yet have nearly as many more representing its interest in the various ones adjoining. Smaller outfits generally club together to run a wagon and send outside representatives, or else go along with their stronger neighbors, they paying part of the expenses. A large outfit, with a herd of twenty thousand cattle or more, can, if necessary, run a round-up entirely by itself, and is able to act independently of outside help; it is therefore at a great advantage compared with those that can take no step effectively without their neighbors' consent and assistance.

If the starting-point is some distance off, it may be necessary to leave home three or four days in advance. Before this we have got everything in readiness; have overhauled the wagons, shod any horse whose fore feet are tender, — as a rule, all our ponies go barefooted, — and left things in order at the ranch. Our outfit may be taken as a sample of every one else's. We have a stout four-horse wagon to carry the bedding and the food; in its rear a mess-chest is rigged to hold the knives, forks, cans, etc. All our four team-horses are strong, willing animals, though of no great size, being originally just "broncos," or unbroken native horses, like the others. The teamster is also cook: a man who is a really first-rate hand at both driving and cooking — and our present teamster is both — can always command his price. Besides our own men, some cowboys from neighboring ranches and two or three representatives from other round-up districts are always along, and we generally have at least a dozen "riders," as they are termed, — that is, cowboys, or "cow-punchers," who do the actual cattle-work, — with the wagon. Each of these has a string of eight or ten ponies; and to take charge of the saddle-band, thus consisting of a hundred odd head, there are two herders, always known as "horse-wranglers" — one for the day and one for the night. Occasionally there will be two wagons, one to carry the bedding and one the food, known, respectively, as the bed and the mess wagon; but this is not usual.

While traveling to the meeting-point the pace is always slow, as it is an object to bring the horses on the ground as fresh as possible. Accordingly, we keep at a walk almost all day, and the riders, having nothing else to do, assist the wranglers in driving the saddle-band, three or four going in front, and others on the side, so that the horses shall keep on a walk. There is always some trouble with the animals at the starting out, as they are very fresh and are restive under the saddle. The herd is likely to stampede, and any beast that is frisky or vicious is sure to show its worst side. To do really effective cow-work a pony should be well broken; but many even of the old ones have vicious traits, and almost every man will have in his string one or two young horses, or broncos, hardly broken at all. In consequence, very many of my horses have to this day traits not calculated to set a timid or a clumsy rider at his ease. One or two run away and cannot be held by even the strongest bit; others can hardly be bridled or saddled until they have been thrown; two or three have a tendency to fall over backward; and half of them buck more or less, some so hard that only an expert can sit them.

In riding these wild, vicious horses, and in careering over such very bad ground, especially at night, accidents are always occurring. A man who is merely an ordinary rider is certain to have a pretty hard time. On my first round-up I had a string of nine horses, four of them broncos, only broken to the extent of having each been saddled once or twice. One of them it was an impossibility to bridle or to saddle single-handed; it was very difficult to get on or off him, and he was exceedingly nervous if a man moved his hands or feet; but he had no bad tricks. The second soon became perfectly quiet. The third turned out to be one of the worst buckers on the ranch: once, when he bucked me off, I managed to fall on a stone and broke a rib. The fourth had a still worse habit, for he would balk and then throw himself over backward: once, when I was not quick enough, he caught me and broke something in the point of my shoulder, so that it was some weeks before I could raise the arm freely. My hurts were far from serious, and did not interfere with my riding and working

as usual through the round-up; but I was heartily glad when it ended, and ever since have religiously done my best to get none but gentle horses in my own string. However, every one gets falls from or with his horse now and then in the cow country; and even my men, good riders though they are, are sometimes injured. One of them once broke his ankle; another a rib; another was on one occasion stunned, remaining unconscious for some hours; and yet another had certain of his horses buck under him so hard and long as finally to hurt his lungs and make him cough blood. Fatal accidents occur annually in almost every district, especially if there is much work to be done among stampeded cattle at night; but on my own ranch none of my men have ever been seriously hurt, though on one occasion a cowboy from another ranch, who was with my wagon, was killed, his horse falling and pitching him heavily on his head.

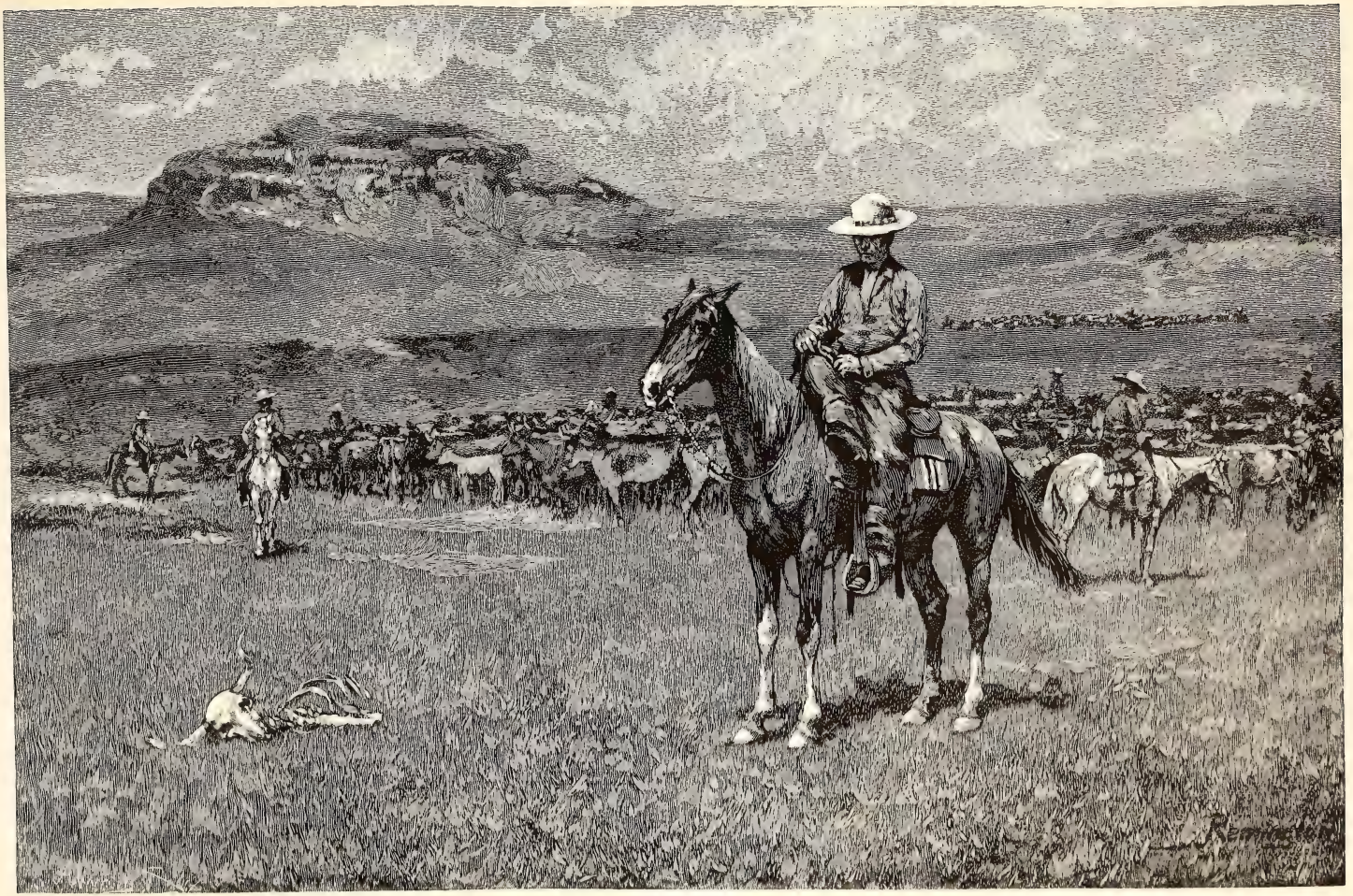
For bedding, each man has two or three pairs of blankets, and a tarpaulin or small wagon-sheet. Usually, two or three sleep together. Even in June the nights are generally cool and pleasant, and it is chilly in the early mornings; although this is not always so, and when the weather stays hot and mosquitoes are plenty, the hours of darkness, even in midsummer, seem painfully long. In the Bad Lands proper we are not often bothered very seriously by these winged pests; but in the low bottoms of the Big Missouri, and beside many of the reedy ponds and great sloughs out on the prairie, they are a perfect scourge. During the very hot nights, when they are especially active, the bed-clothes make a man feel absolutely smothered, and yet his only chance for sleep is to wrap himself tightly up, head and all; and even then some of the pests will usually force their way in. At sunset I have seen the mosquitoes rise up from the land like a dense cloud, to make the hot, stifling night one long torture; the horses would neither lie down nor graze, traveling restlessly to and fro till daybreak, their bodies streaked and bloody, and the insects settling on them so as to make them all one color, a uniform gray; while the men, after a few hours' tossing about in the vain attempt to sleep, rose, built a little fire of damp sage brush, and thus endured the misery as best they could until it was light enough to work.

But if the weather is fine, a man will never sleep better nor more pleasantly than in the open air after a hard day's work on the round-up; nor will an ordinary shower or gust of wind disturb him in the least, for he simply draws the tarpaulin over his head and goes on sleeping. But now and then we have a windstorm that might better be called a whirlwind and has to be met very differently; and two or three days or nights of rain insure the wetting of the blankets, and therefore shivering discomfort on the part of the would-be sleeper. For two or three hours all goes well; and it is rather soothing to listen to the steady patter of the great raindrops on the canvas. But then it will be found that a corner has been left open through which the water can get in, or else the tarpaulin will begin to leak somewhere; or perhaps the water will have collected in a hollow underneath and have begun to soak through. Soon a little stream trickles in, and every effort to remedy matters merely results in a change for the worse. To move out of the way insures getting wet in a fresh spot; and the best course is to lie still and accept the evils that have come with what fortitude one can. Even thus, the first night a man can sleep pretty well; but if the rain continues, the second night, when the blankets are already damp, and when the water comes through more easily, is apt to be most unpleasant.

Of course, a man can take little spare clothing on a round-up; at the very outside two or three clean handkerchiefs, a pair of socks, a change of underclothes, and the most primitive kind of washing apparatus, all wrapped up in a stout jacket which is to be worn when night-herding. The inevitable "slicker," or oil-skin coat, which gives complete protection from the wet, is always carried behind the saddle.

At the meeting-place there is usually a delay of a day or two to let every one come in; and the plain on which the encampment is made becomes a scene of great bustle and turmoil. The heavy four-horse wagons jolt in from different quarters, the horse-wranglers rushing madly to and fro in the endeavor to keep the different saddle-bands from mingling, while the "riders," or cowboys, with each wagon jog along in a body. The representatives from outside districts ride in singly or by twos and threes, every man driving before him his own horses, one of them loaded with his bedding. Each wagon wheels out of the way into some camping-place not too near the others, the bedding is tossed out on the ground, and then every one is left to do what he wishes, while the different wagon bosses, or foremen, seek out the captain of the round-up to learn what his plans are.

There is a good deal of rough but effective discipline and method in the way in which a round-up is carried on. The captain of the whole has as lieutenants the various wagon foremen, and in making demands for men to do some special service he will usually merely



THE ROUND-UP.

designate some foreman to take charge of the work and let him parcel it out among his men to suit himself. The captain of the round-up or the foreman of a wagon may himself be a ranchman; if such is not the case, and the ranchman nevertheless comes along, he works and fares precisely as do the other cowboys.

While the head men are gathered in a little knot, planning out the work, the others are dispersed over the plain in every direction, racing, breaking rough horses, or simply larking with one another. If a man has an especially bad horse, he usually takes such an opportunity, when he has plenty of time, to ride him; and while saddling he is surrounded by a crowd of most unsympathetic associates who greet with uproarious mirth any misadventure. A man on a bucking horse is always considered fair game, every squeal and jump of the bronco being hailed with cheers of delighted irony for the rider and shouts to "stay with him." The antics of a vicious bronco show infinite variety of detail, but are all modeled on one general plan. When the rope settles round his neck the fight begins, and it is only after much plunging and snorting that a twist is taken over his nose, or else a hackamore — a species of severe halter, usually made of plaited hair — slipped on his head. While being bridled he strikes viciously with his fore feet, and perhaps has to be blindfolded or thrown down; and to get the saddle on him is quite as difficult. When saddled, he may get rid of his exuberant spirits by bucking under the saddle, or may reserve all his energies for the rider. In the last case, the man, keeping tight hold with his left hand of the cheek-strap, so as to prevent the horse from getting his head down until he is fairly seated, swings himself quickly into the saddle. Up rises the bronco's back into an arch; his head, the ears laid straight back, goes down between his fore feet, and, squealing savagely, he makes a succession of rapid, stiff-legged, jarring bounds. Sometimes he is a "plunging" bucker, who runs forward all the time while bucking; or he may buck steadily in one place, or "sunfish,"— that is, bring first one shoulder down almost to the ground and then the other,— or else he may change ends while in the air. A first-class rider will sit throughout it all without moving from the saddle, quirting * his horse all the time, though his hat may be jarred off his head and his revolver out of its sheath. After a few jumps, however, the average man grasps hold of the horn of the saddle — the delighted onlookers meanwhile earnestly advising him not to "go to leather"— and is contented to get through the affair in any shape provided he can escape without being thrown off. An accident is of necessity borne with a broad grin, as any attempt to resent the raillery of the bystanders — which is perfectly good-humored — would be apt to result disastrously. Cowboys are certainly extremely good riders. As a class they



THE ROPE CORRAL.

* Quirt is the name of the short flexible riding-whip used throughout cowboy land. The term is a Spanish one.

have no superiors. Of course, they would at first be at a disadvantage in steeple-chasing or fox-hunting, but their average of horsemanship is without doubt higher than that of the men who take part in these latter amusements. A cowboy would learn to ride across country in a quarter of the time it would take a cross-country rider to learn to handle a vicious bronco or to do good cow-work round and in a herd.

On such a day, when there is no regular work, there will often also be horse-races, as each outfit is pretty sure to have some running pony which it believes can outpace any other. These contests are always short-distance dashes, for but a few hundred yards. Horse-racing is a mania with most plainsmen, white or red. A man with a good racing pony will travel all about with it, often winning large sums, visiting alike cow ranches, frontier towns, and Indian encampments. Sometimes the race is "pony against pony," the victor taking both steeds. In racing the men ride bareback, as there are hardly any light saddles in the cow country. There will be intense excitement and very heavy betting over a race between two well-known horses, together with a good chance of blood being shed in the attendant quarrels. Indians and whites often race against each other as well as among themselves. I have seen several such contests, and in every case but one the white man happened to win. A race is usually run between two thick rows of spectators, on foot and on horseback, and as the racers pass, these rows close in behind them, every man yelling and shouting with all the strength of his lungs, and all waving their hats and cloaks to encourage the contestants, or firing off their revolvers and saddle guns. The little horses are fairly maddened, as is natural enough, and run as if they were crazy: were the distances longer, some would be sure to drop in their tracks.

Besides the horse-races, which are, of course, the main attraction, the men at a round-up will often get up wrestling matches or foot-races. In fact, every one feels that he is off for a holiday; for after the monotony of a long winter, the cowboys look forward eagerly to the round-up, where the work is hard, it is true, but exciting and varied, and treated a good deal as a frolic. There is no eight-hour law in cowboy land: during round-up time we often count ourselves lucky if we get off with much less than sixteen hours; but the work is done in the saddle, and the men are spurred on all the time by the desire to outdo one another in feats of daring and skillful horsemanship. There is very little quarreling or fighting; and though the fun often takes the form of rather rough horse-play, yet the practice of carrying dangerous weapons makes cowboys show far more rough courtesy to each other and far less rudeness to strangers than is the case among, for instance, Eastern miners, or even lumbermen. When a quarrel may very probably result fatally, a man thinks twice before going into it: warlike people or classes always treat one another with a certain amount of consideration and politeness. The moral tone of a cow-camp, indeed, is rather high than otherwise. Meanness, cowardice, and dishonesty are not tolerated. There is a high regard for truthfulness and keeping one's word, intense contempt for any kind of hypocrisy, and a hearty dislike for a man who shirks his work. Many of the men gamble and drink, but many do neither; and the conversation is not worse than in most bodies composed wholly of male human beings. A cowboy will not submit tamely to an insult, and is very ready to avenge his own wrongs; nor has he an overwrought fear of shedding blood. He possesses, in fact, few of the emasculated, milk-and-water moralities admired by the pseudo-philanthropists; but he does possess, to a very high degree, the stern, manly qualities that are so valuable to a nation.

The method of work is simple. The mess-wagons and loose horses, after breaking camp in the morning, move on in a straight line for some few miles, going into camp again before midday; and the day herd, consisting of all the cattle that have been found far off their range, and which are to be brought back there, and of any others that it is necessary to gather, follows on afterwards. Meanwhile the cowboys scatter out and drive in all the cattle from the country round about, going perhaps ten or fifteen miles back from the line of march, and meeting at the place where camp has already been pitched. The wagons always keep some little distance from one another, and the saddle-bands do the same, so that the horses may not get mixed. It is rather picturesque to see the four-horse teams filing down at a trot through a pass among the buttes — the saddle-bands being driven along at a smart pace to one side or behind, the teamsters cracking their whips, and the horse-wranglers calling and shouting as they ride rapidly from side to side behind the horses, urging on the stragglers by dexterous touches with the knotted ends of their long lariats that are left trailing from the saddle. The country driven over is very rough, and it is often necessary to double up teams and put on eight horses to each wagon in going up an unusually steep pitch, or hauling through a deep mud-hole, or over a river crossing where there is quicksand.

The speed and thoroughness with which a



DRIVING TO THE ROUND-UP.

country can be worked depends, of course, very largely upon the number of riders. Ours is probably about an average round-up as regards size. The last spring I was out, there were half a dozen wagons along; the saddle-bands numbered about a hundred each; and the morning we started, sixty men in the saddle splashed across the shallow ford of the river that divided the plain where we had camped from the valley of the long winding creek up which we were first to work.

In the morning, the cook is preparing breakfast long before the first glimmer of dawn. As soon as it is ready, probably about 3 o'clock, he utters a long-drawn shout, and all the sleepers feel it is time to be up on the instant, for they know there can be no such thing as delay on the round-up, under penalty of being set afoot. Accordingly, they bundle out, rubbing their eyes and yawning, draw on their boots and trousers,—if they have taken the latter off,—roll up and cord their bedding, and usually without any attempt at washing crowd over to the little smoldering fire, which is placed in a hole dug in the ground, so that there may be no risk of its spreading. The men are rarely very hungry at breakfast, and it is a meal that has to be eaten in shortest order, so it is perhaps the least important. Each man, as he comes up, grasps a tin cup and plate from the mess-box, pours out his tea or coffee, with sugar, but of course no milk, helps himself to one or two of the biscuits that have been baked in a Dutch oven, and perhaps also to a slice of the fat pork swimming in the grease of the frying-pan, ladles himself out some beans, if there are any, and squats down on the ground to eat his breakfast. The meal is not an elaborate one; nevertheless a man will have to hurry if he wishes to eat it before hearing the foreman sing out, "Come, boys, catch your horses"; when he must drop everything and run out to the wagon with his lariat. The night wrangler is now bringing in the saddle-band, which he has been up all night guarding. A rope corral is rigged up by stretching a rope from each wheel of one side of the wagon, making a V-shaped space, into which the saddle-horses are driven. Certain men stand around to keep them inside, while the others catch the horses: many outfits have one man to do all the roping. As soon as each

has caught his horse — usually a strong, tough animal, the small, quick ponies being reserved for the work round the herd in the afternoon — the band, now in charge of the day wrangler, is turned loose, and every one saddles up as fast as possible. It still lacks some time of being sunrise, and the air has in it the peculiar chill of the early morning. When all are saddled, many of the horses bucking and dancing about, the riders from the different wagons all assemble at the one where the captain is sitting, already mounted. He waits a very short time — for laggards receive but scant mercy — before announcing the proposed camping-place and parceling out the work among those present. If, as is usually the case, the line of march is along a river or creek, he appoints some man to take a dozen others and drive down (or up) it ahead of the day herd, so that the latter will not have to travel through other cattle; the day herd itself being driven and guarded by a dozen men detached for that purpose. The rest of the riders are divided into two bands, placed under men who know the country, and start out, one on each side, to bring in every head for fifteen miles back. The captain then himself rides down to the new camping-place, so as to be there as soon as any cattle are brought in.

Meanwhile the two bands, a score of riders in each, separate and make their way in opposite directions. The leader of each tries to get such a "scatter" on his men that they will cover completely all the land gone over. This morning work is called circle riding, and is peculiarly hard in the Bad Lands on account of the remarkably broken, rugged nature of the country. The men come in on lines that tend to a common center — as if the sticks of a fan were curved. As the band goes out, the leader from time to time detaches one or two men to ride down through certain sections of the country, making the shorter, or what are called inside, circles, while he keeps on; and finally, retaining as companions the two or three whose horses are toughest, makes the longest or outside circle himself, going clear back to the divide, or whatever the point may be that marks the limit of the round-up work, and then turning and working straight to the meeting-place. Each man, of course, brings in every head of cattle he can see.



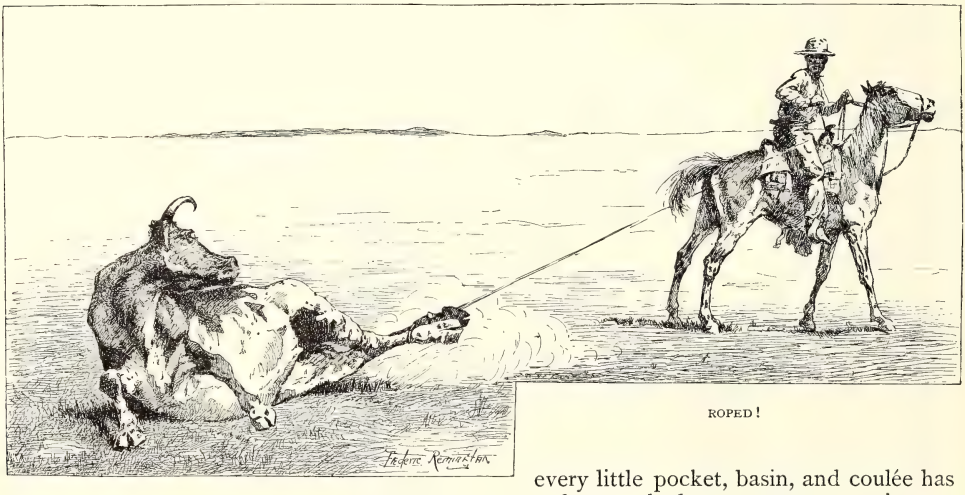
SADDLING FRESH HORSES.

These long, swift rides in the glorious spring mornings are not soon to be forgotten. The sweet, fresh air, with a touch of sharpness thus early in the day, and the rapid motion of the fiery little horse combine to make a man's blood thrill and leap with sheer buoy-

ant light-heartedness and eager, exultant pleasure in the boldness and freedom of the life he is leading. As we climb the steep sides of the first range of buttes, wisps of wavering mist still cling in the hollows of the valley; when we come out on the top of the first great plateau, the sun flames up over its edge, and in the level, red beams the galloping horsemen throw long fantastic shadows. Black care rarely sits behind a rider whose pace is fast enough; at any rate, not when he first feels the horse move under him.

Sometimes we trot or pace, and again we lope or gallop; the few who are to take the outside circle must needs ride both hard and fast. Although only grass-fed, the horses are tough and wiry; and, moreover, are each used but once in four days, or thereabouts, so they stand the work well. The course out lies across great grassy plateaus, along knife-like ridge crests, among winding valleys and ravines, and over acres of barren, sun-scorched buttes, that look grimly grotesque and forbidding, while in the Bad Lands the riders unhesitatingly go down and over places where it seems impossible that a horse should even stand. The line of horsemen will quarter down the side of a butte, where every pony has to drop from ledge to ledge like a goat, and will go over the shoulder of a soapstone cliff, when wet and slippery, with a series of plunges and scrambles which if unsuccessful would land horses and riders in the bottom of the cañon-like washout below. In descending a clay butte after a rain, the pony will put all four feet together and slide down to the bottom almost or quite on his haunches. In very wet weather the Bad Lands are absolutely impassable; but if the ground is not slippery, it is a remarkable place that can shake the matter-of-course confidence felt by the rider in the capacity of his steed to go anywhere.

When the men on the outside circle have reached the bound set them,— whether it is a low divide, a group of jagged hills, the edge of the rolling, limitless prairie, or the long, waste reaches of alkali and sage brush,— they turn their horses' heads and begin to work down the branches of the creeks, one or two riding down the bottom, while the others keep off to the right and the left, a little ahead and fairly high up on the side hills, so as to command as much of a view as possible. On the level or rolling prairies the cattle can be seen a long way off, and it is an easy matter to gather and to drive them; but in the Bad Lands



ROPED!

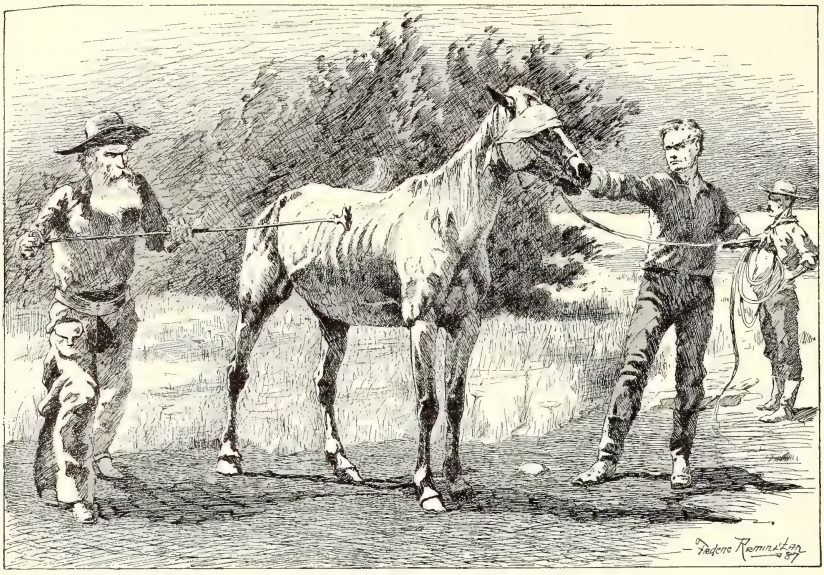
every little pocket, basin, and coulée has to be searched, every gorge or ravine entered, and the dense patches of brushwood and spindling, wind-beaten trees closely examined. All the cattle are carried on ahead down the creek; and it is curious to watch the different behavior of the different breeds. A cowboy riding off to one side of the creek, and seeing a number of long-horned Texans grazing in the branches of a set of coulées, has merely to ride across the upper ends of these, uttering the drawn-out "ei-koh-h-h," so familiar to the cattle-men, and the long-horns will stop grazing, stare fixedly at him, and then, wheeling, strike off down the coulées at a trot, tails in air, to be carried along by the center riders when they reach the main creek into which the coulées lead. Our own range cattle are not so wild, but nevertheless are easy to drive; while Eastern-raised beasts have little fear of a horseman, and merely stare stupidly



CUTTING OUT A STEER.

at him until he rides directly towards them. Every little bunch of stock is thus collected, and all are driven along together. At the place where some large fork joins the main creek another band may be met, driven by some of the men who have left earlier in the day to take one of the shorter circles; and thus, before coming down to the bottom where the wagons are camped and where the actual "round-up" itself is to take place, this one herd may include a couple of thousand head; or, on the other hand, the longest ride may not result in the finding of a dozen animals. As soon as the riders are in, they disperse to their respective wagons to get dinner and change horses, leaving the cattle to be held by one or two of their number. If only a small number of cattle have been gathered, they will all be run into one herd; if there are many of them, however, the different herds will be held separate.

A plain where a round-up is taking place offers a picturesque sight. I well remember one such. It was on a level bottom in the bend of the river, which here made an almost semi-circular sweep. The bottom was in shape a long oval, hemmed in by an unbroken line of steep bluffs so that it looked like an amphitheater. Across the faces of the dazzling white cliffs there were sharp bands of black and red, drawn by the coal seams and the layers of burned clay: the leaves of the trees and the grass had the vivid green of spring-time. The wagons were camped among the cottonwood trees fringing the river, a thin column of smoke rising up from beside each. The horses were grazing round the outskirts, those of each wagon by themselves and kept from going



BRANDING A HORSE.

too near the others by their watchful guard. In the great circular corral, towards one end, the men were already branding calves, while the whole middle of the bottom was covered with lowing herds of cattle and shouting, galloping cowboys. Apparently there was nothing but dust, noise, and confusion; but in reality the work was proceeding all the while with the utmost rapidity and certainty.

As soon as, or even before, the last circle riders have come in and have snatched a few hasty mouthfuls to serve as their midday meal, we begin to work the herd — or herds, if the one herd would be of too unwieldy size. The animals are held in a compact bunch, most of the riders forming a ring outside, while a couple from each ranch successively look the herds through and cut out those marked with their own brand. It is difficult, in such a mass of moving beasts,— for they do not stay still, but keep weaving in and out among each other,— to find all of one's own animals: a man must have natural gifts, as well as great experience, before he becomes a good brand-reader and is able to really "clean up a herd"— that is, be sure he has left nothing of his own in it.

To do good work in cutting out from a herd, not only should the rider be a good horseman, but he should also have a skillful, thoroughly trained horse. A good cutting pony is not common, and is generally too valuable to be used anywhere but in the herd. Such an one enters thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, and finds out immediately the animal his master is after; he will then follow it closely of his own accord through every wheel and double, at top speed. When looking through the herd, it is necessary to move slowly; and when any animal is found it is taken to the outskirts at a walk, so as not to alarm the others. Once at the outside, however, the cowboy has to ride like lightning; for as soon as the beast he is after finds itself separated from its companions it endeavors to break back among them, and a young, range-raised steer or heifer runs like a deer. In cutting out a cow and a calf two men have to work together. As the animals of a brand are cut out they are received and held apart by some rider detailed for the purpose, who is said to be "holding the cut."

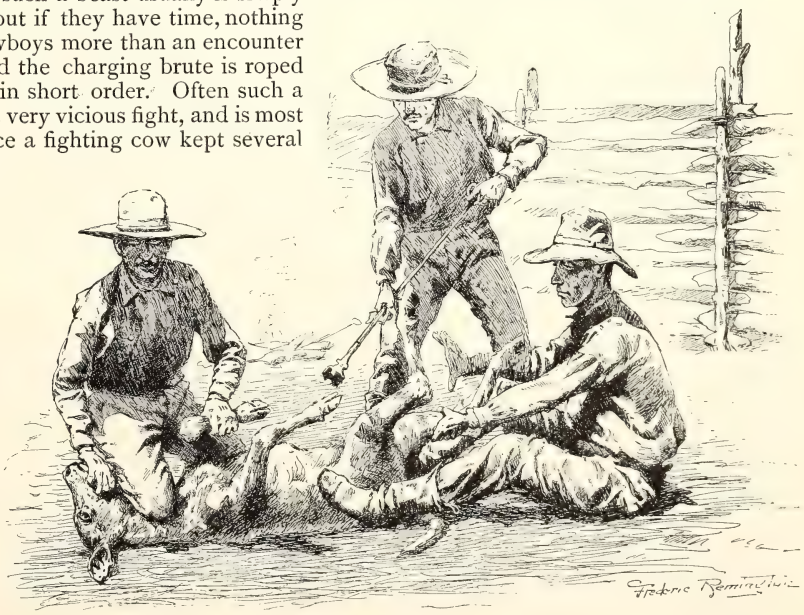
All this time the men holding the herd have their hands full, for some animal is continually trying to break out, when the nearest man flies at it at once and after a smart chase brings it back to its fellows. As soon as all the cows, calves, and whatever else is being gathered have been cut out, the rest are driven clear off the ground and turned loose, being headed in the direction contrary to that in which we travel the following day. Then the riders surround the next herd, the men holding cuts move them up near it, and the work is begun anew.

If it is necessary to throw an animal, either to examine a brand or for any other reason, half a dozen men will have their ropes down at once; and then it is spur and quirt in

the rivalry to see which can outdo the other until the beast is roped and thrown. A first-class hand will, unaided, rope, throw, and tie down a cow or steer in wonderfully short time: one of the favorite tests of competitive skill among the cowboys is the speed with which this feat can be accomplished. Usually, however, one man ropes the animal by the head and another at the same time gets the loop of his lariat over one or both its hind legs, when it is twisted over and stretched out in a second. In following an animal on horseback the man keeps steadily swinging the rope round his head, by a dexterous motion of the wrist only, until he gets a chance to throw it; when on foot, especially if catching horses in a corral, the loop is allowed to drag loosely on the ground. A good roper will hurl out the coil with marvelous accuracy and force; it fairly whistles through the air, and settles round the object with almost infallible certainty. Mexicans make the best ropers; but some Texans are very little behind them. A good horse takes as much interest in the work as does his rider, and the instant the noose settles over the victim wheels and braces himself to meet the shock, standing with his legs firmly planted, the steer or cow being thrown with a jerk. An unskillful rider and an untrained horse will often themselves be thrown when the strain comes.

Sometimes an animal — usually a cow or steer, but, strangely enough, very rarely a bull — will get fighting mad, and turn on the men. If on the drive, such a beast usually is simply dropped out; but if they have time, nothing delights the cowboys more than an encounter of this sort, and the charging brute is roped and tied down in short order. Often such a one will make a very vicious fight, and is most dangerous. Once a fighting cow kept several of us busy for nearly an hour; she gored two ponies, one of them, which was, luckily, hurt but slightly, being my own pet cutting horse. If a steer is hauled out of a mudhole, its first act is usually to charge the rescuer.

As soon as all the brands of cattle are worked, and the animals that are to be driven along have been put in the day herd, attention is turned to the cows and calves, which are already gathered in different bands, consisting each of all the cows of a certain brand and all the calves that are following them. If there is a corral, each band is in turn driven into it; if there is none, a ring of riders does duty in its place. A fire is built, the irons heated, and a dozen men dismount to, as it is called, "wrestle" the calves. The best two ropers go in on their horses to catch the latter; one man keeps tally, a couple put on the brands, and the others seize, throw, and hold the little unfortunates. A first-class roper invariably catches the calf by both hind feet, and then, having taken a twist with his lariat round the horn of the saddle, drags the bawling little creature, extended at full length, up to the fire, where it is held before it can make a struggle. A less skillful roper catches round the neck, and then, if the calf is a large one, the man who seizes it has his hands full, as the bleating, bucking animal develops astonishing strength, cuts the wildest capers, and resists frantically and with all its power. If there are seventy or eighty calves in a corral, the scene is one of the greatest confusion. The ropers, spurring and checking the fierce little horses, drag the calves up so quickly that a dozen men can hardly hold them; the men with the irons, blackened with soot, run to and fro; the calf-wrestlers, grimy with blood, dust, and sweat, work like beavers; while with



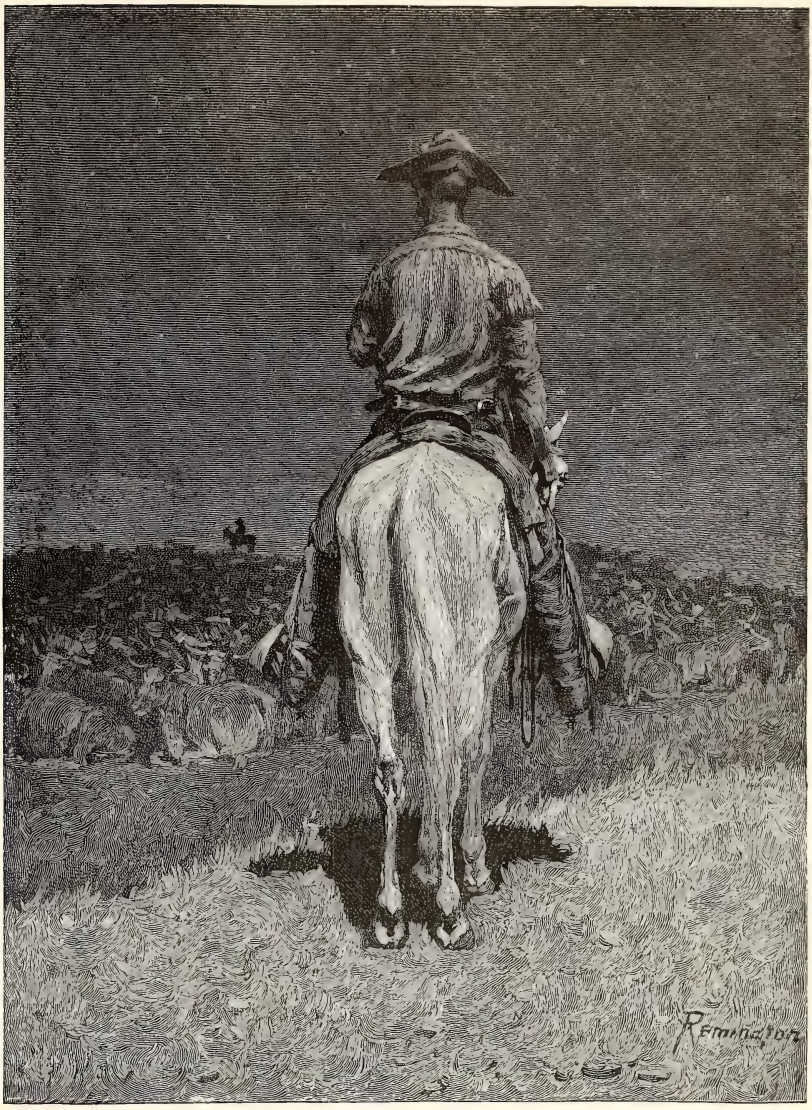
BRANDING A CALF.

the voice of a stentor the tally-man shouts out the number and sex of each calf. The dust rises in clouds, and the shouts, cheers, curses, and laughter of the men unite with the lowing of the cows and the frantic bleating of the roped calves to make a perfect babel. Now and then an old cow turns vicious and puts every one out of the corral. Or a *maverick* bull,— that is, an unbranded bull,— a yearling or a two-years-old, is caught, thrown, and branded; when he is let up, there is sure to be a fine scatter. Down goes his head, and he bolts at the nearest man, who makes out of the way at top speed, amidst roars of laughter from all of his companions; while the men holding down calves swear savagely as they dodge charging mavericks, trampling horses, and taut lariats with frantic, plunging little beasts at the farther ends.

Every morning certain riders are detached to drive and to guard the day herd, which is most monotonous work, the men being on from 4 in the morning till 8 in the evening, the only rest coming at dinner-time, when they change horses. When the herd has reached the camping-ground there is nothing to do but to loll listlessly over the saddle-bow in the blazing sun, watching the cattle feed and sleep, and seeing that they do not spread out too much. Plodding slowly along on the trail through the columns of dust stirred up by the hoofs is not much better. Cattle travel best and fastest strung out in long lines; the swiftest taking the lead in single file, while the weak and the lazy, the young calves and the poor cows, crowd together in the rear. Two men travel along with the leaders, one on each side, to point them in the right direction; one or two others keep by the flanks, and the rest are in the rear to act as "drag-drivers" and hurry up the phalanx of reluctant weaklings. If the foremost of the string travels too fast, one rider will go along on the trail a few rods ahead, and thus keep them back so that those in the rear will not be left behind.

Generally all this is very tame and irksome; but by fits and starts there will be little flurries of excitement. Two or three of the circle riders may unexpectedly come over a butte near by with a bunch of cattle, which at once start for the day herd, and then there will be a few minutes' furious riding hither and thither to keep them out. Or the cattle may begin to run, and then get "milling"— that is, all crowd together into a mass like a ball, wherein they move round and round, trying to keep their heads towards the center, and refusing to leave it. The only way to start them is to force one's horse in among them and cut out some of their number, which then begin to travel off by themselves, when the others will probably follow. But in spite of occasional incidents of this kind, day-herding has a dreary sameness about it that makes the men dislike and seek to avoid it.

From 8 in the evening till 4 in the morning the day herd becomes a night herd. Each wagon in succession undertakes to guard it for a night, dividing the time into watches of two hours apiece, a couple of riders taking each watch. This is generally chilly and tedious; but at times it is accompanied by intense excitement and danger, when the cattle become stampeded, whether by storm or otherwise. The first and the last watches are those chosen by preference; the others are disagreeable, the men having to turn out cold and sleepy, in the pitchy darkness, the two hours of chilly wakefulness completely breaking the night's rest. The first guards have to bed the cattle down, though the day-herders often do this themselves: it simply consists in hemming them into as small a space as possible, and then riding round them until they lie down and fall asleep. Often, especially at first, this takes some time — the beasts will keep rising and lying down again. When at last most become quiet, some perverse brute of a steer will deliberately hook them all up; they keep moving in and out among one another, and long strings of animals suddenly start out from the herd at a stretching walk, and are turned back by the nearest cowboy only to break forth at a new spot. When finally they have lain down and are chewing their cud or slumbering, the two night guards begin riding round them in opposite ways, often, on very dark nights, calling or singing to them, as the sound of the human voice on such occasions seems to have a tendency to quiet them. In inky black weather, especially when rainy, it is both difficult and unpleasant work; the main trust must be placed in the horse, which, if old at the business, will of its own accord keep pacing steadily round the herd, and head off any animals that, unseen by the rider's eyes in the darkness, are trying to break out. Usually the watch passes off without incident, but on rare occasions the cattle become restless and prone to stampede. Anything may then start them — the plunge of a horse, the sudden approach of a coyote, or the arrival of some outside steers or cows that have smelt them and come up. Every animal in the herd will be on its feet in an instant, as if by an electric shock, and off with a rush, horns and tail up. Then, no matter how rough the ground nor how pitchy black the night, the cowboys must ride for all there is in them and spare neither their own nor their horses' necks. Perhaps their charges break away and are lost altogether; perhaps, by



THE HERD AT NIGHT.

desperate galloping, they may head them off, get them running in a circle, and finally stop them. Once stopped, they may break again, and possibly divide up, one cowboy, perhaps, following each band. I have known six such stops and renewed stampedes to take place in one night, the cowboy staying with his ever-diminishing herd of steers until daybreak, when he managed to get them under control again, and, by careful humoring of his jaded, staggering horse, finally brought those that were left back to the camp several miles distant. The riding in these night stampedes is wild and dangerous to a degree, especially if the man gets caught in the rush of the beasts. It also frequently necessitates an immense amount of work in collecting the scattered animals. On one such occasion a small party of us were thirty-six hours in the saddle, dismounting only to change horses or to eat. We were almost worn out at the end of the time; but it must be kept in mind that for a long spell of such work a stock-saddle is far less tiring than the ordinary Eastern or English one, and in every way superior to it.

By very hard riding, such a stampede may

sometimes be prevented. Once we were bringing a thousand head of young cattle down to my lower ranch, and as the river was high were obliged to take the inland trail. The third night we were forced to make a dry camp, the cattle having had no water since the morning. Nevertheless, we got them bedded down without difficulty, and one of the cowboys and myself stood first guard. But very soon after nightfall, when the darkness had become complete, the thirsty brutes of one accord got on their feet and tried to break out. The only salvation was to keep them close together, as, if they once got scattered, we knew they could never be gathered; so I kept on one side, and the cowboy on the other, and never in my life did I ride so hard. In the darkness I could but dimly see the shadowy outlines of the herd, as with whip and spurs I ran the pony along its edge, turning back the beasts at one point barely in time to wheel and keep them in at another. The ground was cut up by numerous little gullies, and each of us got several falls, horses and riders turning complete somersaults. We were dripping with sweat, and our ponies quivering and trembling like quaking aspens, when, after more than an hour of the most violent exertion, we finally got the herd quieted again.

On another occasion while with the round-up we were spared an excessively unpleasant night only because there happened to be two or three great corrals not more than a mile or so away. All day long it had been raining heavily, and we were well drenched; but towards evening it lulled a little, and the day herd, a very large one, of some two thousand head, was gathered on an open bottom. We had turned the horses loose, and in our oil-skin slickers cowered, soaked and comfortless, under the lee of the wagon, to take a meal of damp bread and lukewarm tea, the sizzling embers of the fire having about given up the ghost after a fruitless struggle with the steady downpour. Suddenly the wind began to come in quick, sharp gusts, and soon a regular blizzard was blowing, driving the rain in stinging level sheets before it. Just as we were preparing to turn into bed, with the certainty of a night of more or less chilly misery ahead of us, one of my men, an iron-faced personage, whom no one would ever have dreamed had a weakness for poetry, looked towards the plain where the cattle were, and remarked, "I guess there 's 'racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea' now, sure." Following his gaze, I saw that the cattle had begun to drift before the storm, the night guards being evidently unable to cope with them, while at the other wagons riders were saddling in hot haste and spurring off to their help through the blinding rain. Some of us at once ran out to our own saddle-band. All of the ponies were standing huddled together, with their heads down and their tails to the wind. They were wild and restive enough usually; but the storm had cowed them, and we were able to catch them without either rope or halter. We made quick work of saddling; and the second each man was ready, away he loped through the dusk, splashing and slipping in the pools of water that studded the muddy plain. Most of the riders were already out when we arrived. The cattle were gathered in a compact, wedge-shaped, or rather fan-shaped mass, with their tails to the wind — that is, towards the thin end of the wedge or fan. In front of this fan-shaped mass of frightened, maddened beasts was a long line of cowboys, each muffled in his slicker and with his broad hat pulled down over his eyes, to shield him from the pelting rain. When the cattle were quiet for a moment every horseman at once turned round with his back to the wind, and the whole line stood as motionless as so many sentries. Then, if the cattle began to spread out and overlap at the ends, or made a rush and broke through at one part of the lines, there would be a change into wild activity. The men, shouting and swaying in their saddles, darted to and fro with reckless speed, utterly heedless of danger — now racing to the threatened point, now checking and wheeling their horses so sharply as to bring them square on their haunches, or even throw them flat down, while the hoofs plowed long furrows in the slippery soil, until, after some minutes of this mad galloping hither and thither, the herd, having drifted a hundred yards or so, would be once more brought up standing. We always had to let them drift a little to prevent their spreading out too much. The din of the thunder was terrific, peal following peal until they mingled in one continuous, rumbling roar; and at every thunder-clap louder than its fellows the cattle would try to break away. Darkness had set in, but each flash of lightning showed us a dense array of tossing horns and staring eyes. It grew always harder to hold in the herd; but the drift took us along to the corrals already spoken of, whose entrances were luckily to windward. As soon as we reached the first we cut off part of the herd, and turned it within; and after again doing this with the second, we were able to put all the remaining animals into the third. The instant the cattle were housed five-sixths of the horsemen started back at full speed for the wagons; the rest of us barely waited to put up the bars and make the corrals secure before galloping after them. We had to ride right in the teeth of the driv-



IN A STAMPEDE.

ing storm; and once at the wagons we made small delay in crawling in under our blankets, damp though the latter were, for we were ourselves far too wet, stiff, and cold not to hail with grateful welcome any kind of shelter from the wind and the rain.

All animals were benumbed by the violence of this gale of cold rain: a prairie-chicken rose from under my horse's feet so heavily that, thoughtlessly striking at it, I cut it down with my whip; while when a jack rabbit got up ahead of us, it was barely able to limp clumsily out of our way.

But though there is much work and hardship, rough fare, monotony, and exposure connected with the round-up, yet there are few



TRAILING CATTLE.

men who do not look forward to it and back to it with pleasure. The only fault to be found is that the hours of work are so long that one does not usually have enough time to sleep. The food, if rough, is good. The men are good-humored, bold, and thoroughly interested in their business, continually vying with one another in the effort to see which can do the work best. It is superbly health-giving, and is full of excitement and adventure, calling for the exhibition of pluck, self-reliance, hardihood, and dashing horsemanship; and of all forms of physical labor the easiest and pleasantest is to sit in the saddle.

The scenery is often exceedingly striking in character, especially in the Bad Lands, with their queer fantastic formations. Among the most interesting features are the burning mines. These are formed by the coal seams that get on fire. They vary greatly in size. Some send up smoke-columns that are visible miles away, while others are not noticeable a few rods off. The old ones gradually burn away, while new ones unexpectedly break out. Thus, last fall, one suddenly appeared but half a mile from the ranch house. We never knew it was there until one cold moonlight night, when we were riding home, we rounded the corner of a ravine and saw in our path a tall white column of smoke rising from a rift in the snowy crags ahead of us. As the trail was over perfectly familiar ground, we were for a moment almost as startled as if we had seen a ghost.

The burning mines are uncanny places, anyhow. A strong smell of sulphur hangs round them, the heated earth crumbles and cracks, and through the long clefts that form in it we can see the lurid glow of the subterranean fires, with here and there tongues of blue or cherry colored flame dancing up to the surface.

The winters vary greatly in severity with us. During some seasons men can go lightly clad even in January and February, and the cattle hardly suffer at all; during others there will be spells of bitter weather, accompanied by furious blizzards, which render it impossible for days and weeks at a time for men to stir out-of-doors at all, save at the risk of their lives. Then line rider, ranchman, hunter, and teamster alike all have to keep within doors. I have known of several cases of men freezing to death when caught in shelterless places by such a blizzard, a strange fact being that in about half of them the doomed man had evidently gone mad before dying, and had stripped himself of most of his clothes, the body when found being nearly naked. On our ranch we have never had any bad accidents, although every winter some of us get more or less frost-bitten. My last experience in this line was while returning by moonlight

from a successful hunt after mountain sheep. The thermometer was 26° below zero, and we had had no food for twelve hours. I got numbed, and before I was aware of it had frozen my face, one foot, both knees, and one hand. Luckily, I reached the ranch before serious damage was done. About once every six or seven years we have a season when these storms follow one another almost without interval throughout the winter months, and then the loss among the stock is frightful. One such winter occurred in 1880–81. This was when there were very few ranchmen in the country. The next severe winter was that of 1886–87, when the rush of incoming herds had overstocked the ranges, and the loss was in consequence fairly appalling.

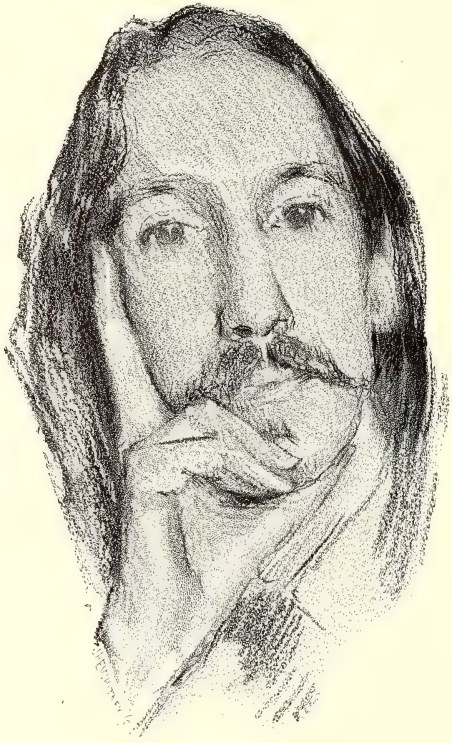
The snow-fall was unprecedented, both for its depth and for the way it lasted; and it was this, and not the cold, that caused the loss. About the middle of November the storms began. Day after day the snow came down, thawing and then freezing and piling itself higher and higher. By January the drifts had filled the ravines and coulées almost level. The snow lay in great masses on the plateaus and river bottoms; and this lasted until the end of February. The preceding summer we had been visited by a prolonged drought, so that the short, scanty grass was already well cropped down; the snow covered what pasturage there was to the depth of several feet, and the cattle could not get at it at all, and could hardly move round. It was all but impossible to travel on horseback, except on a few well-beaten trails. It was dangerous to attempt to penetrate the Bad Lands, whose shape had been completely altered by the great white mounds and drifts. The starving cattle died by scores of thousands before their helpless owners' eyes. The bulls, the cows who were suckling calves, or who were heavy with calf, the weak cattle that had just been driven up on the trail, and the late calves suffered most; the old range animals did better, and the steers best of all; but the best was bad enough. Even many of the horses died. An outfit near me lost half its saddle-band, the animals having been worked so hard that they were very thin when fall came.

In the thick brush the stock got some shelter and sustenance. They gnawed every twig and bough they could get at. They browsed the bitter sage brush down to where the branches were the thickness of a man's finger. When near a ranch they crowded into the out-houses and sheds to die, and fences had to be built around the windows to keep the wild-eyed, desperate beasts from thrusting their heads through the glass panes. In most cases it was impossible either to drive them to the haystacks or to haul the hay out to them. The deer even were so weak as to be easily run down; and on one or two of the plateaus where there were bands of antelope, these wary creatures grew so numbed and feeble that they could have been slaughtered like rabbits. But the hunters could hardly get out, and could bring home neither hide nor meat, so the game went unharmed.

The way in which the cattle got through the winter depended largely on the different localities in which the bands were caught when the first heavy snows came. A group of animals in a bare valley, without underbrush and with steepish sides, would all die, weak and strong alike; they could get no food and no shelter, and so there would not be a hoof left. On the other hand, hundreds wintered on the great thickly wooded bottoms near my ranch house with little more than ordinary loss, though a skinny sorry-looking crew by the time the snow melted. In intermediate places the strong survived and the weak perished.

It would be impossible to imagine any sight more dreary and melancholy than that offered by the ranges when the snow went off in March. The land was a mere barren waste; not a green thing to be seen; the dead grass eaten off till the country looked as if it had been shaved with a razor. Occasionally among the desolate hills a rider would come across a band of gaunt, hollow-flanked cattle feebly cropping the sparse, dry pasturage, too listless to move out of the way; and the blackened carcasses lay in the sheltered spots, some stretched out, others in as natural a position as if the animals had merely lain down to rest. It was small wonder that cheerful stockmen were rare objects that spring. Our only comfort was that we did not, as usual, suffer a heavy loss from weak cattle getting mired down in the springs and mud-holes when the ice broke up — for all the weak animals were dead already. The truth is, ours is a primitive industry, and we suffer the reverses as well as enjoy the successes only known to primitive peoples. A hard winter is to us in the north what a dry summer is to Texas or Australia — what seasons of famine once were to all peoples. We still live in an iron age that the old civilized world has long passed by. The men of the border reckon upon stern and unending struggles with their iron-bound surroundings; against the grim harshness of their existence they set the strength and the abounding vitality that come with it. They run risks to life and limb that are unknown to the dwellers in cities; and what the men freely brave, the beasts that they own must also sometimes suffer.

Theodore Roosevelt.



Robert Louis Stevenson

IF there be a writer of our language, at the present moment, who has the effect of making us forget the extinction of the pleasant fashion of the literary portrait, it is certainly the bright particular genius whose name is written at the head of these remarks. Mr. Stevenson fairly challenges portraiture, as we pass him on the highway of literature (if that be the road, rather than some wandering, sun-checkered by-lane that he may be said to follow), just as the possible model, in local attire, challenges the painter who wanders through the streets of a foreign town looking for subjects. He gives us new ground to wonder why the effort to fix a face and figure, to seize a literary character and transfer it to the canvas of the critic, should have fallen into such discredit among us and have given way to the mere multiplication of little private judgment-seats, where the scales and the judicial wig, both of them considerably awry and not rendered more august by the company of a vicious-looking switch, have taken the place, as the symbols of office, of the kindly, disinterested palette and brush. It has become the fashion to be effective at the expense of the sitter, to make some little point, or inflict some little dig, with a heated party air, rather than to catch a talent in the fact, follow its line, and put a finger on its essence; so that the exquisite art of criticism, smothered in grossness, finds itself turned into a question of "sides." The critic industriously keeps his score, but it is seldom to be hoped that the author, criminal though he may be, will be apprehended by justice through the handbills given out in the case; for it is of the essence of a happy description that it shall have been preceded by a happy observation and a free curiosity; and desuetude, as we say, has overtaken these amiable, uninvidious faculties, which have not the advantage of organs and chairs.

I hasten to add that it is not the purpose of these few pages to restore their luster, or to bring back the more penetrating vision of which we lament the disappearance. No individual can bring it back, for the light that we look at things by is, after all, made by all of us. It is sufficient to note, in passing, that if Mr. Stevenson had presented himself in an age or in a country of portraiture, the painters would certainly each have had a turn at him. The easels and benches would have bristled, the circle would have been close, and quick, from the canvas to the sitter, the rising and falling of heads. It has happened to all of us to have gone into a studio, a studio of pupils, and seen the thick cluster of bent backs and the conscious model in the midst. It has happened to us to be struck, or not to be struck, with the beauty or the symmetry of this personage, and to have made some remark which, whether expressing admiration or disappointment, has elicited from one of the attentive workers the exclamation, "Character — character is what he has!" These words may be applied to Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson: in the language of that art which depends most on observation, character — character is what he has. He is essentially a model, in the sense of a sitter; I do not mean, of course, in the sense of a pattern or a guiding light. And if the figures who have a life in literature may also be divided into two great classes, we may add that he is conspicuously one of the draped; he would never, if I may be allowed the expression, pose for the nude. There are writers who present themselves before the critic with just the amount of drapery that is necessary for decency, but Mr. Stevenson is not one of these; he makes his appearance in an amplitude of costume. His costume is part of the character of which I just now spoke; it never occurs to us to ask how he would look without it. Before all things he is a writer with a style — a model with a complexity of curious and picturesque garments. It is by the cut and the color of this rich and becoming frippery — I use the term endearingly, as a painter might — that he arrests the eye and solicits the brush.

That is, frankly, half the charm he has for us, that he wears a dress and wears it with courage, with a certain cock of the hat and tinkle of the supererogatory sword; or, in other words, that he is curious of expression, and regards the literary form not simply as a code of signals, but as the keyboard of a piano and as so much plastic material. He has that vice deplored by Mr. Herbert Spencer, a manner — a manner for a manner's sake, it may sometimes doubtless be said. He is as different as possible from the sort of writer who regards words as numbers and a page as the mere addition of them; much more, to carry out our image,

the dictionary stands for him as a wardrobe, and a proposition as a button for his coat. Mr. William Archer, in an article* so gracefully and ingeniously turned that the writer may almost be accused of imitating even while he deprecates, speaks of him as a votary of "lightness of touch" at any cost, and remarks that "he is not only philosophically content, but deliberately resolved, that his readers shall look first to his manner and only in the second place to his matter." I shall not attempt to gainsay this; I cite it rather, for the present, because it carries out my own sense. Mr. Stevenson delights in a style, and his own has nothing accidental or diffident; it is eminently conscious of its responsibilities and meets them with a kind of gallantry — as if language were a pretty woman and a person who proposes to handle it had, of necessity, to be something of a Don Juan. This element of the gallant is a noticeable part of his nature, and it is rather odd that, at the same time, a striking feature of that nature should be an absence of care for things feminine. His books are for the most part books without women, and it is not women who fall most in love with them. But Mr. Stevenson does not need, as we may say, a petticoat to inflame him; a happy collocation of words will serve the purpose, or a singular image, or the bright eye of a passing conceit, and he will carry off a pretty paradox without so much as a scuffle. The tone of letters is in him — the tone of letters as distinct from that of philosophy or of those industries whose uses are supposed to be immediate. Many readers, no doubt, consider that he carries it too far; they manifest an impatience for some glimpse of his moral message. They may be heard to ask what it is he proposes to deduce, to prove, to establish, with such a variety of paces and graces.

The main thing that he establishes, to my own perception, is that it is a delight to read him and that he renews this delight by a constant variety of experiment. Of this anon, however; and meanwhile it may be noted as a curious characteristic of current fashions that the writer whose effort is perceptibly that of the artist is very apt to find himself thrown on the defensive. A work of literature is a form, but the author who betrays a consciousness of the responsibilities involved in this circumstance not rarely perceives himself to be regarded as an uncanny personage. The usual judgment is that he may be artistic, but that he must not be too much so; that way, apparently, lies something worse than madness. This queer superstition has so successfully imposed itself that the mere fact of having been indifferent to such a danger constitutes in itself an originality. How few they are in number and how soon we could name them, the writers of English prose, at the present moment, the quality of whose prose is personal, expressive, renewed at each attempt! The state of things that would have been expected to be the rule has become the exception, and an exception for which, most of the time, an apology appears to be thought necessary. A mill that grinds with regularity and with a certain commercial fineness — that is the image suggested by the manner of a good many of the fraternity. They turn out an article for which there is a demand, they keep a shop for a specialty, and the business is carried on in accordance with a useful, well-tested prescription. It is just because he has no specialty that Mr. Stevenson is an individual, and because his curiosity is the only receipt by which he produces. Each of his books is an independent effort — a window opened to a different view. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is as dissimilar as possible from "Treasure Island"; "Virginibus Puerisque" has nothing in common with "The New Arabian Nights," and I should never have supposed "A Child's Garden of Verses" to be from the hand of the author of "Prince Otto."

Though Mr. Stevenson cares greatly for his phrase, as every writer should who respects himself and his art, it takes no very attentive reading of his volumes to show that it is not what he cares for most, and that he regards an expressive style only, after all, as a means. It seems to me the fault of Mr. Archer's interesting paper that it suggests too much that the author of these volumes considers the art of expression as an end — a game of words. He finds that Mr. Stevenson is not serious, that he neglects a whole side of life, that he has no perception, and no consciousness, of suffering; that he speaks as a happy but heartless pagan, living only in his senses (which the critic admits to be exquisitely fine), and that, in a world full of heaviness, he is not sufficiently aware of the philosophic limitations of mere technical skill. (In sketching these aberrations Mr. Archer himself, by the way, displays anything but ponderosity of hand.) He is not the first reader, and he will not be the last, who shall have been irritated by Mr. Stevenson's jauntiness. That jauntiness is an essential part of his genius; but, to my sense, it ceases to be irritating — it indeed becomes positively touching, and constitutes an appeal to sympathy and even to tenderness — when once one has perceived what lies beneath the dancing-tune to which he mostly moves. Much as he cares for his phrase he cares more for life, and for a certain transcendently lovable

*"R. L. Stevenson: his Style and Thought." "The [London] Times," November, 1885.

part of it. He feels, as it seems to us, and that is not given to every one; this constitutes a philosophy which Mr. Archer fails to read between his lines — the respectable, desirable moral which many a reader doubtless finds that he neglects to point. He does not feel everything equally, by any manner of means; but his feelings are always his reasons; he regards them, whatever they may be, as sufficiently honorable, does not disguise them in other names or colors, and looks at whatever he meets in the brilliant candle-light that they shed. As in his extreme artistic vivacity he seems really disposed to try everything, he has tried once, by way of a change, to be inhuman, and there is a hard glitter about "Prince Otto" which seems to indicate that in this case, too, he has succeeded, as he has done in most of the feats that he has attempted. But "Prince Otto" is even less like his other productions than his other productions are like each other.

The part of life that he cares for most is youth, and the direct expression of the love of youth is the beginning and the end of his message. His appreciation of this delightful period amounts to a passion; and a passion, in the age in which we live, strikes us, on the whole, as a sufficient philosophy. It ought to satisfy Mr. Archer, and there are writers graver than Mr. Stevenson on whose behalf no such moral motive can be alleged. Mingled with his almost equal love of a literary surface it represents a real originality. This combination is the key-note of Mr. Stevenson's faculty and the explanation of his perversities. The feelings of one's teens, and even of an earlier period (for the delights of crawling, and almost of the rattle, are embodied in "A Child's Garden of Verses"), and the feeling for happy turns — these, in the last analysis (and his sense of a happy turn is of the subtlest), are the corresponding halves of his character. If "Prince Otto" and "Dr. Jekyll" left me a clearer field for the assertion, I should say that everything he has written is a direct apology for boyhood; or rather (for it must be confessed that Mr. Stevenson's tone is seldom apologetic) a direct rhapsody on the age of little jackets. Even members of the very numerous class who have held their breath over "Treasure Island" may shrug their shoulders at this account of the author's religion; but it is none the less a great pleasure — the highest reward of observation — to put one's hand on a rare illustration, and Mr. Stevenson is certainly rare. What makes him so is the singular maturity of the expression that he has given to young sentiments; he judges them, measures them, sees them from the outside, as well as entertains them. He describes credulity with all the resources of experience, and represents a crude stage with infinite ripeness. In a word, he is an artist accomplished even to sophistication, whose constant theme is the unsophisticated. Sometimes, as in "Kidnapped," the art is so ripe that it lifts even the subject into the general air; the execution is so serious that the idea (the idea of a boy's romantic adventures) becomes a matter of universal relations. What he prizes most in the boy's ideal is the imaginative side of it, the capacity for successful make-believe. The general freshness in which this is a part of the gloss seems to him the divinest thing in life; considerably more divine, for instance, than the passion usually regarded as the supremely tender one. The idea of making believe appeals to him much more than the idea of making love. That delightful little book of rhymes, the "Child's Garden," commemorates, from beginning to end, the picturing, personifying, dramatizing faculty of infancy, the view of life from the level of the nursery-fender. The volume is a wonder, for the extraordinary vividness with which it reproduces early impressions; a child might have written it if a child could see childhood from the outside, for it would seem that only a child is really near enough to the nursery-floor. And what is peculiar to Mr. Stevenson is that it is his own childhood he appears to delight in, and not the personal presence of little darlings. Oddly enough, there is no strong implication that he is fond of babies; he does n't speak as a parent, or an uncle, or an educator — he speaks as a contemporary absorbed in his own game. That game is almost always a vision of dangers and triumphs; and if emotion, with him, infallibly resolves itself into memory, so memory is an evocation of throbs and thrills and suspense. He has given to the world the romance of boyhood, as others have produced that of the peerage, the police, and the medical profession.

This amounts to saying that what he is most curious of in life is heroism,— personal gallantry, if need be, with a manner, or a banner,— though he is also abundantly capable of enjoying it when it is artless. The delightful exploits of Jim Hawkins, in "Treasure Island," are unaffectedly performed; but none the less "the finest action is the better for a piece of purple," as the author remarks in the paper on "The English Admirals," in "Virginibus Puerisque"— a paper of which the moral is, largely, that "we learn to desire a grand air in our heroes; and such a knowledge of the human stage as shall make them put the dots on their own i's and leave us in no suspense as to when they mean to be heroic." The love of brave words as well as

brave deeds — which is simply Mr. Stevenson's essential love of style — is recorded in this little paper with a charming, slightly sophistical ingenuity. "They served their guns merrily, when it came to fighting, and they had the readiest ear for a bold, honorable sentiment of any class of men the world ever produced." The author goes on to say that most men of high destinies have even high-sounding names. Alan Breck, in "Kidnapped," is a wonderful picture of the union of courage and swagger; the little Jacobite adventurer, a figure worthy of Scott at his best, and representing the highest point that Mr. Stevenson's talent has reached, shows us that a marked taste for tawdry finery — tarnished and tattered, some of it, indeed, by ticklish occasions — is quite compatible with a perfectly high mettle. Alan Breck is, at bottom, a study of the love of glory, carried out with extreme psychological truth. When the love of glory is of an inferior order, the reputation is cultivated rather than the opportunity; but when it is a pure passion, the opportunity is cultivated for the sake of the reputation. Mr. Stevenson's kindness for adventurers extends even to the humblest of all, the mountebank and the strolling player, or even the peddler whom he declares that in his foreign travels he is habitually taken for, as we see in the whimsical apology for vagabonds which winds up "An Inland Voyage." The hungry conjurer, the gymnast whose *maillot* is loose, have something of the glamour of the hero, inasmuch as they, too, pay with their person.

> To be even one of the outskirters of art leaves a fine stamp on a man's countenance. . . . That is the kind of thing that reconciles me to life; a ragged, tippling, incompetent old rogue, with the manners of a gentleman and the vanity of an artist, to keep up his self-respect!

What reconciles Mr. Stevenson to life is the idea that in the first place it offers the widest field that we know of for odd doings, and that in the second these odd doings are the best of pegs to hang a sketch in three lines or a paradox in three pages.

As it is not odd, but extremely usual, to marry, he deprecates that course in "Virginibus Puerisque," the collection of short essays which is most a record of his opinions — that is, largely, of his likes and dislikes. It all comes back to his sympathy with the juvenile, and that feeling about life which leads him to regard women as so many superfluous girls in a boy's game. They are almost wholly absent from his pages (the main exception is "Prince Otto," though there is a Clara apiece in "The Rajah's Diamond" and "The Pavilion on the Links"), for they don't like ships and pistols and fights; they encumber the decks and require separate apartments; and, almost worst of all, have not the highest literary standard. Why should a person marry, when he might be swinging a cutlass or looking for a buried treasure? Why should he go to the altar when he might be polishing his prose? It is one of those curious, and, to my sense, fascinating inconsistencies that we encounter in Mr. Stevenson's mind that, though he takes such an interest in the childish life, he takes no interest in the fireside. He has an indulgent glance for it in the verses of the "Garden," but to his view the normal child is the child who absents himself from the family-circle, in fact when he can, in imagination when he cannot, in the disguise of a buccaneer. Girls don't do this, and women are only grown-up girls, unless it be the delightful maiden, fit daughter of an imperial race, whom he commemorates in "An Inland Voyage."

> A girl at school in France began to describe one of our regiments on parade to her French schoolmates; and as she went on, she told me the recollection grew so vivid, she became so proud to be the countrywoman of such soldiers, and so sorry to be in another country, that her voice failed her, and she burst into tears. I have never forgotten that girl, and I think she very nearly deserves a statue. To call her a young lady, with all its niminy associations, would be to offer her an insult. She may rest assured of one thing, although she never should marry a heroic general, never see any great or immediate result of her life, she will not have lived in vain for her native land.

There is something of that in Mr. Stevenson. When he begins to describe a British regiment on parade (or something of that sort) he, too, almost breaks down for emotion, which is why I have been careful to traverse the insinuation that he is primarily a chiseler of prose. If things had gone differently with him (I must permit myself this allusion to his personal situation, and I shall venture to follow it with two or three others), he might have been an historian of famous campaigns — a great painter of battle-pieces. Of course, however, in this capacity it would not have done for him to break down for emotion.

Although he remarks that marriage "is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses," he points out repeatedly that it is a terrible renunciation, and somehow, in strictness, incompatible even with honor — the sort of roving, trumpeting honor that appeals most to his sympathy. After that step

> there are no more by-path meadows where you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave. . . . You may think you had a conscience and believed in God; but what is a conscience to a wife?. . . . To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel. Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good. . . . How, then, in such an atmosphere of compromise, to keep honor bright and abstain from base capitulations? . . . The proper qualities of each sex are, in-

deed, eternally surprising to the other. Between the Latin and the Teuton races there are similar divergences, not to be bridged by the most liberal sympathy. . . . It is better to face the fact and know, when you marry, that you take into your life a creature of equal if unlike frailties; whose weak human heart beats no more tunefully than yours.

If there is a grimness in that, it is as near as Mr. Stevenson ever comes to being grim, and we have only to turn the page to find the corrective — something delicately genial, at least, if not very much less sad:

"The blind bow-boy" who smiles upon us from the end of terraces in old Dutch gardens laughingly hails his bird-bolts among a fleeting generation. But for as fast as ever he shoots, the game dissolves and disappears into eternity from under his falling arrows; this one is gone ere he is struck; the other has but time to make one gesture and give one passionate cry; and they are all the things of a moment.

That is an admission that though it is soon over, the great sentimental surrender is inevitable. And there is geniality too, still over the page (in regard to quite another matter), geniality, at least, for the profession of letters, in the declaration that there is

one thing you can never make Philistine natures understand; one thing which yet lies on the surface, remains as unseizable to their wits as a high flight of metaphysics — namely, that the business of life is mainly carried on by the difficult art of literature, and according to a man's proficiency in that art shall be the freedom and fullness of his intercourse with other men.

Yet it is difficult not to believe that the ideal in which our author's spirit might most gratefully have rested would have been the character of the paterfamilias, when the eye falls on such a charming piece of observation as these lines about children, in the admirable paper on "Child's Play":

If it were not for this perpetual imitation, we should be tempted to fancy they despised us outright, or only considered us in the light of creatures brutally strong and brutally silly, among whom they condescended to dwell in obedience, like a philosopher at a barbarous court.

II.

We know very little about a talent till we know where it grew up, and it would halt terribly at the start any account of the author of "Kidnapped" which should omit to insist promptly that he is a Scot of the Scots. Two facts, to my perception, go a great way to explain his composition, the first of which is that his boyhood was passed in the shadow of Edinburgh Castle, and the second, that he came of a family that had set up great lights on the coast. His grandfather, his uncle, were famous constructors of light-houses, and the name of the race is associated above all with the beautiful and beneficent tower of Skerryvore. We may exaggerate the way in which, in an imaginative youth, the sense of the "story" of things would feed upon the impressions of Edinburgh — though I suspect it would be difficult really to do so. The streets are so full of history and poetry, of picture and song, of associations springing from strong passions and strange characters, that for my own part I find myself thinking of an urchin going and coming there as I used to think — wonderingly, enviously — of the small boys who figured as supernumeraries, pages, or imps in showy scenes at the theater; the place seems the background, the complicated "set" of a drama, and the children the mysterious little beings who are made free of the magic world. How must it not have beckoned on the imagination to pass and repass, on the way to school, under the Castle rock, conscious acutely, yet familiarly, of the gray citadel on the summit, lighted up with the tartans and bagpipes of Highland regiments! Mr. Stevenson's mind, from an early age, was furnished with the concrete Highlander, who must have had much of the effect that we nowadays call decorative. I encountered somewhere a fanciful paper of our author's* in which there is a reflection of half-holiday afternoons and, unless my own fancy plays me a trick, of lights red, in the winter dusk, in the high-placed windows of the Old Town — a delightful rhapsody on the penny sheets of figures for the puppet-shows of infancy, in life-like position, and awaiting the impatient yet careful scissors. "If landscapes were sold," he says in "Travels with a Donkey," "like the sheets of characters of my boyhood, one penny plain and twopence colored, I should go the length of twopence every day of my life."

Indeed, the color of Scotland has entered into him altogether, and though, oddly enough, he has written but little about his native country, his happiest work shows, I think, that she has the best of his ability. "Kidnapped" (whose inadequate title I may deplore in passing) breathes in every line the feeling of moor and loch, and is the finest of his longer stories; and "Thrawn Janet," a masterpiece in thirteen pages (lately republished in the volume of "The Merry Men"), is, among the shorter ones, the strongest in execution. The latter consists of a gruesome anecdote of the supernatural, related in the Scotch dialect; and the genuineness which this medium — at the sight of which, in general, the face of the reader grows long — wears in Mr. Stevenson's hands is a proof of how living the question of form always is to him, and what a variety of answers he has for it. It never would have occurred to us that the style of "Travels with a Donkey," or "Virginibus Puerisque," and the

* Since reprinted in "Memories and Portraits."

idiom of the parish of Balweary could be a conception of the same mind. If it is a good fortune for a genius to have had such a country as Scotland for its primary stuff, this is doubly the case when there has been a certain process of detachment, of extreme secularization. Mr. Stevenson has been emancipated — he is, as we may say, a Scotchman of the world. None other, I think, could have drawn with such a mixture of sympathetic and ironical observation the character of the canny young Lowlander David Balfour, a good boy but an exasperating. "Treasure Island," "The New Arabian Nights," "Prince Otto," "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," are not very directly founded on observation; but that quality comes in with extreme fineness as soon as the subject is Scotch.

I have been wondering whether there is something more than this that our author's pages would tell us about him, or whether that particular something is in the mind of an admirer, because he happens to have had other lights upon it. It has been possible for so acute a critic as Mr. William Archer to read pure high spirits and the gospel of the young man rejoicing in his strength and his matutinal cold bath between the lines of Mr. Stevenson's prose. And it is a fact that the note of a morbid sensibility is so absent from his pages, they contain so little reference to infirmity and suffering, that we feel a trick has really been played upon us on discovering by accident the actual state of the case with the writer who has indulged in the most enthusiastic allusion to the joy of existence. We must permit ourselves another mention of his personal situation, for it adds immensely to the interest of volumes through which there draws so strong a current of life to know that they are not only the work of an invalid, but have largely been written in bed, in dreary "health resorts," in the intervals of sharp attacks. There is almost nothing in them to lead us to guess this; the direct evidence, indeed, is almost all contained in the limited compass of "The Silverado Squatters." In such a case, however, it is the indirect that is the most eloquent, and I know not where to look for that, unless in the paper called "Ordered South" and its companion "Æs Triplex," in "Virginibus Puerisque." It is impossible to read "Ordered South" attentively without feeling that it is personal; the reflections it contains are from experience, not from fancy. The places and climates to which the invalid is carried to recover or to die are mainly beautiful, but in his heart of hearts he has to confess that they are not beautiful for him. . . . He is like an enthusiast leading about with him a stolid, indifferent tourist. There is some one by who is out of sympathy with the scene, and is not moved up to the measure of the occasion; and that some one is himself. . . . He seems to himself to touch things with muffled hands and to see through a veil. . . . Many a white town that sits far out on the promontory, many a comely fold of wood on the mountain-side, beckons and allures his imagination day after day, and is yet as inaccessible to his feet as the clefts and gorges of the clouds. The sense of distance grows upon him wonderfully; and after some feverish efforts and the fretful uneasiness of the first few days he falls contentedly in with the restrictions of his weakness. . . . He feels, if he is to be thus tenderly weaned from the passion of life, thus gradually inducted into the slumber of death, that when at last the end comes it will come quietly and fitly. . . . He will pray for Medea: when she comes, let her rejuvenate or slay.

The second of the short essays I have mentioned has a taste of mortality only because the purpose of it is to insist that the only sane behavior is to leave death and the accidents that lead to it out of our calculations. Life "is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours"; the person who does so "makes a very different acquaintance with the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end." Nothing can be more deplorable than to "forego all the issues of living in a parlor with a regulated temperature." Mr. Stevenson adds that as for those whom the gods love dying young, a man dies too young at whatever age he parts with life. The testimony of "Æs Triplex" to the author's own disabilities is, after all, very indirect; it consists mainly in the general protest not so much against the fact of extinction as against the theory of it. The reader only asks himself why the hero of "Travels with a Donkey," the historian of Alan Breck, should think of these things. His appreciation of the active side of life has such a note of its own that we are surprised to find that it proceeds in a considerable measure from an intimate acquaintance with the passive. It seems too anomalous that the writer who has most cherished the idea of a certain free exposure should also be the one who has been reduced most to looking for it within, and that the figures of adventurers who, at least in our literature of to-day, are the most vivid, should be the most vicarious. The truth is, of course, that, as the "Travels with a Donkey" and "An Inland Voyage" abundantly show, the author has a fund of reminiscences. He did not spend his younger years "in a parlor with a regulated temperature." A reader who happens to be aware of how much it has been his later fate to do so may be excused for finding an added source of interest — something, indeed, deeply

and constantly touching — in this association of peculiarly restrictive conditions with the vision of high spirits and romantic accidents of a kind of honorably picturesque career. Mr. Stevenson is, however, distinctly, in spite of his occasional practice of the gruesome, a frank optimist, an observer who not only loves life, but does not shrink from the responsibility of recommending it. There is a systematic brightness in him which testifies to this and which is, after all, but one of the innumerable ingenuities of patience. What is remarkable in his case is that his productions should constitute an exquisite expression, a sort of whimsical gospel, of enjoyment. The only difference between "An Inland Voyage," or "Travels with a Donkey" and "The New Arabian Nights," or "Treasure Island," or "Kidnapped," is, that in the later books the enjoyment is reflective,— though it stimulates spontaneity with singular art,— whereas in the first two it is natural and, as it were, historical.

These little histories — the first volumes, if I mistake not, that introduced Mr. Stevenson to lovers of good writing — abound in charming illustrations of his disposition to look at the world as a not exactly refined, but glorified, pacified Bohemia. They narrate the quest of personal adventure — on one occasion in a canoe on the Sambre and the Oise, and on another at a donkey's tail over the hills and valleys of the Cévennes. I well remember that when I read them, in their novelty, upward of ten years ago, I seemed to see the author, unknown as yet to fame, jump before my eyes into a style. His steps in literature presumably had not been many; yet he had mastered his form — it had in these cases, perhaps, more substance than his matter — and a singular air of literary experience. It partly, though not completely, explains the phenomenon, that he had already been able to write the exquisite little story of "Will of the Mill," published previously to "An Inland Voyage," and now republished in the volume of "The Merry Men"; for in "Will of the Mill" there is something exceedingly rare, poetical, and unexpected, with that most fascinating quality a work of imagination can have, a dash of alternative mystery as to its meaning, an air — the air of life itself — of half inviting, half defying, you to interpret. This brief but finished composition stood in the same relation to the usual "magazine story" that a glass of Johannisberg occupies to a draught of table d'hôte *vin ordinaire*.

One evening, he asked the miller where the river went. . . . "It goes out into the lowlands, and waters the great corn country, and runs through a sight of fine cities (so they say) where kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door. And it goes under bridges with stone men upon them, looking down and smiling so curious at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over too. And then it goes on and on, and down through marshes and sands, until at last it falls into the sea, where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies."

It is impossible not to open one's eyes at such a paragraph as that, especially if one has taken a common texture for granted. Will of the Mill spends his life in the valley through which the river runs, and through which, year after year, post-chaises and wagons, and pedestrians, and once an army, "horse and foot, cannon and timbrel, drum and standard," take their way, in spite of the dreams he has once had of seeing the mysterious world, and it is not till death comes that he goes on his travels. He ends by keeping an inn, where he converses with many more initiated spirits, and though he is an amiable man, he dies a bachelor, having broken off, with more plainness than he would have used had he been less untraveled,— of course he remains sadly provincial,— his engagement to the parson's daughter. The story is in the happiest key, and suggests all kinds of things, but what does it in particular represent? The advantage of waiting, perhaps — the valuable truth, that, one by one, we tide over our impatiences. There are sagacious people who hold that if one does n't answer a letter it ends by answering itself. So the sub-title of Mr. Stevenson's tale might be "The Beauty of Procrastination." If you don't indulge your curiosities your slackness itself makes at last a kind of rich element, and it comes to very much the same thing in the end. When it came to the point, poor Will had not even the curiosity to marry; and the author leaves us in stimulating doubt as to whether he judges him too selfish or only too philosophic.

I find myself speaking of Mr. Stevenson's last volume (at the moment I write) before I have spoken, in any detail, of its predecessors, which I must let pass as a sign that I lack space for a full enumeration. I may mention two more of his productions as completing the list of those that have a personal reference. "The Silverado Squatters" describes a picnicking episode, undertaken on grounds of health, on a mountain-top in California; but this free sketch, which contains a hundred humorous touches, and in the figure of Irvine Lovelands one of Mr. Stevenson's most veracious portraits, is perhaps less vivid, as it is certainly less painful, than those other pages in which, some years ago, he commemorated the twelvemonth he spent in America — the history of a journey from New York to San Francisco in an emigrant-train, performed as the sequel to a voyage across the Atlantic in the same severe conditions. He has never

made his points better than in that half-humorous, half-tragical recital, nor given a more striking instance of his talent for reproducing the feeling of queer situations and contacts. It is much to be regretted that this little masterpiece has not been brought to light a second time, as also that he has not given the world — as I believe he came very near doing — his observations in the steerage of an Atlantic liner. If, as I say, our author has a taste for the impressions of Bohemia, he has been very consistent and has not shrunk from going far afield in search of them. And as I have already been indiscreet, I may add that if it has been his fate to be converted in fact from the sardonic view of matrimony, this occurred under an influence which should have the particular sympathy of American readers. He went to California for his wife; and Mrs. Stevenson, as appears moreover by the title-page of the work, has had a hand — evidently a light and practiced one — in "The Dynamiter," the second series, characterized by a rich extravagance, of "The New Arabian Nights." "The Silverado Squatters" is the history of a honeymoon — prosperous, it would seem, putting Irvine Lovelands aside, save for the death of dog Chuchu "in his teens, after a life so shadowed and troubled, continually shaken with alarms, and the tear of elegant sentiment permanently in his eye."

Mr. Stevenson has a theory of composition in regard to the novel, on which he is to be congratulated, as any positive and genuine conviction of this kind is vivifying so long as it is not narrow. The breath of the novelist's being is his liberty; and the incomparable virtue of the form he uses is that it lends itself to views innumerable and diverse, to every variety of illustration. There is certainly no other mold of so large a capacity. The doctrine of M. Zola himself, so meager if literally taken, is fruitful, inasmuch as in practice he romantically departs from it. Mr. Stevenson does not need to depart, his individual taste being as much to pursue the romantic as his principle is to defend it. Fortunately, in England to-day, it is not much attacked. The triumphs that are to be won in the portrayal of the strange, the improbable, the heroic, especially as these things shine from afar in the credulous eye of youth, are his strongest, most constant incentive. On one happy occasion, in relating the history of "Doctor Jekyll," he has seen them as they present themselves to a maturer vision. "Doctor Jekyll" is not a "boys' book," nor yet is "Prince Otto"; the latter, however, is not, like the former, an experiment in mystification — it is, I think, more than anything else, an experiment in style, conceived one summer's day, when the author had given the reins to his high appreciation of Mr. George Meredith. It is perhaps the most literary of his works, but it is not the most natural. It is one of those coquetries, as we may call them for want of a better word, which may be observed in Mr. Stevenson's activity — a kind of artful inconsequence. It is easy to believe that if his strength permitted him to be a more abundant writer he would still more frequently play this eminently literary trick — that of dodging off in a new direction — upon those who might have fancied they knew all about him. I made the reflection, in speaking of "Will of the Mill," that there is a kind of anticipatory malice in the subject of that fine story; as if the writer had intended to say to his reader, "You will never guess, from the unction with which I describe the life of a man who never stirred five miles from home, that I am destined to make my greatest hits in treating of the rovers of the deep." Even here, however, the author's characteristic irony would have come in; for — the rare chances of life being what he most keeps his eye on — the uncommon belongs as much to the way the inquiring Will sticks to his door-sill as to the incident, say, of John Silver and his men, when they are dragging Jim Hawkins to his doom, hearing, in the still woods of Treasure Island, the strange hoot of the Maroon.

The novelist who leaves the extraordinary out of his account is liable to awkward confrontations, as we are compelled to reflect in this age of newspapers and of universal publicity. The next report of the next divorce case — to give an instance — shall offer us a picture of astounding combinations of circumstance and behavior, and the annals of any energetic race are rich in curious anecdote and startling example. That interesting compilation, "Vicissitudes of Families," is but a superficial record of strange accidents; the family — taken, of course, in the long piece — is, as a general thing, a catalogue of odd specimens and strong situations, and we must remember that the most singular products are those which are not exhibited. Mr. Stevenson leaves so wide a margin for the wonderful — it impinges with easy assurance upon the text — that he escapes the danger of being brought up by cases he has not allowed for. When he allows for Mr. Hyde he allows for everything; and one feels, moreover, that even if he did not wave so gallantly the flag of the imaginary and contend that the improbable is what has most character, he would still insist that we ought to make believe. He would say we ought to make believe that the extraordinary is the best part of life, even if it were not, and to do so because the finest feelings — suspense, daring,

decision, passion, curiosity, gallantry, eloquence, friendship — are involved in it, and it is of infinite importance that the tradition of these precious things should not perish. He would prefer, in a word, any day in the week, Alexandre Dumas to Honoré de Balzac; and it is, indeed, my impression that he prefers the author of "The Three Musketeers" to any novelist except Mr. George Meredith. I should go so far as to suspect that his ideal of the delightful work of fiction would be the adventures of Monte Cristo related by the author of "Richard Feverel." There is some magnanimity in his esteem for Alexandre Dumas, inasmuch as in "Kidnapped" he has put into a fable worthy of that inventor a fineness of grain with which Dumas never had anything to do. He makes us say, Let the tradition live, by all means, since it was delightful; but at the same time he is the cause of our perceiving afresh that a tradition is kept alive only by something being added to it. In this particular case — in "Doctor Jekyll" and "Kidnapped" — Mr. Stevenson has added psychology.

"The New Arabian Nights" offers us, as the title indicates, the wonderful in the frankest, most delectable form. Partly extravagant, and partly very specious, they are the result of a very happy idea, that of placing a series of adventures which are pure adventures in the setting of contemporary English life, and relating them in the placidly ingenious tone of Scheherezade. This device is carried to perfection in "The Dynamiter," where the manner takes on more of a kind of high-flown serenity in proportion as the incidents are more "steep." In this line "The Suicide Club" is Mr. Stevenson's greatest success; and the first two pages of it, not to mention others, live in the memory. For reasons which I am conscious of not being able to represent as sufficient, I find something ineffaceably impressive — something really haunting — in the incident of Prince Florizel and Colonel Geraldine, who, one evening in March, are "driven by a sharp fall of sleet into an Oyster Bar in the immediate neighborhood of Leicester Square," and there have occasion to observe the entrance of a young man followed by a couple of commissionaires, each of whom carries a large dish of cream-tarts under a cover — a young man who "pressed these confections on every one's acceptance with exaggerated courtesy." There is no effort at a picture here, but the imagination makes one of the lighted interior, the London sleet outside, the company that we guess, given the locality, and the strange politeness of the young man, leading on to circumstances stranger still. This is what may be called putting one in the mood for a story.

But Mr. Stevenson's most brilliant stroke of that kind is the opening episode of "Treasure Island" — the arrival of the brown old seaman, with the saber-cut, at the "Admiral Benbow," and the advent, not long after, of the blind sailor, with a green shade over his eyes, who comes tapping down the road, in quest of him, with his stick. "Treasure Island" is a "boy's book," in the sense that it embodies a boy's vision of the extraordinary; but it is unique in this, and calculated to fascinate the weary mind of experience, that what we see in it is not only the ideal fable, but, as part and parcel of that, as it were, the young reader himself and his state of mind: we seem to read it over his shoulder, with an arm around his neck. It is all as perfect as a well-played boy's game, and nothing can exceed the spirit and skill, the humor and the open-air feeling, with which the whole thing is kept at the critical pitch. It is not only a record of queer chances, but a study of young feelings; there is a moral side in it, and the figures are not puppets with vague faces. If Jim Hawkins illustrates successful daring, he does so with a delightful, rosy good-boyishness, and a conscious, modest liability to error. His luck is tremendous, but it does n't make him proud; and his manner is refreshingly provincial and human. So is that, even more, of the admirable John Silver, one of the most picturesque, and, indeed, in every way, most genially presented, villains in the whole literature of romance. He has a singularly distinct and expressive countenance, which, of course, turns out to be a grimacing mask. Never was a mask more knowingly, vividly painted. "Treasure Island" will surely become — it must already have become, and will remain — in its way a classic; thanks to this indescribable mixture of the prodigious and the human, of surprising coincidences and familiar feelings. The language in which Mr. Stevenson has chosen to tell his story is an admirable vehicle for these feelings; with its humorous braveries and quaintnesses, its echoes of old ballads and yarns, it touches all kinds of sympathetic chords.

Is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" a work of high philosophic intention, or simply the most ingenious and irresponsible of fictions? It has the stamp of a really imaginative production, that we may take it in different ways, but I suppose it would be called the most serious of the author's tales. It deals with the relation of the baser parts of man to his nobler — of the capacity for evil that exists in the most generous natures, and it expresses these things in a fable which is a wonderfully happy invention. The subject is endlessly interesting, and rich in all sorts of provocation, and Mr.

Stevenson is to be congratulated on having touched the core of it. I may do him injustice, but it is, however, here, not the profundity of the idea which strikes me so much as the art of the presentation — the extremely successful form. There is a genuine feeling for the perpetual moral question, a fresh sense of the difficulty of being good and the brutishness of being bad, but what there is above all is a singular ability in holding the interest. I confess that that, to my sense, is the most edifying thing in the short, rapid, concentrated story, which is really a masterpiece of concision. There is something almost impertinent in the way, as I have noticed, in which Mr. Stevenson achieves his best effects without the aid of the ladies, and "Dr. Jekyll" is a capital example of his heartless independence. It is usually supposed that a truly poignant impression cannot be made without them, but in the drama of Mr. Hyde's fatal ascendency they remain altogether in the wing. It is very obvious — I do not say it cynically — that they must have played an important part in his development. The gruesome tone of the tale is, no doubt, deepened by their absence; it is like the late afternoon light of a foggy winter Sunday, when even inanimate objects have a kind of wicked look. I remember few situations in the pages of mystifying fiction more to the purpose than the episode of Mr. Utterson's going to Dr. Jekyll's to confer with the butler, when the doctor is locked up in his laboratory and the old servant, whose sagacity has hitherto encountered successfully the problems of the sideboard and the pantry, confesses that this time he is utterly baffled. The way the two men, at the door of the laboratory, discuss the identity of the mysterious personage inside, who has revealed himself in two or three inhuman glimpses to Poole, has those touches of which irresistible shudders are made. The butler's theory is that his master has been murdered, and that the murderer is in the room, personating him with a sort of clumsy diabolism. "Well, when that masked thing like a monkey jumped from among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice." That is the effect upon the reader of most of the story. I say of most rather than all, because the ice rather melts in the sequel, and I have some difficulty in accepting the business of the powders, which seems to me too explicit and explanatory. The powders constitute the machinery of the transformation, and it will probably have struck many readers that this uncanny process would be more conceivable (so far as one may speak of the conceivable in such a case), if the author had not made it so definite.

I have left Mr. Stevenson's best book to the last, as it is also the last he has given, at the present speaking,* to the public — the tales comprising "The Merry Men" having already appeared; but I find that, on the way, I have anticipated some of the remarks that I had intended to make about it. That which is most to the point is that there are parts of it so fine as to suggest that the author's talent has taken a fresh start, various as have been the impulses in which it had already indulged, and serious the impediments among which it is condemned to exert itself. There would have been a kind of perverse humility in his keeping up the fiction that a production so literary as "Kidnapped" is addressed to immature minds; and though it was originally given to the world, I believe, in a "boy's paper," the story embraces every occasion that it meets to satisfy the higher criticism. It has two weak spots, which need simply to be mentioned. The cruel and miserly uncle, in the first chapters, is rather in the tone of superseded tradition, and the tricks he plays upon his ingenuous nephew are a little like those of country conjurers; in these pages we feel that Mr. Stevenson is thinking too much of what a "boy's paper" is expected to contain. Then the history stops without ending, as it were; but I think I may add that this accident speaks for itself. Mr. Stevenson has often to lay down his pen for reasons that have nothing to do with the failure of inspiration, and the last page of David Balfour's adventures is an honorable plea for indulgence. The remaining five-sixths of the book deserve to stand by "Henry Esmond," as a fictive autobiography in archaic form. The author's sense of the English idiom of the last century, and still more of the Scotch, have enabled him to give a gallant companion to Thackeray's *tour de force*. The life, the humor, the color of the central portions of "Kidnapped" have a singular pictorial virtue; these passages read like a series of inspired foot-notes on some historic page. The charm of the most romantic episode in the world — though perhaps it would be hard to say why it is the most romantic, when it was intermingled with so much stupidity — is over the whole business, and the forlorn hope of the Stuarts is revived for us without evoking satiety. There could be no better instance of the author's talent for seeing the actual in the marvelous, and reducing the extravagant to plausible detail, than the description of Alan Breck's defense in the cabin of the ship, and the really magnificent chapters of "The Flight in the Heather." Mr. Stevenson has, in a high degree (and doubtless for

* Since the above was written, "Underwoods," as well as "Memories and Portraits," has been published.

good reasons of his own), what may be called the imagination of physical states, and this has enabled him to arrive at a wonderfully exact notation of the miseries of his panting Lowland hero, dragged for days and nights over hill and dale, through bog and thicket, without meat or drink or rest, at the tail of an Homeric Highlander. The great superiority of the book resides, to my mind, however, in the fact that it puts two characters on their feet in an admirably upright way. I have paid my tribute to Alan Breck, and I can only repeat that he is a masterpiece. It is interesting to observe that, though the man is extravagant, the author's touch exaggerates nothing; it is, throughout, of the most truthful, genial, ironical kind, full of penetration, but with none of the grossness of moralizing satire. The figure is a genuine study, and nothing can be more charming than the way Mr. Stevenson both sees through it and admires it. Shall I say that he sees through David Balfour? This would be, perhaps, to underestimate the density of that medium. Beautiful, at any rate, is the expression which this unfortunate though circumspect youth gives to those qualities which combine to excite our respect and our objurgations in the Scottish character. Such a scene as the episode of the quarrel of the two men on the mountain-side is a real stroke of genius, and has the very logic and rhythm of life — a quarrel which we feel to be inevitable, though it is about nothing, or almost nothing, and which springs from exasperated nerves and the simple shock of temperaments. The author's vision of it has a profundity which goes deeper, I think, than "Dr. Jekyll." I know of few better examples of the way genius has ever a surprise in its pocket — keeps an ace, as it were, up its sleeve. And in this case it endears itself to us by making us reflect that such a passage as the one I speak of is in fact a signal proof of what the novel can do at its best and what nothing else can do so well. In the presence of this sort of success we perceive its immense value. It is capable of a rare transparency — it can illustrate human affairs in cases so delicate and complicated that any other vehicle would be clumsy. To those who love the art that Mr. Stevenson practices he will appear, in pointing this incidental moral, not only to have won a particular triumph, but to have given a delightful pledge.

Henry James.

SURPRISES.

O EARTH, that had so long in darkness lain,
Waiting and listening for the Voice that cried,
"Let there be light!"— on thy first eventide
What woe, what fear, wrung thy dumb soul with pain!
In darkling space down dropt the red sun, slain,
With all his banners drooping. Far and wide
Spread desolation's vast and blackening tide.
How couldst thou know that day would dawn again?
But the long hours wore on, till lo! pale gleams
Of faint, far glory lit the eastern skies,
Broadening and reddening till the sun's full beams
Broke in clear, golden splendor on thine eyes.
Darkness and brooding anguish were but dreams,
Lost in a trembling wonder of surprise!

Even so, O Life, all tremulous with woe,
Thou too didst cower when, without sound or jar,
From the high zenith sinking fast and far,
Thy sun went out of heaven! How couldst thou know
In that dark hour, that never tide could flow
So ebon-black, nor ever mountain-bar
Breast night so deep, without or moon or star,
But that the morning yet again must glow?
God never leaves thee in relentless dark.
Slowly the dawn on unbelieving eyes
Breaketh at last. Day brightens,— and, oh hark!
A flood of birdsong from the tender skies!
From storm and darkness thou hast found an ark,
Shut in with this great marvel of surprise!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE RUSSIAN PENAL CODE.

IN the formation of a judgment with regard to the character of a people, or the nature of a government, few considerations are of greater importance than those which are suggested by the crimes that the people commit and the punishments that the government inflicts. The penal code of a state is in a certain sense an index to the national life, since it not only reveals the nature of the disorders from which the social organism suffers and the methods of treatment to which the governing power resorts, but also shows approximately the stage of moral culture and enlightenment which the people have reached and the extent of the influence for good or evil which the ruling authorities exert. It is my purpose in the present paper to review briefly some of the salient features of the penal code of Russia, and to point out, as clearly as I can, the bearing which that code seems to me to have upon the social condition of the Russian people, the distinctive characteristics of the Russian system of government, and the causes that underlie Russian discontent and disorder.

The Russian penal code, as revised, amended, and republished at St. Petersburg in 1885, makes a compact octavo volume of nearly seven hundred pages. In the arrangement of its contents it is not unlike the volume known as the Revised Statutes of the United States. The crimes and offenses with which it deals are grouped into twelve principal classes, each of which corresponds roughly with what is called in the Revised Statutes a "Title." These groups, or "titles," are subdivided into chapters, varying in number from two to fourteen, and the chapters are in turn broken into sections, the latter being numbered continuously, as in the Revised Statutes, without reference to the larger subdivisions of the text. The scope of the code, the manner in which offenses are classified, and the proportion which each separate category of crime and punishment bears to the whole body of criminal law will be understood from the following syllabus:

TITLE I. Crimes and offenses in general and degrees of guilt. 175 sections.

TITLE II. Crimes against the Faith [religion] and violations of the ordinances for its safeguard. 65 sections.

TITLE III. Crimes against the State, viz.: treason, rebellion, and all offenses against the sacred persons of the sovereign emperor and the members of the imperial house. 23 sections.

TITLE IV. Crimes and offenses against administrative order. 67 sections.

TITLE V. Crimes and offenses committed in the imperial or public service. 178 sections.

TITLE VI. Violations of the ordinances relating to the duties and obligations which individuals owe to the imperial and local authorities. 43 sections.

TITLE VII. Crimes against the property and revenues of the state. 283 sections.

TITLE VIII. Crimes against social order and well-being. 574 sections. [This title does not include offenses committed by one person against another, such as assault, robbery, or murder, but merely offenses which have the nature of disobedience to certain general ordinances intended to promote the public welfare.]

TITLE IX. Violations of the laws which relate to the rights of station, rank, position, etc. 44 sections. [This title comprises such offenses as the fraudulent concealment of the name and rank of an infant, the illegal assumption of titles, decorations, or other marks of distinction, etc.]

TITLE X. Crimes against the life, well-being, freedom, and honor of private individuals. 263 sections.

TITLE XI. Crimes against family and domestic rights. 51 sections. [This title includes all violations of the laws that relate to marriage and divorce, and to the reciprocal duties of fathers, mothers, and children, guardians and wards, etc.]

TITLE XII. Crimes and offenses against the property of private persons. 111 sections.

The intention of the codifiers in making this classification of crimes seems to have been to arrange them as far as practicable in the order of their estimated gravity or importance. Offenses against church and state* are therefore given the first place, and crimes which merely affect the life, liberty, and honor of

* I use the words "church" and "state" throughout this article in a somewhat restricted sense — to mean in one case the sacerdotal hierarchy, and in the other the political mechanism as embodied in the official class. It is impossible to speak of the church as a collective body of believers when church membership is enforced by imprisonment and exile; and it is equally impossible to make the state include the people when every attempt of a citizen to take part in the life of the state is punished with penal servitude.

private citizens come last. Crimes which have a tendency to weaken the dominant authority of church and state are furthermore given a disproportionate amount of space, as compared with crimes which threaten merely the lives or property of private persons. All the provisions of law contained in the first seven titles, and most of those in the eighth and ninth, have a direct bearing upon the welfare of the state as a political organism, and are intended to guard its existence, confirm its supremacy, and tighten the grasp in which it holds its subjects, the people. Almost every human action that can by any possibility injure the state or weaken the power of the ruling authorities is made by law a crime, and is punished with extreme if not barbarous severity. That this is not too sweeping an assertion will, I think, abundantly appear from the citations which I shall presently make from the statutes themselves.

The first important title or division of the Russian penal code is that which comprises what are called "Crimes against the Faith," and the severity with which such crimes are punished furnishes a striking illustration of the importance which the state attaches to the church as the chief bulwark of its own authority. The first section, which may be taken as fairly indicative of the spirit of the whole title, is as follows:

"SECTION 176. Whoever dares with premeditation, and publicly in a church, to blaspheme [literally, 'to lay blame upon'] the glorious Triune God, or our Most Pure Ruler and Mother of God, the ever-Virgin Mary, or the illustrious Cross of the Lord God Our Saviour Jesus Christ, or the Incorporeal Heavenly Powers, or the Holy Saints of God and their Images, such person shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life, with not less than twelve nor more than fifteen years of penal servitude. If such crime shall be committed not in a church but in a public place, or in the presence of a number of assembled people, be that number large or small, the offender shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life, with not less than six nor more than eight years of penal servitude."

The next section, which deals with another aspect of the same crime, is as follows:

"SECTION 177. If the offense described in the foregoing section [No. 176] be committed not in a public place nor before a large assemblage of people, but nevertheless in the presence of witnesses, with an intention to shake the faith of the latter or lead them astray, the offender shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life to the most remote part of Siberia."

Section 178 provides that "Whoever, with premeditation, in a public place and in the presence of a large or small assemblage of people, dares to censure [or condemn] the Christian faith, or the orthodox church, or to revile [or abuse] the Sacred Scriptures or the Holy Sacraments [literally, 'mysteries'], such person shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life, with not less than six nor more than eight years of penal servitude. If such crime shall be committed not in a public place nor in the presence of an assemblage of people, but nevertheless before witnesses, and with an intention to shake the latter's faith and lead them astray [literally, 'to seduce them'], the offender shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life to the most remote part of Siberia."

Section 179 declares that if any person shall witness or have personal knowledge of the commission of the crimes set forth in sections 176–178, and shall fail to inform the authorities thereof, he shall be imprisoned for not less than four nor more than eight months, according to the circumstances of the case.

Section 181 is as follows: "Whoever, in a printed work, or even in a written composition, if the latter be by him in any manner publicly circulated, indulges in blasphemy or speaks opprobriously of the Saints of the Lord, or condemns the Christian faith or the orthodox church, or reviles the Sacred Scriptures or the Holy Sacraments, such person shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life to the most remote part of Siberia. The same punishment shall be inflicted upon all persons who knowingly sell, or in any other way publicly circulate such works or compositions."

Section 182 provides that "All persons who shall be found guilty of so-called scoffing — that is, of making sneering or sarcastic gibes that show manifest disrespect for the rules or ceremonies of the orthodox church, or for Christianity in general — shall be imprisoned for not less than four nor more than eight months."

It would be hard, I think, to find in the criminal laws of any other civilized state punishments of such severity attached to crimes of such a nature. In most countries an insulting or contemptuous reference, even in a church and during service, to the "Incorporeal Heavenly Powers" [the angels] would be regarded merely as a misdemeanor, and would be punished with a small fine or with a brief term of imprisonment, as a disturbance of the public peace. In Russia, however, disrespectful remarks concerning the "Saints of the Lord and their Images," even although such remarks be made to three or four acquaintances, in the privacy of one's own house, may be punished with "deprivation of all civil rights and exile for life to the most remote part of Siberia"—

that is, to the coast of the Arctic ocean in the territory of Yakutsk.

Such extraordinary penal legislation as this naturally suggests the inquiry: "What seems to be, in the estimation of the law-maker, the relative gravity of the offenses described in the sections above cited in comparison with such common-law crimes as assault, highway robbery, and murder?" An examination of the statutes contained in Titles VIII. and X. of the code shows that a sarcastic gibe at the expense of the orthodox church is as heinous a crime as a personal assault which ends in homicide, provided such assault is not made with homicidal intent. [Compare Section 182 with Section 1464.] Public censure or condemnation of the orthodox church is put on a penal level with the organization of a band of counterfeiters, robbers, or incendiaries. [Compare Section 178 with Section 924.] Finally, the punishment for blasphemous remarks made publicly in a church with regard to the "Incorporeal Heavenly Powers," or the "Saints of the Lord, and their Images," is precisely the same punishment which is prescribed for willful manslaughter, and is only one degree lighter than the penalty for the deliberate and premeditated murder of a pregnant woman, with full knowledge of her condition. [Compare Section 176 with Sections 1452 and 1455.]

It is not my intention, of course, to excuse or to palliate such offenses as those set forth in the quoted sections of the Russian code, nor to raise any question as to the propriety of punishing them; but I do mean to call attention to what seems to me the barbarous injustice of putting such offenses on a level with highway robbery and murder. Russian churches and cathedrals are full of so-called "miracle-working images," or pictures of the Madonna and of various "Holy Saints of the Lord." I never entered even the cathedral of St. Isaac in St. Petersburg without finding on the frame of the *ikon* * of the Madonna, which stands at the head of two or three steps on the right of the *ikonostas*, a number of small articles of apparel, such as head kerchiefs, handkerchiefs, scarfs, etc., which had been placed there by their owners with the expectation that they would acquire, through contact with the ikon, some miraculous virtue. It would be perfectly natural for an intelligent man, and even for a good man and a good Christian, to express irreverent if not contemptuous doubt as to the miracle-working power of this gilded and bejeweled picture; and it would be strange if he did not, in addition, say something disrespectful of a church which not only permits, but encourages, such delusions. Under the provisions of Section 177 of the penal code, such a man, for making such remarks, might be exiled for life to the remotest part of Siberia. In the summer of 1886, while visiting with my wife one of the holiest cathedrals in Moscow, I saw a number of ignorant Russian peasants devoutly kissing in succession twenty or thirty black decaying fragments of human bone which were set in the squares of what looked precisely like a checker-board. The bones were supposed to be finger joints, toe joints, and other osseous fragments of various "Holy Saints of the Lord"; and many of the peasants pressed their lips to every bone in the collection, taking them row by row successively, from the lower right hand to the upper left hand corner of the checker-board. As I watched this performance, I could not help expressing aloud to my wife an opinion with reference thereto which the ecclesiastical authorities would undoubtedly have regarded as blasphemous, and which, had I been a Russian, might have sent me to the most remote part of Siberia, if not into penal servitude. Many of the rites and ceremonies of the Russo-Greek church are extremely injurious to the health of the people, and this is particularly the case with the universal custom of kissing sacred pictures and bones. Nothing probably has done more than this practice to spread contagious diseases among the ignorant peasants of the empire, and the terrible ravages of diphtheria in some of the provinces of European Russia are attributable mainly to this cause. A porous and partly decayed bone of a "Holy Saint of the Lord" which is breathed upon and kissed by thousands of men, women, and children becomes in time a poisonous source of contagion; and the encouragement by the priests of the belief that an application of the lips to such a bone is pleasing to God, or beneficial to man, seems to me in the highest degree immoral and criminal. If I were a Russian and lived in Russia, I should undoubtedly express this opinion at the first opportunity, in the most forcible and emphatic manner possible. Under the provisions of Section 177 I should thereupon be condemned as a blasphemer, and should go in chains and leg-fetters to the remotest part of eastern Siberia.

Blasphemous or disrespectful remarks concerning holy persons or things are not, however, the only offenses contemplated by Title II., and included among "Crimes against

* An ikon is a painted portrait of the Madonna, or of some holy saint of the orthodox church. It is, as a rule, heavily overlaid with gold in such a manner that only the head and one hand of the figure can be seen, and it is often framed in solid gold or silver and richly jeweled. The "miracle-working" ikon of Our Lady of Kazan, in the Kazan Cathedral at St. Petersburg, is adorned with jewels to the value of $60,000.

the Faith." One whole chapter is devoted to heresy and dissent, and punishments of the most cruel severity are prescribed for abjuration of the orthodox faith, for secession from the true church, and for the public expression of heretical opinions. Section 184, for example, provides that if a Jew or Mohammedan shall, by persuasion, deception, or other means, induce an orthodox Christian to renounce the true church and become an adherent of the Jewish or Mohammedan faith, he shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life, with not less than eight nor more than ten years of penal servitude.

Section 187 declares that if any person tempt or persuade an adherent of the Russo-Greek church to leave that church and join some other Christian denomination, he shall be banished to Siberia for life.

Section 188 provides that if any person shall leave the orthodox church and join another Christian denomination, he shall be handed over to the ecclesiastical authorities for instruction and admonition; his minor children shall be taken into the custody of the Government, his real estate shall be put into the hands of an administrator, and until he abjures his errors he shall have no further control over either.

Parents who are required by law to bring up their children in the true faith, but who, in violation of that duty, cause such children to be christened or educated in accordance with the forms and tenets of any other Christian church, shall be imprisoned for not less than eight nor more than sixteen months. During such time the children shall be taken in charge by orthodox relatives, or shall be turned over to a guardian appointed by the Government. [Section 190.]

If a Jew or a Mohammedan shall marry an orthodox Christian and shall fail to bring up the children of such marriage in the orthodox faith, or shall throw obstacles in the way of the observance by such children of the rules and forms of the orthodox church, the marriage shall be dissolved, and the offender shall be exiled for life to the most remote part of Siberia. [Section 186.]

All persons who shall be guilty of aiding in the extension of existing sects, or who shall be instrumental in the creation of new sects hostile or injurious to the orthodox faith, shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life, either to Siberia or to the Trans-Caucasus. [Section 196.]

I met large numbers of dissenters exiled under this section, both in the Caucasus and in all parts of Siberia. It is the unvarying and universal testimony of both the civil and military officers of the Russian Government that these dissenting Christians form the most honest, the most temperate, the most industrious, and altogether the most valuable part of the whole population in the regions to which they have been banished. The ispravnik, or chief police officer, of Verkhni Udinsk, in eastern Siberia, speaking to me of three or four settlements of dissenters in his okrug, or circuit, said: "If all the people in my territory were only exiled heretics I could shut up the jails and should have little or nothing to do; they are the best people within my jurisdiction." I need hardly comment upon the cruel injustice of sending good citizens like these to the remotest part of eastern Siberia simply because they do not believe in worshiping images and kissing bones, or because they cross themselves with two fingers instead of three.

It would be easy to fill pages with illustrative examples of the unjust and oppressive character of Russian penal legislation in the field of religious crime. Every paragraph fairly bristles with threats of "imprisonment," "exile," and "penal servitude," and the whole title seems to the occidental mind to breathe a spirit of bigotry and intolerance. One might perhaps expect to find such laws in a penal code of the Middle Ages; but they strike one as an extraordinary anachronism when they appear in a code which was revised and amended in the capital of a so-called Christian state in the year of our Lord 1885.

The shortest title or division in the Russian penal code is that which relates to "Crimes against the State," or, speaking more precisely, "Crimes against the Sovereign Ruler of the Empire and his authority." This title contains altogether only 23 sections, and occupies only 10 out of the 700 pages of the volume, but what it lacks in extent it more than makes up in severity. It begins with the brief but comprehensive declaration that "Every evil design and criminal action against the life, welfare, or honor of THE GOSSUDAR THE EMPEROR, and every intention to cast him from the throne or to deprive His Supreme Authority of its freedom or to restrict its rights, or to commit any violence whatever against His Sacred Person, shall subject the offender to deprivation of all civil rights and the penalty of death."

It is not necessary, it will be observed, that a man should commit an overt act in order to be brought under the sweeping condemnation of this section, nor that the overt act, even if committed, should be directed against the life or safety of the Tsar. If the offender simply harbors an evil design or forms a mere intention, not to assault the Tsar's "Sacred Person," but to restrict his rights, or,

in other words, to limit his supreme authority, it is enough to justify the infliction of the death penalty.

Section 242 states this plainly in terms and says that "An evil design . . . shall be regarded as an actual crime, not only in a case where the offender has made an attempt to carry such design into execution, but also in every case . . . where he has orally or in writing given such thought or design expression."

Sections 243 and 244 extend the death penalty to all persons who take part in evil designs or criminal actions having for their object the Sacred Person of the Gossudar the Emperor; to all persons who aid or abet such designs or actions; to all persons who afford refuge or concealment to the evil-thinkers or evil-doers; to all persons who have knowledge of such evil designs or actions and fail to give notice thereof to the authorities; and to all persons who commit an act of violence against a soldier or a sentry who is guarding the sacred persons of the Gossudar the Emperor or the members of the imperial house. All the inherited or acquired property of persons found guilty of the offenses set forth in these sections shall be confiscated by the state.

Section 246 provides that if any person shall speak impudent, insulting words of the Gossudar the Emperor, or shall deliberately injure or destroy a portrait, statue, bust, or other representation of him set up in a public place, such person shall be condemned as an insulter of MAJESTY to deprivation of all civil rights and exile for life, with not less than six nor more than eight years of penal servitude.

Section 249, which is known to the political exiles in Siberia as the "omnibus section," on account of its wide scope and applicability, was quoted in my article upon the "Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December. This section also directs the infliction of the penalty of death.

Section 266 declares that if any person shall compose and circulate a written or printed notice, call, or proclamation with the intention of inciting the people to rebellion or to open insubordination, such person shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life, with not less than eight nor more than ten years of penal servitude.

Section 252 provides that if any person shall compose and circulate any printed work or written document, or shall make a public speech which does not directly and manifestly incite to rebellion against the Supreme Authority, but which nevertheless attempts to dispute or throw doubt upon the inviolability of the rights of such Supreme Authority, or which audaciously condemns the form of administration established by the laws of the state or the fixed order of succession to the throne, such person shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life, with not less than four nor more than six years of penal servitude. Any person who keeps such a work or document in his possession without obtaining permission from the higher authorities shall be imprisoned for not less than seven days nor more than three months, and shall then be subjected to police surveillance for not less than one nor more than three years. [The offender in such a case may be put under police surveillance either at his own place of residence or in a Siberian village a thousand miles away, to which he may be banished by "administrative process."]

In order to appreciate the extraordinary severity of these laws for the protection of the Sacred Person, the Dignity, and the Supreme Authority of the Tsar it is only necessary to compare them with the laws contained in Title X. for the protection of the personal rights and honor of private citizens. From such a comparison it appears that to injure a portrait, statue, bust, or other representation of the Tsar set up in a public place is a more grievous crime than to so assault and injure a private citizen as to deprive him of eyes, tongue, an arm, a leg, or the sense of hearing. [Compare Section 246 with Section 1477.] To organize or take part in a society which has for its object the overthrow of the Government or a change in the form of the Government, even although such society does not contemplate a resort to violence nor immediate action, is a crime of greater gravity than to so beat, maltreat, or torture a human being as partly to deprive him of his mental faculties. [Compare Section 250 with Section 1490.] The making of a speech or the writing of a book which disputes or throws doubt upon the inviolability of the rights or privileges of the Supreme Authority is as serious an offense as the outraging of a woman. [Compare Section 252 with Section 1525.] The mere concealment of a person who has formed an evil design affecting the life, welfare, or honor of the Tsar, or the affording of refuge to a person who intends to bring about a restriction of the rights or privileges of the Supreme Authority, is a more serious matter than the premeditated murder of one's own mother. [Compare Section 243 with Section 1449.] Finally, in the estimation of the penal code, the private citizen who makes or circulates a caricature of the Sacred Person of the Tsar, for the purpose of creating disrespect for his personal characteristics or for his management of the empire, commits a

more heinous crime than the jailer who outrages in a cell until she dies an imprisoned, helpless, and defenseless girl fifteen years of age. [Compare Section 245 with Sections 1525, 1526, and 1527.]

If, in the face of the tremendous penalties set forth in the above-quoted sections of the code, the intelligent and freedom-loving classes of Russia continue to form societies intended to bring about a change of government, or if they still "audaciously" question or throw doubt upon the inviolability of the rights claimed by the Supreme Authority, it certainly cannot be denied that they have the courage of their convictions.

It may be said in defense of the Russian Government that it does not construe these laws strictly nor enforce them with rigorous and indiscriminate severity against all political offenders. I do not care to dispute the truth of thie proposition; but, even if it be true, it does not alter the fact that these laws stand on the pages of a statute-book revised as lately as the year 1885.

It is not necessary, for my present purpose, to go minutely into the details of the legislative provisions contained in the titles which relate to "Crimes against Administrative Order" and "Violations of the Ordinances relating to the Duties and Obligations which Individuals owe to the Imperial and Local Authorities." Their form and spirit are clearly indicated or foreshadowed in the sections of Title III. above quoted, and I need therefore only say of them that more effective laws for the suppression of individual freedom and the right of popular self-government were probably never devised. They not only render impossible all association or combination on the part of individual citizens to oppose the tyrannical exercise of power, but they punish with imprisonment or exile the mere expression of a judgment with regard to the expediency of a law or the propriety of an official action. Section 281, for example, says that "All persons who shall be found guilty of composing and circulating written documents [as, for instance, a circular letter] containing unpermitted judgments with regard to the ordinances and actions of the Government shall be imprisoned for not less than sixteen months nor more than two years."

Section 1035 provides that "All persons who shall . . . . print [in a newspaper or book] remarks calculated to shake the trust or confidence of the people in the laws of the empire, or in the ordinances and directions of the administrative or judicial authorities, or who shall allow themselves to dispute [or question] the obligatory force of such laws, or to approve or justify actions that are by such laws forbidden, with a view to bringing those laws into disrespect, shall be imprisoned for not less than two nor more than sixteen months."

It is hard for an American to realize a state of affairs in which the public expression of a judgment or an opinion with regard to Governmental action is "unpermitted," and in which it is more or less hazardous for a dozen law-abiding citizens to meet at regular intervals in a private house for the discussion of public questions. Section 320 of Title IV. declares that "Persons guilty of belonging to a society which employs any means whatever to conceal from the Government its existence, its nature, or its aims, or to keep secret its meetings, the subject of its deliberations, or the relations between its members, or a society which secretly disseminates any doctrines whatever, shall be imprisoned in a fortress for not less than four nor more than eight months, or in a prison for not less than one nor more than three weeks, according to the circumstances of the case."

Of course, persons who meet regularly for any purpose in a private house render themselves liable to an accusation based upon this section. As soon as their meetings attract the attention of the secret police, they are made the subject of an official examination, which almost always leads to consequences more or less unpleasant for the participants. I know a group of gentlemen in St. Petersburg who meet at stated intervals for the discussion of public affairs, and who, although they are neither conspirators nor revolutionists, spend the evening in making a pretense of gambling, in order that neither the servants nor the police may suspect them of secret machinations. In the eyes of the Government a club of gamblers is a safe and innocent organization, but a private debating society is a dangerous menace to social order and to the rights and privileges of the Supreme Authority.

Under the reform laws of Alexander II., certain public assemblies, such as those of the nobles, and meetings of the town councils and provincial assemblies, must be recognized and tolerated; but every possible precaution is taken to prevent the discussion in them of imperial affairs, and to suppress in their proceedings everything that might have a tendency to "excite the public mind." Section 1038 of Title VIII. of the code provides that "For printing and publishing, without permission of a local governor, the proceedings [even the legal and innocent proceedings] of any assembly of nobles, provincial assembly, or town council, the offender shall pay a fine of three hundred rubles, or suffer imprisonment for three weeks, or both."

When one considers that in Russia a cen-

tralized bureaucracy attempts to regulate everything, and that in its dispositions and operations it touches private life and invades the field of private activity at innumerable points, one can understand how unbearable must be the position of persons whose affairs are thus "regulated," and how intolerable must become the complete suppression of the right of free speech. The sufferer from the misdirected or tyrannically exercised power of a subordinate official cannot even protest. He must simply lay his hand on his mouth, bow his head, and submit.

I have been asked many times by friends in America why intelligent and liberty-loving Russians do not get out of such a country. Many answers might be given to this question, but perhaps the most comprehensive and cogent of them will be found in Sections 325–328 of the Russian penal code, which are as follows:

"SECTION 325. Whoever leaves the fatherland and enters the service of a foreign Government without the permission of his own Government, or becomes a subject of a foreign power, such person, for violation of his allegiance and his oath, shall be deprived of all civil rights and expelled from the limits of the empire forever. If he returns, he shall be exiled to Siberia for life.

"SECTION 326. Whoever leaves the fatherland and does not return at the summons of the Government shall for this disobedience be deprived of all civil rights, and expelled from the limits of the empire forever — unless, within a period to be fixed at the discretion of a court, he shows that his disobedience was due to causes which were beyond his control, or which mitigate his guilt. Until he shall make such proof, he shall be regarded as missing, and his property shall be controlled by the bureau of guardianship.

"SECTION 327. Any person who, without permission of the Government and without adequate reason, lives abroad beyond the period fixed by law for persons of his station shall also be regarded as missing [literally, 'absent without news'], and his property shall be taken in charge by the bureau of guardianship.

"SECTION 328. Any person who persuades a subject of the empire to emigrate to another country shall be punished with penal servitude in a convict company for not less than twelve nor more than eighteen months, or be banished to Siberia for life."

Under one of the above-quoted sections (326) Turgenief, while living in Paris in 1863, was summoned to St. Petersburg to answer before the Directing Senate for something that he had written or said. One can see from his letters to his friend, P. V. Annenkoff, how humiliating and exasperating obedience was to him, but — he obeyed.*

The Government does not recognize the right of its subjects to go abroad or to live abroad without its permission; and if, therefore, a Russian takes refuge from oppression in a freer country, he must face the prospect of expatriation, outlawry, the loss of all the property left behind him, and exile to Siberia if he ever returns. Few people are willing to separate themselves for life in this way from friends, relatives, home, country, and all that man naturally holds dear. What alternative, then, is left to the oppressed when oppression becomes intolerable? They must either submit or fight; and if they are not willing to submit and are not able, under the provisions of this code, to oppose tyranny by peaceful collective action, they will inevitably resort to violence and fight, singly or in small groups, as they are now fighting, until they go to Siberia in leg-fetters or perish on the scaffold.

George Kennan.

* "European Messenger" (a monthly magazine), pp. 10–20, St. Petersburg, January, 1887.

A SONG OF LIFE.

A SONG, boys, a song
Life is young yet,
Love has tongue yet;
Why should Life and Love go wrong?
Come, boys, a song!

A song, boys, a song!
Life 's at flush still,
Love 's ablush still;
What though cares and curses throng?
Come, boys, a song!

A song, boys, a song!
Life is gray now,
Love 's away now,
We are left to limp along;
Still, boys, a song!

A song, boys, a song!
Death is here soon,
Death will cheer soon,
Death is nigh, and Love is strong;
So, boys, a song!

Richard E. Burton.

THEFTS OF THE MORNING.

"The early death of a youth was frequently called in poetic language a seizure or theft by Aurora."

BIND us the Morning, mother of the stars
And of the winds that usher in the day!
Ere her light fingers slide the eastern bars,
A netted snare before her footsteps lay;
Ere the pale roses of the mist be strown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

With her have passed all things we held most dear,
Most subtly guarded from her amorous stealth;
We nothing gathered, toiling year by year,
But she hath claimed it for increase of wealth;
Our gems make bright her crown, incrust her throne:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Where are they gone who round our myrtles played,
Or bent the vines' rich fruitage to our hands,
Or breathed deep song from out the laurels' shade?
She drew them to her; who can slack the bands?
What lure she used, what toils, was never known:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Enough, that for her sake Orion died,
Slain by the silver archer of the sky,—
That Ilion's prince amid her splendors wide
Lies chained by age, nor wins his prayer to die;
Enough! but hark! our captive loves make moan:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

We have beheld them whom we lost of old,
Among her choiring Hours, in sorrow bowed.
A moment gleam their faces faint and cold
Through some high oriel window wreathed with cloud,
Or on the wind before her they are blown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

They do her service at the noiseless looms
That weave the misty vesture of the hills;
Their tears are drink to thirsting grass and blooms,
Their breath the darkling wood-bird wakes and thrills;
Us too they seek, but far adrift are thrown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Yea, cry her *Thief!* from where the light doth break
To where it merges in the western deep!
If aught of ours she, startled, should forsake,
Such waifs the waiting Night for us will keep.
But stay not; still pursue her, falsely flown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Edith M. Thomas.



THE WORKS OF ELISHA MULFORD.

IT is the pathetic feature of the early death of this man that his generation had little knowledge of him while he was of it. His name stands almost for a shadow. He was a great and substantial person to those who knew him well, but so secluded was his life, so unobtrusive was his character, so scant was his career of special achievements, that it is difficult to convey a distinct picture of him except by arbitrary assertion. Even then the terms employed produce conflicting impressions and leave an indistinct image. Never speaking in public; engaging in no controversies; heading no party; following no leader; identified with no school; touching here and there many creeds and philosophies but falling in with none; suspected by the reputedly orthodox, yet so evidently Christian that unbelief never claimed him; an Episcopalian by sincere preference, yet uttering no word for his church in any page of his writing; holding that schism is deadly, yet an ardent admirer of the Puritan and the Quaker; a good Catholic and yet a stout Protestant,—how shall such an one be rendered explicable to an age that cannot think of men except as ranged under some school or church or party.

Nor does he grow much clearer to the majority when his books are read. It is claimed that in "The Nation" he has presented a lofty and philosophical conception of the state: the book is opened to find it constantly asserted that the nation is a moral organism, with illustrations drawn from American institutions and nearly forgotten pages of Hebrew history, rising at last into the mystic allusions of the Apocalypse, which the author regards as a clear and substantial utterance of political wisdom. What relation can such a book have to American politics? Or take his "Republic of God": it is asserted that it is a scientific and rational presentation of Christianity. The book is found to consist of continuous assertion, without a suggestion of argument or formal proof, and even without quotation of Scripture except in way of illustration. What is there here scientific or peculiarly rational? Nothing, it must be confessed, unless one is able of one's self to discern the logic that is more than its forms. The majority fail to understand the book because they miss the grinding logic, the theological wrangle, the defense of church or school, and the massing of texts; because also they fail to comprehend the attitude of a mind that looks directly at the faith and measures it by its own light.

The external life of Dr. Mulford does not throw much light upon him, yet there was a singular harmony between his history and his thought. He came of excellent lineage; the blood of his ancestry for two hundred years had been of a full Puritan strain. He was born in Montrose, Pa.; was prepared for college in Homer, N. Y., under Dr. Woolworth; and was graduated from Yale College in 1855.

One who had skill in discerning character might early have detected signs of the greatness that followed, and even the form it would take. His imagination — a large feature in his mental organization — led the way at first, and he seemed about to enter the field of *belles-lettres*. But even before college days he had declared to himself that he would write great books, if any. He never lost his love for literature as a fine art and always responded keenly to a well-turned sentence or a fine verse; but his main concern, first and last, was with high thought. The two tastes led to what has not been fully recognized in him,—namely, a double life, or rather, a life so broad that it had that appearance. His early indications as a writer and his constant habit of discussing literature and art in a critical way led many of his friends to underrate the solidity of his mind; but even in college, while neglecting his studies for the literature which was then being rapidly poured upon the world by Tennyson, the Brownings, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Longfellow, and also for the social life of college, then peculiarly brilliant, he was leading another life than that which appeared. He was not careful to prepare himself to meet in full the demands of the class-room, but he startled his classmates with disquisitions on the authors there read such as they did not hear from the tutors. That the college did not do more for him and that he did not get more from the college was not the fault of either, but was rather due to ill adjustment between a mind like his and the methods of education which then prevailed. The college furnished at least a good shelter while his powers were uniting and taking shape, and it provided him with a sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek for practical purposes.

After a college life that could hardly be called earnest, though in no way open to grave charge, the real seriousness of his nature became apparent in the choice of theology as a profession. In this choice the true man was disclosed, for Dr. Mulford was preëminently a theologian. He spent two years in Andover, but, as in college, saw more truth than he heard, and ended his studies with undisguised protest against the theology then taught in that institution. He was perhaps the first Protestant of his kind in New England, after Dr. Bushnell and Dr. Washburn. Heretofore those who dissented from the prevailing theology had turned towards Unitarianism or Universalism, but Mulford did not feel himself shut up to these somewhat beaten paths, discerning another that has since become well known and is much used. The separation from Andover was wide and thoroughly mutual. The year in which he was buried found Andover busily engaged over points that then were clear to his mind, and in substantial accord with his views of humanity and the reach of Christ's work. After leaving Andover he spent a year in Europe, traveling, and hearing lectures on theology, but chiefly brooding,— for such was his life-long habit,— and returned home, hurried by the outbreak of the war. He was in no way fitted to become a soldier: a better task awaited him, to which he was drawn by an inward voice which was also a divine call. He took orders in the Episcopal Church, not merely because there was no other place for him, but because upon the whole he thought along its lines, or rather, as he then believed, it suffered him to think in his own way. The point of contact, however, did not reach far within. Æsthetically he felt with his church and could easily have gone into some lengths of ritualism; no excess of it would have troubled him so long as it did not involve dogmatic assumption. He prized the catholicity of the Episcopal Church as to doctrine, but its rubrics had little interest for him, and the lines that separate it from other churches had for him no existence. Only in a very limited degree is he to be regarded as belonging to the Episcopal Church. He never violated her canons; he served obediently at her altars; he taught theology under her name; but he wrote no line in her support, received no honors and but the barest recognition from her hands. There was repeated in him the story of all ages,— the prophet is never accepted by his age, and a great man is always greater than any institution that holds him.

Dr. Mulford took a parish in New Jersey, and immediately found himself face to face with a congregation disposed through business interests to sympathize with the South in the war then raging. It is at this point, perhaps, that a certain aspect of his character can be best explained. To a certain extent he did not make the impression of a man of courage. His manner was calm but was not strongly charged with assurance. He almost never pointedly disagreed with any, but indicated his variance by suggesting another view of the subject, leaving the other to find out the difference. His intense sympathy and absolute courtesy held him back from controversy and made him over-tolerant in conversation, so that dull persons often suspected him of weakness and mental dishonesty, not discerning the delicacy and fineness of his dissent. He also carried any difference into the region of principles — often very remote and general, and apparently of slight consequence to any save himself. But if he differed in principle he differed all the way through, and saw little need of formal explanation. His real character in this respect is seen in his position as a preacher. The influences about him would have led him to remain silent; no man more yearned for sympathy or more hated a wrangle; he seemed incapable of living without one or of enduring the other. But, contrary to his superficial disposition, he carried the war into his pulpit, overcoming all opposition by simple weight of utterance and solemnity of conviction. It is here that his character offers itself in one of its finest lights; his general attitude throughout his life was taken and held in opposition to much in himself. He had no great endowment of natural courage; he was not born with the clinched fist of a reformer or a polemic; he was sensitive in the highest degree to human sympathy and was made for fellowship; but his thought led and kept him apart, and his path through life was for the most part solitary. His divergences were not great enough to call out denial or denunciation, but were sufficient to awaken suspicion. He was not impeached, but he was made to feel a mild, ill-defined ostracism; there were no blows and wounds, but there was a fretting irritation; no turning of the back, but a somewhat doubtful offering of the hand. This sort of treatment, which is the form persecution takes in these later ages, being restrained by law and public opinion from any other, calls for a finer and more spiritual courage than that demanded by the grosser forms.

His retirement from parish labor, brought about by the claims of private business and by a growing deafness, seems now a divine shaping of his life to the high end in store for him, but along a path not then easily traced. The close of the war found him in his native county, living in the ancestral home of his wife twelve miles distant from Montrose.

Greater seclusion could hardly have been found, but the appointments of his life were generous and appropriate. Most men in his circumstances would have drifted into politics or turned to money-making, but Dr. Mulford was not fitted for one and for the other he had no taste. The nature and force of his intellectual gifts in no way more clearly appear than in the life he now entered upon. So far as books, reading, and daily occupation were concerned, he might have been living in New Haven or Cambridge. I have never met a person the current of whose intellectual habit flowed in so steady and strong a stream as his. Nothing diverted or lessened it, or apparently added to it, being always at the full. No variation in his intellectual register could be discovered. Whether in the woods of Pennsylvania or in the streets of Cambridge, the same themes engaged his attention, and his sense of them was always about the same. No separation from men and books dulled him, nor could I discover that any contact with them greatly quickened him. The reservoir of his thought was within himself and sprang from fountains that seemed to be inexhaustible.

Dr. Mulford carried with him to Friendsville a purpose, conceived in college days, of writing upon political themes. He had read Aristotle and had been profoundly moved by his political wisdom. He early noticed the fact that the German theologians found themselves led to write on the constitution of society. His own theological conceptions from the first carried him into the same field. His mental cast was of such a character and so ample that it was simply impossible for him to keep away from such subjects. But these influences were as nothing compared with those of the civil war just closing. Here was a most weighty fact in history to be accounted for. A great, prosperous, Christian nation, one by every consideration of nature and self-interest, suddenly breaks itself in two and appeals to war to enforce the unnatural action. That such a thing should happen seemed to him to indicate a defective consciousness of itself in the nation. Slavery and sectional ambition and party heat were not enough to explain so mighty a revolt of the nation against itself; its sense of itself must be at fault.

Thus his mind worked on the problem, and hence those years of thought and writing and re-writing that produced "The Nation." His object was not simply to explain the civil war, but to teach the people the nature of the state and the grounds of their government. Hence his book bore the sub-title, "The Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States." His argument with himself was: If I can reveal to the people the nature of the nation so that they shall see how divine a thing it is, it will be forever sacred in their eyes. Such was the aim of this young scholar, conceived and entered upon before the smoke of battle had cleared away. He provided himself with all needful books,—leisure and a free mind were already provided; his theological conceptions formed a nourishing atmosphere for his purpose, and the fresh memory of the war keenly stirred his interest. Everything was favorable except the solitude in which he worked and the greater solitariness of the path he was opening through the tangle of history; for it may safely be said that if Dr. Mulford's conception of the nature of the nation is not new, it has never been so fully worked out, nor has it ever been presented with the illustration of a nation that reflected the conception; for never before in the course of history has there been a nation whose political order bore out the divine plan of a nation. While Dr. Mulford's conscious aim in "The Nation" was to unfold the lesson of the civil war, we now see that he was working on a larger plan. Society is now making the dangerous transition from the aristocratic to the democratic idea of government, and with the change there is danger lest that truth be lost which alone makes any government real and binding,—namely, that it is by the grace of God. Kings planted themselves on this truth, and hence had power and majesty. The pomp of courts is not the reflection of human pride, but of the divineness of government. In passing from one form to the other the insignia of power and majesty are largely dropped, and with them there is danger lest the conception of government as a divine thing be also given up and it come to be regarded, even as it already is by some schools of social science, as a mere matter of police, a negative check on crime, with the result of resolving society into nearly absolute individualism, the idea of humanity as a social fact lost, and progress reduced to a go-as-you-please scramble for the most that can be got, or to selfish combinations that turn society into a war between labor and capital — a condition already existing in part and sure to prevail unless it is checked by the conception of government as existing by the will of God and for righteousness, and as God's own instrument for blessing humanity — not an instrument merely, but a creatively ordained order, in which men must live if they would live at all. Dr. Mulford, whose work was always constructive and at heart conservative, saw the necessity of unfolding the truth that a democracy not only rests on the grace of God, but, beyond all other forms of government, is so grounded and must be so interpreted. Hence

his continual assertion that the nation is a moral organism and has a life of its own, with certain necessary institutions and characteristics working towards certain ends. Being an organism, its processes are necessary as in all organic bodies. Hence social science is possible, and hence also there is no occasion for or justification of the empiricism that so marks its history. If society is an organism, social science consists in finding out the laws of the organism and their methods and ends — a process the reverse of arbitrarily shaping society so as to get rid of certain evils and to secure certain good results. If society is a moral organism, its aim is righteousness and its action will be in freedom. His main thesis is that the nation is such a moral organism, that it transcends physical conditions, and finds the constituents of its life in freedom and law and in the conscious fulfillment of a vocation. He carries this thought through more than four hundred pages, with much apparent repetition but always with some advance of the argument, which is chiefly illustrated in the laws and institutions of the United States, but is abundantly reënforced by quotations from literature and history. The constant refrain from first to last is that the nation is not constituted in the necessary process of the physical world, but in the order of a moral world; the ties of the nation are the ties of humanity, and the life of the individual in the two is one life, and it is moral. Moral action is conditioned on freedom, which is the law or essence of the nation. He makes the analogy between the life of the individual and of the nation exact and imperative, but each working out its destiny in mutual dependence and along the same lines.

This theory is a repudiation of all social compact and police theories of government as something to be shaped by chance or apparent need. The outcome of such a line of thought, as we might suppose, is in the loftiest heights of religion,— the nation is divine; its vocation is righteousness; it lives in freedom; its laws are moral, and are like those over the individual; it exists in God. In short, Dr. Mulford, by a scientific examination and in the actual process of our own institutions and in the confirming testimony of the great thinkers, reaches the same conception of the nation as that of the Puritans. They leaped, or rather flew, to the height of their truth on the wings of spiritual sight; he reaches it by an examination of humanity and by an elaboration of details often as dry as the statute-book itself. He reaches it also by an exhaustive study of the nation in its antagonisms, as against the idea of confederacy and the empire and other arbitrary or tyrannical conceptions. He finds himself carried by his argument beyond the limits usually set about politics, even to the very throne of God, from which he does not hold back, but draws nigh and lays down the allegiance of the nation where it receives its life,— in no rhetorical or sentimental way, but with full logical necessity. The book closes in a strain matching at once the loftiest visions of the Apocalypse and the profoundest feeling of the country as it emerged from the war of sacrifice, finding each to be in accord with the other and one equally to be realized with the other.

It presents a conception of the nation never before so fully wrought out: it is a work done once and finally; its definitions of the nation cannot be varied more than the definitions of geometry; all future treatment of social science will be upon the foundations laid by him and along the lines which he pursued. He made that clear and logical connection between the social life of humanity and the kingdom of God which has always been felt to exist but which had not been put into scientific form. He showed that Christianity is the order of the world and that its laws are the laws of society,— truths long well understood and often asserted, but not before wrought into the details of a theory of social science. It is a book that could not have been written at an earlier period; it was inevitable that it should have been written when it was. Dr. Mulford simply transcribed the evolution — or rather, revelation — of society as he beheld it. The ideal of the nation had been unfolded on this continent; the war for the Union was the seal of its divineness. It was given to him to see this ideal and to connect it with the life of humanity as revealed in the Christ. He had that endowment of profound thought and mental grasp, that patience in research, that divisive glance which separated the real from the unreal, that rare gift of accurately detecting law, that moral sense which made him responsive to the moral and the divine, that sure conviction that God is not absent from the world but is a living order within it, and that loftiness of nature which kept the great facts of human society before him as vital and moving realities; — these qualities fitted and enabled him to fulfill the task set him by Providence.

The fault of the book is that of style, and may be simply indicated as lack of clearness. This does not reach to the thought, but has its origin in excessive pondering and so of penetrating farther and farther into the abstract forms of the subject, and also in some mannerisms caught from the Germans and reenforced by personal peculiarities. In dignity, majesty, and massiveness of expression, in occasional eloquence, it cannot well be sur-

passed. It is, with all its abstractness and far-awayness, still a most near and vital book, and bears as much trace of feeling and devotion as of thought. One lays it down querying whether one has been reading a book of politics or of theology, but with a dawning suspicion that they may possibly be one. This was exactly Dr. Mulford's position. The nation is divine; theology is realized in organized humanity; the laws and methods of each are the same and run indistinguishably into each other. Thus he says: "The morality of a people, and so also its politics, will always correspond to its actual theology, and will be but the sequence of that."

The influence of this book has been great but peculiar. It can hardly be said to be popular. Dr. Mulford had so great confidence in his thought, and such respect for the intelligence of the people, that he fancied its publication would influence the fall elections; but its effect upon the masses was about that of the Beatitudes upon a mob,— the exact truth needed, but not quite in moral range. It is a book for the leaders, and not for the rank and file. No one who legislates, or writes on political science, or speaks on social subjects can afford to pass it by; and one should hesitate long before one allows one's self to conceive of human society as having any other basis or end than that here indicated, for the book simply presents the life of the nation as included within Christianity. So ably is this done, and so firmly is political life linked to the work of the Christ, that there could be no better book of Evidences than this. The skeptic who doubts Christianity when looked at directly cannot fail to see in this picture of national life, which he cannot doubt, the full lineaments of essential Christianity. In a secondary way the influence of the book has been marked. Many statesmen have pondered its great truths and baptized their principles afresh in its divine spirit. The abler editors have caught its meaning and now interpret the nation under its conception. Its undertone may be heard in presidential messages and in the forms of legislation. It reënforces social reformers and guides them along safe and winning lines. It has helped to create a popular sentiment against those conceptions of society which are based on the hard analogies of physical science. But its chief office is to link the necessary life of the nation to the processes of Christianity, or to establish the identity of political action with Christian faith, or, in simpler words still, it presents the kingdom of God as coming in the order of human society.

This book was the product of long and wide study and much brooding and rewriting. Dr. Mulford fulfilled the Horatian maxim, and kept his work till the "ninth year" before giving it to the world. He was not insensible to the ambition of an author; still the book came from him like the message of a prophet, and almost as if without will of his own.

In 1880 Dr. Mulford removed to Cambridge, where he became a lecturer on theology in the Episcopal School. No other position was ever offered him in the ecclesiastical world, and the recognition of a theological degree was carefully withheld; for it must be stated that he early fell under that suspicion of "unsoundness" which blasts so much of fresh and independent thought in this country. Why this suspicion should have fastened on him, it is hard to tell, unless it was occasioned by a disposition to ask questions within theological precincts — a habit which is never unobserved nor forgiven. It may also have been due to his undisguised sympathy with Maurice, who had come into prominence through the Jelf controversy and awakened an interest if not a following in this country while Mulford was in college. That this suspicion followed him even to the last with its mild but real defamation, shutting off all but a grudging and half-hearted recognition, illustrates the degree of intelligence and charity which still mark our theological world. One may deny the multiplication table with impunity, but if one intimates that *eternal* may not be synonymous with *everlasting*, he is a heretic though he have all the graces of St. John; and when this suspicion once fastens on a man, musk is not so diffusive and persistent. While Dr. Mulford was conscious of the fact that he was suspected where he ought to have been understood, he seldom spoke of it, and was the farthest from courting such a reputation or meeting it in a bravado way; he was not keyed to such a spirit. He was no come-outer; the whole cast of his mind was profoundly conservative; there was in him nothing of the iconoclast; he was to the last fiber constructive. One searches in vain along his pages for denials except for the sake of definition; his sense of human society and of personal relation to it was such as to hold him off from eccentric thought and conduct; he was nearly devoid of those qualities which usually belong to heretics, yet he bore most unjustly that imputation. His appeal from it was not to the right of private opinion or merely to intelligence and reason, but to the consensus of the centuries. Hence at the close of "The Republic of God" he prints the Nicene creed,— as though he would say, "See, I have said nothing new, but only this"; and most significantly he adds the two dates, "A. D. 381–1881."

This book, like "The Nation," was born, as

it were, by an impulse of its own. He was no self-determining maker of books or collaborator with publishers, but finding himself with a message, he had no rest till it was spoken. The history of such a mind in its relation to the religious thought of the age is worth heeding, if we can get at it. It is now quite the custom to regard special thought or belief as a matter of pedigree; if one puts an emphasis upon his faith or shows a lack, it must be traced to some other mind, and so back to some great final name like Coleridge or Hegel or Calvin. But spiritual history cannot be so compassed; it may be self-originating. Some event in personal history, some peculiarity of mind, some obscure and remote influence may indeed cause a rift in the frame-work of belief through which it all flows out to be remolded in a form consonant with later knowledge. The origin of doubt, or denial, or question, or protest in matters of religion is often obscure and unknown even to self, and is quite as likely to spring out of depths within or from seeming accident as from what is called the spirit of the age. On my first serious interchange of thought with Dr. Mulford in 1856, I found him permeated with the influence of Maurice to a degree that suggested an absence of criticism, but I am now inclined to think that the main lines of his theology were fixed before the Jelf controversy made Maurice known here. In minds of the cast of Dr. Mulford's the reaction against Calvinism comes early and with power. Some features of his life in college are to be regarded in the light of a transition from one form of faith to another; there was a seeming indifference which was the mask of agonizing doubt. It is probable that he had mainly thought himself clear before he had opened a book of theology, and that his teachers then, as ever after, were the Bible, the masters in literature, and human life itself within and about him. But Maurice came to him like native air, the vast complement of his own immature thought, and he reveled in him without limit or criticism. He never wavered nor lessened in his almost boundless regard for Maurice, but he came to quote and name him less frequently. He may be regarded as very early ceasing to sit at the feet of his master and soon coming to walk by his side, and at last as having as long and stout a stride. Both are now beyond the reach of human comparison, and so I may say that in the last few years of his life his intellectual grasp seemed stronger and his vision clearer than that of his great teacher. He had not the saintliness of Maurice, nor did he trouble himself with such questions as subscription, which Maurice deemed important, nor did he enter upon so broad fields of study; but he thought subjects through which Maurice only touched, staid and toiled where Maurice simply alighted. Hence the two books that he produced cannot be matched by any in Maurice's voluminous collection. It is also true that the tie was not more that of theological agreement than of sympathy with the intellectual temper and feeling of Maurice, with his general characteristics and attitude quite as much as with his specific opinions. I do not intend to convey the impression that Dr. Mulford was not responsive to the religious thought of the age. On the contrary, he was keenly alive to what is called the modern spirit in theology; but his part in it was not that of following, but leading. Follow indeed he seems to have done; but for the same reason and in the same way that he did original work in politics, so he would have done in theology had the subject come to him as freshly. Had there been no Coleridge and Thomas Erskine and Maurice and Bushnell and Robertson, Mulford would have been a theologian of the same general character as now. His work on "The Nation" shows his ability to grasp a great theme in an original way; and the close alliance he discovered between political science and Christianity would have led him to substantially the same theological conceptions. Every page of "The Republic of God" may be read between the lines of "The Nation." It is sometimes said of him that he is vague, that he has no system and no formal logic; but it would be difficult to find an author whose years from first to last are linked together in such harmony, and whose positions on all subjects are joined by so rigid and consistent a logic.

While Dr. Mulford responded fully to the modern movement in theology, he was little affected by it as it appeared in New England. The protest made by him in Andover was total and fundamental. The strife in the always progressive theology of New England — and it was never more rapid in its onward movement than it was thirty years ago — was towards reasonableness and breadth, but it was without freedom. It must first be Calvinistic and then, if possible, in some way reasonable; it must be broad and free, but always under some overshadowing doctrine of divine sovereignty; it was always paying out cable to the same old anchor and interpreting the larger swing as a voyage. Hence it did not succeed in preventing, nor later in counteracting, the Unitarian defection. It beat a path for Methodism and Universalism. It grew more and more intellectual, but it never reached the end of its argument; and so, while protesting against rationalism, it became itself a system of mere reason and formal logic with some wire-like attachments of bib-

lical texts. Dr. Bushnell broke away from the orthodoxy of the day — made indifferent to him by his genius and doubly indifferent by insight and breadth of vision. Dr. Mulford, though profoundly admiring Dr. Bushnell, never fell into his habit of thought. It is very significant and revealing that Bushnell, with his superb rhetoric and spiritual insight and lofty freedom, made less appeal to the young Mulford than such an author as Thomas Erskine. The reason is that in one there was a subordination of the logical sense to the imagination, while the other struck straight to the heart of the Gospel with undivertible gaze. Dr. Bushnell often suggests the suspicion that he is trying to prove what he has already, by some other process, decided to be true; his way often lies through the air, and sometimes through the clouds. But Erskine and Maurice, whatever else may be said of them, were pitiless exegetes, with very slight regard for any systems or methods or conclusions beyond what they found in the revelation of God. Mulford is often spoken of, as these men were, as vague and fanciful; but these impressions are caught from surface features of his style. His strongest quality — and few men ever possessed it in a higher degree — is a relentless logic; but his logic is not that of dialectics.

The modern movement in theology may be said to have two main features,— rationality and breadth; it consists with knowledge and it is larger than any system. These features are conspicuously illustrated in "The Republic of God." It begins by affirming that the consciousness of God comes into the consciousness of man through experience. Here is the appeal to life — a keynote that sounds throughout the book. The experience of the individual, the family, and the nation in the life of humanity,— here is the revelation of God. This experience tends towards personality through freedom and morality, and so comes to a consciousness of God as personal and free and moral. As man becomes a person, he knows God as a person, and so comes into relations with God. Upon such a foundation — the denial and reverse of agnosticism and materialism — the author builds his fabric by a succession of statements, each one of which is the result of close reasoning, but is without its dialectic form. He is careful to show that personality does not involve limitation. The personality of man is grounded in the personality of God, and God is known through a realization of personality; as man knows himself he knows God, and so comes to a sense of freedom and morality and immortality. The most striking part of the book is that in which Dr. Mulford discusses the relations of Christianity to religion and philosophy, shocking his readers at first by his emphatic assertion that "the revelation of and in Christ is not a religion and it is not a philosophy," — regarding it as a universal or total under which these are specifics. Christianity is not a religion, but a revelation; it is not one of ten great religions, but is God revealed in the life of humanity. It is not a *cultus* nor a speculative system, but is the divine order of human society. The main part of the book is devoted to the revelation by Christ,— the central thought of which is Christ's perfect oneness with the Father, and also with humanity; the latter is personal and universal; the history of Christ in death and resurrection and ascension and in the Holy Spirit is the history of humanity; the work of the Spirit in the conviction of sin and of righteousness and of judgment is the continuous revelation of God in and by Christ in the life of humanity. This is not a far-away, a future, a here-and-there and now-and-then process, but is a present, continuous, and universal process. It is here that Dr. Mulford links the revelation in Christ to that sentiment of humanity now so prevalent, making the former inclusive of the latter. His treatment of eschatological subjects is under a conception of eternity as a term of absoluteness, and not of time; the eternal world is here and now, not there and thereafter. He makes no dogmatic assertions as to destiny, but leaves such themes under the general spirit, scope, and trend of the Gospel as a redemption of the world, and so enveloped in an atmosphere of hope, but with an absolute and eternal emphasis of condemnation upon sin.

If it were asked in what the power of this book consists, or what is its peculiarity, the answer would be that it is not marked so much by originality as by thoroughness and intensity of vision from a certain standpoint,— namely, the living God. His point of view gives him his vision and scope, and his fidelity to it is his power. The book seems to be dogmatic — an appearance that passes away when it is seen that the assertions are a succession of apprehensions or sights which when taken together form a self-supporting unity. As a whole, the book is the reverse of dogmatic and is profoundly scientific, presenting a view of theology in harmony with the human mind and dealing with the problems of life in a satisfactory way. It is like a look from the sun at the solar system, which so becomes a simple and self-explaining thing — the point of view rendering needless the long and intricate calculations necessary if the view be taken from the earth. As astronomy is a simple science to one who stands in the sun, so theology is a plain matter to one who stands beside God.

The larger synthesis which Dr. Mulford thus makes displaces smaller theories, and vindicates itself by its simplicity and large reasonableness. In other words, he sees his subject in "the totality of its relations." When a writer does this, we do not accuse him of dogmatism, nor ask him to prove a point; if he will mount on his wings and tell us what he sees, we will accept his report. Still, while Dr. Mulford appeared simply to announce his thought, his discovery of it was by a slow, severe, plodding process and by exact logical stages. He spoke as a seer, but he was first a patient and careful thinker and student. His sympathy and imagination were large and active, but they never so gilded a sophistry that it dazzled his judgment.

While "The Republic of God" is eminently a fair and correct interpretation of Christianity, we value more highly the atmosphere of the book, and find here its greatest power and originality. It is the utterance of a great mind and bears its stamp. It is lofty beyond the usual sense of the word. It is passionless as to earthly feeling, but it is keyed to the fervency of heaven. It is world-wide apart from all theological strife; it makes no recognition of parties or schools, but is taken up and possessed by the one thought of the revelation of God in and by Christ in the life of humanity. In form it has the loftiest dignity; it shows no strife or struggle of words after emphasis, but has the calm of absolute conviction. The thought runs along the borders of poetry and sentiment, and one step aside would lead into the world of prophetic ecstasy. Indeed, the scriptural key to his theological and political thought would be found in the Apocalypse,— a book to him of intense reality and present meaning. His style is not at first an easy one to read; it presupposes too much in the reader; it gives the last stages only of a process of thought, and requires one's assent to the whole; it is abstract and without emphasis, but it has a charm fully realized only when his pages were read by himself. Then the rhythmic form of the sentences appeared,— falling from his deep and, as it were, distant voice like the breaking of waves on a sandy beach.

I would thus, if possible, indicate the spirit in which this man wrote upon theology. If a hard dialectic; if casting down other systems and setting up one's own; if a deft dove-tailing of doctrines and texts; if outcry for a school or zeal for orthodoxy are the signs of a theologian,— then he was not one. But if unfolding the relation of Christianity to the world is the real work of a theologian, he was one. That he possessed a glorious imagination; that he was awed almost into silence before eternal and infinite truth; that his thought trembled with deepest emotion and was always ready to burst into adoring ecstasy; that his sense of humanity ensphered and colored the whole action of his mind,— these qualities serve to make him that sort of theologian now needed, and still more to be needed as Christianity is applied in the redemption of society and comes to its own fullness. Dr. Mulford might be styled a *social* theologian. Theology has chiefly played about the individual; it needs no prophet to see that its field is to be humanity in a collective sense. It is henceforth to interpret the truth that "God so loved the *world* that he gave his only begotten Son." Hence his work in some sense is prophetic in its nature; it provides for the questions which are now rising into the consciousness of the age and pressing to the front. It is the gravest mistake to regard him as the exponent of certain minor questions of destiny; his indifference to the current discussions of such questions was so great as to shut them out from even private conversation. Still, he allowed no inhuman theology or narrow exegesis to blur the glory and the reality of Redemption.

The true field of his life and activity is in the future. As the nation unfolds its life and discloses the divine plan on which it is built, it will be seen that this young scholar traced its lines and revealed its secret. And so also as humanity moves on in fulfillment of the redemptive purpose of God, it will be seen that the same hand has traced its mighty movement,— if not with absolute correctness, yet so near that he may be counted among the prophets and teachers sent from God. His character and his work have been well set down in the lines which Whittier addressed to his memory:

Unnoted as the setting of a star
He passed; and sect and party scarcely knew
When from their midst a sage and seer withdrew
To fitter audience, where the great dead are
In God's republic of the heart and mind,
Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind.

T. T. Munger.

MARSE PHIL.

WELL, well, you is Marse Phil's son — yo' favor 'm might'ly too; —
We wuz like brothers, we wuz — me an' him;
You tried to fool d' ole nigger, but, marster, 't would n' do —
Not ef you is done growed so tall an' slim.

Hi! Lord! I 'se knowed you, honey, sence long befo' you born —
I mean, I 'se knowed de fambly dat long;
An' dee 's all white-folks, marster, dee hands white as young corn;
An' ef dee want to — could n' do no wrong.

You' gran'pa buyed my mammy at Gen'l Nelson's sale;
An' Deely she come out de same estate;
An' blood is jes like pra'r is, hit tain' gwine nuver fail —
Hit 's sutney gwine to come out soon or late.

When I was born, you' gran'pa gi' me to young Marse Phil,
To be his body-servent like, you know;
An' we growed up togerr, like two stalks in one hill,
Bofe tasslin' an' den shootin' in de row.

Marse Phil was born in harves', an' I dat Christmas-come,
My mammy nussed bofe on we de same time;
No matter what one got, suh, de urr one sho git some,
We wuz two fibe-cent pieces in one dime.

We cotch ole hyahs togerr, an' 'possums, him an' me;
We fished dat mill-pawn over night an' day,
Rid horses to de water, treed coons up de same tree;
An' when you see one, turr warn' fur away.

When Marse Phil went to college, 't wuz, "Sam — Sam 's got to go" —
Ole marster say, "Dat boy 's a fool 'bout Sam."
Ole Mistis jes say, "Dear, Phil wants him." An', you know,
Dat *Dear* hit use' to sooth' him like a lamb.

So we all went to college, way down to Williamsbu'g,
But 't warn' much larnin' out o' books we got;
Dem urrs warn' no mo' to him 'n a' ole wormy lug —
Yes, suh, we wuz de ve'y top de pot.

An' ef he did n't study dem Latins an' sich things
He wuz de popularitest all de while;
De ladies use' to call him a' "angel widout wings,"
An' when he come I lay, dee use' to smile!

You see he wuz ole marster's on'y chile — besides,
He had a body-servent at he will;
An' wid dat big plantation dee 'd all like to be brides,
Dat is, ef dee could have de groom Marse Phil.

'T wuz dyah he meet young mistis, — she is you' ma, of co'se!
I disremembers now which mont' it wuz;
One night he come, an', says he, "Sam, I need new clo'es";
An' I says, "Marse Phil, yes, suh, so you does."



Well, suh, he made dat tailor meck ev'ything bran' new;
He would n' wear one stitch he had on han'—
Jes th'owed 'em in de chip-box, an' says, "Sam, dem 's for you"—
Marse Phil, I tell you, wuz a gentleman!

So Marse Phil cotes de mistis, an' Sam he cotes de maid—
We al'ays sot we traps upon one parf;
An' when ole marster hear we bofe wuz gwine, he say'd,
"All right; we 'll have to kill de fatted calf."

An' dat wuz what dee did, suh; de Prodigal was home;—
Dee put de ring an' robe upon you' ma;
Den you wuz born, young marster, an' den de storm hit come—
An' den de darkness settled from afar.

De storm hit comed, an' wrenchted de branches from de tree,
De war,— you' pa,— he 's sleep dyah on de hill;
An' dough I know, young marster, de war hit sot me free,
I jes says, "Yes, but tell me, whar 's Marse Phil?"

—"A dollar"— thankee, marster, you sutney is his son;
His ve'y spi't-an'-image, I declar'!
What say, young marster? Yes, suh, you say, it 's "*fibe*, not one"—
You favors, honey, bofe you' Pa an' Ma!

Thomas Nelson Page.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

THE NATIONAL UPRISING.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE NATIONAL UPRISING.



JOHN A. ANDREW, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS (1861–66).

THE guns of the Sumter bombardment awoke the country from the political nightmare which had so long tormented and paralyzed it. The lion of the North was fully roused. Betrayed, insulted, outraged, the free States arose as with a cry of pain and vengeance. War sermons from pulpits; war speeches in every assemblage; tenders of troops; offers of money; military proclamations and orders in every newspaper; every city radiant with bunting; every village-green a mustering-ground; war appropriations in every legislature and in every city or town council; war preparations in every public or private workshop; gun-casting in the great foundries; cartridge-making in the principal towns; camps and drills in the fields; parades, drums, flags, and bayonets in the streets; knitting, bandage-rolling, and lint-scraping in nearly every household. Before the lapse of forty-eight hours a Massachusetts regiment, armed and equipped, was on its way to Washington; within the space of a month the energy and intelligence of the country were almost completely turned from the industries of peace to the activities of war. The very children abandoned their old-time school-games, and played only at soldiering.

From every governor of every free State to whom the President's proclamation and the requisition of the Secretary of War were addressed, most gratifying and loyal answers were promptly returned. They not only promised to obey the call and furnish the regiments asked for, but in their replies reflected the unanimity with which their people rallied to the defense of the assaulted Union. "The governor's call was published on yesterday, and he has already received the tender of forty companies,"† said Illinois. "Our citizens throughout the State will respond with great enthusiasm to any call for sustaining the Government against the designs of the conspirators,"‡ said Vermont. "Ten days ago we had two parties in this State; to-day we have but one, and that one is for the Constitution and Union unconditionally,"§ said Iowa. The war spirit rose above all anticipation, and the offer of volunteers went far beyond the call. "We have 6000 men in camp here and will have 8000 men by to-morrow night. . . . I have also made a tender of six additional regiments to which I have received no answer. I shall put the six additional regiments in camp and under discipline, and hold them subject to the Government's order at least for a time."‖ Such was the greeting from Indiana. A no less inspiring report was made by her sister State. "I find

† Governor Yates and others to Lincoln, April 17, 1861. War Records.

‡ Governor Fairbanks to Cameron, April 18, 1861. War Records.

§ Governor Kirkwood to Cameron, April 18, 1861. War Records.

‖ Governor Morton to Cameron, April 23, 1861. War Records.

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that I have already accepted and have in camp, or ready to march instantly to it, a larger force than the thirteen regiments named as the contingent of Ohio under the late requisition of the President. Indeed, without seriously repressing the ardor of the people, I can hardly stop short of twenty regiments."* The telegrams and letters here quoted from are fair samples of the language and spirit, the promptness and devotion, with which the people of the North answered the President's official summons. Especial mention deserves to be made of the untiring zeal and labors of the various executives of the free States in organizing and equipping troops, which earned for them the popular and honorable title of the "war governors."

If we would catch a glimpse of the dramatic forms in which popular fervor manifested itself in the President's own State, we need but read how the town of Quincy, Illinois, sent away her first company:

> Yesterday, Sunday, Captain Prentiss left with his command for Springfield. At 12 M. all the pastors of the city, with their congregations, met the gallant captain and his loyal company in Washington Square, to give them a parting benediction. Six or seven thousand persons were present. A banner was presented, a hymn was sung, prayer was made, and the soldiers addressed by one of the clergymen and myself. We then marched with them to the depot, where the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung, many thousands joining in the chorus. The scene altogether was the most solemn and impressive I have ever witnessed, and showed unmistakably how intensely the fires of patriotism are burning in the hearts of our people.†

In the Gulf States the revolutionary excitement rose to a similar height, but with contrary sentiment. All Union feeling and utterance instantly vanished; and, overawed by a terrorism which now found its culmination, no one dared breathe a thought or scarcely entertain a hope for the old flag. The so-called Government of the Confederate States, finally convinced that it must at length confront actual war, made such haste as it could to put an army in the field, manifesting meanwhile an outward gayety at the prospect which its members could hardly have felt at heart. Montgomery telegrams stated that the cabinet of the Confederate States read President Lincoln's proclamation "amid bursts of laughter."‡ Mr. A. H. Stephens was reported as saying in an Atlanta speech that it would require 75 times 75,000 men to intimidate the South. In addition to the 21,000 volunteers conditionally asked for on April 8, the rebel Secretary of War notified the governors of the seven cotton-States that 32,000 more must be immediately got ready to take the field,§ and also asked that the forts and military posts in their limits be formally turned over to the control of the Montgomery authorities.|| Arkansas and Tennessee not yet being members of the Confederacy, permission was asked of their executives to plant batteries to blockade the Mississippi.¶ Spare guns from the captured Charleston forts were sent South, and extraordinary efforts were made to concentrate an army at Pensacola for the reduction of Fort Pickens.

It was at this time (April 17) that Jefferson Davis issued a proclamation, inviting applications for letters of marque and reprisal, under which privateers were offered the opportunity to roam the high seas and ravage the commerce of the United States "under the seal of these Confederate States." The final hope of the rebel leaders was in cotton and free trade; and they believed that privateering was the easy stepping-stone to European intervention. The reasoning was plausible, and the time not ill-chosen; but the proclamation found itself confronted by the prompt precautionary act of the United States Government. Two days later (April 19) President Lincoln issued a counter-proclamation, setting on foot a blockade of the rebel ports "in pursuance of the laws of the United States and of the laws of nations," and declaring that offenders under the pretended letters of marque would be held amenable to the laws against piracy.

Thus sixteen States in the North and seven States in the South stood opposed in the attitude and preparation of war. Between these two extremes of sentiment lay the debatable land of the border slave-States, the greater portion of their citizens tormented with anxiety, with doubt, with their affections evenly balanced between the Union on one hand and slavery on the other; with ties of consanguinity permeating alike the North and the South; with the horrible realization that in the impending conflict they were between the upper and the nether millstones. To a certain extent the governors of these States had hitherto professed to share the irresolution of their people. Openly they had still expostulated with the cotton-States against precipitate disunion, and urged instead that all the slave States should join in a convention and demand constitutional guarantees from the North. All this, however, was largely a mere pretext, because

* Governor Dennison to Cameron, April 22, 1861. War Records.

† Browning to Lincoln, April 22, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Press telegrams.

§ Walker to the governors, April 16, 1861. War Records.

|| Walker to Brown, April 17, 1861. War Records.

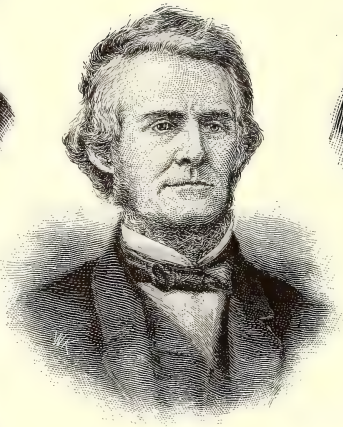
¶ Walker to Governor Rector, April 17, and Governor Harris, April 19, 1861. War Records.



WILLIAM SPRAGUE, RHODE ISLAND.



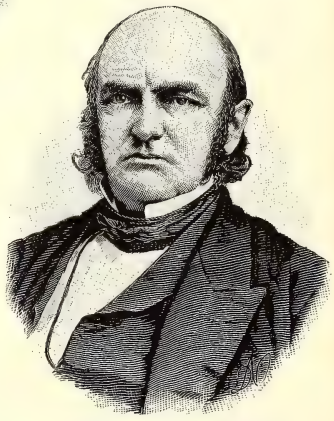
WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM, CONNECTICUT.



WILLIAM DENNISON, OHIO.



RICHARD YATES, ILLINOIS.



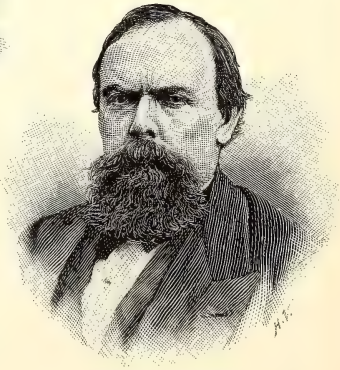
ALEXANDER W. RANDALL, WISCONSIN.



EDWIN D. MORGAN, NEW YORK.



ANDREW G. CURTIN, PENNSYLVANIA.



OLIVER P. MORTON, INDIANA.

SOME WAR GOVERNORS.

they very well knew that the extreme demands which they formulated would not be granted. Secretly, most of them were in the revolutionary plot; and when, by the assault on Sumter and President Lincoln's call for troops, they were compelled to take sides, all save two immediately gave their voice and help more or less actively in aid of rebellion.

This course they began by refusing the regiments called for under the President's proclamation. "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States," answered Governor Magoffin. "I can be no party to this wicked violation of the laws of the country, and to this war upon the liberties of a free people. You can get no troops from North Carolina." So ran the response from Governor Ellis. "The people of this commonwealth are freemen, not slaves, and will defend to the last extremity their honor, lives, and property against Northern mendacity and usurpation," was the reply from Governor Rector of Arkansas. "In such unholy crusade no gallant son of Tennessee will ever draw his sword," wrote Governor Harris. "Your requisition, in my judgment, is illegal, unconstitutional, and revolutionary in its object, inhuman and diabolical, and cannot be complied with," said Governor Jackson of Missouri.

Chief among the plotting border-State executives was Governor Letcher of Virginia. A former chapter has set forth the drift of that State towards revolution under his leadership and inspiration. The apparent Union majority in the Virginia convention had somewhat restrained and baffled him and his coadjutors; but now they adroitly turned the fresh war excitement to their own advantage. The Virginia Unionists, like those of the other border States, had illogically aided secession by clamoring for the unconditional evacuation of Sumter and other forts. Now that the Government and the North resolved to repel force by force, the ground necessarily sank from under them. They were overwhelmed with arguments and reproaches. One or two vainly essayed to stem the tide. But when Anderson's flag went down even their measured and conditional patriotism withered in Richmond like Jonah's gourd. There was nothing more but brass-bands, meetings, war speeches, and torchlight processions. The Virginia commissioners reported Lincoln's answer to the convention without comment, and shrinking Unionists admitted that "if the President meant subjugation of the South, Virginia had but one course to pursue." Governor Letcher did not need any stronger hint. With a dramatic affectation of incredulity and deliberation, to impress not only public opinion, but especially the wavering, dissolving majority, he waited a day before telegraphing his refusal to furnish troops — repeating the staple phrase about "subjugation." Then, in the face of his own avowed project to capture Fort Monroe, and with the assaulting guns of Beauregard still ringing in his ears, he replied to Cameron, "You have chosen to inaugurate civil war."*

Meanwhile, the fever heat of the populace communicated itself to the convention. An outside "States Rights" assemblage of prominent Virginia politicians, which thronged into Richmond at this juncture, added its not inconsiderable tribute of pressure to the sweeping tide of treason. Under such impulses the convention went into secret session on Wednesday, April 17, and by a vote of 88 to 55 passed an ordinance of secession — or, as they softly phrased it, "An ordinance to repeal the ratification of the Constitution of the United States." On the same day Governor Letcher signed a proclamation announcing the dissolution of the Union and the existence of the rebel Provisional Government, and calling on all the armed regiments and companies of volunteers in the State to hold themselves in readiness for orders. Nor did his zeal confine itself to paper edicts. Under his instructions, doubtless matured and prepared in advance, seizures of the custom-house and Government buildings in Richmond, of a private powder depot in Lynchburg, and of a number of steamers in the James River were hurriedly made, and military movements set on foot to capture the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry and the United States navy yard at Norfolk.

Of the two remaining border slave-States, Delaware lay in such an isolated geographical position, and had withal so few slaves within her limits, that she was practically a part of the North, though still dominated in her local politics by pro-slavery influence.† Allied to the South rather by tradition than by present interest, her executive took refuge in a course of inaction. He replied by saying that the laws of Delaware gave him no authority to comply with the requisition of the Secretary of War, and that the organized volunteer companies of the State might at their option tender their services to the United States;‡ and to this effect he issued his official proclama-

* Letcher to Cameron, April 16, 1861. War Records.

† It would seem from the following that Delaware was not altogether free from the taint of rebellion:

"I sent to New Castle a regiment with which I design seizing the arms of four companies of secessionists now drilling in that place and Wilmington."— Patterson to Townsend, May 27, 1861. War Records.

‡ Burton to Cameron, April 25, 1861. War Records.

tion.* The people took him at his word, and by their own action bore a patriotic and honorable part in the dangers and achievements of the Union army.

Of more immediate and vital importance, however, than that of any other border slave-State, was the course of Maryland in this crisis. Between that State and Virginia lay the District of Columbia, originally ten miles square of Federal territory, containing the capital, the Government, and the public archives. In her chief city, Baltimore, centered three of the great railroad routes by which troops must approach Washington. It was a piece of exceptional good fortune that the governor of Maryland was a friend of the Union, though hardly of that unflinching fearlessness needed in revolutionary emergencies. Whatever of hesitancy or vacillation he sometimes gave way to resulted from a constitutional timidity rather than from a want of patriotism; and, with brief exceptions, to be more fully narrated, he was active and energetic in behalf of the Government. The population of the State was divided by a sharp antagonism, the Unionists having the larger numbers, the secessionists the greater persistence and daring. The city of Baltimore was so far corrupted by treasonable influences that Wigfall had established a successful recruiting office there for the rebel armies.† As yet, disunion was working secretly; but this for the present increased rather than diminished its effectiveness.

Like the other border-State executives, Governor Hicks had urged concession, compromise, peace, and joint border-State action to maintain the Union. In this, while his colleagues for the greater part merely used such talk to cover their meditated treachery, he was entirely sincere and patriotic. When Lincoln's call for troops reached him, he had no thought of refusing or resisting, but nevertheless hurried over to Washington to deprecate civil war, and to ask that Maryland soldiers should not be sent to subjugate the South.‡ Since the President had never entertained any purpose of "subjugation," he readily promised that the Maryland regiments should be employed to defend Maryland itself and the Federal district and capital. The governor thereupon wrote to the Secretary of War: "The condition of affairs in this State at this time requires that arms shall be placed in the hands of true men and loyal to the United States Government alone," and requested arms "for arming four regiments of militia for the service of the United States and the Federal Government."§ Other prominent Marylanders were already combining for demonstrative action to sustain the Government. A congressional election in the State was near at hand. On the day of the President's proclamation Henry Winter Davis announced himself, in a Baltimore evening paper, as a candidate for Congress "upon the basis of the unconditional maintenance of the Union." But the official announcements and the exciting rumors with which the newspapers were filled had also stirred the disunion elements of Maryland into unwonted activity, and the pressure of sentiment hostile to Federal authority was quickly brought to bear on Governor Hicks, and developed the timid and hesitating qualities of his character. He issued his proclamation April 18, containing, among many sage counsels in behalf of quiet and peace, two paragraphs doubtless meant by him for good, but which were well calculated to furnish the disunionists hope and encouragement:

> I assure the people that no troops will be sent from Maryland, unless it may be for the defense of the national capital. . . . The people of the State will in a short time have the opportunity afforded them, in a special election for members of the Congress of the United States, to express their devotion to the Union, or their desire to see it broken up. ‖

With this outline view of the political condition of the country at large, and especially of the border States of Virginia and Maryland, let us follow events at the Federal capital as recorded in the daily reports of General Scott to the President. On April 15, the day on which Lincoln issued his first call for 75,000 troops, the general says, in his report No. 13:

> I have but little of special interest to report to-day, except that Colonel Smith, the commander of the Department of Washington, like myself, thinks our means of defense, with vigilance, are sufficient to hold this city till reënforcements arrive. I have telegraphed the commander at Harper's Ferry armory to say whether he can station, to advantage, for the defense of that establishment, additional recruits from Carlisle. The ground about the armory is very contracted and rocky.¶

General Scott's daily report, No. 14, April 16, then proceeds:

> For the President. He has no doubt been informally made acquainted with the reply of the officer commanding at Harper's Ferry, yesterday, viz.: that he wants no reënforcement. Nevertheless, as soon as the capital, the railroad to the Delaware at Wilmington, and Fort Monroe are made secure, my next object of attention will be the security of Harper's Ferry — proposing, in the mean time, or rather suggesting that the spare marines from the navy yards of Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Boston be promptly sent to

* Burton, April 26, 1861. "Rebellion Record."
† War Records.
‡ Hicks to Lincoln, April 17, 1861. War Records.
§ Hicks to Cameron, April 17, 1861. War Records.
‖ Hicks, April 18, 1861. "Rebellion Record."
¶ Unpublished MS.

the Gosport navy yard. This relief may serve, by compelling the secessionists to enlarge their preparations, to give us time to send a regiment of volunteers to that important point, in advance of any formidable attack upon it. With the authority of the Secretary of War we are engaged in mustering into the service eight additional companies of District volunteers. These, I think, place the capital a little ahead of impending dangers, and we will maintain, at least, that advantage, till by the arrival (in a week) of regulars and abundant volunteers our relative advantage will, I trust, be more than doubled.*

General Scott's daily report, No. 15, April 17, 1861:

I repeat in writing some details which I had the honor to submit verbally to the President this forenoon. Three or four regiments from Massachusetts (believed to be the first ready under the recent call) may be expected (three of them) to arrive here, and (one of them) at Fort Monroe in two or three days. One of the three may, I think, be safely spared for Harper's Ferry, if the danger there (and I shall know to-morrow) shall seem imminent. Captain Kingsbury, a most capable officer of the Ordnance Department, goes up this afternoon for that purpose, and to act a few days as superintendent; that is, till a new appointment (of a civilian) can be made. Two of the Massachusetts regiments are needed here; one of them I shall endeavor to intercept at Baltimore and direct it to Harper's Ferry. As soon as one of the four reaches Fort Monroe, it perhaps may be safe to detach thence for the Gosport Navy Yard two or three companies of regulars to assist in the defense of that establishment. By to-morrow, or certainly the next day, we shall have Colonel Delafield here, an excellent engineer, to send to Gosport (with a letter from the Secretary of the Navy giving the necessary authority) to devise, in conjunction with the naval commander there, a plan of defense. Colonel Delafield will take instructions to call for the two or three companies of regulars as mentioned above. Excepting the reënforcement of marines suggested yesterday, and until the arrival of more volunteers, I know not what else can be done for the security of the Gosport Navy Yard. To-night all the important avenues leading into Washington shall be well guarded.*

General Scott's daily report, No. 16, April 18, 1861, shows how the undefined yet thickening dangers made themselves felt at headquarters:

For the President. I am (placed between many fires, Fort Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Gosport Navy Yard, etc., etc.) much embarrassed by the non-arrival of troops. Monday, the 15th instant, Senator Wilson had the quota of Massachusetts doubled, and on the ground of being entirely ready (as I understood) got permission that it should be at once pushed (farthest) to the South. Though equal to any volunteers in the world, the preference of being in the advance must have been given on that ground. In reply to Governor Andrew's telegram, I said (Tuesday night, the 16th) "Send first regiment which is ready by rail here. The second by rail or sea, as you prefer, to Fort Monroe." (I had but an hour before pointed out the route via Baltimore and the Chesapeake.) When I sent those telegrams (late in the night) I did not know that the War Department had already telegraphed the governor for one of his regiments to take a fast steamer to Fort Monroe and to send the other three here by rail.

Two and a half o'clock P. M. I have not heard anything further respecting the Massachusetts quota. At this instant the War Department has a telegram from Philadelphia saying that "The Massachusetts troops are here this afternoon. Leave to-morrow (Friday) morning early." Also another telegram to this effect: "Tell General Cameron [we] think that troops must go through from here to Washington, by day, in numbers of about 2000 at a time, so as to be ready to meet any emergency on the way." The Philadelphia [dispatch] does not say whether three or four regiments are there. I hope but three, and that the fourth will be to-night in Fort Monroe.

Last night I received a telegram from Major-General Sandford (of the city of New York) saying that "Under the orders of the governor, the 7th regiment (a crack corps) is ready to report to me. How shall it be sent?" I instantly replied, by rail, and added, "Telegraph me the hour of departure." I have as yet heard nothing further from Gen. S.

In respect to Harper's Ferry and the Gosport Navy Yard, both of which are in great peril, I can do nothing before the arrival of troops, beyond the instructions given this morning to send the third regiment that might arrive at Baltimore to Harper's Ferry — the first and second to continue on to Washington.

(Here a report reaches me that the railroad bridge over the Gunpowder, 28 miles beyond Baltimore, has been burned. †)

Colonel Delafield, whom I intended to send to Fort Monroe and the Gosport Navy Yard, has not arrived. If he comes to-night I shall send him to-morrow, hoping that he will find a Massachusetts regiment in position.

If land batteries should be planted on the Potomac to cut off our water communication, we must send an expedition and capture them.*

The current demoralization of politics in the country had infected the army and the navy; deadened the energy of Anderson, misdirected the zeal of Adams, caused the dishonor of Twiggs; had struck high and low — in New Orleans as in Charleston, in Texas as in Washington, carrying off now a paymaster or a lieutenant, now the quartermaster-general and the adjutant-general of the army. Among these victims of the States Rights heresy was yet another individual destined to a melancholy prominence in the rebellion, whom a pitiless fate called to the maintenance of a principle and a policy, not only of itself false and monstrous, but by him so recognized and acknowledged. This was Robert E. Lee, a West Point graduate, an accomplished and experienced soldier, frequently recognized and promoted, the captor of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, and recently (March 16, 1861) made colonel of the First Cavalry by the Lincoln administration; of fine presence, ripe judgment, and mature manhood, being then about two years older than President Lincoln. Lee was a favorite of Scott: under the call for troops the General-in-Chief at once selected him in his own mind as the most capable and promising officer in the service to

* Unpublished MS.

† This rumor proved incorrect. Such an occurrence, however, took place two days later, as we shall see.

become the principal commander in the field; and of this intention he spoke at the time to many without reserve, having no misgiving as to his loyalty.

Scott's confidence proved to be sadly misplaced. Repeated resignations and defections had very naturally engendered in the minds of President and Cabinet a distrust of every officer of Southern birth. Lincoln therefore requested F. P. Blair, senior, an intimate friend, to ascertain Lee's feelings and intentions. On the 18th of April, the third day after the President's call for troops, the day after Virginia's secret secession ordinance, and the day before the Baltimore riot, Mr. Blair invited Lee to an interview, informed him of the promotion and duties to which he was soon likely to be called, and thus unofficially offered him the command of the Union army. A flat contradiction exists as to the character of Lee's answer. Cameron, then Secretary of War, says he accepted the offer.* Montgomery Blair, then Postmaster-General, says he was undecided what he would do.† Both these gentlemen apparently derived their information from the elder Blair. On the other hand, Lee himself asserts that he declined the proposition, because, "though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States."‡ He further explains his motive to have been an unwillingness to "take part against my native State," or to "raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."§ But in his interview with Blair he also affirmed that secession was anarchy; that if he owned the whole four million slaves of the South he would sacrifice them all to the Union; and he appears to have substantially repeated the sentiment written to his son a few weeks before, as follows:

> Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the confederacy at will. It was intended for "Perpetual Union," so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution, or the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government, by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriots of the Revolution.‖

Under a liberal interpretation, Lee's personal denial must be accepted; but the times, the circumstances, his qualifying declarations, and the strong statements of Cameron and Blair clearly reveal his hesitation and indecision. After his interview with Blair, Lee sought an interview with Scott, where the topics which filled men's hearts and occupied men's lips — Union, secession, Virginia, subjugation, duty and honor, defection and treason — were once more, we may be quite sure, thoroughly discussed. It is morally certain that Scott, also a Virginian, gave Lee a lesson in patriotism; but he caught no generous emulation from the voice and example of his great chief. From Scott's presence Lee seems to have retired to his home and family at Arlington, to wrestle with the haunting shadows of duty. Pregnant news came to him, thick and fast. The secession of Virginia was verified in Washington that same evening. The next evening the Massachusetts 6th marched in mingled pride and sorrow to the Capitol, having an immortal record of service to their country. Here were new and important elements to influence his decision. Virginia seceded, Maryland in revolt, Washington threatened, Sumter lost, the border States defiant, the Confederate States arming, and uttering a half-official threat that the rebel flag should float over the Capitol by the 1st of May. If the walls of Arlington heard secret or open conferences with conspirators from Washington, or conspirators from Richmond,

* General Lee called on a gentleman who had my entire confidence, and intimated that he would like to have the command of the army. He assured that gentleman, who was a man in the confidence of the Administration, of his entire loyalty, and his devotion to the interests of the Administration and of the country. I consulted with General Scott, and General Scott approved of placing him at the head of the army. The place was offered to him unofficially with my approbation, and with the approbation of General Scott. It was accepted by him verbally, with the promise that he would go into Virginia and settle his business, and then come back to take command.—[Hon. Simon Cameron, debate in U. S. Senate, Feb. 19, 1868.]

† General Lee said to my father when he was sounded by him, at the request of President Lincoln, about taking command of our army against the rebellion, then hanging upon the decision of the Virginia convention, "Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned four millions of slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union; but how can I draw my sword upon Virginia, my native State?" He could not determine then; said he would consult with his friend General Scott, and went on the same day to Richmond, probably to arbitrate difficulties; and we see the result.—[Hon. Montgomery Blair to Bryant, "National Intelligencer," August 9, 1866.]

‡ I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States army, nor did I ever have a conversation but with one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me, to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating, as candidly and as courteously as I could, that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.—[Lee to Reverdy Johnson, Feb. 25, 1868. Jones, "Life of Lee," p. 141.]

§ Lee to his sister, April 20, 1861. Ibid., p. 139.

‖ Lee to his son, Jan. 23, 1861. Ibid., p. 137.

no record of them has come to light; but Saturday, April 20, Lee wrote to his old commander:

GENERAL: Since my interview with you on the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed. . . . Save in defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword.

Lee was at the time, in military phrase, "on leave of absence"; and without waiting to hear whether his resignation had been accepted, or even recommended for acceptance, as he himself had urged — without awaiting further orders, or permission, or discharge, or dismissal from service, on the 22d of April he was, by the governor and the convention of Virginia, appointed to, and on the 23d, in Richmond, publicly invested with, chief command of the Virginia Confederate forces under the secret secession ordinance and Letcher's revolutionary proclamation, with all his military obligations to the United States intact and uncanceled; thus rendering himself guilty of desertion and treason.* No danger whatever menaced his "native State" — the President had positively disclaimed all intention to invade it. In due course of events we find him not alone defending his native State, to which he owed nothing, but seeking to destroy the Union, which had done everything for him; opposing war by promoting "revolution," and redressing grievances by endeavoring to establish "anarchy."

In instructive contrast with the weakness and defects of Lee, we have the honorable conduct and example of General Scott. He, too, was a Virginian who loved his native State. He, too, was opposed to secession and deprecated war. He, too, as officer, commander, diplomatist, and statesman, had learned from books and from men the principles and practice of loyalty, and perhaps better than any American exemplar was competent to interpret a soldier's oath, a soldier's duty, a soldier's honor. His sympathies were at least as earnestly with the South as with the North. To avoid bloodshed he had declared his individual willingness to say to the seceded States, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace." But underneath pride of home, affection of kindred, and horror of war, on the solid substratum of consistency and character, lay his recognition of the principle of government, his real, not simulated, veneration of the Constitution, his acceptance of the binding force of law, his unswerving fidelity to his oath, his undying devotion to his flag. The conspirators had long hoped for the assistance of his great name and authority. They filled the air with rumors of his disaffection. Since its abrupt secession ordinance, the Virginia convention had sat with closed doors; but through a responsible witness, we know that on the day on which Lee wrote his resignation (April 20) a committee of that convention called on General Scott to tempt him with the offer of the command of the Virginia forces. Senator Stephen A. Douglas, on his way home to arouse the great West in aid of Lincoln's proclamation, told the circumstance in graphic language to excited listeners:

I have been asked whether there is any truth in the rumor that General Scott was about to retire from the American army. It is almost profanity to ask that question. I saw him only last Saturday. He was at his desk, pen in hand, writing his orders for the defense and safety of the American capital. Walking down the street I met a distinguished gentleman, a member of the Virginia convention, whom I knew personally, and had a few minutes' conversation with him. He told me that he had just had an interview with Lieutenant-General Scott; that he was chairman of the committee appointed by the Virginia convention to wait upon General Scott and tender him the command of the forces of Virginia in this struggle. General Scott received him kindly, listened to him patiently, and then said to him, "I have served my country under the flag of the Union for more than fifty years, and as long as God permits me to live I will defend that flag with my sword, even if my own native State assails it."

Other eye-witnesses report that the rebuke contained an additional feature of unusual impressiveness. When the spokesman of the committee, a man of venerable years and presence, had vaguely and cautiously so far unfolded the glittering lure of wealth and honor which Virginia held out that the general could catch the drift of the humiliating

* The Army Regulations of 1857, having the authority and force of law, contained the following provisions:

"24. No officer will be considered out of service on the tender of his resignation, until it shall have been duly accepted by the proper authority.

. . . . . .

"28. In time of war, or with an army in the field, resignations shall take effect within thirty days from the date of the order of acceptance."

For the offense thus defined by the Regulations of 1857, the Act of August 5, 1861, provided specific punishment, as follows:

"SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That any commissioned officer of the army, navy, or marine corps, who, having tendered his resignation, shall, prior to due notice of acceptance of the same by the proper authority, and, without leave, quit his post or proper duties with the intent to remain permanently absent therefrom, shall be registered as a deserter, and punished as such."

If it be contended that Lee's offense was committed prior to this last statute, the answer is that his transgression was a much graver one, for he not only absented himself with intent to remain, but immediately entered into hostile service, an act punishable under the broad principles of general military law.

proposal, Scott held up his hand and said emphatically, "Friend Robertson, go no farther. It is best that we part here before you compel me to resent a mortal insult."* That same afternoon Scott also telegraphed to Senator Crittenden, in response to an anxious inquiry based on the false rumors set afloat about him, "I have not changed. I have not thought of changing. Always a Union man." And in that unshaken mood of sublime patriotism he lived and died, beloved of his country, and honored by the world.

The Virginia secession ordinance, though secretly adopted on the 17th, became quickly known to the people of Richmond. It was immediately announced to the States Rights convention in session in another hall, and Governor Letcher, Senator Mason, ex-President Tyler, and ex-Governor Wise, from the convention, soon appeared there and glorified the event with speeches — the latter lamenting the "blindness which had prevented Virginia from seizing Washington before the Republican hordes got possession of it." Nevertheless, an effort was still made to prevent the news from going North.† But that evening some of the unconditional Union delegates from West Virginia — then yet a part of the Old Dominion — deemed it prudent to shake the Richmond dust from their feet and secure their personal safety by prompt departure. Delegates Carlisle and Dent were in Washington on the 18th, and in all probability informed Mr. Seward and the President how irretrievably Virginia was committed to rebellion, even if Governor Letcher's reply and proclamation had left any doubt on that point. Ominous rumors came from Harper's Ferry, and also (as we have seen) a premature report of the burning of the railroad bridges beyond Baltimore. On that day, too, a detachment of 460 Pennsylvania volunteers, "almost entirely without arms," and a company of regulars from Minnesota had been hurriedly forwarded from Harrisburg to Washington.‡ The unruly elements of Baltimore were already in commotion, the cars containing these men being in their passage through that city cheered by the crowd at some points and hooted and stoned at others, though no casualties occurred.§ Noting all these rumors and acts of hostility, Secretary Cameron telegraphed to Governor Hicks that "the President is informed that threats are made and measures taken by unlawful combinations of misguided citizens of Maryland to prevent by force the transit of United States troops across Maryland on their way, pursuant to orders, for the defense of this capital" — and strongly intimated to the governor that the loyal authorities of Maryland ought to put them down.‖

The events of the week — the daily mustering of volunteers, the preparations for defense, the telegrams from the various State capitals — had thrown Washington into a military fever. All the social sympathies of the permanent population of Washington, and especially of its suburbs, Georgetown and Alexandria, were strongly Southern; but the personal interests of its inhabitants and property holders were necessarily bound up with the course and fate of the existing Government. The Union manifestations were for the moment dominant, and volunteers came forward readily, even somewhat enthusiastically, to fill up the District quota. The city was also yet full of office-seekers from various States north and west. Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky, and Senator-elect James H. Lane of Kansas, both men of mark and courage, after an evening or two of flaming speech-making, organized them into respectively the "Clay Battalion" and the "Frontier Guards." These companies, of from thirty to sixty men each, were what might be called irregular volunteers — recruits from East and West, of all ranks in the great army of politics, who came forward to shoulder a musket without enlistment, commission, paymaster, or commissariat. By this time the danger had become so threatening that every scrap and show of military force was welcome and really useful. The Government furnished them arms, and gave them in charge of Major (afterwards General) David Hunter, who, on the evening of the 18th, stationed Clay's company in Willard's Hall, with orders to patrol the streets, and took Lane's Frontier Guards to the post of honor at the Executive Mansion. At dusk they filed into the famous East Room, clad in citizens' dress, but carrying very new, untarnished muskets, and following Lane, brandishing a sword of irreproachable brightness. Here ammunition-boxes were opened and cartridges dealt out; and after spending the evening in an exceedingly rudimentary squad drill, under the light of the gorgeous gas chandeliers, they disposed themselves in picturesque bivouac on the brilliant-patterned velvet carpet — perhaps the most luxurious cantonment which American soldiers have ever enjoyed. Their motley composition, their too transparent motive, their anomalous surroundings, the extraordinary emergency, their mingled awkwardness and earnestness,

* Townsend, "Anecdotes of the Civil War," p. 5.
† Jones, "Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. I., p. 23.
‡ J. D. C. to Cameron, April 18, 1861.
§ Scharf, "History of Maryland."
‖ Cameron to Hicks, April 18, 1861. War Records.

rendered the scene a medley of bizarre contradictions,— a blending of masquerade and tragedy, of grim humor and realistic seriousness,— a combination of Don Quixote and Daniel Boone altogether impossible to describe. However, their special guardianship of the East Room lasted only for a night or two, until more suitable quarters could be extemporized; and for many days they lent an important moral influence in repressing and overawing the lurking treason still present in a considerable fraction among the Washington inhabitants.

The graphic pen of Bayard Taylor, who happened to be in Washington on this same afternoon of April 18, has left us a sharp and strong historical picture of the city at the time:

> Everywhere around me the flag of the Union was waving; troops were patrolling the streets, and yonder the watchful Marshal Lamon was galloping on the second horse he had tired out since morning. Everybody seemed to be wide awake, alert, and active. On reaching Willard's Hotel, the scene changed. The passages were so crammed that I had some difficulty in reaching the office. To my surprise, half the faces were Southern — especially Virginian — and the conversation was carried on in whispers. Presently I was hailed by several Northern friends, and heard their loud, outspoken expressions of attachment to the Union. The whisperers near us became silent and listened attentively. I was earnestly questioned as to whether the delay of the mails was occasioned by rails being torn up or bridges destroyed. Every one seemed to suspect that a treasonable demonstration had taken place in or near Baltimore. The most exciting rumors were afloat. Harper's Ferry was taken — Virginia had secretly seceded — Wise was marching on Washington — always winding up with the impatient question, "Why don't the troops come on?"

From Willard's Bayard Taylor went to the State Department, and afterwards to make a call on Lincoln. He continues:

> I need not describe the President's personal appearance, for nearly everybody has seen him. Honesty, firmness, and sound common sense were the characteristics with which personally he impressed me. I was very glad to notice the tough, enduring vitality of his temperament — he needs it all. He does not appear to be worn or ill, as I have heard, but, on the contrary, very fresh and vigorous. His demeanor was thoroughly calm and collected, and he spoke of the present crisis with that solemn, earnest composure which is the sign of a soul not easily perturbed. I came away from his presence cheered and encouraged.

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, in 1861, was the great gateway of military approach from the Northern States to Washington. Lying at the head of the magnificent Chesapeake Bay, impossible to close by forts, it was also the common center and terminus of three principal railroad routes — respectively, from the Ohio River and the west; from Harrisburg and the lake region northward; from Philadelphia, covering New York and New England. With the South in rebellion, Washington had but two established routes of transportation left her — the Potomac River, a fine water highway, but flowing through hostile territory, and liable to be quickly obstructed by land batteries at narrow points; and a single line of railway, a distance of forty miles to Baltimore, subject entirely to the will or caprice of that great city of over two hundred thousand inhabitants, somewhat notorious for disorderly tendencies. It is therefore no marvel that the authorities, both State and Federal, watched the temper of her people with anxious solicitude. Two days after the President's call, Cameron asked the president of the great Pennsylvania road to take charge of the military transportation,* who, going personally to Baltimore, reported the secession feeling very strong, and expressed fears lest the secession of Virginia might carry Maryland with her.†

The Massachusetts men were the first under arms. Governor Andrew of that State had quietly organized and equipped a few regiments of militia in view of possible emergencies. The President's proclamation was published in the Boston morning papers on Monday, April 15; on Tuesday forenoon the 6th Massachusetts began mustering on Boston Common; on Wednesday evening, April 17, the completed regiment, with new rifles and filled cartridge-boxes, with benedictions on the regimental flag and amid the silent blessings of the multitude, embarked in railroad cars. As they sped southward they witnessed the manifestation of the popular uprising in the New England towns, the literally packed streets and the demonstrations of honor in New York, and the crowning enthusiasm in Philadelphia, where they arrived on the evening of the 18th. Here Colonel Jones, commanding the regiment, found General Robert Patterson organizing the Pennsylvania militia, and received from the military and railroad officers warning of apprehended danger in Baltimore; but, in obedience to what he deemed imperative orders from his governor, he determined to go forward — only delaying his progress that his somewhat wearied men might bivouac until after midnight, which arrangement would also permit them to pass through Baltimore by day. Before daylight the men were roused, and the train started from Philadelphia. Reaching the Susquehanna River, it overtook a corps of Pennsylvania volunteers — Small's brigade, over a thousand men — which, by

* Cameron to Thomson, April 17, 1861. War Records.

† Thomson to Cameron, April 17, 1861. War Records.

some neglect or disobedience of orders, had started for Washington without uniforms or arms. This corps was also attached to the train, which thus numbered more than thirty cars. The railroad officials, to guard against accident or treachery, sent a pilot engine ahead, and had arranged an interchange of cipher messages with their Baltimore office, from which, at succeeding stations as the train safely approached the city, repeated assurances were received that all was quiet, and no trouble need be feared. Nevertheless, with due soldierly caution, Colonel Jones made deliberate preparation; his command loaded and capped their rifles, while he went personally through the cars and issued the following explicit order:

> The regiment will march through Baltimore in column of sections, arms at will. You will undoubtedly be insulted, abused, and perhaps assaulted, to which you must pay no attention whatever, but march with your faces square to the front, and pay no attention to the mob, even if they throw stones, bricks, or other missiles; but if you are fired upon, and any one of you is hit, your officers will order you to fire. Do not fire into any promiscuous crowds; but select any man whom you may see aiming at you, and be sure you drop him.

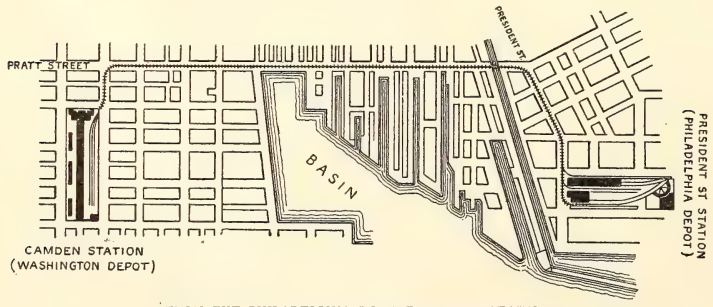
This order clearly contemplated a march through the city by the regiment in a body, which by some misunderstanding or change of plan on the part of the railroad managers was not carried out.

The train arrived at the Philadelphia or President street station, and the troops were again to take cars for Washington at the latter station. Accordingly, it was at this point that danger was apprehended, and protection of the police had been asked. The Baltimore authorities assert that, though they only received about half an hour's notice, they responded promptly, and the mayor, chief of police, and a considerable force were on hand and rendered effective service in protecting the transfer of the troops at the Washington station.

When, therefore, the train first halted at the Philadelphia or President street station on its arrival, Colonel Jones, instead of being notified to form his regiment for a march, as he expected, was astonished to find the first few cars drawn rapidly and separately through the streets by horses, which had been attached before he was well aware of what was going on. His own and seven or eight succeeding cars thus made the transit safely, and arriving at the Washington station the troops began to change cars. Here an immense crowd was gathered, and demonstrations of hostility immediately began. Says a newspaper account:

> The scene, while the troops were changing cars, was indescribably fearful. Taunts clothed in the most outrageous language were hurled at them by the panting crowd, who, almost breathless with running, pressed up to the car windows, presenting knives and revolvers, and cursed up into the faces of the soldiers. The police were thrown in between the cars, and forming a barrier, the troops changed cars, many of them cocking their muskets as they stepped on the platform.*

The peaceful passage of the cars through the streets was not, however, of long duration. When the ninth† car, containing the seventh company, issued from the Philadelphia depot, it was greeted with riotous insults by the crowd which had, during the unavoidable delay, rapidly gathered; and while passing over a portion of Pratt street, where certain street repairs were going on, the mob gathered up a pile of loose paving-stones which they hurled at the car, smashing in the windows and blinds, and adding to this method of assault an occasional shot from a pistol or a gun. Says a trustworthy account:



FROM THE PHILADELPHIA TO THE CAMDEN STATION.

Washington or Camden station. The two depots were perhaps a mile apart, the track connecting them running for the greater distance straight westward along Pratt street, excepting a short bend to the north at the beginning, and a corresponding short bend to the south near the end. It seems at the last moment to have been decided to follow the ordinary method of hauling the loaded cars from the Philadelphia depot to the Washington depot with horses, and to make the troops change cars at the

> The men were very anxious to fire on their assailants, but Major Watson forbade them. One or two soldiers

* "Baltimore Sun," April 20, 1861.

† There are discrepancies between the different accounts.

were wounded by paving-stones and bricks, and at length one man's thumb was shot, when, holding up the wounded hand to the major, he asked leave to fire in return. Orders were then given to lie on the bottom of the car and load, and rising to fire from the windows at will. These orders were promptly obeyed.*

Three times during the passage obstructions were laid on the track, requiring the car to be stopped till they could be removed. Under such repeated attacks this car reached the Washington depot. It had been a fight at long range, and in the shelter of the car no death had resulted to the troops. It is apparently at this juncture that the various authorities at the Washington depot became aware of the serious character of the riot. Colonel Jones was informed by the railroad superintendent that cars could no longer be hauled across the city, and he hurriedly wrote an order to the missing companies to join him by a forced march.*

Mayor Brown started immediately on foot for the scene of the disturbance. Marshal Kane, Chief of Police, devolved his command on a subordinate, and, collecting as many policemen as could be spared, also hastened eastward to join the mayor.

Exciting scenes were meanwhile enacted about the Philadelphia depot. The car of the seventh company having escaped their clutches as described, the rioters bethought themselves of permanently breaking communication between the two stations. Certain street repairs were at the time in progress along a portion of Pratt street. They seized the laborers' picks and shovels and tried to pry up the rails, but without success. Then they piled loose stones, and at another place a load of sand, on the track. Elsewhere they laid on the rails a number of heavy anchors dragged from a neighboring wharf. At still another place, they partly tore up a bridge. While the remaining four companies were waiting their turn to proceed, two of the railroad men informed them of the condition of affairs. Colonel Jones's order had failed to reach them; but the officers consulted together and, placing Captain Follansbee in command, resolved to go forward. The companies filed out of their cars, formed deliberately on the sidewalk, and, calling a policeman to lead the way, started on the perilous march. Almost at the very outset they encountered a hastily improvised procession, following a secession flag and marching directly towards them, which refused to yield the way. In an instant there were crowding, hustling, confusion, groans, hooting, cries of "nigger thieves," and a struggle for the capture and possession of the rebel flag. The soldiers pushed doggedly ahead, and, thinking to pass the crowd, broke into a double-quick. This encouraged the rioters, who took it as a sign of fear. They redoubled their yells, called them cowards, and followed them with showers of clubs and stones. After two or three blocks of such progress the soldiers reached the torn-up bridge. "We had to play 'Scotch-hop' to get over it," says Captain Follansbee. "As soon as we had crossed the bridge, they commenced to fire upon us from the street and houses. I ordered the men to protect themselves, and then we returned their fire and laid a great many of them away." At this point Mayor Brown met the advancing column. He writes:

> An attack on them had begun, and the noise and excitement were great. I ran at once to the head of the column, some persons in the crowd shouting as I approached, "Here comes the mayor." I shook hands with the officer in command, saying, as I did so, "I am the mayor of Baltimore." I then placed myself at his side and marched with him as far as the head of Light street wharf, doing what I could by my presence and personal efforts to allay the tumult. The mob grew bolder and the attack became more violent. Various persons were killed and wounded on both sides. The troops had some time previously begun to fire in self-defense; and the firing, as the attack increased in violence, became more general.†

Captain Follansbee confirms this statement:

> The mayor of the city met us almost half-way. He said there would be no trouble, and that we could get through, and kept with me for about a hundred yards; but the stones and balls whistled too near his head, and he left. . . . That was the last I saw of him.*‡

The mayor's separation from the troops was probably caused by an important diversion which occurred at this point in their progress. Marshal Kane, hurrying to the rescue at the head of about fifty policemen, met the struggling and fighting column of soldiers, with Captain Follansbee and Mayor Brown at their head; and, taking in the situation and remedy at a glance, executed a movement which was evidently the turning-point in the affray. By his order the line of policemen opened their ranks, and, having allowed the column of troops to pass through, immediately closed again behind them, forming a firm line across the street. The marshal directed his men "to draw their revolvers and shoot down any man who dared to break their line."§ This opposed an effectual barrier to the farther advance of this portion of the mob, which the police continued to hold in check, while the column of

* Hanson, "The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment."

† Mayor's message, July 11, 1861. War Records.

‡ In his volume, "Baltimore and the 19th of April, 1861," published in 1887, ex-Mayor Brown says (p. 51): "The statement in Colonel Jones's report that I seized a musket and killed one of the rioters is entirely incorrect."

§ Report of Marshal Kane, May 3, 1861. "Congressional Globe," July 18, 1861.

troops pursued its way to the Washington depot with only one or two further attacks. Arrived there, the four companies were hurried into cars. The trouble, however, was not yet over. The immense crowd gathered here manifested a dangerous turbulence. Their savage temper had only grown during the delay, the receipt of news and rumors, and by the final arrival of the harried rear-guard. More threatening than all, the crowd repeatedly rushed ahead of the standing train and piled heavy stones, telegraph poles, and other objects on the track, which the police as often succeeded in removing. Colonel Jones and his officers had their men well under control; they kept them still, the blinds of the cars well drawn down, and thus prevented any unnecessary challenge or irritation to the mob. All being at length ready, the train moved slowly and cautiously away; but as it did so, a discharge of muskets blazed from a window of the rear car, and a prominent citizen of Baltimore fell dying to the ground. The bystanders declared the act was without provocation; the soldiers and their officers maintained that it was in response to a volley of stones or a shot. The total casualties of the day were never accurately ascertained or published. The soldiers lost 4 men killed and 36 wounded; the citizens perhaps two or three times that number. The single death which thus occurred as the train moved out, however, created more subsequent excitement in Baltimore than the scores who were slain and wounded in the mêlée on Pratt street.

Marshal Kane, having stopped the progress of the mob along Pratt street, had marched his policemen back to the Washington depot, where he learned that the train was gone; and, supposing that all danger was at last over, dismissed his force and was proceeding to his office when he was notified that there were yet other troops at the Philadelphia depot. These proved to be the regimental band of the Massachusetts men, and Small's Pennsylvania brigade, all unarmed. It is probable that the great length of the train had compelled the halting, at a considerable distance from the depot, of the cars in which they were, and that they had remained in ignorance of the occurrences described. When Marshal Kane arrived there, he found that the members of the band were already driven from their car and dispersed, and that the Pennsylvania men were just coming into the depot. "Some of these troops," he says, "commenced jumping from the train just as I got there, and were immediately set upon by an infuriated populace. I fought hard for their protection; at first almost alone, but soon had the assistance of a part of my force who hurried from the neighboring beats." * Meanwhile the railroad officials at Philadelphia were hastily consulted by telegraph, and orders soon came to have the remainder of the train and troops withdrawn from Baltimore without unloading, and carried back on the railroad towards Philadelphia as far as the Susquehanna River. The dispersed members of the band and other stragglers for the most part found sympathy, shelter, and concealment among humane Baltimoreans not engaged in the riot, until rescued and sent home by the police. †

All this rioting occurred in the forenoon between 10 and 12 o'clock. During the remainder of the day mob feeling, if not mob violence, controlled the city of Baltimore. The military companies were ordered out, and a mass meeting called to meet at 4 o'clock in Monument Square. At the appointed time a huge gathering assembled: the speakers, for the greater part, delivered strong anti-coercion speeches; instead of the national banner, a flag was displayed bearing the arms of Maryland. In substance, the occasion was a great secession meeting. Mayor Brown and Governor Hicks were called to the rostrum and made professions and promises in the prevailing tone, the governor declaring that he bowed in submission to the people. "I am a Marylander," said he, "and I love my State, and I love the Union; but I will suffer my right arm to be torn from my body before I will raise it to strike a sister State." ‡ How completely the city was in revolt is told by Governor Hicks in a dispatch sent on the following day to Secretary Cameron:

> Up to yesterday there appeared promise, but the outburst came; the turbulent passions of the riotous element prevailed; fear for safety became reality; what they had endeavored to conceal, but what was known to us, was no longer concealed, but made manifest; the rebellious element had the control of things. We were arranging and organizing forces to protect the city and

* Report of Marshal Kane, May 3, 1861.

† In response to a request from Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, the mayor and authorities of Baltimore took immediate steps to care for the wounded and to pay respect to the dead of the Massachusetts regiment, a courtesy which was properly acknowledged. One year later the legislature of Maryland appropriated $7000 for the families of Massachusetts soldiers killed or disabled by wounds in the riot.

‡ "Baltimore Sun," April 20, 1861. The "Baltimore American" gives a slightly different version of the governor's remarks. It is probable that both reports are somewhat inaccurate:

> The Union was now apparently broken, but he trusted that its reconstruction may yet be brought about [cries of "Never"]. Resuming, he said: "But if otherwise, I bow in submission to the mandate of the people. If submit we must, in God's name let us submit in peace; for I would rather this right arm should be separated from my body than raise it against a brother."—[Speech of Governor Hicks, April 19, 1861, as reported in the "Baltimore American" of April 20.]

preserve order, but want of organization and of arms prevented success. They had arms; they had the principal part of the organized military forces with them; and for us to have made the effort, under the circumstances, would have had the effect to aid the disorderly element. They took possession of the armories, have the arms and ammunition, and I therefore think it prudent to decline (for the present) responding affirmatively to the requisition made by President Lincoln for four regiments of infantry.*

This temporary bending before the storm of riot by the powerless authorities might have been pardoned under the emergency; but now they proceeded to stultify their courageous conduct of the forenoon by an act, if not of treason, at least of cowardice. At midnight Mayor Brown, Marshal Kane, and the Board of Police, and, as these assert, also Governor Hicks, consulted together, and deliberately ordered the destruction of the railroad bridges between Baltimore and both Harrisburg and Philadelphia.† Two strong parties of men were sent out, one of them headed by Marshal Kane, who before daylight burned the bridges at Melvale, Relay House, and Cockeysville on the Harrisburg road, and over the Bush and Gunpowder rivers and Harris Creek on the Philadelphia road. Governor Hicks soon after totally denied his consent to, or complicity in, the business, while the others insist that he was equally responsible with themselves.‡ The fact remained that the authorities had, by an act of war, completely cut off the national capital from railroad communication with the North.

The authors of this destruction attempt to justify their conduct by the excuse that they were informed of the approach of another large body of Northern troops, and they feared that under prevailing excitement the troops would wreak vengeance on the city for that day's attack on the Massachusetts 6th. They however cite nothing in the form of such a threat reaching them before their order, except a telegram from the railroad officer at Philadelphia, "that it was impossible to prevent these troops from going through Baltimore; the Union men must be aroused to resist the mob." Angry and ugly threats did soon come from the North; but not till after the burning, and largely excited by that act itself. It is impossible to resist the conviction that Mayor Brown and Marshal Kane were secessionists at heart; and while they were too sagacious to have prompted or encouraged the mob of April 19, they were quite ready to join in any sweeping popular movement to precipitate Maryland into rebellion, even if they were not actually then in a secret conspiracy to that end. While on his way to burn the bridges, Marshal Kane sent a telegram to a kindred spirit, which leaves no doubt of his then treasonable intent:

Thank you for your offer. Bring your men in by the first train, and we will arrange with the railroad afterwards. Streets red with Maryland blood. Send expresses over the mountains and valleys of Maryland and Virginia for the riflemen to come without delay. Fresh hordes will be down on us to-morrow (the 20th). We will fight them, and whip them or die.§

General Scott's report and Cameron's dispatch of the 18th, quoted in the last chapter, show the already serious apprehensions of the Administration about the condition of Maryland, and particularly Baltimore. The rumors and news received on the 19th made the outlook still worse. It was definitely ascertained in the forenoon that Harper's Ferry had been so threatened by the Virginia rebels as to induce Lieutenant Jones to burn the arsenal and armory and retreat into Maryland with his little handful of soldiers. Other news convinced the authorities that there was no reasonable prospect of saving the Gosport navy yard at Norfolk, Virginia; and that night the war steamer *Pawnee* was started on her mission, with discretionary authority to destroy that immense establishment with its millions' worth of Government property. Shortly after noon there came, both by telegraph and messenger, the dreaded dispatch from Governor Hicks and Mayor Brown:

A collision between the citizens and the Northern troops has taken place in Baltimore, and the excitement is fearful. Send no more troops here. We will endeavor to prevent all bloodshed. A public meeting of citizens has been called, and the troops of the State and the city have been called out to preserve the peace. They will be enough.

Carefully scrutinized, this dispatch was found to be, like an ancient oracle, capable of a twofold meaning. The President and part of the Cabinet supposed Hicks meant to say he needed no troops to put down the riot. On the other hand, General Scott and Mr. Seward, usually so hopeful, thought they could read between the lines that it was desired no more troops should be passed through Baltimore. The arrival of the assaulted Massachusetts 6th about 5 o'clock added nothing to the current information except to demonstrate the seriousness of the day's occurrences. A crowd of five thousand people received the

* Hicks to Cameron, April 20, 1861. War Records.

† Mayor's message, Report of Marshal Kane, and Report Board of Police, May 3, 1861; War Records. Also Brown, "Baltimore and the 19th of April, 1861."

‡ Mayor Brown to the Maryland legislature, May 10, 1861. War Records.

§ Kane to Johnson, April 19, 1861. Marshal Kane, in his official report of May 3, 1861, admits the language of the dispatch, and offers no explanation of it but undue excitement.

regiment at the depot with enthusiastic cheers of welcome, and escorted its march to the rotunda of the Capitol, whence it went to quarters in the Senate Chamber. After tea that evening special messengers came from Governor Hicks to say that the Pikesville arsenal, eight miles from Baltimore, having been abandoned by the army officer in charge, the governor had caused it to be occupied and protected for the United States. The President showed them the dispatch; but they could give no explanation beyond reiterating the governor's and their own loyalty. The true interpretation soon came, though in a roundabout way. The riot had thrown all the railroad companies into a panic. Hicks and Brown had advised, and the Board of Police ordered, all troops en route to be sent back towards Pennsylvania.* To its compliance with this advice and order the Baltimore and Ohio road added a refusal to undertake any further transportation;† and to this refusal the Philadelphia and Wilmington road had also given its assent.‡ A few hours' reflection showed the Philadelphia railroad officials the suicidal nature of such refusal, not only to the Government, but especially to their own business, and they now telegraphed to Washington to know what was to be done — laying the blame rather more heavily than he deserved at the door of Governor Hicks. At Washington the question was pretty fully debated by the President, Cabinet, and General Scott, and a sharp dispatch in cipher sent back to Philadelphia:

> Governor Hicks has neither right nor authority to stop troops coming to Washington. Send them on, prepared to fight their way through, if necessary.§

This decision having been reached, the President and various officials sought their rest for the night, not by any means assured of a tranquil sleep. The possible contingencies of the hour are briefly expressed in a memorandum made on the night of the Baltimore riot by an occupant of the Executive Mansion:

> We are expecting more troops here by way of Baltimore, but are also fearful that the secessionists may at any hour cut the telegraph wires, tear up the railroad track, or burn the bridges, and thus prevent their reaching us and cut off all communication. We have rumors that 1500 men are under arms at Alexandria, seven miles below here, supposed to have hostile designs against this city; and an additional report that a vessel was late this evening seen landing men on the Maryland side of the river. All these things indicate that if we are to be attacked at all soon, it will happen to-night. On the other hand, we have some four to five thousand men under arms in the city, and a very vigilant watch out in all the probable directions of approach. The public buildings are strongly guarded; the Secretary of War will remain all night in his Department, and General Scott is within convenient reach. I do not think any force could be brought against the city to-night which our men could not easily repel.‖

Soon after midnight a special train brought a committee of Baltimoreans. The authorities of that unhappy city were, first by the riot, and afterwards by the public meeting and the popular demonstrations in the streets, worked into a high state of excitement. About an hour before their determination and order to burn the bridges, Mayor Brown wrote a request to the President to stop the transit of troops, saying, "It is my solemn duty to inform you that it is not possible for more soldiers to pass through Baltimore, unless they fight their way at every step."¶ Being by this time in one of his yielding moods, Governor Hicks concurred in the request by a written note.** It was too late to see the President when the committee bearing the letter arrived; they therefore applied to Cameron at the War Department, who refused flatly to entertain their request, turning over on his sofa for another nap. From the chief clerk they learned that no troops were then actually on the way, and with this bit of relief they contented themselves till daylight.

Next morning (April 20) the President had just finished his breakfast when General Scott's carriage stopped under the White House portico. The general was suffering from gout, which made it painful for him to mount to the Executive chamber; and to save him this exertion, Lincoln came down to exchange a word with him at the door. At the foot of the staircase the President encountered the Baltimore committee, read their brief letter, and took them at once to General Scott's carriage, where they rehearsed their errand, eloquently portraying the danger — nay, the impossibility — of bringing soldiers through Baltimore; whereupon the general, looking solely to the extreme urgency of getting troops to the capital, and perceiving no present advantage in fighting a battle in that city, suggested promptly, "March them around" — the change from the dispatch sent the previous evening to Philadelphia being purely one of expediency under an alleged state of facts. The committee returned with the President to his office, where he wrote them a reply to Governor Hicks's and Mayor Brown's letters:

> For the future troops must be brought here, but I make no point of bringing them through Baltimore. Without any military knowledge myself, of course I

* "Rebellion Record."

† Hicks, Brown, and Howard to Garrett, April 19, 1861. Garrett, reply, April 19, 1861.

‡ Felton to Hicks and Brown, April 19, 1861.

§ Thomas to Felton, April 19, 1861. War Records.

‖ J. G. N., personal memoranda. Unpublished MS.

¶ Brown to Lincoln, April 19, 1861. War Records.

** Hicks to Lincoln. War Records.

must leave details to General Scott. He hastily said this morning, in the presence of these gentlemen, "March them around Baltimore, and not through it." I sincerely hope the general, on fuller reflection, will consider this practical and proper, and that you will not object to it. By this a collision of the people of Baltimore with the troops will be avoided, unless they go out of the way to seek it.*

This arrangement was, on being communicated to the governor, duly accepted by him. He wrote:

I hoped they would send no more troops through Maryland; but as we have no right to demand that, I am glad no more are to be sent through Baltimore.†

"Give an inch, he'll take an ell." The proverb is especially applicable in times of revolution, when men act under impulse, and not on judgment. President Lincoln did not lose sight of this human weakness while dealing with the Baltimore committee. When about to write his letter for them, he said half playfully, "If I grant you this concession, that no troops shall pass through the city, you will be back here to-morrow demanding that none shall be marched around it."‡ They protested to the contrary; but the President's words were literally verified. When the committee returned to Baltimore, the alleged popular dread of invasion had already changed to extensive preparation for meditated but not yet avowed insurrection. So far from being thankful for their success in changing the march of Union troops, the incensed secessionists upbraided the committee for consenting to allow them to pollute the soil of Maryland. Two members of the legislature were sent back to the President§ to formulate new demands. This, with the governor's withdrawal of his offer to furnish the four regiments, already cited, and the scattering sensational telegrams received, induced Lincoln, on the afternoon of Saturday, April 20, to telegraph to Governor Hicks and Mayor Brown to come by special train, as he desired to consult them "relative to preserving the peace of Maryland." The governor had gone to Annapolis, and after the interchange of various messages, the mayor himself was asked to come.

So soon as the Baltimore route was closed by the riot of the 19th of April, the railroad authorities‖ at Philadelphia had with commendable energy devised and prepared a new



MAP OF THE APPROACHES TO WASHINGTON.

route—by rail to Perryville on the Susquehanna; thence by water on Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis; thence by railroad, or, if that were destroyed, common wagon-roads to Washington. This they suggested to General Scott on the 20th, and he ordered it adopted the same day. That same forenoon Hon. David Wilmot, making his way northward from Washington as best he could, wrote back from Baltimore to the General-in-Chief, confirming the rumor that some of the bridges of the Philadelphia road had been destroyed, the telegraph interrupted, and rapid communication with the North cut off; and added, "Troops coming on your road [from Harrisburg to Baltimore] could leave it about three miles from Baltimore, and by a march of five miles reach the Washington road some two

* Lincoln to Hicks and Brown, April 20, 1861.

† Hicks to Brown, April 20, 1861. War Records.

‡ J. G. N., personal memoranda. Unpublished MS.

§ Scharf, "History of Maryland."

‖ Great credit is due to Mr. S. M. Felton, then president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, the same who devised the precautions at the time of Mr. Lincoln's night journey through Baltimore. Mr. Felton, heartily seconded by J. Edgar Thomson, then president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, by intimate knowledge and control of facilities, railroad cars, and steam vessels, was able at once to order such new combinations on an extensive scale as were rendered necessary by the Baltimore riot and the requirements of the large numbers of troops hurrying to the defense of Washington. For this patriotic service the Secretary of War sent his official acknowledgment to these gentlemen, including also Mr. E. S. Sanford, president of the American Telegraph Company.

and a half miles from the city."* It was with some such idea that General Scott had first proposed the march around Baltimore; and strengthened by Wilmot's suggestion, he on the following day wrote to General Patterson, who held command in Philadelphia, that this Harrisburg and Baltimore route was perhaps the most important military avenue to Washington, closing with the injunction, "Give your attention in part to this line."† The Washington authorities were, however, not long in finding that this assumption was a vital error. General Scott wrote:

> In my letter to you yesterday, I intended that the railroad via Harrisburg and York towards Baltimore was more important, perhaps, for reënforcing Washington, than that from Philadelphia to Perryville, etc. That supposition was founded on the Secretary's belief that the distance from a certain point on the Harrisburg railroad to the Relay House, eight miles this side of Baltimore, was but some seven miles by a good wagon road, whereas there is no good common road between the two railroads of less than thirty miles. This fact renders the railroad from Harrisburg to Baltimore of no value to us here, without a force of perhaps ten thousand men to hold Baltimore, to protect the rails and bridges near it.‡

Bearing in mind this change of view, let us return to the affairs of Baltimore. Through various delays it happened that Mayor Brown did not reach Washington until Sunday morning, April 21, in obedience to Lincoln's request of the previous afternoon. The mayor brought with him two members of the first Baltimore committee, and besides these a prominent and active secessionist. Through all of Friday night and Saturday the secession feeling steadily rose in Baltimore; the city, to the full extent of its ability, made ready to resist the further passage of troops by force; and to a considerable degree the same excitement, and the same resolve and preparation, spread like wild-fire to the country villages of Maryland. Naturally, Mayor Brown and his committee-men, while they carefully kept secret their own official bridge-burning, did not undercolor their description of this insurrectionary mood of their people. The discussion was participated in by General Scott and the Cabinet, and took a wide range, lasting all Sunday forenoon (April 21). The President insisted that troops must come. General Scott explained that they could only come in one of three ways: First, through Baltimore; second, by the Harrisburg route and a march round Baltimore; and third, by the Annapolis route. The last two routes were therefore agreed upon.

General Scott said if the people would permit them to go by either of these routes uninterruptedly, the necessity of their passing through Baltimore would be avoided. If the people would not permit them a transit thus remote from the city, they must select their own best route, and, if need be, fight their way through Baltimore, a result which he earnestly deprecated. The President expressed his hearty concurrence in the desire to avoid a collision, and said that no more troops should be ordered through Baltimore if they were permitted to go uninterrupted by either of the other routes suggested. In this disposition the Secretary of War expressed his participation. Mayor Brown agreed to this arrangement, and promised on his part "that the city authorities would use all lawful means to prevent their citizens from leaving Baltimore to attack the troops in passing at a distance.§

With this agreement the committee took their leave, and the President proceeded to other pressing business, when, to his astonishment, Mayor Brown and his companions once more made their appearance, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They brought a highly sensational telegram just received by them at the depot from Mr. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which read:

> Three thousand Northern troops are reported to be at Cockeysville; intense excitement prevails; churches have been dismissed, and the people are arming in mass. To prevent terrific bloodshed, the result of your interview and arrangement is awaited.‖

Cockeysville is on the Harrisburg route, fifteen miles from Baltimore; and because they had no previous notice of such approach, the committee now intimated that advantage had been taken of their presence in Washington to bring these forces within striking distance of Baltimore. The Cabinet and Scott were again summoned, and the whole discussion was opened up anew.

> The President, at once, in the most decided way urged the recall of the troops, saying he had no idea they would be there to-day, and lest there should be the slightest suspicion of bad faith on his part in summoning the mayor to Washington, and allowing troops to march on the city during his absence, he desired that the troops should, if it were practicable, be sent back at once to York or Harrisburg.§

Orders were accordingly issued to this effect, the President, however, notifying the committee that he should not again in any wise interfere with the military arrangements.

In this, as in his Sumter policy, Lincoln interposed his authority in pursuance of his constant exercise not alone of justice and firm-

* Wilmot to Scott, April 20, 1861. War Records.
† Scott to Patterson, April 21, 1861. War Records.
‡ Scott to Patterson, April 22, 1861. War Records.
§ Mayor Brown, Report, April 21, 1861. "Rebellion Record."
‖ Scharf, "Chronicles of Baltimore."

ness, but of the very utmost liberality and forbearance. He did not expect to appease the Maryland rebels, but to make them clearly responsible for further bloodshed, should any occur, and thereby to hold the Maryland Unionists; and the result vindicated his judgment. These were sufficient motives; and underlying them he had yet another, still more conclusive. All this examination of maps and discussion had brought the conviction to his quick penetration, in advance of any of his councilors, that the Harrisburg route was, in the present state of affairs, entirely impracticable and useless, which fact General Scott so fully set forth on the following day in his already cited letter to General Patterson.

WASHINGTON IN DANGER.

THANKS to the preparations and promptness of Governor Andrew, the Massachusetts 8th was not far behind the 6th. It assembled on Boston Common on Thursday morning, and was in Philadelphia on Friday evening, April 19, just in time to hear the authentic reports as well as the multiplied and exaggerated rumors of that day's doings of the Baltimore mob, and the tragic fate of some of their comrades of the 6th. Massachusetts having agreed to double her quota, the four regiments thus to be received formed a brigadier-general's command, and for this command Governor Andrew designated Benjamin F. Butler, who already held that office and rank under the State militia laws. He was a lawyer by profession, but possessed in an eminent degree the peculiarly American quality of ability to adapt himself to any circumstance or duty, with a quick perception to discover and a ready courage to seize opportunities. It must be noted in passing that he was a radical Democrat in politics, and could boast that he had voted fifty times in the late Charleston convention to make Jefferson Davis the Democratic candidate for President. But with the same positive zeal he denounced secession, and helped to prepare the Massachusetts regiments to join in suppressing it by the authority and with the power of the Federal Government. Arrived with the Massachusetts 8th at Philadelphia, General Butler that night telegraphed further news of the day's disaster to Governor Andrew.

> I have reason to believe that Colonel Jones has gone through to Washington. Two killed only of the Massachusetts men. We shall go through at once. The road is torn up through Baltimore. Will telegraph again.*

Later and more definite information caused him to modify his intention to press on: first, the Baltimore railroad refused to carry any more troops into that city; secondly, the burning of the bridges made it impossible for them to do so. In this dilemma, the Philadelphia railroad authorities had bethought them of a new route — that by Annapolis, previously described. This plan required not only much discussion, but great additional preparation; and Friday night and a part of Saturday passed before it was pronounced even probably feasible. By this time the 7th regiment of New York — the *corps d'élite* of the whole Union, which on Friday afternoon started its march down Broadway "through that tempest of cheers two miles long" — had also reached Philadelphia, where it too, like the Massachusetts 8th, was obliged seriously to study the further ways and means of getting to Washington. The various railroad and military officials of Philadelphia strongly advised the Annapolis route, and Colonel Lefferts, commanding the New York 7th, telegraphed to Cameron asking orders to go that way.† There was long delay in transmitting the dispatch and awaiting a reply; and before the requested permission came, Colonel Lefferts changed his purpose, chartered a steamship, placed his regiment on board, and started for Washington via the Delaware river and bay and the Potomac River — this decision being apparently not a little hastened by certain military rivalries and jealousies which instantly sprang up between Colonel Lefferts and Brigadier-General Butler, acting as yet under separate State authority, and being therefore independent of each other's control. Scott's reply to send troops by Havre de Grace and Annapolis,‡ as suggested, at length came through the somewhat deranged telegraph offices; and Lefferts being gone, the order was communicated to Butler.§ While the New York 7th, under Lefferts, was steaming down Delaware Bay on the transport *Boston*, the Massachusetts 8th, under Butler, proceeded by cars to Perryville (opposite Havre de Grace), and, embarking on the ferry-boat *Maryland*, steamed down Chesapeake Bay, and by midnight was anchored off Annapolis. As events turned out, this division of forces proved an advantage, since neither of the boats was capable of containing both regiments; and twenty-four hours later, as we shall see, the *Boston* joined the *Maryland* at Annapolis before either regiment had disembarked.

The small and antiquated town of Annapolis, the capital of Maryland and the seat of

* Butler to Andrew, April 19, 1861.

† Lefferts to Cameron. April 20, 1861. War Records.

‡ Thomas to Patterson, April 20, 1861. War Records.

§ Patterson to Thomas, April 21, 1861. War Records.

the United States Naval Academy, was for the moment in sympathy with secession. Governor Hicks had returned here from Baltimore, it being his official residence, to make ready for the coming special session of the Maryland legislature, which, in one of his moments of timidity, he had been prevailed upon to call together on the 26th. The governor and the mayor of Annapolis both strongly urged Butler not to land his men; to which he replied that he must land to get provisions, and in turn requested the governor's formal consent. Pending this diplomatic small-talk, he found a piece of work to do. The old frigate *Constitution*, of historic fame, was anchored off the grounds of the Naval Academy as a training-ship; a few boat-loads of Baltimore roughs might easily cut her out and convert her into a privateer. Commandant Blake, who, with the majority of his officers and cadets, remained loyal, asked Butler to help pull her farther out into the bay for better security against capture. In this enterprise the greater part of Sunday, the 21st of April, was spent.

The two Sunday interviews of the mayor of Baltimore with President Lincoln, and the resulting arrangement that troops should hereafter come by the Annapolis route, have been detailed. The telegraph, in the mean time, was still working, though with delays and interruptions. As an offset to the disagreeable necessity of ordering the Pennsylvania troops back from Cockeysville, the cheering news of Butler's arrival at Annapolis had come directly to hand. That same Sunday afternoon President Lincoln and his cabinet met at the Navy Department, where they might deliberate in greater seclusion, and the culminating dangers to the Government underwent scrutinizing inquiry and anxious comment. The events of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, as developed by the military reports and the conferences with the Baltimore committees, exhibited a degree of real peril such as had not menaced the capital since the British invasion in 1814. Virginia was in arms on one side, Maryland on the other; the railroad was broken; the Potomac was probably blockaded; a touch would sever the telegraph. Of this occasion the President afterwards said:

> It became necessary for me to choose whether, using only the existing means, agencies, and processes which Congress had provided, I should let the Government fall into ruin, or whether, availing myself of the broader powers conferred by the Constitution in cases of insurrection, I would make an effort to save it, with all its blessings, for the present age and for posterity.*

Surveying the emergency in its remote as well as merely present aspects, and assuming without hesitation the responsibilities which existing laws did not authorize, but which the needs of the hour imperatively demanded, Lincoln made a series of orders designed to meet, as well as might be, the new crisis in public affairs. A convoy was ordered out to guard the California steamers bringing heavy shipments of gold; fifteen merchant steamers were ordered to be purchased or chartered, and armed at the navy yards of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia for coast protection and blockade service; two million dollars were placed in the hands of three eminent citizens of New York, John A. Dix, George Opdyke, and Richard M. Blatchford, to be in their judgment disbursed for the public defense; another commission of leading citizens of New York, George D. Morgan, William M. Evarts, Richard M. Blatchford, and Moses H. Grinnell, in connection with Governor Morgan, was empowered to exercise practically the full authority of the War and Navy Departments in organizing troops and forwarding supplies; two of the ablest naval officers were authorized each to arm two additional merchant vessels to cruise in the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay, together with sundry minor measures and precautions. Before these various orders could even be prepared for transmittal, the crowning embarrassment had already come upon the Government. On that Sunday night (April 21) the telegraph operator at Baltimore reported that the insurrectionary authorities had taken possession of his office; to which the Washington telegraph superintendent laconically added, "Of course this stops all."

So the prospect closed on Sunday night. Monday forenoon brought, not relief, but rather an exaggeration of the symptoms of danger. Governor Hicks, influenced by his secession surroundings at Annapolis, neither having consented to Butler's landing nor yet having dissuaded him from that purpose, now turned his appeals to the President. "I feel it my duty," he wrote, "most respectfully to advise you that no more troops be ordered or allowed to pass through Maryland, and that the troops now off Annapolis be sent elsewhere; and I most respectfully urge that a truce be offered by you, so that the effusion of blood may be prevented. I respectfully suggest that Lord Lyons be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties of our country."† The suggestion was not only absurd in itself, but it awakened painful apprehension lest his hitherto friendly disposition might suddenly change to active hostility. This was a result to be avoided by all possible means; for, even in his present neutral mood, he was still an effective breakwater against

* Lincoln, special message, May 27, 1862.

† Hicks to Lincoln, April 22, 1861. War Records.

those who were striving day and night to force Maryland into some official act of insurrection. Mr. Seward therefore wrote the governor a very kindly worded and yet dignified rebuke, reminding him of the days "when a general of the American Union with forces designed for the defense of its capital was not unwelcome anywhere in the State of Maryland, and certainly not at Annapolis"; and suggesting at its close "that no domestic contention that may arise among the parties of this republic ought in any case to be referred to any foreign arbitrament, least of all to the arbitrament of an European monarchy." *

Meanwhile, as an additional evidence of the yet growing discontent, another large Baltimore committee found its way to the President — this time from one of the religious bodies of that city, with a Baptist clergyman as its spokesman, who bluntly proposed that Mr. Lincoln should "recognize the independence of the Southern States." Though such audacity greatly taxed his patience, he kept his temper, and replied that neither the President nor Congress possessed the power or authority to do this; and to the further request that no more troops be sent through Maryland, he answered in substance:

You, gentlemen, come here to me and ask for peace on any terms, and yet have no word of condemnation for those who are making war on us. You express great horror of bloodshed, and yet would not lay a straw in the way of those who are organizing in Virginia and elsewhere to capture this city. The rebels attack Fort Sumter, and your citizens attack troops sent to the defense of the Government, and the lives and property in Washington, and yet you would have me break my oath and surrender the Government without a blow. There is no Washington in that — no Jackson in that — there is no manhood or honor in that. I have no desire to invade the South; but I must have troops to defend this capital. Geographically it lies surrounded by the soil of Maryland; and mathematically the necessity exists that they should come over her territory. Our men are not moles, and can't dig under the earth; they are not birds, and can't fly through the air. There is no way but to march across, and that they must do. But in doing this, there is no need of collision. Keep your rowdies in Baltimore, and there will be no bloodshed. Go home and tell your people that if they will not attack us, we will not attack them; but if they do attack us, we will return it, and that severely.

Washington now began to take on some of the aspects of a siege. The large stores of flour and grain at the Georgetown mills, and even that already loaded for shipment on schooners, were seized, and long trains of carts were engaged in removing it to safer storage in the public buildings. Prices of provisions were rising. The little passenger steamers plying on the Potomac were taken possession of by the military officers to be used for guard and picket duty on the river. The doors, windows, and stairways of the public buildings were protected by barricades, and the approaches to them guarded by sentinels. All travel and nearly all business came to a standstill, and theaters and places of amusement were closed. With the first notice of the burning of the railroad bridges, the strangers, visitors, and transient sojourners in the city became possessed of an uncontrollable desire to get away. So long as the trains ran to Baltimore, they proceeded to that point; from there they sought to escape northward by whatever stray chances of transportation offered themselves. By some of these fugitives the Government had taken the precaution to send duplicates of important orders and dispatches to Northern cities. This *sauve qui peut* quickly denuded Washington of its redundant population. While the Unionist non-combatants were flying northward, the latent secessionists were making quite as hurried an escape to the South; for it was strongly rumored that the Government intended to impress the whole male population of Washington into military service for the defense of the city.

One incidental benefit grew out of the panic — the Government was quickly relieved of its treasonable servants. Some hundreds of clerks resigned out of the various departments on this Monday, April 22d, and the impending danger not only brought these to final decision, but also many officers of high grades and important functions. Commodore Buchanan, in charge of the Washington navy yard, together with nearly all the subordinate officers, suddenly discovered their unwillingness longer to keep their oaths and serve the United States; and that night this invaluable naval depot, with all its vast stores of material, its immense workshops and priceless machinery, was intrusted solely to the loyalty and watchfulness of Commander John A. Dahlgren and a little handful of marines, scarcely enough in numbers to have baffled half a dozen adroit incendiaries, or to ascertain the street gossip outside the walls of the establishment.† Among the scores of army and navy resignations reported the same day was that of Captain John B. Magruder, 1st Artillery, then in command of a light battery

* Seward to Hicks, April 22, 1861.

† Mem. for the War Department. The *Anacostia*, a small Potomac steamer, anchored off Gilsboro' Point, and after remaining a short time returned down the river. The *Harriet Lane*, supposed revenue cutter, is now off the Arsenal and has been there a short time. I have not been able to communicate with her. I should wish to have a company of Massachusetts or United States troops in the yard at night if they can be spared. — John A. Dahlgren, Acting Commandant, 22d April. MS.

on which General Scott had placed special reliance for the defense of Washington. No single case of defection gave Lincoln such astonishment and pain as this one. "Only three days ago," said he, when the fact was made known to him, "Magruder came voluntarily to me in this room, and with his own lips and in my presence repeated over and over again his asseverations and protestations of loyalty and fidelity." * It was not merely the loss of an officer, valuable and necessary though he might be in the emergency, but the significance of this crowning act of perfidy which troubled the President, and to the suggestiveness of which he could not close his eyes. Was there not only no patriotism left, but was all sense of personal obligation, of every-day honesty, and of manliness of character gone also? Was everything crumbling at his touch? In whom should he place confidence? To whom should he give orders, if clerks, and captains, and commodores, and quartermaster-generals, and governors of States, and justices of the Supreme Court proved false in the moment of need? If men of the character and rank of the Magruders, the Buchanans, the McCauleys, the Lees, the Johnstons, the Coopers, the Campbells were giving way, where might he not fear treachery? There was certainly no danger that all the officers of the Government would thus prove recreant; but might not the failure of a single one bearing an important trust cause a vital and irreparable disaster?

The perplexities and uncertain prospects of the hour are set forth with frank brevity by General Scott, in the report which was sent to the President that night of Monday, April 22:

I have but little that is certain to report, viz.: (1) That there are three or four steamers off Annapolis, with volunteers for Washington; (2) that their landing will be opposed by the citizens, reënforced from Baltimore; (3) that the landing may be effected nevertheless by good management; and (4) that the rails on the Annapolis road (20 miles) have been taken up. Several efforts to communicate with those troops to-day have failed; but three other detached persons are repeating the attempt, and one or more of them will, I think, succeed. Once ashore, the regiments (if but two, and there are probably more) would have no difficulty in reaching Washington on foot, other than the want of wagons to transport camp equipage, etc. The quartermaster that I have sent there (I do not know that he has arrived) has orders to hire wagons if he can, and if not, to impress, etc. Of rumors, the following are probable, viz.: (1) That from 1500 to 2000 troops are at the White House (4 miles below Mount Vernon, a narrow point in the Potomac) engaged in erectinga battery; (2) that an equal force is collected or in progress of assemblage on the two sides of the river to attack Fort Washington; and (3) that extra cars went up yesterday to bring down from Harper's Ferry about 2000 other troops to join in a general attack on this capital — that is, on many of its fronts at once. I feel confident that with our present forces we can defend the Capitol, the Arsenal, and all the executive buildings (seven) against ten thousand troops not better than our district volunteers.†

Tuesday morning came, but no news from Annapolis, no volunteers up the Potomac. It was Cabinet day; and about noon, after the President and his councilors were assembled, messengers announced the arrival of two steamers at the navy yard. There was a momentary hope that these might be the long-expected ships from New York; but inquiries proved them to be the *Pawnee* and a transport on their return from the expedition to Norfolk. The worst apprehensions concerning that important post were soon realized — it was irretrievably lost. The only bit of comfort to be derived from the affair was that the vessels brought back with them a number of marines and sailors, who would now add a little fraction of strength to the defense of the capital. The officers of the expedition were soon before the President and Cabinet, and related circumstantially the tale of disaster and destruction which the treachery of a few officers and the credulous duplicity of the commandant had rendered unavoidable.

The Gosport navy yard, at Norfolk, Virginia, was of such value and importance that its safety, from the very beginning of Mr. Lincoln's administration, had neither been neglected nor overlooked. But, like every other exposed or threatened point,— like Sumter, Pickens, Tortugas, Key West, Fort Monroe, Baltimore, Harper's Ferry, and Washington itself,— its fate was involved in the want of an army and navy of adequate strength. On the day that the President resolved on the Sumter expedition, two hundred and fifty seamen had been ordered from Brooklyn to Norfolk to render Gosport more safe. Instead of going there, it was immediately necessary to change their destination to Sumter and Pickens. And so, though the danger to Gosport was never lost sight of, the reënforcements to ward it off were never available. Officer after officer and letter after letter were sent by the department to enjoin vigilance, to prepare defenses, and to remove valuable ships. The officers of the navy yard professed loyalty; the commandant had grown gray in the service of his country, and enjoyed the full confidence of his equals and superiors. It was known that the secessionists had designs upon the post; but it was believed that the watchfulness which had been ordered and the measures of precaution which had been arranged under the special supervision of two

* J. H., Diary. Unpublished MS.

† Unpublished MS.

trusted officers of the Navy Department, who were carrying out the personal instructions of Secretary Welles, would meet the danger. At a critical moment, the hitherto correct judgment of Commandant McCauley committed a fatal mistake. The subordinate officers of the yard, professing loyalty, practiced treason, and lured him unwittingly into their designs.

Several valuable vessels lay at the navy yard. To secure them eventually for Virginia, Governor Letcher had, among his first acts of hostility, attempted to obstruct the channel from Norfolk to Fort Monroe by means of sunken vessels. But the effort failed; the passage still remained practicable. Ascertaining this, Commodore Alden and Chief Engineer Isherwood, specially sent for the task by Secretary Welles, had, with the help of the commandant of the yard, prepared the best ships — the *Merrimac*, the *Germantown*, the *Plymouth*, and the *Dolphin* — for quick removal to Fort Monroe. The engines of the *Merrimac* were put in order, the fires under her boilers were lighted, the moment of her departure had been announced, when suddenly a change came over the spirit of Commandant McCauley. Virginia passed her ordinance of secession; the traitorous officers of the navy yard were about to throw off their mask and desert their flag; and, as a parting stroke of intrigue, they persuaded the commandant that he must retain the *Merrimac* for the security of the yard. Yielding to this treacherous advice, he countermanded her permission to depart and ordered her fires to be put out. Thus baffled, Isherwood and Alden hastened back to Washington to obtain the superior orders of the Secretary over this most unexpected and astounding action of the commandant.

They reached Washington on this errand respectively on the 18th and 19th of April, just at the culminating point of insurrection and danger. Hasty consultations were held and energetic orders were issued. The *Pawnee*, just returned from her Sumter cruise, was again coaled, supplied, and fitted out — processes consuming precious hours, but which could not be omitted. On the evening of April 19 she steamed down the Potomac under command of Commodore Paulding, with discretionary orders to defend or to destroy. Next evening, April 20, having landed at Fort Monroe and taken on board three to five hundred men of the 3d Massachusetts, only that morning arrived from Boston, and who embarked without a single ration, the *Pawnee* proceeded to Norfolk, passing without difficulty through the seven sunken hulks in the Elizabeth River. But Commodore Paulding found that he had come too late to save anything. The commandant, once more successfully plied with insidious advice, had yielded to the second suggestion of his juniors, and had scuttled the removable ships — ostensibly to prevent their being seized and used by the rebels. As they were slowly sinking, no effort to remove them could succeed, and no resource was left but to destroy everything so far as could be done. Accordingly, there being bright moonlight, the greater part of that Saturday night was devoted to this work of destruction. Several parties were detailed to fire the ships and the buildings and to lay a mine to blow up the dry-dock, and the sky was soon lighted up from an immense conflagration. Yet, with all this effort, the sacrifice was left incomplete. Not more than half the buildings were consumed. The workshops, with their valuable machinery, escaped. The 1500 to 2000 heavy cannon in the yard could neither be removed nor rendered unserviceable. Some unforeseen accident finally prevented the explosion of the dry-dock. Of the seven ships burned to the water's edge, the hull of the *Merrimac* was soon afterwards raised, and in the course of events changed by the rebels into the iron-clad *Merrimac*, or, as they named her, the *Virginia*. At 5 o'clock on Sunday morning the *Pawnee* considered her work finished, and steamed away from Gosport, followed by the sailing-ship *Cumberland*.

No point of peril had been so clearly foreseen, so carefully provided for, and apparently so securely counteracted as the loss of the three or four valuable ships at Norfolk; and yet, in spite of foresight and precaution, they had gone to worse than ruin through the same train of circumstances which had lost Sumter and permitted the organization of the Montgomery rebellion. The loss of ships and guns was, however, not all; behind these was the damaging moral effect upon the Union cause and feeling. For four consecutive days each day had brought a great disaster — Virginia's secession on the 17th; the burning of Harper's Ferry on the 18th; the Baltimore riot and destruction of railroad bridges on the 19th; the abandonment and destruction of this great navy yard and its ships on the night of the 20th. This began to look like an irresistible current of fate. No popular sentiment could long stem such a tide of misfortune. The rebels of Virginia, Maryland, and especially of Washington began to feel that Providence wrought in their behalf, and that their cherished conspiracy was already crowned with success. Evidently with such a feeling, on this same Tuesday, Associate Justice John A. Campbell, still a member of the Supreme Court and under oath to support the Constitution of the United States, again sent a

letter of aid and comfort to Jefferson Davis. He wrote:

> Maryland is the object of chief anxiety with the North and the Administration. Their fondest hope will be to command the Chesapeake and relieve the capital. Their pride and their fanaticism would be sadly depressed by a contrary issue. This will be the great point of contest in all negotiations.
>
> . . . I incline to think that they are prepared to abandon the south of the Potomac. But not beyond. Maryland is weak. She has no military men of talents, and I did hear that Colonel Huger was offered command and declined it — however, his resignation had not been accepted. Huger is plainly not competent for such a purpose. Lee is in Virginia. Think of the condition of Baltimore and provide for it, for there is the place of danger. The events at Baltimore have placed a new aspect upon everything at the North. There is a perfect storm there. While it has to be met, no unnecessary addition should be made to increase it.*

Another night of feverish public unrest, another day of anxiety to the President — Wednesday, April 24. There was indeed no attack on the city; but, on the other hand, no arrival of troops to place its security beyond doubt. Repetition of routine duties; repetition of small, unsubstantial rumors; long faces in the streets; a holiday quiet over the city; closed shutters and locked doors of business houses; the occasional clatter of a squad of cavalry from point to point; sentinels about the departments; sentinels about the Executive Mansion; Willard's Hotel, which a week before was swarming with busy crowds, now deserted as if smitten by a plague — with only furtive servants to wake echoes along the vacant corridors, and in all its vast array of chambers and parlors but a single lady guest to recall the throng of fashion and beauty which had so lately made it a scene of unceasing festivity from midday to midnight. Ever since the telegraph stopped on Sunday night the Washington operators had been listening for the ticking of their instruments, and had occasionally caught fugitive dispatches passing between Maryland secessionists, which were for the greater part immediately known to be unreliable; for General Scott kept up a series of military scouts along the Baltimore railroad as far as Annapolis Junction, twenty miles from Washington, from which point a branch railroad ran at a right angle to the former, twenty miles to Annapolis, on Chesapeake Bay. The general dared not risk a detachment permanently to hold the junction; no considerable secession force had been encountered, and the railroad was yet safe. But it was known, or at least strongly probable, that the volunteers from the North had been at Annapolis since Sunday morning. Why did they not land? Why did they not advance? The Annapolis road was known to be damaged; but could they not march twenty miles? The previous day (April 23) had, by some lucky chance, brought a New York mail three days old. The newspapers in it contained breezy premonitions of the Northern storm — Anderson's enthusiastic reception; the departure of the New York 7th regiment; the sailing of Governor Sprague with his Rhode Islanders; the monster meeting in Union Square, with the outpouring of half a million of people in processions and listening to speeches from half a dozen different stands; the energetic measures of the New York Common Council; the formation of the Union Defense Committee; whole columns of orders and proclamations; the flag-raisings; the enlistments; the chartering and freighting of ships; and from all quarters news of the wild, jubilant uprising of the whole immense population of the Free States. All this was gratifying, pride-kindling, reassuring; and yet, read and re-read with avidity in Washington that day, it would always bring after it the galling reflection that all this magnificent outburst of patriotism was paralyzed by the obstacle of a twenty miles' march between Annapolis and the junction. Had the men of the North no legs?

Lincoln, by nature and habit so calm, so equable, so undemonstrative, nevertheless passed this period of interrupted communication and isolation from the North in a state of nervous tension which put all his great powers of mental and physical endurance to their severest trial. General Scott's reports, though invariably expressing his confidence in successful defense, frankly admitted the evident danger; and the President, with his acuteness of observation and his rapidity and correctness of inference, lost no single one of the external indications of doubt and apprehension. Day after day prediction failed and hope was deferred; troops did not come, ships did not arrive, railroads remained broken, messengers failed to reach their destination. That fact itself demonstrated that he was environed by the unknown — and that whether a Union or a Secession army would first reach the capital was at best an uncertainty. To a coarse or vulgar nature such a situation would have brought only one of two feelings — either overpowering personal fear, or overweening bravado. But Lincoln, almost a giant in physical stature and strength, combined in his intellectual nature a masculine courage and power of logic with a sentimental tenderness as delicate as a woman's, and an ideal sensitiveness of conscience. This presidential trust which he had assumed was to him not a mere regalia of rank and honor. Its terrible duties and responsibilities seemed rather a coat

* Campbell to Davis, April 23, 1861. MS.

of steel armor, not only heavy to bear, but cutting remorselessly into the quick flesh. That one of the successors of Washington should find himself even to this degree in the hands of his enemies was personally humiliating; but that the majesty of a great nation should be thus insulted and its visible symbols of authority be placed in jeopardy; above all, that the hitherto glorious example of the republic to other nations should stand in this peril of surprise and possible sudden collapse, the Constitution be scoffed and jeered, and human freedom become once more a by-word and reproach — this must have begot in him an anxiety approaching torture. In the eyes of his countrymen and of the world he was holding the scales of national destiny; he alone knew that for the moment the forces which made the beam vibrate with such uncertainty were beyond his control. In others' society he gave no sign of these inner emotions. But once, on the afternoon of the 23d, the business of the day being over, the Executive office deserted, after walking the floor alone in silent thought for nearly half an hour, he stopped and gazed long and wistfully out of the window down the Potomac in the direction of the expected ships; and, unconscious of any presence in the room, at length broke out with irrepressible anguish in the repeated exclamation, "Why don't they come! Why don't they come!"

One additional manifestation of this bitterness of soul occurred on the day following (April 24), though in a more subdued manner. The wounded soldiers of the Massachusetts 6th, including several officers, came to pay a visit to the President. They were a little shy when they entered the room — having the traditional New England awe of authorities and rulers. Lincoln received them with that sympathetic kindness and equality of bearing which put them at ease after the interchange of the first greetings. His words of sincere thanks for their patriotism and their suffering, his warm praise of their courage, his hearty recognition of their great service to the public, and his earnestly expressed confidence in their further devotion, quickly won their trust and respect. He spoke to them of the position and prospect of the city, contrasting their prompt arrival with the unexplained delay which seemed to have befallen the regiments from the various States supposed to be somewhere on the way. Pursuing this theme, he finally fell into a tone of irony to which only intense feeling ever drove him. "I begin to believe," said he, "that there is no North. The 7th regiment is a myth. Rhode Island is another. You are the only real thing."* There are few parchment brevets as precious as such a compliment, at such a time, from such a man.

However much the tardiness of the Annapolis reënforcements justified the President's sarcasm, they were at last actually on the way. We left Butler engaged in assisting the school-ship *Constitution* to a more secure position. The aid proved effectual; but the day's work ended by the ferry-boat *Maryland* — the Massachusetts 8th being still on board — getting hard aground in the shoal water of Annapolis Harbor. In this helpless predicament, with only hard pilot-bread and raw salt pork furnished from the *Constitution* to eat, and no water to drink, the regiment passed the night of Sunday. Early next morning (Monday, April 22) brought the arrival of another ship, which proved to be the *Boston*, containing the New York 7th; and thus these two regiments, so lately parted at Philadelphia, were once more united. Colonel Lefferts had proceeded on his independent course to Fort Monroe; but receiving no intelligence concerning the Potomac route, concluded, after all, to adopt the more prudent plan of steaming up Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis.

The *Boston* at once set to work, but without eventual success, to pull the *Maryland* into deeper water. Meanwhile the officers of the two regiments were holding interviews and correspondence with Commandant Blake of the Naval School on the one hand, and with the Maryland authorities on the other. Governor Hicks, in punctilious assertion of the paramount State sovereignty of Maryland, protested, in writing, against landing the troops. The mayor of Annapolis joined in the protest; though privately both declared Maryland was loyal to the Union, and that they would make no military resistance. That afternoon both regiments were landed. There was still a certain friction of military jealousy and refusal to coöperate between Butler and Lefferts; both were eager to proceed to Washington, but differed in their plans; and the many and apparently authentic rumors of the opposing force that would meet them from Baltimore caused discussion and delay. They had no transportation, few rations, and little ammunition. Butler took the first practical measures, by ordering the railroad depot and buildings to be occupied. Here an old locomotive was found, the machinery of which had been carefully disarranged. The mechanical skill of the Yankee militiamen now asserted its value. Private Charles Homans, of the Massachusetts 8th, at once recognized the locomotive as having been built in "our shop"; and calling to his help several machinists like himself from among the Massachusetts boys, they had no great difficulty in putting it in running or-

* J. H., Diary. Unpublished MS.

der. Tuesday morning (April 23) showing still no warlike demonstrations from any quarter, the surroundings of the town were reconnoitered, and two companies of the Massachusetts 8th pushed out three and a half miles along the railroad. A beginning was also made towards repairing the track, which was found torn up and displaced here and there. In this work, and in testing the newly repaired locomotive and improvising a train, another day slipped by. In the evening, however, two of the eight messengers sent out from Washington to Annapolis succeeded in reaching there, the second one bringing the definite orders of General Scott that Butler should remain and hold the place, and that the advancing troops should repair the railroad. That night, also, came four or more steamships with as many additional regiments of volunteers.

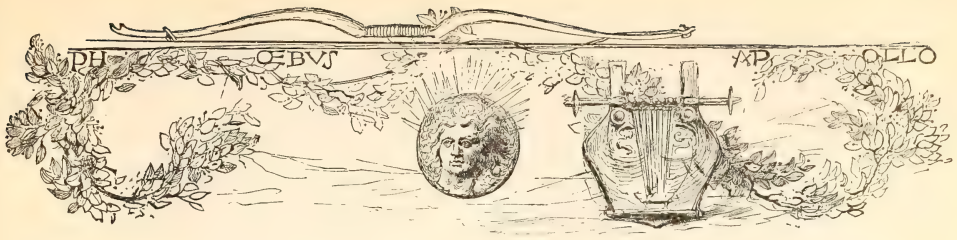
Wednesday morning, April 24, being the fourth day at Annapolis for the Massachusetts 8th and the third for the New York 7th, they started on their twenty miles' march to the junction. A couple of extemporized platform cars on which the "7th" mounted their little brass howitzers, the patched-up locomotive, and two rickety passenger cars constituted their artillery-baggage-supply-ambulance-and-construction train all in one. Thus provided, the two regiments marched, scouted, laid track, and built bridges as occasion required; now fraternizing and coöperating with hearty good-will. It was slow and tedious work; they were not inured to nor provided for even such holiday campaigning as this. Luckily they had fine weather — a warm, sunny, spring day, succeeded by a clear night with a full moon to light it. So they clung pluckily to their duty, hungry and sleepy though they were, all day and all night of Wednesday, and arrived at the junction about daybreak of Thursday. All the previous rumors had taught them that here they might expect a rebel force and a fight. The anticipation proved groundless; they learned, on the contrary, that a train from Washington had come to this place for them the day before. It soon again made its appearance; and quickly embarking on it, by noon the New York 7th was at its destination.

Those who were in the Federal capital on that Thursday, April 25, will never, during their lives, forget the event. An indescribable gloom and doubt had hung over Washington nearly a week, paralyzing its traffic and crushing out its very life. As soon as their coming was known, an immense crowd gathered at the depot to obtain ocular evidence that relief had at length reached the city. Promptly debarking and forming, the 7th marched from the Capitol up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. As they passed up the magnificent street, with their well-formed ranks, their exact military step, their soldierly bearing, their gayly floating flags, and the inspiring music of their splendid regimental band, they seemed to sweep all thought of danger and all taint of treason not only out of that great national thoroughfare, but out of every human heart in the Federal city. The presence of this single regiment seemed to turn the scales of fate. Cheer upon cheer greeted them, windows were thrown up, houses opened, the population came forth upon the streets as for a holiday. It was an epoch in American history. For the first time, the combined spirit and power of Liberty entered the nation's capital.

LOVE'S IMAGINING.

DEAR Love, I sometimes think how it would be
If thou shouldst love me, if, on such a day,
O day of wonder! thou shouldst come and say
I love thee, or but let me guess thy plea —
If once thine eyes should brighten suddenly,
If once thy step should hasten or delay
Because of me, if once thy hand should stay
A needless instant in my own! Ah, me!
From such imaginings I wake and start,
And dull and worthless life's endeavors seem
Before the tender beauty of my dream —
And then I whisper my impatient heart,
"Be still, be comforted, O heart of mine,
Thou art not all bereft, the dream is thine."

Hopestill Goodwin.



TO CARMEN SYLVA.

(THE LAST POEM OF EMMA LAZARUS.)

OH, that the golden lyre divine
Whence David smote flame-tones were mine!
Oh, that the silent harp which hung
Untuned, unstrung,
Upon the willows by the river,
Would throb beneath my touch and quiver
With the old song-enchanted spell
Of Israel!

Oh, that the large prophetic Voice
Would make my reed-piped throat its choice!
All ears should prick, all hearts should spring,
To hear me sing
The burden of the isles, the word
Assyria knew, Damascus heard,
When, like the wind, while cedars shake,
Isaiah spake.

For I would frame a song to-day
Winged like a bird to cleave its way
O'er land and sea that spread between,
To where a Queen
Sits with a triple coronet.
Genius and Sorrow both have set
Their diadems above the gold—
A Queen three-fold!

To her the forest lent its lyre,
Hers are the sylvan dews, the fire
Of Orient suns, the mist-wreathed gleams
Of mountain streams.
She, the imperial Rhine's own child,
Takes to her heart the wood-nymph wild,
The gypsy Pelech, and the wide,
White Danube's tide.

She who beside an infant's bier
Long since resigned all hope to hear
The sacred name of "Mother" bless
Her childlessness,
Now from a People's sole acclaim
Receives the heart-vibrating name,
And "Mother, Mother, Mother!" fills
The echoing hills.

Yet who is he who pines apart,
Estranged from that maternal heart,
Ungraced, unfriended and forlorn,
The butt of scorn?
An alien in his land of birth,
An outcast from his brethren's earth,
Albeit with theirs his blood mixed well
When Plevna fell?

When all Roumania's chains were riven,
When unto all his sons was given
The hero's glorious reward,
Reaped by the sword,—
Wherefore was this poor thrall, whose chains
Hung heaviest, within whose veins
The oldest blood of freedom streamed,
Still unredeemed?

O Mother, Poet, Queen in one!
Pity and save — he is thy son.
For poet David's sake, the king
Of all who sing;
For thine own people's sake who share
His law, his truth, his praise, his prayer;
For his sake who was sacrificed —
His brother — Christ!

MALVERN, JULY, 1886.

Emma Lazarus.



THE AMERICAN INVENTORS OF THE TELEGRAPH.*

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCES TO THE SERVICES OF ALFRED VAIL.



THE University of the City of New York, then but recently organized, established, in 1835, a professorship of the Literature of the Arts of Design, and chose Samuel Finley Breese Morse, who had already achieved reputation as an historical painter, as the incumbent. In July of that year Professor Morse took possession of a suite of apartments which had been provided for him in the new University building on Washington Square and entered upon his duties.

Eleven years prior to this date, Alfred Vail, a youth of seventeen, having completed his studies in the village school of Morristown, New Jersey, found congenial opportunity to gratify his inherited mechanical tastes by going to work in the Speedwell Iron Works, of which his father, Judge Stephen Vail, was the proprietor. One of his characteristics, from an early age, had been a marked fondness for study and investigation in matters relating to the natural sciences; and as his mind gradually matured and unfolded itself, his aspirations for a broader and more systematic mental culture, and a higher degree of attainment than was possible under the conditions which then surrounded him, were with difficulty repressed. It was the natural desire and expectation of Judge Vail that both his sons, Alfred and George, should identify themselves with the manufacturing business, an extensive one for those days, which he himself had prosecuted with industry and success. In compliance with his father's wishes, Alfred contented himself for a time with the duties of his position. Upon attaining his majority, however, his inclination for a more appropriate field of labor could no longer be restrained; and, after much anxious consideration of the matter, he determined to prepare himself for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. In 1832, at the age of twenty-five, he entered the University of the City of New York, from which institution he was graduated in due course in October, 1836.

Towards the close of his term his health became impaired, and as his physical condition precluded the prosecution of his theological studies, he appears for a time to have labored under much uncertainty as to his future course. The problem of his life-work was, as the event proved, soon to be solved by a fortunate and unexpected incident.

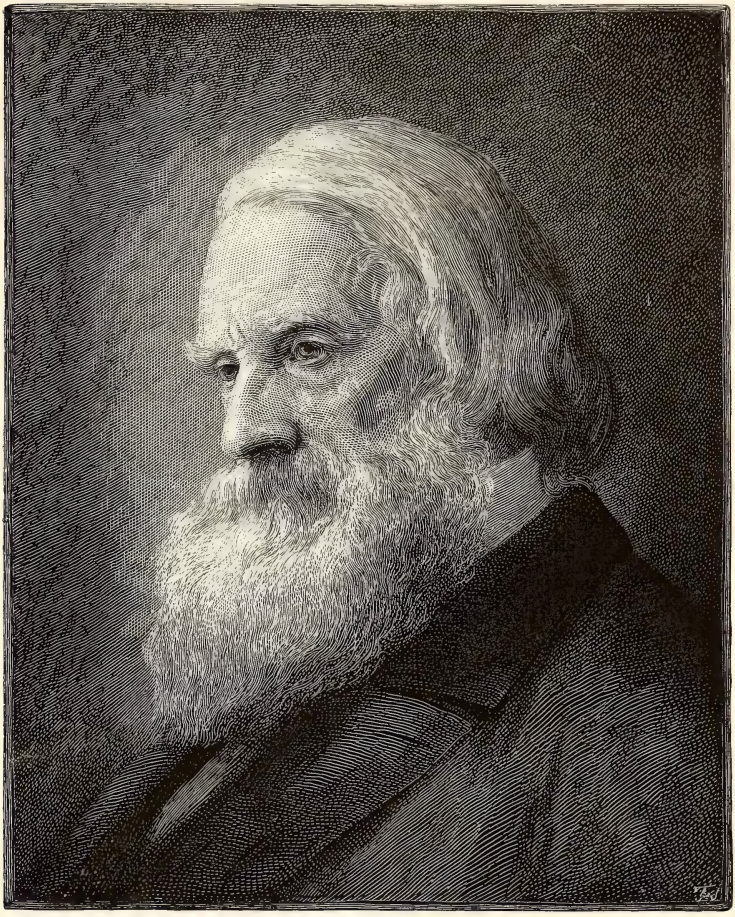
In the year 1832 Professor Morse, on a voyage from Havre to New York in the packet *Sully*, had conceived and drawn in his sketch-book an apparatus for recording signals at a distance by electro-magnetism.

The history of the inception and early development of Morse's invention is familiar and need not be repeated, except as may be necessary to enable the successive steps by which it was wrought into a practical and commercial form to be properly understood. Until Morse became one of the faculty of the University, he had been prevented, by the nomadic life imposed upon him by his straitened circumstances, from making any effort beyond the molding and casting of a set of leaden type to reduce that conception to practice. This, according to his original scheme, was automatically to open and close an electric circuit and thereby transmit certain signals, to which an arbitrary numerical signification was to be given.

During the latter portion of the time in which Alfred Vail had been a student in the University the chair of chemistry had been occupied by Professor Leonard D. Gale. In January, 1837, Professor Morse, who in the privacy of his apartments had constructed a rude but nevertheless operative experimental model, exemplifying the principle of the recording telegraph which he had devised on board the *Sully*, took Professor Gale into his confidence and exhibited to him the invention, so far as it had then been developed by his unaided hands and brain.

Professor Gale, whose knowledge and acquirements were of a character which enabled him to appreciate the ingenuity of the inventor and to forecast the possible success of the invention, became at once deeply interested in the plans of his colleague, and thenceforth the

* See also "Professor Morse and the Telegraph," by Benson J. Lossing, in this magazine for March, 1873, and a communication by Professor J. W. Draper, in May, 1873.



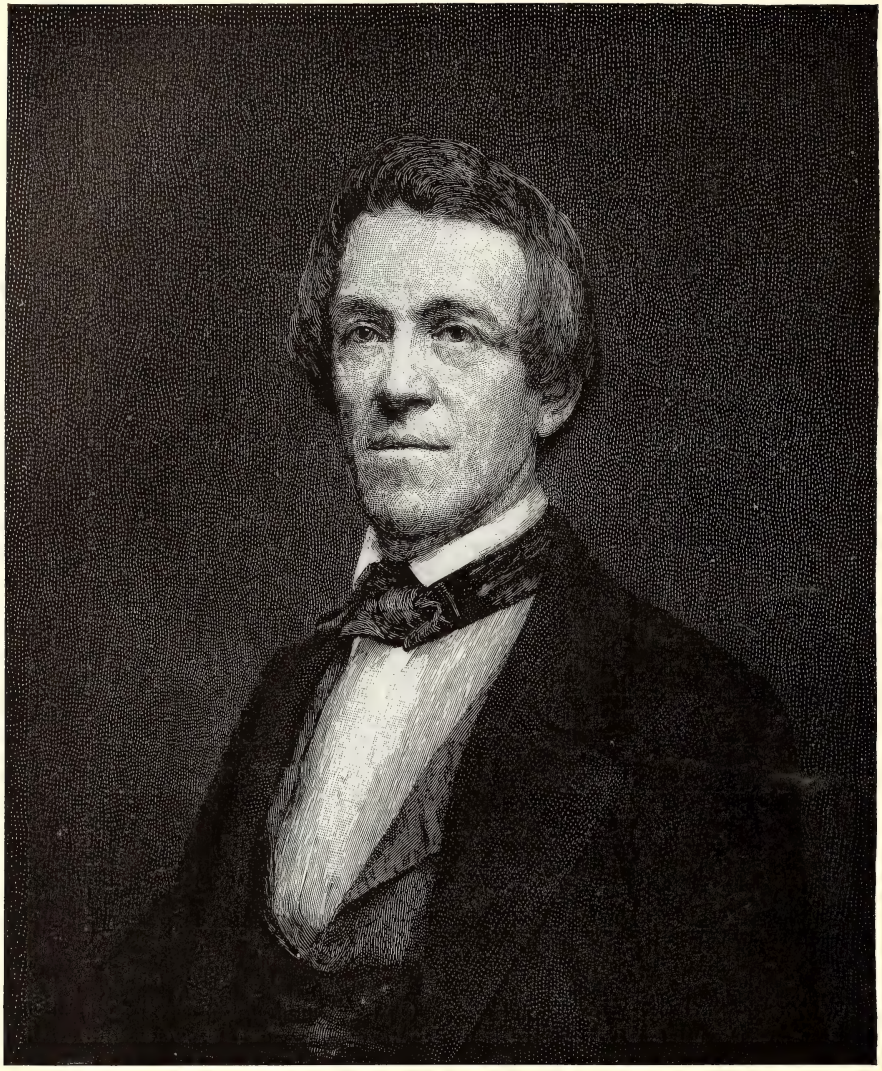
SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

assistance which he rendered Morse in his experiments was of the utmost importance and value. For some time, the experimental instrument remained substantially unchanged. Morse himself possessed but moderate mechanical skill, while his poverty debarred him from employing trained workmen to put the invention into a more permanent form.

In February, 1837, the House of Representatives had passed a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to report upon the propriety of establishing a "system of telegraphs for the United States." With the view of gathering the necessary material for his report, the Secretary of the Treasury, on March 10, 1837, issued a circular of inquiry, a copy of which fell into the hands of Professor Morse, and doubtless led to his determination to complete his invention and, if possible, to secure its acceptance by the Government.

On Saturday, September 2, 1837, Professor Daubeny of Oxford University, then visiting the United States, was invited with others to witness the operation of the electro-magnetic telegraph at the University. The apparatus had been set up with a circuit of copper wire, stretched back and forth along the walls of a large room. Among the spectators was Alfred Vail, who then saw the apparatus for the first time. Notwithstanding the crude and imperfect character of the machinery in which the invention was embodied, the results were such as conclusively to demonstrate the possibility of recording signals at a considerable distance by the instantaneous action of electricity.

This exhibition produced a profound effect upon the mind of Vail. His inherited and acquired mechanical skill, and the knowledge of construction which his apprenticeship in his



ALFRED VAIL.

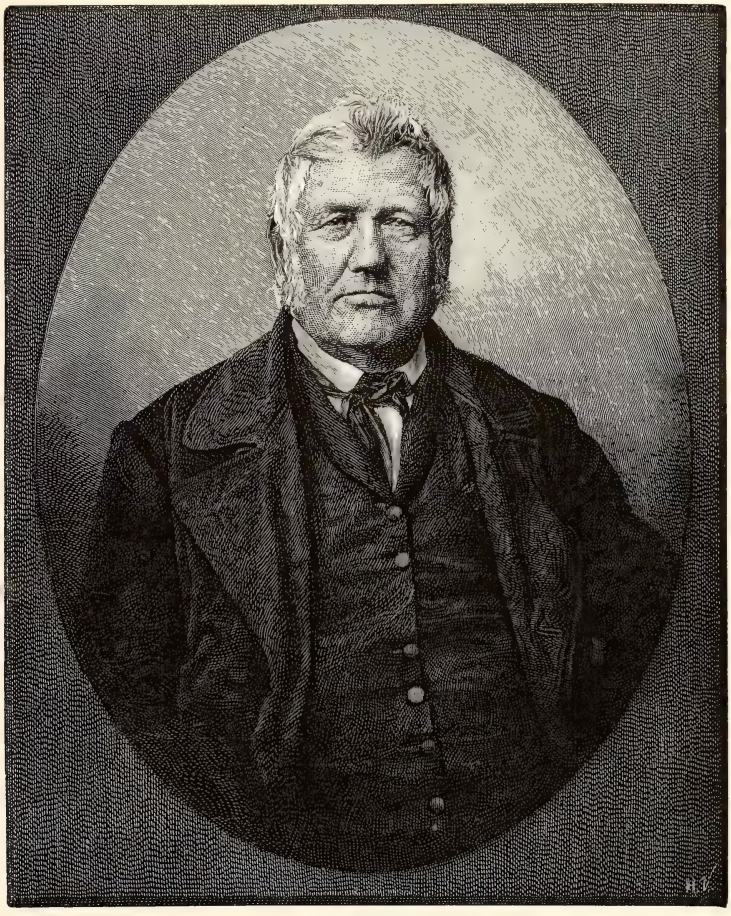
father's works had given him, satisfied him that it was possible to embody this grand conception in a concrete form, which should insure its successful employment for public purposes. More than this, his education and training at the University had given him some insight into the affairs of the world, and his mind intuitively formed a distinct conception of the vast scope and future importance of the invention.

Among the papers left by Mr. Vail is one giving an account of this incident. Referring to his occasional visits to New York during the year following his graduation, he says:

On one of these visits, prior to September 4, 1837, I accidentally and without invitation called upon Professor Morse at the University and found him, with Professors Torrey and Daubeny, in the mineralogical cabinet and lecture room of Professor Gale, where Professor Morse was exhibiting to these gentlemen an apparatus which he called his "Electro-Magnetic Telegraph." There were wires suspended in the room running from one end to the other and returning many times, making a length of seventeen hundred feet. The two ends of the wire were connected with an electro-magnet fastened to a vertical wooden frame. In front of the magnet was its armature, and also a wooden lever or arm fitted at its extremity to hold a lead pencil. . . . I saw this instrument work and became thoroughly acquainted with the principles of its operation, and, I may say, struck with the rude machine, containing, as I believed, the germ of what was destined to produce great changes in the condition and relations of mankind. I well recollect the impression which was then made upon my mind. I rejoiced to

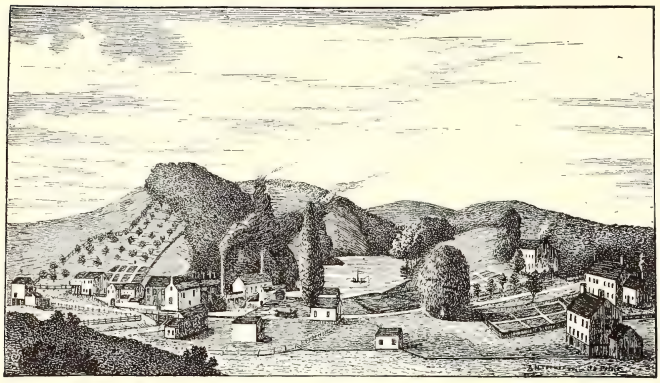
think that I lived in such a day, and my mind contemplated the future in which so grand and mighty an agent was about to be introduced for the benefit of the world. Before leaving the room in which I beheld for the first time this magnificent invention, I asked Professor Morse if he intended to make an experiment on a more extended line of conductors. He replied that he did, but that he desired pecuniary assistance to carry out his plans. I promised him assistance provided he would admit me in a share of the invention, to which proposition he assented. I then returned to my boarding-house, locked the door of my room, threw myself upon the bed, and gave myself up to reflection upon the mighty results which were certain to follow the introduction of this new agent in meeting and serving the wants of the world. With the atlas in my hand, I traced the most important lines which would most certainly be erected in the United States, and calculated their length. The question then rose in my mind whether the electro-magnet could be made to work through the necessary lengths of line; and after much reflection I came to the conclusion that provided the magnet would work even at a distance of eight or ten miles there could be no risk in embarking in the enterprise. And upon this I decided in my own mind to *sink* or *swim with it*.

This remaining doubt on the part of Vail was dispelled by a visit to Morse, during which the latter explained to him the plan, already conceived, but not embodied in the exhibited apparatus, of repeating signals from one circuit into another. The explanation of this feature appears to have convinced him of the truth of Morse's remark, "*If I can succeed in working a magnet ten miles, I can go round the globe.*"



JUDGE STEPHEN VAIL.
(FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN HIS SEVENTY-THIRD YEAR, BY BESKER & RAW, 1852.)

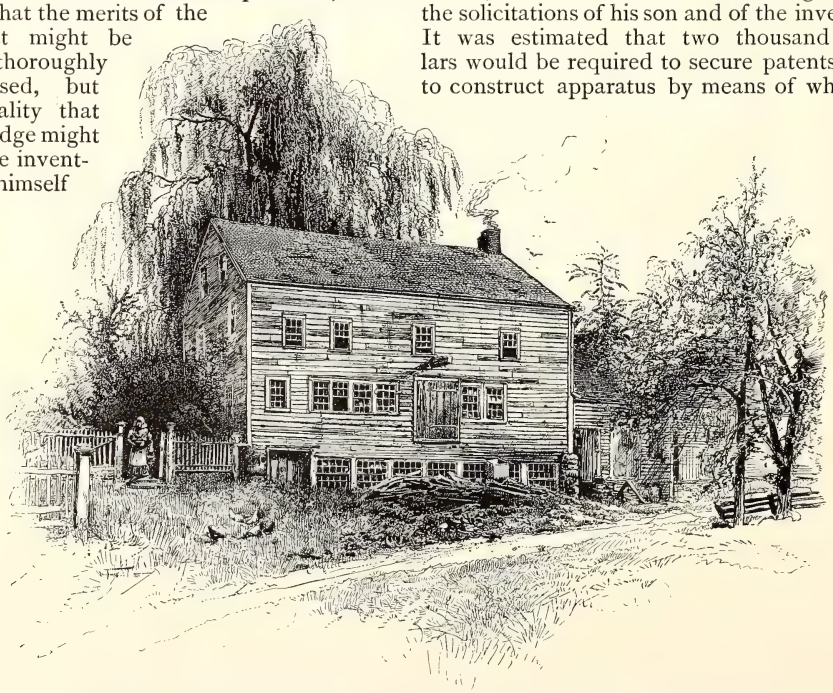
When Vail had once satisfied himself of the feasibility of the scheme of electric communication, his mind became fascinated with the field of achievement which opened before him. Here was indeed the promise of a career which satisfied alike his scientific and mechanical tastes and his highest aspirations. Having an opportunity thus opened to him to acquire an



THE SPEEDWELL IRON WORKS. (REDRAWN FROM AN INVOICE OF 1837.)

interest in the invention and to associate himself with Professor Morse in its development, he sought to interest his father in the enterprise, and to secure his sympathy and material assistance. The sanguine faith of young Vail in the future of the electric telegraph, exceeding, if possible, that of the inventor himself, was not without effect upon his father's mind. Judge Vail was a man whose ideas were in advance of his time. He had almost unconsciously acquired a marked respect for the judgment of his elder son in scientific matters, and so it came about that Alfred received permission to invite Professor Morse to Speedwell, ostensibly that the merits of the project might be more thoroughly discussed, but in reality that the Judge might see the inventor for himself before deciding to embark in such a novel and unprecedented enterprise. Having accepted the invitation, Morse was introduced by Alfred to his father and brother, who, as copartners, were carrying on the Speedwell works.

Judge Vail's business experience had been such as to dispose him towards the favorable consideration of an invention of this character. The annals of the Speedwell Iron Works had already become a part of the history of intercommunication in the United States. Here was forged the shaft of the *Savannah*, the first steamship which crossed the Atlantic. Here were manufactured the tires, axles, and cranks of the first American locomotives, and Judge Vail himself had invested no small share of the profits of his business in these and similar enterprises. It may be presumed that, with his characteristic shrewdness, he did not overlook the substantial benefits which would be likely to accrue from the ownership of a share in the telegraph patents, should the enterprise ultimately prove successful. At all events, he did not lend an unwilling ear to the solicitations of his son and of the inventor. It was estimated that two thousand dollars would be required to secure patents and to construct apparatus by means of which a



SHOP IN WHICH VAIL AND BAXTER CONSTRUCTED APPARATUS FOR EXHIBITION BEFORE CONGRESS.

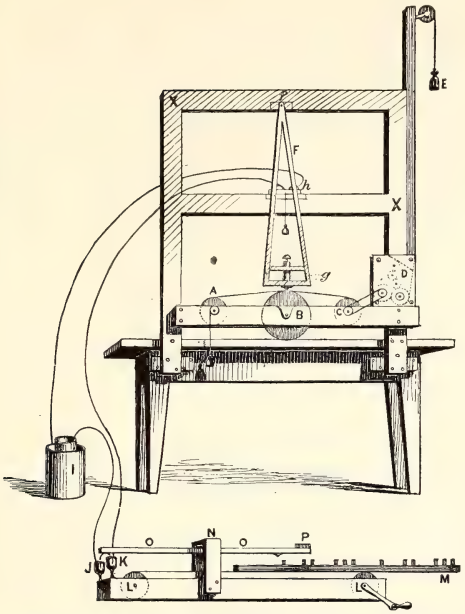


DIAGRAM OF MORSE'S EXPERIMENTAL INSTRUMENT, 1837.

sufficient demonstration could be made before Congress to secure a liberal appropriation for the construction of the first link in a system of Government telegraph lines.

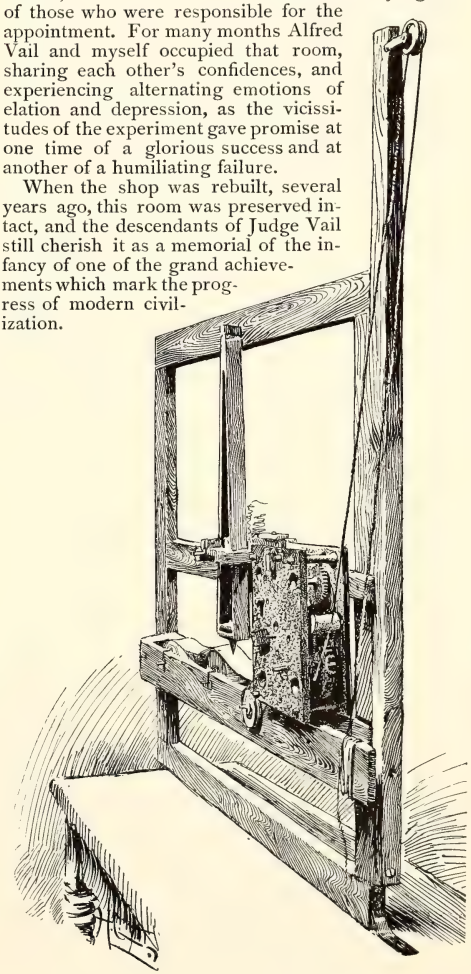
The occurrences which have been narrated took place during the incipient stages of a severe financial depression. It is almost impossible now to form an adequate conception of the difficulty of raising at that time even so small a sum as two thousand dollars, especially for a project so apparently illusive as the electric telegraph. It would be far easier to raise two millions for a like purpose at the present day. Under these circumstances, the timely and generous assistance given by Judge Vail at a most critical period, not only in the history of the telegraph, but in the condition of commercial affairs, entitles him to the grateful remembrance of the world.

These negotiations resulted in an agreement between Samuel F. B. Morse and Alfred Vail, on September 23, 1837, in which it was stipulated that the latter should construct at his own expense and exhibit before a committee of Congress one of the telegraphs "of the plan and invention of Morse"; that he should give his time and personal services to the work, and assume the expense of exhibiting the apparatus and of procuring patents in the United States. In consideration, Vail was to receive one-fourth of all rights in the invention in the United States. Provision was made for securing to Vail an interest in any foreign patents which he might furnish the means to obtain.

An interesting account of the operations at Speedwell during the construction of the early apparatus has been given by William Baxter, a skillful mechanic and inventor, well known as the designer of the "Baxter Engine." Mr. Baxter, who was an apprentice at Speedwell at that time, died in 1885, and was perhaps the last of those who were associated with the invention in its inception. Mr. Baxter says:

As it was important to keep the invention a secret from the public until it had been perfected and a patent secured, a special room in the shop was fitted up with tools and provided with a lock and key. It was necessary to employ a mechanic who could comprehend new ideas, execute accurate work, and who at the same time had the necessary judgment and discretion to keep an important secret. I was at that time an employee of the works and was in my fifteenth year. It was a high compliment for a boy of that age to be selected for such a trust, but it is not for me to criticise the judgment of those who were responsible for the appointment. For many months Alfred Vail and myself occupied that room, sharing each other's confidences, and experiencing alternating emotions of elation and depression, as the vicissitudes of the experiment gave promise at one time of a glorious success and at another of a humiliating failure.

When the shop was rebuilt, several years ago, this room was preserved intact, and the descendants of Judge Vail still cherish it as a memorial of the infancy of one of the grand achievements which mark the progress of modern civilization.



THE FIRST RECORDING TELEGRAPH, 1837.
(IN THE CABINET OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY, NEW YORK.)

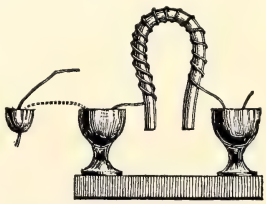


PROFESSOR LEONARD D. GALE.

It is interesting, in looking back, to contrast the prevalent ignorance and misconception of that day with the present realization. No one could be made to believe that an electric telegraph, even if practicable, was either necessary or desirable. The more intelligent conceded that it might perhaps prove an interesting scientific toy, but the hard-fisted New Jersey farmers looked upon the experiment as a wanton and inexcusable waste of money, and were accustomed to speak of it as the one solitary instance of bad judgment on the part of the Vails. . . .

The mechanical difficulties of the undertaking can scarcely be comprehended by an electrician of the present day, who finds every conceivable material and appliance in the market ready to his hand. Our first voltaic battery was constructed of a rectangular box of cherry wood, subdivided into eight compartments, and lined with beeswax, in order to resist the action of acids. The form of the zinc and copper elements — and, in fact, the elaboration of every detail — involved a new series of experiments. Insulated wire was then unknown in the market, the best substitute obtainable being milliner's wire, such as was used to give outline to the sky-scraper bonnets of the day. It was of copper, that it might be made to take and retain any form that the deft fingers of the artist chose to give it, and was found to serve sufficiently well as a conductor, although the insulation of the cotton covering was somewhat imperfect. However, it was the best obtainable, and the entire New York market was drained for our experiments.

Before giving a further account of the work of Vail at Speedwell, in the autumn of 1837, it is desirable to understand the precise point of development which the original apparatus of Morse had reached when it was placed in his hands for reconstruction, and we therefore give a sketch and a brief description of the apparatus, which at that time formed the only material embodiment of the invention. The identical machine is still preserved, at the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York City. The support for the mechanism is a rectangular frame of pine, x x, which, when in use, was fastened in an upright position to the edge of a table. Upon the lower part of this frame three wooden rollers, A B C, are mounted. A ribbon of paper is so arranged that it may be unwound from the first roller, passed over the second, and finally rewound upon the third. This movement is effected by the machinery, D, of a wooden clock put in motion by a weight, E, and cord passing over a pulley. A wooden pendulum, F, suspended from the upper part of the frame, swings transversely across the paper as it moves uniformly over the middle roller. A pencil, *g*, in the lower end of the pendulum has its point in constant contact with the paper. Midway of the length of the pendulum an electro-magnet, *h*, is mounted upon a stationary shelf, facing a soft-iron armature fastened upon the pendulum. This constituted the register, or recording apparatus. The arbitrary signs are written or drawn upon the moving paper by a transverse movement to and fro of the pendulum. This movement is effected by the alternate magnetization and demagnetization of the iron of the electro-magnet, caused by the alternate flow and cessation of an electric current traversing the wire coiled upon it. The manipulation of the current from battery, I, was to be effected by a circuit-breaking device at the transmitting point, consisting of metallic type, representing by convention numerical characters, set up in a "type-rule," M, in an order depending upon the matter to be transmitted. The type-rule and type were then placed upon an endless band of carpet-binding, and were carried forward by points extending downward into the band which passed over two rollers, L L, and was turned by a crank. The projections upon the face of the type impinged upon a tooth affixed to the extremity of a lever, O O, which carried a metallic fork. Thus, as each successive projection upon the type came in contact with the tooth upon the lever, the fork was caused to dip into two mercury cups, J K, completing the circuit of the battery through a few feet of wire and the coils of the electro-magnet.



STURGEON'S ELECTRO-MAGNET.

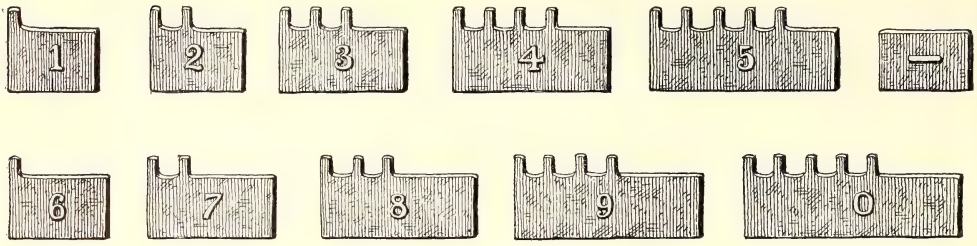
This was the state of the invention when first shown to Professor Gale, in January, 1837.



PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY.

The recording machinery had been constructed, but could be made to operate through a very short wire only, the addition even of forty feet rendering the apparatus ineffective. Although Morse was doubtless at the time entirely ignorant of the fact that any other person had even conceived the possibility of the instantaneous transmission of intelligence to a distance by electricity, yet, as we now know, this had actually been attempted by a number of experimenters, who had one after another been confronted with the apparently insurmountable obstacle which now presented itself to Morse. Very fortunately, Professor Gale not only comprehended the nature of the difficulty, but was able to suggest the means of overcoming it. In a letter to Professor Joseph Henry, dated April 7, 1856, he writes:

This apparatus was Morse's original instrument, usually known as the type apparatus, in which the types, set up in a composing stick, were run through a circuit-breaker, and in which the battery was the cylinder battery, with a single pair of plates. This arrangement also had another peculiarity, namely, it was the electro-magnet used by Moll, and shown in drawings of the older works on that subject, having only a few turns of wire in the coil which surrounded the poles or arms of the magnet. The sparseness of the wires in the magnet coils and the use of the single cup battery were to me, on the first look at the instrument, obvious marks of defect, and I accordingly suggested to the professor, without giving my reasons for so doing, *that a battery of many pairs should be substituted for that of a single pair*, and that *the coil on each arm of the magnet should be increased to many hundred turns each;* which experiment, if I remember aright, was made on the same day with a battery and wire on hand, furnished, I believe, by myself, and it was found that while the original arrangement would only send the electric current through a few feet of wire, say 15 to 40, the modified arrangement would send it through as many hundred. Although I gave no reasons at the time to Professor Morse for the suggestions I had proposed in modifying the arrangement of the machine, I did so afterward, and referred in my explanations to the paper of Professor Henry, in the 19th volume of the "American Journal of Science." . . Professor Morse professed great surprise at the contents of the paper when I showed it to him, but especially at the remarks on Dr. Barlow's results respecting telegraphing, which were new to him, and he stated at the time



that he was not aware that any one had even conceived the idea of using the magnet for such purposes.

The original telegraph type cast by Prof. Morse at his brothers house

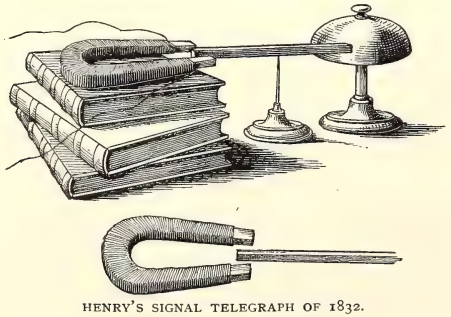
Prior to the investigations of Professor Henry, in 1830, the means of developing magnetism in soft iron had been but imperfectly known. The electro-magnet, as originally devised by Sturgeon of England, in 1825, consisted of an iron rod in the form of a horse-shoe, coated with varnish, and surrounded with a helix of naked wire composed of a small number of turns at a considerable distance from each other. A copy of this magnet was made by Professor Dana as early as 1827, and was familiar to Morse, and thus it happened that it was the Sturgeon magnet which Morse employed in his first experiment. It was found by Henry that the projectile force necessary to send the electric current effectively through a long conductor required a battery of a series of many pairs of plates; and that in order to utilize that power at the distant station it is necessary to surround the magnet with many turns of one long wire, superposed upon each other and insulated, so as to multiply the effect of the current enfeebled by its transmission through the long conductor.

But Henry, in 1832, had done much more than this. He had actually constructed and operated an electro-magnetic signaling apparatus which was as truly an electric telegraph as that of to-day. Not only was it a telegraph, but it was essentially what now goes by the name of the "Morse" telegraph. Professor Henry describes his apparatus of 1832 as follows:

A Vail

I arranged around one of the upper rooms in the Albany Academy a wire of more than a mile in length, through which I was enabled to make signals by sounding a bell. The mechanical arrangement for effecting this object was simply a steel bar permanently magnetized, of about ten inches in length, supported on a pivot, and placed with its north end between the two arms of a horse-shoe magnet. When the latter was excited by the current, the end of the bar thus placed was attracted by one arm of the horse-shoe and repelled by the other, and was thus caused to move in a horizontal plane and its farther extremity to strike a bell suitably adjusted.

This apparatus is shown in the accompanying illustration, and was seen in operation by many witnesses. It is therefore certain that Henry was the first actually to magnetize a piece of iron at a distance by electricity and to produce acoustic signals thereby; that he was the first to point out and experimentally demonstrate the relation between the battery, the conductor, and the electro-magnet necessary to develop magnetic power at a distance; and, moreover, he did not omit publicly to call attention to the fact of the applicability of this experiment to an electric telegraph.*



HENRY'S SIGNAL TELEGRAPH OF 1832.

The statement of Professor Gale clearly establishes the fact that the principles laid down by Henry were applied by himself, in 1837, to render Morse's machine effective at a distance. It is therefore certain, that although Morse had recorded signals by means of his Sturgeon magnet through a few feet of wire, yet, for any

* In the words of Professor A. M. Mayer: "This was the first electro-magnetic telegraph which had worked through so great a length of wire; it was the first telegraph in which an electro-magnet had worked successfully; it was the first sounding electric telegraph."

TELEGRAPHIC WRITING BY MORSE'S FIRST INSTRUMENT. (FROM ORIGINAL IN ARCHIVES OF NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

telegraphic purpose, his previous experiments had been utterly unavailing.

It is also important to remember that the code of conventional signals which had been devised by Morse, and which, in connection with his machine, he proposed to use for the transmission of intelligence, were *numerical* and not *alphabetical*. According to his scheme a specially prepared dictionary was required, in which every word in the English language was represented by an arbitrary number. A separate type represented each numeral, having a corresponding number of projections or teeth. We reproduce a specimen of telegraphic writing by this numerical code. The numbers refer to words in the telegraphic dictionary. They are translated by counting the points at the bottom of the line, and then, by referring to the dictionary, the corresponding words are found and the communication translated.

The construction of the machines referred to by Mr. Baxter was begun early in September, 1837, immediately after the partnership between Morse and Vail had been determined upon. Meanwhile, Morse remained in New York, engaged in the preparation of his caveat. This document was subscribed by him on the third day of October, 1837, and from it we may learn precisely of what his invention then consisted. He enumerates the essential parts of his apparatus as follows:

First, a *system of signs*, by which numbers, and consequently words and sentences, are signified; second, a *set of type*, adapted to regulate and communicate the signs, with rules in which to set up the type; third, an *apparatus called the port-rule*, for regulating the movement of the type-rules, which rules, by means of the type, in their turn regulate the times and intervals of the passage of electricity; fourth, a *register*, which records the signs permanently; fifth, a *dictionary*, or vocabulary of words, numbered and adapted to this system of telegraph; sixth, *modes of laying conductors* to preserve them from injury. This, then, was Morse's telegraph, as it existed in October, 1837. It was the first apparatus to *record* simple numerical signs at a distance by electricity. Writing as late as 1867, and giving what may be regarded as his own mature opinion of his work, Morse claims, and with justice, to be the first inventor of a *recording or printing telegraph*, as distinguished from a *semaphore*, giving only evanescent signs, either visual, as in the apparatus of Schilling and others, or acoustic, as in the apparatus of Henry. He inquires:

> What else was necessary to be added to the catalogue of facts known in 1832 to construct a telegraph? One other fact only was wanting, and that was a system of signs adapted to the capabilities of the mechanism for printing at a distance; and this system of signs I invented in 1832, and adding to it the inventory of known facts *successfully combined* them to produce the telegraph.

But, as we shall hereafter see, the telegraph invented by Morse in 1832, and described in his caveat of 1837, has nothing in common with the *essentials* of the modern system of telegraphy which is known in the United States as Morse's; nor is the code of alphabetical signs now universally used in telegraphy throughout the world the same, either in principle or in construction, as that of the caveat.

As soon as the caveat had been safely lodged in the Patent Office, Morse began the preparation of a dictionary. October 24, he writes to Vail:

> The dictionary is at last done. You cannot conceive how much labor there has been, but it is accomplished, and we can now talk or write anything by numbers. . . .
>
> The spark passes freely as yet three and a half miles, and magnetizes well at that distance, though evidently with diminished strength, which would seem to indicate that there is a limit somewhere. We have just heard that Professor Wheatstone had tried an experiment with his method — twenty miles — with success; we have, therefore, nothing to fear.

On the 29th, Morse went to Speedwell for a few days, partly to observe the progress of the new machinery, and partly with the intention of painting the portraits of the members of Judge Vail's household, in fulfillment of a commission which had been given him as a delicate and considerate manner of relieving his pressing pecuniary necessities. After his return to New York, he wrote to Vail, November 13:

> You will be gratified and agreeably surprised when I inform you that the result now is, that, with a little addition of wire to the coil of the small magnet which I had all along used, the power was as great apparently through *ten* as through three miles. The result has surprised us; and yet there is no mistake, and, I conceive, settles the whole matter.

Meanwhile Alfred Vail and his young assistant, William Baxter, were engaged night and day in pushing forward the construction of the new machinery. Writing of this period, Mr. Baxter says:

> Alfred was singularly modest and unassuming, while Professor Morse was very much inclined to insist on the superiority of his own plans and methods — if for no other reason, *because* they were his own. As we all looked upon him with the respect due to a professor, we were at first quite willing to defer submissively to his dicta. It resulted from this, that the

first machine which was constructed at Speedwell was substantially a copy of the original model, although constructed of metal, in a more symmetrical and practical form.

As we became acquainted with Morse it became evident to us that his mechanical knowledge and skill were limited, and his ideas in matters relating to construction of little value. As the weak points in the apparatus were one after another developed, Alfred began to draw upon the resources of his own wonderful power of invention in substituting practical and commercially valuable mechanical combinations for the more or less impracticable designs of Morse.

We found, for example, that the pencil of the recording apparatus frequently required repointing, and that when freshly sharpened it made a different mark from that made by a worn point, which tended to render the record obscure and difficult to decipher. Alfred contrived a fountain-pen that made a uniform line. This device, however, was not satisfactory to him, as it threw the ink in all directions when jerked by the sudden action of the magnet, and he spent some time in diligent study in the endeavor to devise a remedy.

He was a mechanical draughtsman of surpassing skill, as is fully attested by some of his work still in possession of his family.* He brought to me one day, after working for an hour at his drawing-table, a sketch of a new marking device, in which a vertical motion was given to the lever instead of the transverse movement which had hitherto been employed. We constructed the new lever, and thus for the first time produced a register capable of making *dots*, *dashes*, and *spaces*.

Alfred's brain was at this time working at high pressure, and evolving new ideas every day. He saw in these new characters the elements of an alphabetical code by which language could be telegraphically transmitted in actual words and sentences, and he instantly set himself at work to construct such a code. His general plan was to employ the simplest and shortest combinations to represent the most frequently recurring letters of the English alphabet, and the remainder for the more infrequent ones. For instance, he found upon investigation that the letter *e* occurs much more frequently than any other letter, and accordingly he assigned to it the shortest symbol, a single dot (-). On the other hand, *j*, which occurs infrequently, is expressed by dash-dot-dash-dot (—-—-). After going through a computation, in order to ascertain the relative frequency of the occurrence of different letters in the English alphabet, Alfred was seized with sudden inspiration, and visited the office of the Morristown local newspaper, where he found the whole problem worked out for him in the type-cases of the compositors.

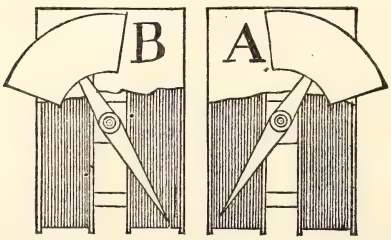
In this statement I have given the true origin of the misnamed "Morse" alphabet, the very foundation and corner-stone of a new system, which has since become the universal telegraphic language of the world.

The construction of the apparatus, and the accompanying experiments, were carried forward as rapidly as possible during the last three months of 1837. Meantime, Professor Gale, in New York, was engaged in planning the batteries, which were of the Cruikshank, or trough pattern, having sixty pairs of plates each. By November 13, as we have seen, Gale had transmitted signals through ten miles of wire with the old experimental instrument. At length, on January 6, 1838, the new instruments were set up in a vacant room at Speedwell; and on the 10th and 11th of the same month they were publicly exhibited to the people of Morristown, in operation through three miles of wire.

Writing of this period in the progress of the work, Mr. Baxter says:

> The path to this land of promise was not by any means strewn with roses. It could hardly have been expected that the Judge, who was the actual financial supporter of the enterprise, would go on for months making a constant outlay without seeing any result. It was too large a sum of money to be to all appearances thrown away on an invention the practical use of which was little understood or appreciated, and the ultimate success of which was, to say the least, problematical. The superior wisdom of his neighbors and the sarcastic remarks of the villagers irritated and discouraged him, so that by degrees he grew morose and ill-tempered, and at length utterly refused to look at the machinery or to assist in its construction, thus leaving us to find our own way out of the accumulating difficulties as best we could.
>
> It was a trying ordeal, for we were convinced that if a favorable result were not reached at an early day the Judge would order the experiment discontinued. During the last days of 1837 the crisis seemed so close at hand that Morse and Alfred carefully avoided meeting the Judge, for fear of precipitating the *dénouement*. We confined ourselves closely to the room and worked assiduously at the apparently endless task, determined, if possible, to accomplish it before our opportunity for doing so was withdrawn. Each succeeding day, at noon, I was directed to watch and report when the Judge left the works to go to his dinner, whereupon Morse and Vail would steal out and dine at the house of Dr. Cutler,—a brother-in-law of Alfred's who lived near by,—and hurry back to the room before the Judge returned.
>
> It was a time of extreme anxiety for us, as well as a critical point in the history of the telegraph. We well knew that unless a satisfactory result were soon reached the work must stop, never to be resumed by us, and we felt that at any moment the fate of a great invention might be decided for all time.
>
> But time and patience conquer all, and at length we had the unutterable satisfaction of knowing that the machine was at last in working condition. . . .
>
> I recall vividly, even after the lapse of so many years, the proud moment when Alfred said to me: "William, go up to the house and invite Father to come down and see the telegraph machine work."
>
> I did not stop to don my coat, although it was the 6th of January, but ran in my shop-clothes as fast as I possibly could. It was just after dinner when I knocked at the door of the house and was ushered into

* As an illustration of Vail's skill as a draughtsman, we give a fac-simile of his drawing of one of his original conceptions, embodying the principle of the modern electric annunciator. This was probably made in 1845.



FAC-SIMILE OF VAIL'S DRAWING OF ELECTRIC ANNUNCIATOR.

the sitting-room. The Judge had on his broad-brimmed hat and surtout, as if prepared to go out, but he sat before the broad fire-place, leaning his head on his cane, apparently absorbed in deep meditation. As I entered the room he looked up, and said, "Well, William?" and I answered, "Mr. Alfred and Mr. Morse sent me to invite you to come down to the room and see the telegraph machine work." He started up as if the importance of the message impressed him deeply, and in a few minutes we were standing in the experimental room. After a short explanation, he called for a piece of paper, and writing upon it these words, "*A patient waiter is no loser,*" he handed it to Alfred, saying, "If you can send this, and Mr. Morse can read it at the other end, I shall be convinced." He knew that Morse could not possibly be cognizant of the contents of the message, and hence that there could be no collusion between the experimenters, and in any event he had perfect faith in both; so that when the message was translated from the machine by Morse and handed to him, the duplicate in every word of his own dispatch, he knew that the invention was a demonstrated success, and he then, perhaps for the first time, fully realized its actual importance. The unexpected result of the experiment overcame his usual equanimity, and he gave way in an instant, apparently wholly overcome by his emotions.

He had scarcely seen or spoken to Alfred for six weeks, and the meeting under such auspicious circumstances was a most joyous one. In the exuberance of his happiness the Judge proposed to go at once to Washington and urge upon Congress the establishment of a Government telegraph. He was perhaps the most influential adherent, in his portion of the country, of the Van Buren administration, then in power, and hence apprehended but little difficulty in effecting the desired result. But the event proved that the assistance of Congress was not so easily to be procured.

It was at once determined that an exhibition should be first given in New York, and that Morse and Vail should then take the apparatus to Washington, for exhibition before Congress. The instruments were accordingly transported to New York and set up in the University, in the same room where the early experiments had been made. A letter from Alfred to his brother, written January 23, 1838, says:

> Yesterday I wrote by stage informing you of our intention to exhibit to-day. We have done so with perfect success, through ten miles, to hundreds of ladies and gentlemen. To-morrow is our last day. I shall box up, and it is decided we make a stop in Philadelphia for a few days. We are now going on very well. Our audiences were astonished and delighted.

At the conclusion of the exhibition in New York, Morse and Vail proceeded to Philadelphia and submitted the apparatus in operation to a committee of the Franklin Institute. This committee in their report expressed their high gratification with the performance of the apparatus and their hope that the Government would furnish the means to make a test on an extensive scale. This indorsement produced a most encouraging effect, and Judge Vail at once authorized papers to be prepared for securing foreign patents. After a stay of a few days at Philadelphia, Morse and Vail set out, with high hopes and anticipations, for Washington.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury to the House, heretofore referred to, had been made on December 6 of the preceding year, and was accompanied by the most promising of the various replies to the circular which had been received. The Secretary said:

> From these communications, and such other investigations as the pressure of business has enabled me to make, I am satisfied that the establishment of a system of telegraphs for the United States would be useful to commerce as well as the Government. It might most properly be made appurtenant to the Post Office Department, and, during war, would prove a most essential aid to the military operations of the country.

The letter of Morse in reply to this circular was written September 27, 1837, immediately after the contract with Vail had been concluded, and, together with the report, had been referred to the House Committee of Commerce. Immediately upon arriving at Washington, Morse had applied to the chairman, Hon. Francis O. J. Smith of Maine, to be heard by the committee in explanation of his plan. This permission was readily granted, together with the use of the committee room in the Capitol for the exhibition of the apparatus. At the next meeting of the committee, when the somewhat unprepossessing apparatus was first seen, the members evinced general incredulity as to the merits of the invention; but, fortunately, Mr. Smith had in the mean time become deeply interested, and had made himself acquainted with the principles and mode of operation of the apparatus. With such effect did he intreat his associates to promise attendance at a special meeting to listen to the explanations and to witness the manipulations of the partners, that the time appointed found every member present. Morse and Vail, inspired with new hope by the favorable attitude of Smith, spared no effort to make the exhibition successful. The demonstration was conclusive, and the chairman was instructed to report a bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars to construct an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore.

The following interesting letter from Alfred Vail to his father, written on February 17, 1838, gives a graphic impression of the sensation produced by the invention, as it appeared to the hopeful and enthusiastic writer:

> The labors of the week have closed, and with the most unexpected success. Hundreds have witnessed the operation of the machine and its almost incredible powers. I do not represent to you the full effect which our exhibition has had upon the minds of those who have witnessed it,— for you would scarcely believe,— but I can assure you, I feel as though some strange thing had happened when I see members of Congress eager to witness the powers of the machine, and, after having seen them, utter exclamations of won-



HON. FRANCIS O. J. SMITH.
(FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL PENCIL-SKETCH BY MORSE.)

der and amazement. Some say, "The world is coming to an end." Others, "What would Jefferson think should he rise up and witness what we have just seen?" "Where will improvements and discoveries stop?" "Time and space are now annihilated." "It is the most wonderful discovery ever made." Others say that "it must belong to Government," etc., etc. Some members, after having seen it themselves, go out and bring in half a dozen more, and they come again and again. Mr. Calhoun, after he had seen it, which was the day after he made his speech, sent down a dozen other senators to witness it; and so we go. The President and Cabinet have signified their intention to visit it, and you may imagine the interest they feel from the fact that it will be the first visit the President will have made to the Capitol since Congress has been in session this winter. I believe they are more desirous to have an experiment tried 200 miles than 100, but we wish to try it 100. The battery which we use has 40 plates more than we need; the fluid passes the whole circuit of 10 miles, even when it is not in action — that is, only from the moisture on the plates. Dr. Patterson has made a *very* favorable report of our exhibition at Philadelphia to the Secretary of the Treasury, which will be or has been sent to the House. Professor M. has been requested by the chairman of the Committee on Commerce to make out a full report and proposition. The committee are very much pleased and will *undoubtedly* report favorably to the House. Professor M. tells me that Ellsworth * and others inform him that it will meet with approbation by Congress, and that members frequently ask him what is his opinion. I state to you things as they are. Mr. Ellsworth said that nothing had ever been in Washington that has produced such a noise.

In the letters written by Alfred Vail at this time to his family and friends there is apparent an undercurrent of dissatisfaction in respect to the personal relations between Morse and himself. As we have seen, Vail, in accordance with the terms of the contract, had not only become a full partner in the ownership of the invention, but had supplied the entire resources and facilities for obtaining patents and for constructing the apparatus for exhibition at Washington; and, more than this, he had introduced essential improvements not only in the mechanism, but in the fundamental principles of the telegraph. In the correspondence of this period there is evidence that, notwithstanding his many admirable traits of character, Morse seems to have possessed so high an appreciation of his own abilities that he was scarcely able to do justice to the work of his coadjutors, or even fully to comprehend its essential value to him. This was particularly the case in respect to the services of his enthusiastic and faithful associate Vail. From the time when the apparatus was first exhibited in New York to the last day of his life, Morse appears to have evinced a certain disinclination to acknowledge the full proportion of credit to which, as time has shown, his associate was entitled. We find him repeatedly referring to Vail as his "mechanical assistant," rather than his associate and partner, and in terms calculated to convey the impression that the latter, instead of being a liberally educated young man, of more than ordinary ability, was but an ordinary mechanic who had been employed to put the matured conceptions of the inventor into substantial form. The sensitive spirit of Vail chafed under this ungenerous treatment. His private letters contain occasional references to this grievance. On January 22, 1838, the day before the exhibition in New York, he writes to his brother:

> Since my arrival here I have been so engaged with the telegraph that I have had no time to inform you of our progress. I however have now the pleasure to inform you of its complete success through the ten miles, after some little trouble and solicitude. We received the machine on Thursday morning and in an hour we made the first trial, which did not succeed, nor did it with perfect success until Saturday — all which time Professor M. was rather *unwell*. Tomorrow we shall make our first exhibition, and continue it until Wednesday, when we must again box up. Professor M. has received a letter from Mr. Patterson inviting us to exhibit at Philadelphia, and has answered it, but has said nothing to *me* about his intentions. He is altogether inclined to operate in his own name; so much so, that he has had printed five hundred blank invitations in his own name, at your expense. . . . Professor Silliman has seen the machine in operation, and says it exceeds his expectations.

Again writing from Washington, to his brother George, February 20, 1838, in reference to the execution of a formal conveyance of their stipulated interest in the invention, which for a long time he had been urging Morse to make, Vail says:

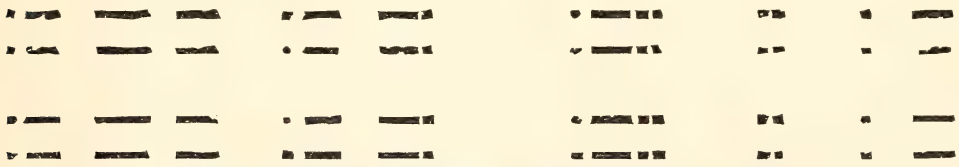
> He has agreed to give us one-fourth, so you perceive the thing is settled. In regard to Professor M. calling me his "assistant," this is also settled, and he has said as much as to apologize for using the term. . . .

* Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth of Connecticut, then Commissioner of Patents.

I cannot take your advice that one should allow himself to be called all sorts of names if he can only get the "ready."

After the exhibition before the Congressional committee at Washington, the chairman, Mr. Smith, whose acute perceptions fully appreciated the vast prospective importance of the telegraph as well as its enormous pecuniary value, proposed to be admitted as a partner in the invention. Further negotiations resulted in an agreement by which Smith was to become the owner of one-fourth of the invention, to be contributed in equal shares by Vail and Morse. He was to resign his seat in Congress and become the legal adviser of the partners, and was also to accompany Morse to Europe, bearing his expenses while abroad, and providing means and adopting measures for securing European patents.

The immediate object of their visit to Washington having been accomplished, Morse and Vail returned early in March — Morse with the intention of proceeding to Europe at an early day in company with Smith, while Vail went to Speedwell to prepare apparatus for exhibition in Europe. He immediately began



FAC-SIMILE OF RECORD BY MULTIPLE FOUNTAIN-PEN INSTRUMENT OF APRIL, 1838.

two new instruments, on a plan radically different from that exhibited in Washington. The pencil hitherto used in registering was replaced by a multiple fountain-pen. This was attached to the armature-lever, making dots and lines upon a continuous ribbon of paper, which by clock-work was made to pass beneath the pens. This improved register had been completed by Vail and was in successful operation when first seen by Morse on a visit to Speedwell, April 11, 1838.

On May 16, 1838, Morse and Smith embarked for Europe, where they arrived in June. Smith returned in November, and threw himself into the political arena. Morse remained abroad until April of the following year, endeavoring, without avail, to induce the European governments to adopt the invention, but at length returned to New York. By this time the apathy and indifference of Congress towards the invention had filled its promoters with discouragement. As we have seen, Alfred Vail, supported by his father and brother, had performed every obligation placed upon him by the partnership agreement. He had defrayed the cost of patent protection; he had constructed the machinery, adding essential improvements, the work of his own hands and brain; he had borne the expense of exhibiting the apparatus in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, demonstrations attended with such success that a report of the most eulogistic character had been made to Congress by the committee having the matter in charge; and finally, to secure the coöperation of the ex-chairman of the Congressional committee as a partner in the enterprise, he had given up one-half his original interest. Not only had he thus more than performed his part of the labor, but a large sum of money had been expended without tangible result. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Judge Vail had become somewhat disheartened. There was no immediate prospect that a dollar could be realized from the invention either in America or in Europe. Meanwhile a cloud of financial embarrassment enveloped the country and cast its gloomy shadow over every industrial enterprise. The Speedwell works were not exempt from the effects of the general depression. It was with the utmost difficulty that its proprietors could meet their current obligations, and the condition of affairs was such that they were utterly unable to furnish Morse with further pecuniary aid.

This was a period of discouragement and depression for the proprietors of the telegraph, scarcely relieved by a ray of light from any source. At the time, there seemed little hope that Congress would ever grant the desired appropriation. The session of 1839–40 was on the eve of the most exciting and disgraceful presidential campaign that the country had ever known, and, as in later days, the members were far too much interested in legislation which would give them some imaginary advantage over their political opponents to pay attention to measures affecting the real welfare of their constituents and of the country. In December, 1842, Morse was persuaded to make one more application to Congress. The Committee on Commerce again recommended an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars in aid of the enterprise. The bill passed the House by a close vote, and only after a discussion, which, as reported in the "Congressional

Globe," reflects scant credit upon the patriotism, to say nothing of the intelligence, of some of the participants. In the last hour of the session, March 3, 1843, the bill passed the Senate, and was signed by the President. Morse, writing to a friend in after years, says:

> This was the turning point in the history of the telegraph. My personal funds were reduced to the fraction of a dollar; and had the passage of the bill failed from any cause, there would have been little prospect of another attempt on my part to introduce to the world my new invention.

On March 4 Morse wrote to Vail the most hopeful letter he had penned in many years:

> You will be glad to learn, doubtless, that my bill has passed the Senate without a division, and without opposition, so that now the telegraphic enterprise begins to look bright. I shall want to see you in New York after my return, which will probably be the latter part of next week. I have other letters to write, so excuse the shortness of this, which, if short, is sweet at least. My kind regards to your father, mother, brothers, sisters, and wife. The whole delegation of your State, without exception, deserve the highest gratitude of us all.

On March 31 Morse tendered Vail an appointment as assistant and superintendent of the machinery department of the telegraph to be constructed between Washington and Baltimore under the Government appropriation, which was at once accepted, Vail immediately entering upon his duties with characteristic energy and industry. From this time forward the condition of the work is minutely detailed in his diary, and from this we gather much information of interest in respect to the subsequent progress of the work. On April 13 he suggested to Morse the trial of two or more circuits from one battery. The experiment was successful, and the result proved to be of the utmost importance when the telegraphic system became more widely extended. Afterward we find him experimenting with wires in pipes, winding coils for receiving magnets, and experimenting with Morse in a trial of six wires with a common return circuit. About this time he was also making working drawings for a new registering apparatus, and a new "correspondent," a machine which had been devised by Morse while in Europe as a substitute for the port-rule and type. Vail's inventive and experimental turn of mind found full scope while engaged in this congenial work. Among other discoveries which he made at this time was the self-interrupting circuit-breaker, now universally employed for ringing electric bells, and the axial-magnet, so useful in electric arc lighting, in the first of which devices, however, he had been, as afterward appeared, anticipated by Dr. C. G. Page. The operation of the axial-magnet suggested to his fertile brain the idea of utilizing the principle in the construction of a gauge for ascertaining the power of a battery — the modern ampere-meter, of which he made working drawings. Meanwhile the work of constructing the correspondents, registers, and receiving magnets had been going forward in New York. Smith was endeavoring to devise a machine to lay the underground pipe and inclosed electrical conductors between Washington and Baltimore, which he had contracted with Morse to do at the rate of one hundred dollars per mile. Ezra Cornell, afterward the founder of Cornell University, had been engaged in selling a patent plow; and, chancing to fall in with Smith in Portland, undertook, at his suggestion, to construct a pipe-laying machine. This was completed in August, 1843, on which occasion Morse went to Portland, participated in a successful experimental trial of the machine, and returned home in high spirits. At Smith's urgent solicitation, Cornell went to Baltimore, and in October began laying the wires, which had previously been prepared by Morse's assistant, Dr. Fisher. As each length was laid, Vail tested and united the conductors. Ten miles of the underground line had been laid, when the insulation, which had been gradually failing, disappeared altogether. The minds of those engaged in the enterprise were filled with consternation. Cornell dexterously managed to break the pipe-laying machine, that the apparent accident might furnish a plausible excuse to the newspapers and the public for the temporary suspension of the work. Professors Morse and Gale, Dr. Fisher, and Mr. Smith spent days in secret session at the Relay House discussing the cause of the failure and endeavoring to devise a remedy. The consultations were protracted and painful. A disastrous termination of the enterprise seemed certain. Of the Congressional appropriation $23,000 had been expended, and Smith claimed $4000 of the remaining $7000 under his contract for laying the pipe from Baltimore to Washington. He announced that he was ready to perform his obligation, and insisted upon his legal right to be paid whether the pipe was laid or not, in order to reimburse himself for the expenditure which he had incurred during the fruitless expedition of Morse and himself to Europe in 1838. Smith had for the time wholly lost his faith in the enterprise, and the spirit manifested by him put an end to all friendly relations between himself and Morse. Their differences ultimately grew into an open and bitter quarrel which ended only with the death of the participants. From this time until April another period of the deepest gloom and despondency ensued. It seemed certain that the expense of re-insulating the



This sentence was written from Washington by me at the Baltimore Terminus at 8.h 45 min. A.M. on Friday May 24.th 1844, being the first ever transmitted from Washington to Baltimore, by Telegraph and was indited by my much loved friend Annie G. Ellsworth.

Sam.l F. B. Morse. Superintendent of Elec. Mag. Telegraphs.

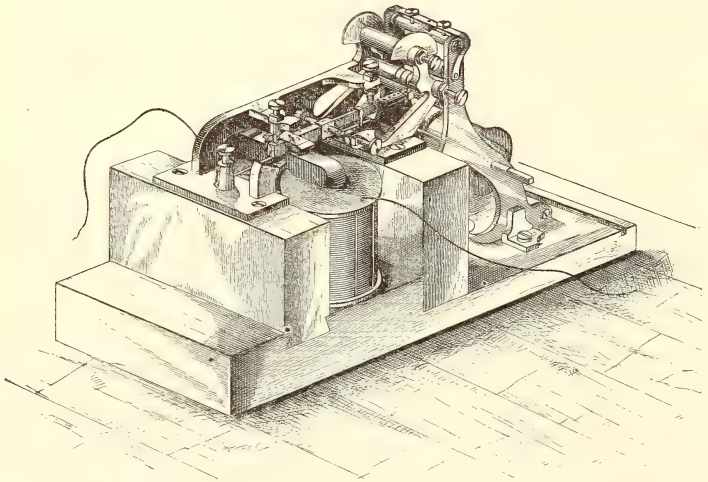
wires and completing the work would more than absorb the funds remaining on hand, and that work must inevitably be suspended to await another appropriation, any attempt to obtain which Smith openly threatened to defeat. The services of Gale and Fisher were dispensed with by way of reducing expenses. Cornell was appointed mechanical assistant, and directed to remove the wires from the pipes and re-insulate them. The dismal prospect of failure, the hostility between Morse and Smith, and the feelings of jealousy among some of the assistants rendered this period a most trying one to all concerned. Vail, though much dispirited, nevertheless labored assiduously at his experiments, and diligently studied Faraday's "Experimental Researches," determined, if possible, to find a way out of the mist of discouragement which enveloped himself and his associates. The quarrel between Morse and Smith distressed him exceedingly, especially as the latter evinced a most unfriendly spirit towards himself. January 8, 1844, he writes in his diary:

> The mode of conducting the business of the telegraph I cannot concur in. I doubt if the experiment is ever tried, and am at a loss to decide whether or not to remain in the employ of the Government. There is much inefficiency in the chief superintendence of it, much indecision, and economy ill-devised. Mr. Smith, I understand, carries his case to the Senate to-morrow. I fear if the appropriation is spent without a trial that utter disgrace will follow all concerned; so far, I can conscientiously say, I am not in any way implicated.

In February it was decided to place the conductors on poles, and accordingly Vail and Cornell were employed in the basement of the Patent Office during March in joining the ends of the wires and making them ready for the poles. On the 1st of April the stringing of the wires was begun at Washington, under the direction of Cornell. One set of apparatus was placed in the Capitol and manipulated by Morse, while Vail transported the other set from place to place along the route of the line, and corresponded with him as occasion offered. On April 12 the wires were worked successfully for twelve miles. On April 23 Vail substituted the earth for part of the metallic circuit between Bladensburg and the Capitol with satisfactory results. On April 30 the line was in operation between Annapolis Junction and Washington. While this work was going on, Smith continued to manifest undisguised hostility towards the enterprise, as appears from an entry in Vail's diary on May 6, as follows:



Professor Morse is again low spirited. He says that Smith will permit nothing to be done by Congress in reference to a further appropriation. Professor Morse's plan is to desist from further progress, to let the patent expire, and then if Government will use it and remunerate him, he will not let Professor Gale and myself want. He will not give Smith a cent; this he told me in the Capitol this morning.

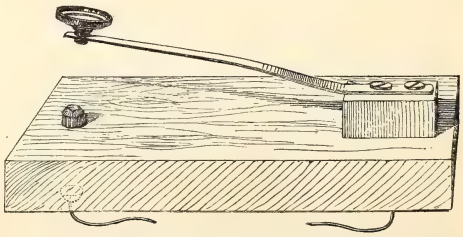


THE BALTIMORE RECORDING INSTRUMENT OF 1844, NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

The work went steadily forward. On May 23 the wires reached the Mount Clare depot in Baltimore, and the instruments were set up and operated with gratifying success, through forty miles of line. On May 24 the historic message, "What hath God wrought!" which had been dictated by Miss Annie Ellsworth, was transmitted from Washington by Morse and received by Vail at Mount Clare, and in the afternoon the instrument was transferred to the lower depot in Baltimore, in readiness for the regular operation of the line.*

The apparatus constructed for the experimental line, although efficient in its operation, would now be regarded as unnecessarily bulky and heavy. The receiving relay weighed 185 pounds, and it was a task for two strong men to handle it. At the present day an equally efficient receiving magnet need not weigh more than four ounces, and might be carried in the vest pocket. The register, which had been constructed by Stokell from working drawings made by Vail, embodied for the first time the beautiful mechanical conception of recording by the indentation of a steel-embossing point upon the paper, working in combination with a grooved roller. One of these instruments was used by Vail at Baltimore, and at his death was bequeathed by him to his eldest son, Stephen Vail, by whom it has been loaned to the National Museum at Washington. In removing this instrument from the place it had occupied for many years, for the purpose of exhibiting it at the Morse memorial celebration at the Academy of Music in New York, on the 10th of June, 1871, a member of Mr. Vail's family discovered a written document folded and attached to the base. A corner of the paper was unfortunately torn off before its importance was discovered. This paper reads as follows, the missing portions being supplied in italics:

This lever and roller were in*vented by me in* the sixth story of the New York O*bserver office*, in 1844, before we put up the teleg*raph line* between Washington and Baltimore, and the *same* has been always used in

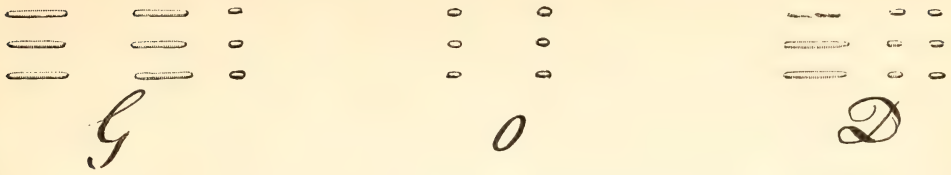


VAIL'S ORIGINAL FINGER KEY OF 1844.
(IN THE CABINET OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.)

* WASHINGTON, May 30, 1844.

DEAR VAIL: Little time to say anything. Things worked grandly yesterday. "What hath God wrought," truly. The enthusiasm here for telegraph is beyond your conception. Take courage then, and all will come right for us all. I was excessively fatigued last night, and so doubtless were you. Good-bye.

S. F. B. M.

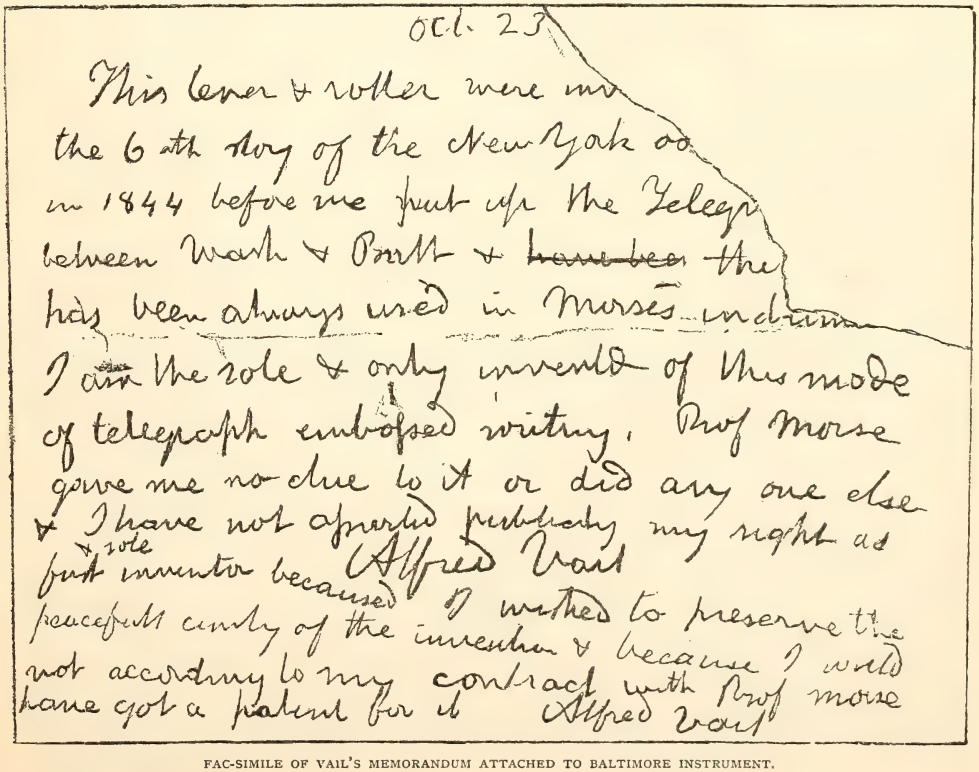


Morse's instrument. I am the sole and only inventor of this mode of telegraph embossed writing. Professor Morse gave me no clue to it, or did any one else, and I have not asserted publicly my right as first and sole inventor, because I wished to preserve the peaceful unity of the invention, and because I could not, according to my contract with Professor Morse, have got a patent for it.

(Signed) ALFRED VAIL.

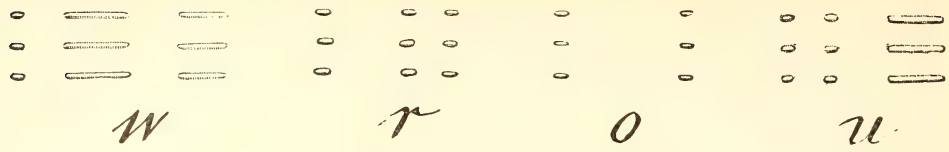
While Vail was at work along the experimental line between Baltimore and Washington, in April, 1844, he was accustomed to dispense with the mechanical correspondent, which had always been regarded by Morse as absolutely necessary for the transmission of signals, and to manipulate the apparatus by dipping the end of the conducting wire into a mercury cup. This plan had suggested itself to him before he left Speedwell, and now he found that his mental conception of the division of time, heightened by his practice and skill as a musician, served his purpose admirably — so admirably, in fact, that ere long the elaborately constructed correspondent, along with the port-rule and other crude mechanism of earlier days, was relegated to the scrap-heap. Immediately after the opening of the line to Baltimore, Vail constructed a simple circuit-closer in the form of a spring finger-key, by which the signals could conveniently be formed by hand. This he soon replaced by a more accurately constructed device, which was substantially that now used.

For some years after the introduction of the telegraph as an established means of communication, the instruments used, in all their essentials, were similar to those originally designed by Alfred Vail. The finger-key and the register indeed retained nearly the form which he had given them; and even the receiving magnet underwent but little change, except in its diminished size. The ponderous coils


Oct. 23

This lever & roller were in
the 6th Story of the New York co
in 1844 before me put up the Telegr
between Wash & Balt & ~~have been~~ the
has been always used in Morses inv
I am the sole & only inventor of this mode
of telegraph embossed writing. Prof Morse
gave me no clue to it or did any one else
& I have not asserted publicly my right as
first sole inventor because Alfred Vail
peaceful unity of the invention & because I would
not according to my contract with Prof Morse
have got a patent for it Alfred Vail

FAC-SIMILE OF VAIL'S MEMORANDUM ATTACHED TO BALTIMORE INSTRUMENT.



first used were soon replaced by smaller ones, which Morse had discovered in Paris in 1845. The more expert of the telegraphic operators soon discovered that it was possible to interpret the telegraphic signals by the sound of the armature-lever. In vain did the proprietors and managers of the telegraph lines strive to prohibit this unauthorized method of receiving communications. Even threats of instant dismissal were unavailing to prevent the practice from being carried on whenever it could be done without detection. Morse himself, who had from the beginning regarded the production of a permanent record as the corner-stone of his invention, was most uncompromising in his opposition to the acoustic method, but the objectionable practice nevertheless continued to extend itself. Experience ultimately demonstrated the economy and the accuracy resulting from this unauthorized innovation; the recording instruments passed into disuse on one line after another, and were replaced by the modern sounder, a device consisting simply of an electro-magnet, a vibrating armature, and a retracting spring. At the present day the register is seldom seen except in the hands of inexperienced operators, who have not yet learned to interpret, with the facility that comes only from long practice, the unwritten language of the sounder.

The crucible of time alone has the power to separate the permanent and the essential from the transient and the non-essential. The law of the survival of the fittest is nowhere more clearly exemplified than in the history of the arts and inventions which form an essential part of modern civilization. Half a century has passed since the day when Morse first exhibited his recording telegraph to a circle of admiring friends gathered within the walls of the University. Within that period the electric telegraph has been spread over the globe. It has been extended across every continent and under every sea. Innumerable modifications of the original invention have been made; ingenious and beautiful systems have been invented by which communications may be printed in Roman letters, and even reproduced in a fac-simile of the handwriting of the author. Nevertheless, it is as certain as any future event can be, that one simple essential type of telegraphic apparatus is destined to supplant all its competitors, and to become universal throughout the world. This is the acoustic semaphore, or sounder, invented by Mr. Vail, which is used almost to the exclusion of everything else in North America and in India, and is rapidly making its way in every part of the civilized world. Although this system is everywhere known and recognized as the "Morse telegraph," careful analysis discloses the fact that it retains but little, if anything, which can in strict justice be said to be the offspring of the genius of its accredited inventor.

The accompanying diagram will serve to illustrate the organization of apparatus which constitutes the essential and typical electric telegraph of to-day. E represents the battery, K the finger-key at the transmitting station, and M the electro-magnet of the receiving instrument. A wire, 1, unites the negative terminal of the battery, E, with the ground plate, C. A wire, 2, extends from the other terminal of the battery to the finger-key, K, from whence proceeds the line wire, 3, the latter being continuous with the insulated coils around the legs of the electro-magnet, M, at the receiving station, and through these coils with the wire, 4, which extends to another ground-plate, G. We have, therefore, a circuit of electric conductors made up of the wires, the coils of the electro-magnet, and the earth, going out from the positive end of the battery marked + and returning to the negative end marked —, which is continuous, with the exception of the interruption at the key, K. When this key is depressed, the circuit is completed and is instantaneously traversed throughout by the electric current from the battery. The soft iron of the magnet, M, becomes magnetic, and the armature, L, is attracted, brought forcibly against

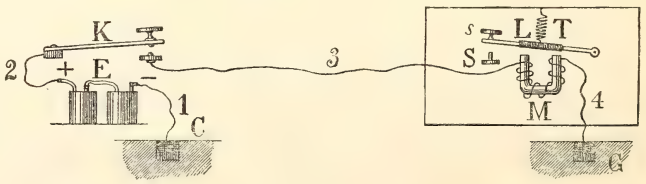


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE PRINCIPLE OF THE MODERN TELEGRAPH.



the stop, S, and retained by the influence of the magnet until released by the interruption of the current at the key, K. The magnetism now instantly disappears, the armature is released, and being raised by the spring, T, strikes against the upper stop, *s*. Hence the movements of the armature to and fro between the stops are a faithful reproduction of the movements given to the key, K, by the finger of the operator. So nearly simultaneous are these two movements that the ear is unable to separate them, even when both instruments are placed upon the same table and electrically united through a thousand miles of intervening wire.

This simple apparatus comprises all that is essential in the commercial operation of the electric telegraph. Other attachments are added for convenience, especially the relay and combined circuit for increasing the volume of sound from the receiving instrument; but this feature is in no wise indispensable, and is often omitted. The elementary mechanism illustrated on the previous page, and the alphabetical code of Vail, based on the immutable principle of the division of time and space, are essentials; all else is in a greater or less degree superfluous.

If we examine more closely this elementary apparatus, we find it almost identical with that employed by Henry in 1832. The battery, the circuit of wires, the electro-magnet, the lever, and the device which produces sounds when struck by the lever under the attractive impulse of the electro-magnet, differ in no material respect from the devices of Henry. His crude transmitting apparatus, a wire dipped in mercury, is replaced by Vail's spring finger-key. The adjustable stops between which the armature lever vibrates, originally devised by Page, were also incorporated into the telegraph by Vail.

It is self-evident, therefore, that not a single feature of the original invention of Morse, as formulated in his caveat and repeated in his original patent, is to be found among the essential constituents of the modern apparatus. Prior to 1837, it embodied the work of Morse and of Henry alone. From 1837 to 1844, it was a combination of the inventions of Morse, Henry, and Vail; but, as we have seen, the elements contributed by Morse have gradually fallen into desuetude, so that the essential telegraph of to-day, and the universal telegraph of the future, comprises solely the work of Joseph Henry and Alfred Vail. The grandeur of Vail's conception of an alphabetical code, based on the elements of time and space, has never met with the appreciation which it deserves. Its utility is not confined to electric telegraphy. It is used to signal, by intermittent flashes of light, between far distant signal stations of the Coast Survey, and between the different vessels of a fleet; it is sounded upon whistles and bells to convey intelligence to and from steamers cautiously feeling their way through the obscurity of fogs; and in fact nearly every day brings to notice some new field of usefulness for this universal symbolic language. It appeals to almost every one of our senses, for it may be interpreted with almost equal facility by the sight, the touch, the taste, and the hearing. Indeed, with a charged electrical conductor and a knowledge of Vail's alphabetical code, even the transmitting and receiving instruments of the electric telegraph may be dispensed with in emergencies.

In the minds of those who have followed the history of the invention of the telegraph, as related in the foregoing pages, the question will naturally arise why Vail did not during his lifetime publicly claim the credit for the share in the invention which was justly his. In reply to this, it may be said of him, that while we now recognize that he was an inventor of exceptional ability, yet, at the time of making his improvements, it did not occur to him that they were anything more than modifications of the invention of Morse; and he further appears to have considered that under his contract with Morse he was debarred from taking patents in his own name, even for the independent creations of his own brain — an erroneous impression, which at least one of his associates apparently took no pains to dispel. Another and perhaps controlling reason for his course is to be found in the fact, that, no sooner had the commercial value of the telegraph been demonstrated by its extension to the principal cities of the United States than rival and infringing enterprises sprung up on every hand. The ablest legal talent of the country, sustained by ample capital, was employed for years in a series of gigantic legal contests, with the avowed object of overthrowing the patents of Morse, and thus leaving the invention open to the world. The position of Vail, not only as a confidential associate of Morse, but as co-proprietor in the

patents, forbade him, both as a matter of policy and of justice, to set up a claim which might have been used with telling effect against the validity of Morse's patent. But, while Vail remained silent, so far as the public was concerned, because, in his own words, he "wished to preserve the peaceful unity of the invention," yet, his correspondence with his associates contains ample evidence that he never hesitated to assert to them his rightful claims, so far as he himself understood and appreciated them. When personal friends, familiar with the work which he had done, urged him to insist upon a recognition of his rights, he replied, "I am confident that Professor Morse will do me justice." But before the expiration of the patents, the death of Mr. Vail occurred, and from this time forward his claims received but scant consideration, although the reasons which had previously rendered this course apparently desirable and necessary no longer existed. Ten years after Vail had passed from earth, a magnificent reception and banquet was tendered to Professor Morse by the principal citizens of New York, at which Chief-Justice Chase presided. Professor Morse, referring to his invention, said:

> In 1835, according to the concurrent testimony of many witnesses, it lisped its first accents, and automatically recorded them, a few blocks only distant from the spot from which I now address you. It was a feeble child indeed, ungainly in its dress, stammering in its speech; but it had then all the distinctive features and characteristics of its present manhood. It found a friend, an efficient friend, in Mr. Alfred Vail of New Jersey, who with his father and brother furnished the means to give the child a decent dress preparatory to its visit to the seat of Government.

One cannot but feel a certain surprise that this was all that Professor Morse, in the evening of his days and in the zenith of his fame, could find to say in recognition of the earnest, self-sacrificing, and life-long labors of his deceased associate.

The writer has no wish to detract from the credit which is justly due Morse for his great work, the conception and the reduction to practice of the recording telegraph. His indebtedness to those who had gone before him, whose results he embodied in his own work, and to the assistants who shared his confidence and his labors, diminishes not in the least his own merit as an inventor, although we believe even greater credit is due him for the unwearied industry, patience, and persistence with which he pressed forward, in the face of discouragements from which most men would have recoiled in dismay, until the goal of success was reached. But in the words of the distinguished associate and friend of both, the Hon. Amos Kendall:

> If justice be done, the name of Alfred Vail will forever stand associated with that of Samuel F. B. Morse in the history and introduction into public use of the electro-magnetic telegraph.

Franklin Leonard Pope.



THE STRUGGLE.

"BODY, I pray you, let me go!"
(It is a Soul that struggles so.)
"Body, I see on yonder height
Dim reflex of a solemn light;
A flame that shineth from the place
Where Beauty walks with naked face:
It is a flame you cannot see,—
Lie down, you clod, and set me free.

"Body, I pray you, let me go!"
(It is a Soul that striveth so.)
"Body, I hear dim sounds afar
Dripping from some diviner star;
Dim sounds of joyous harmony:
It is my mates that sing, and I
Must drink that song or break my heart,—
Body, I pray you, let us part.

"Comrade, your frame is worn and frail,
Your vital powers begin to fail;
I long for life, but you for rest,
Then, Body, let us both be blest.
When you are lying 'neath the dew
I'll come, sometimes, and sing to you;
But you will feel nor pain nor woe, —
Body, I pray you, let me go."

Thus strove a Being: Beauty-fain,
He broke his bonds and fled amain.
He fled: the Body lay bereft,
But on its lips a smile was left,
As if that Spirit, looking back,
Shouted upon his upward track,
With joyous tone and hurried breath,
Some message that could comfort Death.

Danske Dandridge.



TWO KENTUCKY GENTLEMEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE woods are hushed, their music is no more:
The leaf is dead, the yearning passed away:
New leaf, new life — the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love, to suit the newer day.
TENNYSON.

THE WOODS ARE HUSHED.

IT was near the middle of the afternoon of an autumnal day, on the wide, elevated, rich, grassy plateau of central Kentucky. The Eternal Power seemed to have quitted the universe and left all nature folded in the calm of the Eternal Peace. Around the pale-blue dome of the heavens a few pearl-colored clouds hung motionless, as though the wind had been withdrawn to other skies. Not a crimson leaf floated downwards through the soft, silvery light that filled the atmosphere and created the sense of lonely unimaginable spaces. This light overhung the far-rolling landscape of field and meadow and wood, crowning with faint radiance the remoter low-swelling hill-tops and deepening into dreamy half-shadows on their eastern slopes. Nearer, it fell in a white flake on an unstirred sheet of water which lay along the edge of a mass of somber-hued woodland, and nearer still it touched to spring-like brilliancy a level, green meadow on the hither edge of the water, where a group of Durham cattle stood with reversed flanks near the gleaming trunks of some leafless sycamores. Still nearer, it caught the top of the brown foliage of a little bent oak-tree and burnt it into a silvery flame. It lit on the back and the wings of a crow flying heavily in the path of its rays, and made his blackness as white as the breast of a swan. In the immediate foreground, it sparkled in minute gleams along the stalks of the coarse, dead weeds that fell away from the legs and the flanks of a white horse, and slanted across the face of the rider and through the ends of his gray hair, which straggled from beneath his soft black hat. The horse, old and patient and gentle, stood with low-stretched neck and closed eyes half-asleep in the faint glow of the waning heat; and the rider, the sole human presence in all the scene, sat looking across the silent autumnal landscape, sunk in long, deep reverie. Both horse and rider seemed but harmonious elements in the panorama of still-life, and completed the picture of a closing scene.

To the man it was a closing scene. From the rank fallow field through which he had been riding and in which he had paused he was now surveying, for the last time, the many features of a landscape that had been familiar to him almost from the beginning of memory. In the afternoon and the autumn of his age he was about to rend the last ties that bound him to his former life, and, like one who had survived his own destiny, turn his face towards a future that was void of everything he held significant or dear. An old man on an old horse — the solitary, motionless, abstracted figure of the dying landscape — he seemed a white-haired personification of the very Past; and such, indeed, he was.

The civil war had only the year before reached its ever-memorable close. From where he sat there was not a home in sight, as there was not one beyond the reach of his vision, but had felt its influence. Some of his old neighbors had come home from its camps and prisons, aged or altered as though by half a lifetime of years. The bones of some lay whitening on its battle-fields. Families reassembled around their hearthstones spoke in low tones unceasingly of defeat and victory, heroism and death. Suspicion and distrust and estrangement prevailed. Former friends met each other on the turnpikes without speaking; brothers avoided each other in the streets of the neighboring town. The rich had grown poor; the poor had become rich. Many of

the latter were preparing to move West. The negroes were drifting blindly hither and thither, deserting the country and flocking to the towns. Even the once united rural church was jarred by the unstrung and discordant spirit of the times. At affecting passages in the sermons men grew pale and set their teeth fiercely; women suddenly lowered their black veils and rocked to and fro in their pews; for it is always at the bar of Conscience and before the very altar of God that the human heart is most wrung by a sense of its losses and the memory of its wrongs. The war had divided the people of Kentucky as the false mother would have severed the child.

It had not left the old man unscathed. His younger brother had fallen early in the conflict, borne to the end of his brief warfare by his impetuous valor; his aged mother had sunk under the tidings of the death of her latest-born; his sister was estranged from him by political differences with her husband; his old family servants, men and women, had left him, and grass and weeds had already grown over the doorsteps of the shut, noiseless cabins. Nay, the whole vast social system of the old régime had fallen, and he was henceforth but a useless fragment of the ruins.

All at once his eye turned from the cracked and smoky mirror of the times and dwelt fondly upon the scenes of the past. The silent fields around him seemed again alive with the negroes, singing as they followed the plows down the corn-rows or swung the cradles through the bearded wheat. Again, in a frenzy of merriment, the strains of the old fiddles issued from crevices of cabin-doors to the rhythmic beat of hands and feet that shook the rafters and the roof. Now he was sitting on his porch, and one little negro was blacking his shoes, another leading his saddle-horse to the stiles, a third bringing his hat, and a fourth handing him a glass of ice-cold sangaree; or now he lay under the locust-trees in his yard, falling asleep in the drowsy heat of the summer afternoon, while one waved over him a bough of pungent walnut leaves, until he lost consciousness and by-and-by awoke to find that they both had fallen asleep side by side on the grass and the abandoned fly-brush lay full across his face. From where he sat also were seen slopes on which picnics were danced under the broad shade of maples and elms in June by those whom death and war had scattered like the transitory leaves that once had sheltered them. In this direction lay the district school-house where on Friday evenings there were wont to be speeches and debates; in that, lay the blacksmith's shop where of old he and his neighbors had met on horseback of Saturday afternoons to hear the news, get the mails, discuss elections, and pitch quoits. In the valley beyond stood the church at which all had assembled on calm Sunday mornings like the members of one united family. Along with these scenes went many a chastened reminiscence of bridal and funeral and simpler events that had made up the annals of his country life.

The reader will have a clearer insight into the character and past career of Colonel Romulus Fields by remembering that he represented the flower of that social order which had bloomed in rank perfection over the blue-grass plains of Kentucky during the final decades of the old régime. Perhaps of all agriculturists in the United States the inhabitants of that region had spent the most nearly idyllic life, on account of the beauty of the climate, the richness of the land, the spacious comfort of their homes, the efficiency of their negroes, and the characteristic contentedness of their dispositions. In reality they were not farmers, but rural, idle gentlemen of easy fortunes whose slaves did their farming for them. Thus nature and history combined to make them a peculiar class, a cross between the aristocratic and the bucolic, being as simple as shepherds and as proud as kings, and not seldom exhibiting among both men and women types of character which were as remarkable for pure, tender, noble states of feeling as they were commonplace in powers and cultivation of mind. It was upon this luxurious social flower that the war naturally fell as a killing frost, and upon no single specimen with more blighting power than upon Colonel Fields. For destiny — to change the figure — had absolutely quarried and chiseled him, to serve as an ornament in the barbaric temple of human bondage. There were ornaments in that temple, and he was one. A slaveholder with Southern sympathies, a man educated not beyond the ideas of his generation, convinced that slavery was an evil, yet seeing no present way of removing it, he had of all things been a model master. As such he had gone on record in Kentucky, and no doubt in a Higher Court; and as such his efforts had been put forth to secure the passage of many of those milder laws for which his State was distinguished. Often, in those dark days, his face, anxious and sad, was to be seen amidst the throng that surrounded the blocks on which slaves were sold at auction; and more than one poor wretch he had bought to save him from separation from his family or from being sold into the plantations,— afterwards riding far and near to find him a home on one of the neighboring farms.

Now all was changed. He had but to place

the whole picture of the present beside the whole picture of the past to realize what the contrast meant for him.

At length he gathered the bridle reins from the neck of his old horse and turned his head homeward. As he rode slowly on, every spot gave up its memories. He dismounted when he came to the cattle and walked among them, stroking their soft flanks and feeling in the palm of his hand the rasp of their tongues; on his sideboard at home was many a silver cup which told of premiums at the great fairs. It was in this very pond that as a boy he had learned to swim on a cherry rail. When he entered the woods, the sight of the walnut-trees and the hickory-nut trees, loaded on the topmost branches, gave him a sudden pang. Beyond the woods he came upon the garden, which he had kept as his mother had left it,— an old-fashioned garden with an arbor in the center, covered with Isabella grape-vines on one side and Catawba on the other; with walks branching thence in four directions, and along them beds of jump-up-Johnnies, sweet-williams, daffodils, sweet-peas, larkspur, and thyme, flags and the sensitive plant, celestial and maiden's-blush roses. He stopped and looked over the fence at the very spot where he had found his mother on the day when the news of the battle came. She had been kneeling, trowel in hand, driving away vigorously at the loamy earth, and, as she saw him coming, had risen and turned towards him her face with the ancient pink bloom on her clear cheeks and the light of a pure, strong soul in her gentle eyes. Overcome by his emotions, he had blindly faltered out the words, "Mother, John was among the killed!" For a moment she had looked at him as though stunned by a blow. Then a violent flush had overspread her features, and then an ashen pallor; after which, with a sudden proud dilating of her form as though with joy, she had sunk down like the tenderest of her lily-stalks, cut from its root.

Beyond the garden he came to the empty cabin and the great woodpile. At this hour it used to be a scene of hilarious activity,—the little negroes sitting perched in chattering groups on the topmost logs or playing leap-frog in the dust, while some picked up baskets of chips or dragged a back-log into the cabins.

At last he drew near the wooden stiles and saw the large house of which he was the solitary occupant. What darkened rooms and noiseless halls! What beds, all ready, that nobody now came to sleep in, and cushioned old chairs that nobody rocked! The house and the contents of its attic, presses, and drawers could have told much of the history of Kentucky from almost its beginning; for its foundations had been laid by his father near the beginning of the century, and through its doors had passed a long train of forms, from the veterans of the Revolution to the soldiers of the civil war. Old coats hung up in closets; old dresses folded away in drawers; saddle-bags and buckskin-leggins; hunting-jackets, powder-horns, and militia-men hats; looms and knitting-needles; snuff-boxes and reticules,—what a treasure-house of the past it was! And now the only thing that had the springs of life within its bosom was the great, sweet-voiced clock, whose faithful face had kept unchanged amidst all the swift pageantry of changes.

He dismounted at the stiles and handed the reins to a gray-haired negro, who had hobbled up to receive them with a smile and a gesture of the deepest respect.

"Peter," he said very simply, "I am going to sell the place and move to town. I can't live here any longer."

With these words he passed through the yard-gate, walked slowly up the broad pavement, and entered the house.

MUSIC NO MORE.

On the disappearing form of the colonel was fixed an ancient pair of eyes that looked out at him from behind a still more ancient pair of silver-rimmed spectacles with an expression of indescribable solicitude and love. These eyes were set in the head of an old gentleman — for such he was — named Peter Cotton, who was the only one of the colonel's former slaves that had remained inseparable from his person and his altered fortunes. In early manhood Peter had been a wood-chopper; but he had one day had his leg broken by the limb of a falling tree, and afterwards, out of consideration for his limp, had been made supervisor of the woodpile, gardener, and a sort of nondescript servitor of his master's luxurious needs. Nay, in larger and deeper characters must his history be writ, he having been, in days gone by, one of those ministers of the gospel whom conscientious Kentucky masters often urged to the exercise of spiritual functions in behalf of their benighted people. In course of preparation for this august work, Peter had learned to read and had come to possess a well-chosen library of three several volumes,— Webster's Spelling-Book, Pilgrim's Progress, and the Bible. But even these unusual acquisitions he deemed not enough; for being touched with a spark of poetic fire from heaven, and enthused by the African's fondness for all that is conspicuous in dress, he had conceived for himself the creation of a unique garment which should symbolize in perfection the claims and consolations of his

apostolic office. This was nothing less than a sacred blue-jeans coat that he had had his old mistress make him, with very long and spacious tails, whereon, at his further direction, she embroidered sundry texts of Scripture which it pleased him to regard as the fit visible annunciations of his holy calling. And inasmuch as his mistress, who had had the coat woven on her own looms, from the wool of her finest sheep, was, like other gentlewomen of her time, rarely skilled in the accomplishments of the needle, and was moreover in full sympathy with the piety of his intent, she wrought of these passages a border enriched with such intricate curves, marvelous flourishes, and harmonious letterings, that Solomon never reflected the glory in which Peter was arrayed whenever he put it on. For after much prayer that the Almighty wisdom would aid his reason in the difficult task of selecting the most appropriate texts, Peter had chosen seven — one for each day in the week — with such tact and no doubt heavenly guidance, that when braided together they did truly constitute an eloquent epitome of Christian duty, hope, and pleading.

From first to last they were as follows: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel"; "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh"; "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden"; "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin"; "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity"; "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep"; "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

This concatenation of texts Peter wished to have duly solemnized, and therefore, when the work was finished, further requested his mistress to close the entire chain with the word "Amen," introduced in some suitable place; but this gave rise to a rather unfortunate effect; for since, in the disposition of the various passages over the skirts, the final word of the last quotation had fallen a little to one side of the central line of his back, when this additional word was wrought in, it filled a vacant spot in the middle of his coat-tails, just half-way between the brass buttons and the hem; so that any one standing full in Peter's rear could but marvel to see clearly from that point only this word, so awful and so unaccountably placed:

AMEN.

Panoplied in this robe of righteousness, and with a worn leathern Bible in his hand, Peter used to go around of Sundays, and during the week by night, preaching from cabin to cabin the gospel of his heavenly Master.

The angriest lightnings of the sultriest skies often played amidst the awful darkness upon those sacred coat-tails and around that girdle of everlasting texts, as though the evil spirits of the air would fain have burnt them and scattered their ashes on the roaring winds. The slow-sifting snows of winter whitened them as though to chill their spiritual fires; but winter and summer, year after year, in weariness of body, often in sore distress of mind, for miles along this lonely road and for miles across that rugged way, Peter trudged on and on, withal perhaps as meek a spirit as ever grew footsore in the paths of its Master since inspired feet trod for the last time the hills of the Holy Land. Many a poor overburdened slave took fresh heart and strength from the sight of that celestial raiment; many a stubborn, rebellious spirit, whose flesh but lately quivered under the lash, was brought low by its humble teaching; many a worn-out old frame, racked with pain in its last illness, pressed a fevered lip to its hopeful hem; and many a dying eye closed in death peacefully fixed on its immortal pledges.

When Peter started abroad, if a storm threatened, he carried an old cotton umbrella of immense size; and as the storm burst, he gathered the tails of his coat carefully up under his arm-pits that they might be kept dry. Or if caught by a tempest without his umbrella, he would take his coat off and roll it up inside out, leaving his body exposed to the fury of the elements. No care, however, could keep it from growing old and worn and faded; and when the slaves were set free and he was called upon by the interposition of Providence to lay it finally aside, it was covered by many a patch and stain as proofs of its devoted usage.

One after another the colonel's old servants, gathering their children about them, had left him, to begin their new life. He bade them all a kind good-bye, and into the palm of each silently pressed some token that he knew would soon be needed. But no inducement could make Peter or Phillis, his wife, budge from their cabin. "Go, Peter! Go, Phillis!" the colonel had said time and again. "No one is happier that you are free than I am; and you can call on me for what you need to set you up in business." But Peter and Phillis asked to stay with him. Then suddenly, several months before the time at which this sketch opens, Phillis had died, leaving the colonel and Peter as the only relics of that populous life which had once filled the house and the cabins. The colonel had succeeded in hiring a woman to do Phillis's work; but her presence was a strange note of discord in

the old domestic harmony, and only saddened the recollections of its vanished peace.

Peter had a short, stout figure, dark-brown skin, smooth-shaven face, eyes round, deep-set and wide apart, and a short, stub nose which dipped suddenly into his head, making it easy for him to wear the silver-rimmed spectacles left him by his old mistress. A peculiar conformation of the muscles between the eyes and the nose gave him the quizzical expression of one who is about to sneeze, and this was heightened by a twinkle in the eyes which seemed caught from the shining of an inner sun upon his tranquil heart.

Sometimes, however, his face grew sad enough. It was sad on this afternoon, as has been said, while he watched the colonel walk slowly up the pavement, well overgrown with weeds, and enter the house, which the setting sun touched with the last radiance of the finished day.

NEW LIFE.

About two years after the close of the war, therefore, the colonel and Peter were to be found in the city, ready to turn over a new leaf in the volumes of their lives, which already had an old-fashioned binding, a somewhat musty odor, and but few written leaves remaining.

After a long, dry summer you may have seen two gnarled old apple-trees, that stood with interlocked arms on the western slope of some quiet hill-side, make a melancholy show of blooming out again in the autumn of the year and dallying with the idle buds that mock their sapless branches. Much the same was the belated, fruitless efflorescence of the colonel and Peter.

The colonel had no business habits, no political ambition, no wish to grow richer. He was too old for society, and without near family ties. For some time he wandered through the streets like one lost,—sick with yearning for the fields and woods, for his cattle, for familiar faces. He haunted Cheapside and the court-house square, where the farmers always assembled when they came to town; and if his eye lighted on one, he would button-hole him on the street-corner and lead him into a grocery and sit down for a quiet chat. Sometimes he would meet an aimless, melancholy wanderer like himself, and the two would go off and discuss over and over again their departed days; and several times he came unexpectedly upon some of his old servants who had fallen into bitter want, and who more than repaid him for the help he gave by contrasting the hardships of a life of freedom with the ease of their shackled years.

In the course of time, he could but observe that human life in the town was reshaping itself slowly and painfully, but with resolute energy. The colossal structure of slavery had fallen, scattering its ruins far and wide over the State; but out of the very débris was being taken the material to lay the deeper foundations of the new social edifice. Men and women as old as he were beginning life over and trying to fit themselves for it by changing the whole attitude and habit of their minds,—by taking on a new heart and spirit. But when a great building falls, there is always some rubbish, and the colonel and others like him were part of this. Henceforth they possessed only an antiquarian sort of interest, like the stamped bricks of Nebuchadnezzar.

Nevertheless he made a show of doing something, and in a year or two opened on Cheapside a store for the sale of hardware and agricultural implements. He knew more about the latter than anything else; and, furthermore, he secretly felt that a business of this kind would enable him to establish in town a kind of headquarters for the farmers. His account books were to be kept on a system of twelve months' credit; and he mentally resolved that if one of his customers could n't pay then, he should have another year's time.

Business began slowly. The farmers dropped in and found a good lounging-place. On county-court days, which were great market-days for the sale of sheep, horses, mules, and cattle in front of the colonel's door, they swarmed in from the hot sun and sat around on the counter and the plows and machines till the entrance was blocked to other customers. When a customer did come in, the colonel, who was probably talking with some old acquaintance, would tell him just to look around and pick out what he wanted and the price would be all right. If one of those acquaintances asked for a pound of nails, the colonel would scoop up some ten pounds and say, "I reckon that 's about a pound, Tom." He had never seen a pound of nails in his life; and if one had been weighed on his scales, he would have said the scales were wrong. He had no great idea of commercial dispatch. One morning a lady came in for some carpet tacks, an article that he had overlooked. But he at once sent off an order for enough to have tacked a carpet pretty well all over Kentucky; and when they came, two weeks later, he told Peter to take her up a double-handful with his compliments. He had laid in, however, an ample and especially fine assortment of pocket-knives, for that instrument had always been to him one of gracious and very winning qualities. Then when a friend dropped in he would say, "General, don't you need a new pocket-knife?" and, taking out one, would

open all the blades and commend the metal and the handle. The "general" would inquire the price, and the colonel, having shut the blades, would hand it to him, saying in a careless, fond way, "I reckon I won't charge you anything for that." His mind could not come down to the low level of such ignoble barter, and he gave away the whole case of knives.

These were the pleasanter aspects of his business life, which did not lack as well its tedium and crosses. Thus there were many dark stormy days when no one he cared to see came in; and he then became rather a pathetic figure, wandering absently around amidst the symbols of his past activity, and stroking the plows, like dumb companions. Or he would stand at the door and look across at the old court-house, where he had seen many a slave sold and had listened to the great Kentucky orators. Once, too, while he was deep in conversation, a brisk young farmer drove up to the door in a sulky and called in pretty sharply that he wanted him to go out and set up a machine. The colonel's mind just then was busy with certain scenes of great power in his own past life, and had swelled to the old heroic proportions; wherefore, burning over the indignity, he seized an ax-handle and started out in a manner that led the young man to drive quickly away.

But what hurt him most was the talk of the newer farming and the abuse of the old which he was forced to hear; and he generally refused to handle the improved implements and mechanical devices by which labor and waste were to be saved.

Altogether he grew tired of "the thing," and sold out at the end of the year with a loss of over a thousand dollars, though he insisted he had done a good business.

As he was then seen much on the streets again and several times heard to make remarks in regard to the sidewalks, gutters, and crossings, when they happened to be in bad condition, the "Daily Press" one morning published a card stating that if Colonel Romulus Fields would consent to make the race for mayor he would receive the support of many Democrats, adding a tribute to his virtues and his influential past. It touched the colonel, and he walked down town with a rather commanding figure. But it pained him to see how many of his acquaintances returned his salutations very coldly; and just as he was passing the Northern Bank he met the young opposition candidate,— a little red-haired fellow, walking between two ladies, with a rose-bud in his button-hole,— who refused to speak at all, but made the ladies laugh by some remark he uttered as the colonel passed. The card had been inserted humorously, but he took it seriously; and when his friends found this out, they rallied round him. The day of election drew near. They told him he would have to buy votes. He said he would n't buy a vote to be mayor of the New Jerusalem. They told him he must "mix" and "treat." He refused. Foreseeing he had no chance, they besought him to withdraw. He said he would not. They told him he would n't poll twenty votes. He replied that *one* would satisfy him, provided it was neither begged nor bought. When his defeat was announced he accepted it as another evidence that he had no part in the newer day, and regretted it only because there was thus lost to him another chance of redeeming his idleness.

A sense of this weighed heavily on him at times; but it is not likely that he realized how pitifully he was undergoing a moral shrinkage in consequence of mere disuse. Actually, extinction had set in with him long prior to dissolution, and he was dead years before his heart ceased beating. The very basic virtues on which had rested his once spacious and stately character were now but the moldy corner-stones of a crumbling ruin.

It was a subtle evidence of deterioration in manliness that he had taken to dress. When he had lived in the country, he had never dressed up unless he came to town. When he had moved to town, he thought he must remain dressed up all the time; and this fact first fixed his attention on a matter which afterwards began to be loved for its own sake. Usually he wore a Derby hat, a black diagonal coat, gray trousers, and a white necktie. But the article of attire in which he took chief pleasure was hose; and the better to show the gay colors of these, he wore low-cut shoes of the finest calf-skin, turned up at the toes. Thus his feet kept pace with the present, however far his head may have lagged in the past; and it may be that this stream of fresh fashions, flowing perennially over his lower extremities like water about the roots of a tree, kept him from drying up altogether. Peter always polished his shoes with too much blacking, perhaps thinking that the more the blacking the greater the proof of love. He wore his clothes about a season and a half — having several suits — and then passed them on to Peter, who, foreseeing the joy of such an inheritance, bought no new ones. In the act of transferring them the colonel made no comment until he came to the hose, from which he seemed unable to part without a final tribute of esteem, as: "These are fine, Peter"; or, "Peter, these are nearly as good as new." Thus Peter too was dragged through the whims of fashion. To have seen the colonel walking about his grounds and garden followed by Peter, just a

year and a half behind in dress and a yard and a half behind in space, one might well have taken the rear figure for the colonel's double, slightly the worse for wear, somewhat shrunken, and cast into a heavy shadow.

Time hung so wearily on his hands at night that he added a dress-coat to his wardrobe and accepted the first invitation to an evening party. While dressing he asked Peter nervously a great many times how he looked, in order to be soothed by the assurances of that partial critic. But his heart sank before he reached his hostess's, and he spent most of the evening in the gentlemen's room, bewildered and with a sense of loneliness. He had touched the new human life around him at various points: as he now stretched out his arms towards its society, for the first time he completely realized how far removed it was from him. Here he saw a younger generation,— the flowers of the new social order,— sprung from the very soil of fraternal battle-fields, but blooming together as the emblems of oblivious peace. He saw fathers, who had fought madly on opposite sides, talking quietly in corners as they watched their children dancing, or heard them toasting their old generals and their campaigns and the newer day over their champagne in the supper-room. He was glad of it all; but it made him feel, at the same time, that, instead of treading the velvety floors, he ought to step up and take his place among the canvases of old-time portraits that looked down from the walls. The dancing he had done had been perfected not under the blinding glare of gas-light, but by the glimmer of tallow-dips and star-candles and the ruddy glow of cavernous firesides,— not to the accompaniment of an orchestra of wind-instruments and strings, but to a chorus of girls' sweet voices, as they trod simpler measures, or to the maddening sway of a gray-haired negro fiddler standing on a chair in the chimney corner. Still, it is significant to note that his saddest thought, long after leaving, was that his shirt bosom had not lain down smooth, but stuck out like a huge cracked egg-shell; and that when, in imitation of the others, he had laid his white silk handkerchief across his bosom inside his vest, it had slipped out during the evening and had been found by him, on confronting a mirror, flapping over his stomach like a little white masonic apron.

Peter, meantime, had been finding out that his occupation too was gone.

Soon after moving to town, he had tendered his pastoral services to one of the fashionable churches of the city,— not because it was fashionable, but because it was made up of his brethren. In reply he was invited to preach a trial sermon, which he did with gracious unction. It was a strange scene, as one calm Sunday morning he stood on the edge of the pulpit, dressed in a suit of the colonel's old clothes, with one hand in his trousers pocket, and his lame leg set a little forward at an angle familiar to those who know the statues of Henry Clay.

How self-possessed he seemed, yet with what a rush of memories did he pass his eyes slowly over that vast assemblage of his emancipated people! With what feelings must he have contrasted those silk hats, and walking-canes, and broadcloths; those gloves and satins, laces and feathers, jewelry and fans — that whole many-colored panorama of life — with the weary, sad, and sullen audiences that had often heard him of old under the forest trees or by the banks of some turbulent stream!

In a voice husky, but heard beyond the flirtation of the uttermost pew, he took his text: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." From this he tried to preach a new sermon, suited to the newer day. But several times the thoughts of the past were too much for him, and he broke down with emotion. The next day a grave committee waited on him and reported that the sense of the congregation was to call a colored gentleman from Louisville. Private objections to Peter were that he had a broken leg, wore Colonel Fields's second-hand clothes, which were too big for him, preached in the old-fashioned way, and lacked self-control and repose of manner.

Peter accepted his rebuff as sweetly as Socrates might have done. Humming the burden of an old hymn, he took his righteous coat from a nail in the wall and folded it away in a little brass-nailed deer-skin trunk, laying over it the spelling-book and the Pilgrim's Progress, which he had ceased to read. Thenceforth his relations to his people were never intimate, and even from the other servants of the colonel's household he stood apart. In paying them, the colonel would sometimes say, "Peter, I reckon I 'd better begin to pay you a salary; that 's the style now." But Peter would turn off, saying he did n't "have no use fur no salary."

Thus both of them dropped more and more out of life, but as they did so, only drew more and more closely to each other. The colonel had bought a home on the edge of the town, with some ten acres of beautiful ground surrounding. A high osage-orange hedge shut it in, and forest trees, chiefly maples and elms, gave to the lawn and house abundant shade. Wild-grape vines, the Virginia creeper, and the climbing oak swung their long festoons from summit to summit, while honeysuckles, clematis, and the Mexican vine clambered over arbors and trellises, or along the chipped stone

of the low, old-fashioned house. Just outside the door of the colonel's bedroom slept an ancient sun-dial.

The place seemed always in half-shadow, with hedge-rows of box, clumps of dark holly, darker firs half a century old, and aged, crape-like cedars.

It was in the seclusion of this retreat, which looked almost like a wild bit of country set down on the edge of the town, that the colonel and Peter spent more of their time as they fell farther in the rear of onward events. There were no such flower-gardens in the city, and pretty much the whole town went thither for its flowers, preferring them to those that were to be had for a price at the nurseries. There was perhaps a suggestion of pathetic humor in the fact that it should have called on the colonel and Peter, themselves so nearly defunct, to give the flowers for so many funerals; but, it is certain, almost weekly the two old gentlemen received this chastening admonition of their all-but-spent mortality. The colonel cultivated the rarest fruits also, and had under glass varieties that were not friendly to the climate; so that by means of the fruits and flowers there was established a pleasant social bond with many who otherwise would never have sought them out. But others came for better reasons. To a few deep-seeing eyes the colonel and Peter were momentous figures, disappearing types of a once vast social system, ruined landmarks on a fading historic landscape, and their devoted friendship was the last steady burning-down of that pure flame of love which can never again shine out in the future of the two races. Hence a softened charm invested the drowsy quietude of that shadowy paradise in which the old master without a slave and the old slave without a master still kept up a brave pantomime of their obsolete relations. No one ever saw in their intercourse aught but the finest courtesy, the most delicate consideration. The very tones of their voices in addressing each other were as good as sermons on gentleness, their antiquated playfulness as melodious as the babble of distant water. To be near them was to be exorcised of evil passions. The sun of their day had indeed long since set; but, like twin clouds lifted high and motionless into some far quarter of the gray twilight skies, they were still radiant with the glow of the invisible orb.

Henceforth the colonel's appearances in public were few and regular. He went to church on Sundays, where he sat on the edge of the choir in the center of the building, and sang an ancient bass of his own improvisation to the older hymns, and glanced furtively around to see whether any one noticed that he could not sing the new ones. At the Sunday-school picnics the committee of arrangements allowed him to carve the mutton, and after dinner to swing the smallest children gently beneath the trees. He was seen on Commencement Day at Morrison Chapel, where he always gave his bouquet to the valedictorian, whose address he preferred to any of the others. In the autumn he might sometimes be noticed sitting high up in the amphitheater at the fair and looking over into the ring where the judges were grouped around the music-stand. Once he had been a judge himself, with a blue ribbon in his button-hole, while the band played "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and "Gentle Annie." The ring seemed full of young men now, and no one thought of offering him the privileges of the grounds. In his day the great feature of the exhibition had been cattle; now everything was turning into a horse show. He was always glad to get home again to Peter, his true yoke-fellow. For just as two old oxen — one white and one black — that have long toiled under the same yoke will, when turned out to graze at last in the widest pasture, come and put themselves horn to horn and flank to flank, so the colonel and Peter were never so happy as when ruminating side by side.

NEW LOVE.

In their eventless life the slightest incident acquired the importance of a history. Thus, one day in June, Peter discovered a young couple love-making in the shrubbery, and with the deepest agitation reported the fact to the colonel. Never before, probably, had the fluttering of the dear god's wings brought more dismay than to these ancient involuntary guardsmen of his hiding-place. The colonel was at first for breaking up what he considered a piece of underhand proceedings, but Peter reasoned stoutly that if the pair were driven out they would simply go to some other retreat; and without getting the approval of his conscience to this view, the colonel contented himself with merely repeating that they ought to go straight and tell the girl's parents. Those parents lived just across the street outside his grounds. The young lady he knew very well himself, having a few years before given her the privilege of making herself at home among his flowers. It certainly looked hard to drive her out now, just when she was making the best possible use of his kindness. Moreover, Peter walked down street and ascertained that the young fellow was an energetic farmer living a few miles from town and son of one of the colonel's former friends; on both of which accounts the latter's heart went out to him. So when, a few days later,



PETER'S LOVE-STORY.

the colonel, followed by Peter, crept up breathlessly and peeped through the bushes at the pair strolling along the shady perfumed walks, and so plainly happy in that happiness which comes but once in a lifetime, they not only abandoned the idea of betraying the secret, but ever afterwards kept away from that part of the grounds, lest they should be an interruption.

"Peter," stammered the colonel, who had been trying to get the words out for three days, "do you suppose he has already — asked her?"

"Some 's pow'ful quick on de trigger, en some 's mighty slow," replied Peter, neutrally. "En some," he added exhaustively, "don' use de trigger 't all!"

"I always thought there had to be asking done by somebody," remarked the colonel, a little vaguely.

"I nuver axed Phillis!" exclaimed Peter, with a certain air of triumph.

"Did Phillis ask *you*, Peter?" inquired the colonel, blushing and confidential.

"No, no, Marse Rom! I could n't er stood dat from no 'oman!" replied Peter, laughing and shaking his head.

The colonel was sitting on the stone steps in front of the house, and Peter stood below, leaning against a Corinthian column, hat in hand, as he went on to tell his love-story.

"Hit all happ'n dis way, Marse Rom. We wuz gwine have pra'r-meetin', en I 'lowed to walk home wid Phillis en ax 'er on de road. I been 'lowin' to ax 'er heap o' times befo', but I ain' jes nuver done so. So I says to myse'f, says I, 'I jes mek my sermon to-night kiner lead up to whut I gwine tell Phillis on de road home.' So I tuk my tex' from de *lef'* tail o' my coat: 'De greates' o' dese is char-

ity'; caze I knowed charity wuz same ez love. En all de time I wuz preachin' an' glorifyin' charity en identifyin' charity wid love, I could n' he'p thinkin' 'bout what I gwine say to Phillis on de road home. Dat mek me feel better; en de better I *feel*, de better I *preach*, so hit boun' to mek my *heahehs* feel better likewise,— Phillis 'mong um. So Phillis she jes sot dah listenin' en listenin' en lookin' like we wuz a'ready on de road home, till I got so wuked up in my feelin's I jes knowed de time wuz come. By en by, I had n' mo' 'n done preachin' en wuz lookin' roun' to git my Bible en my hat, 'fo' up popped dat big Charity Green, who been settin' 'longside o' Phillis en tekin' ev'y las' thing I said to *her*se'f. En she tuk hole o' my han' en squeeze it, en say she felt mos' like shoutin'. En 'fo' I knowed it, I jes see Phillis wrap 'er shawl roun' 'er head en tu'n 'er nose up at me right quick en flip out de dooh. De dogs howl mighty mou'nful when I walk home by myse'f *dat* night," added Peter, laughing to himself, " en I ain' preach dat sermon no mo' tell atter me en Phillis wuz married.

" Hit wuz long time," he continued, " 'fo' Phillis come to heah me preach any mo'. But 'long 'bout de nex' fall we had big meetin', en heap mo' 'um j'ined. But Phillis, she ain't nuver j'ined yit. I preached mighty nigh all roun' my coat-tails till I say to myse'f, D' ain't but one tex' lef', en I jes got to fetch 'er wid dat! De text wuz on de *right* tail o' my coat: 'Come unto me, all ye dat labor en is heavy laden.' Hit wuz a ve'y momentous sermon, en all 'long I jes see Phillis wras'lin' wid 'erse'f, en I say, 'She *got* to come *dis* night, de Lohd he'pin' me.' En I had n' mo' 'n said de word, 'fo' she jes walked down en guv me 'er han'. Den we had de baptizin' in Elkhorn Creek, en de watter wuz deep en de curren' tol'ble swif'. Hit look to me like dere wuz five hundred uv 'um on de creek side. By en by I stood on de edge o' de watter, en Phillis she come down to let me baptize 'er. En me en 'er j'ined han's en waded out in the creek, mighty slow, caze Phillis did n' have no shot roun' de bottom uv 'er dress, en it kep' floatin' on top de watter till I pushed it down. But by en by we got 'way out in de creek, en bof uv us wuz tremblin'. En I says to 'er ve'y kin'ly, 'When I put you un'er de watter, Phillis, you mus' try en hole yo'se'f stiff, so I can lif' you up easy.' But I had n't mo' 'n jes got 'er laid back over de watter ready to souze 'er un'er when 'er feet flew up off de bottom uv de creek, en when I retched out to fetch 'er up, I stepped in a hole; en 'fo' I knowed it, we wuz flounderin' roun' in de watter, en de hymn dey was singin' on de bank sounded mighty confused-like. En Phillis she swallowed some watter, en all 't oncet she jes grap me right tight roun' de neck, en said mighty quick, says she, 'I gwine marry whoever gits me out'n dis yere watter!'

" En by en by, when me en 'er wuz walkin' up de bank o' de creek, drippin' all over, I says to 'er, says I:

" 'Does you 'member whut you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?'

" 'I ain' out'n no watter yit,' says she, ve'y contemptuous.

" 'When does you consider yo'se'f out'n de watter?' says I, ve'y humble.

" 'When I get dese soakin' clo'es off 'n my back,' says she.

" Hit wuz good dark when we got home, en atter a while I crope up to de dooh o' Phillis's cabin en put my eye down to de key-hole, en see Phillis jes settin' 'fo' dem blazin' walnut logs dressed up in 'er new red linsey dress, en 'er eyes shinin'. En I shuk so I 'mos' faint. Den I tap easy on de dooh, en say in a mighty tremblin' tone, says I:

" 'Is you out'n de watter yit, Phillis?'

" 'I got on dry dress,' says she.

" 'Does you 'member what you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?' says I.

" 'De latch-string on de outside de dooh,' says she, mighty sof'.

" En I walked in."

As Peter drew near the end of this reminiscence, his voice sank to a key of inimitable tenderness; and when it was ended, the ensuing silence was broken by his merely adding:

" Phillis been dead heap o' years now";

after which he turned away.

This recalling of the scenes of a time long gone by may have awakened in the breast of the colonel some gentle memory; for after Peter was gone he continued to sit awhile in silent musing. Then getting up, he walked in the falling twilight across the yard and through the gardens until he came to a secluded spot in the most distant corner. There he stooped or rather knelt down and passed his hands, as though with mute benediction, over a little bed of old-fashioned China pinks. When he had moved in from the country he had brought nothing away from his mother's garden but these, and in all the years since no one had ever pulled them, as Peter well knew; for one day the colonel had said, with his face turned away:

" Let them have all the flowers they want; but leave the pinks."

He continued kneeling over them now, touching them softly with his fingers, as though they were the fragrant, never-changing symbols of voiceless communion with his past. Still it may have been only the early dew of the even-

ing that glistened on them when he rose and slowly walked away, leaving but the pale moonbeams to haunt the spot.

Certainly it was true that after this day he showed increasing concern in the young lovers who were holding clandestine meetings in his grounds.

"Peter," he would say, "why, if they love each other, do they not get married? Something may happen."

"I been spectin' some'n' to happ'n fur some time, ez dey been quar'lin' right smart lately," replied Peter.

Whether or not he was justified in this prediction, before the end of another week the colonel read a notice of their elopement and marriage; and several days later he came up from down-town and told Peter that everything had been forgiven the young pair, who had gone to housekeeping in the country. It gave him pleasure to think he had helped to perpetuate the race of farmers.

THE YEARNING PASSED AWAY.

It was in the twilight of a late autumn day in the same year that nature gave the colonel the first direct intimation to prepare for the last summons. They had been passing along the garden walks, where a few pale flowers were trying to flourish up to the very winter's edge, and where the dry leaves had gathered unswept and rustled beneath their feet. All at once the colonel turned to Peter, who was a yard and a half behind, as usual, and said:

"Give me your arm, Peter"; and thus the two, for the first time in all their lifetime walking abreast, passed slowly on.

"Peter," said the colonel gravely, a minute or two later, "we are like two dried-up stalks of fodder. I wonder the Lord lets us live any longer."

"I reck'n He 's managin' to use us *some* way, or we would n' be heah," said Peter.

"Well, all I have to say is, that if He 's using me, He can't be in much of a hurry for his work," replied the colonel.

"He uses snails, en I *know* we ain' ez slow ez *dem*," argued Peter, composedly.

"I don't know. I think a snail must have made more progress since the war than I have."

The idea of his uselessness seemed to weigh on him, for a little later he remarked, with a sort of mortified smile:

"Do you think, Peter, that we would pass for what they call representative men of the New South?"

"We done *had* ou' day, Marse Rom," replied Peter. "We got to pass fur what we *wuz*. Mebbe de Lohd 's got mo' use fur us yit 'n people has," he added, after a pause.

From this time on the colonel's strength gradually failed him; but it was not until the following spring that the end came. A night or two before his death his mind wandered backward, after the familiar manner of the dying, and his delirious dreams showed the shifting, faded pictures that renewed themselves for the last time on his wasting memory. It must have been that he was once more amidst the scenes of his active farm life, for his broken snatches of talk ran thus:

"Come, boys, get your cradles! Look where the sun is! You are late getting to work this morning. That is the finest field of wheat in the county. Be careful about the bundles! Make them the same size and tie them tight. That swath is too wide, and you don't hold your cradle right, Tom. . . .

"Sell Peter! Sell Peter Cotton! No, sir! You might buy *me* some day and work *me* in your cotton-field; but as long as he 's mine, you can't buy Peter, and you can't buy any of my negroes. . . .

"Boys! boys! If you don't work faster, you won't finish this field to-day. . . . You 'd better go in the shade and rest now. The sun 's very hot. Don't drink too much ice-water. There 's a jug of whisky in the fence-corner. Give them a good dram around, and tell them to work slow till the sun gets lower." . . .

Once during the night a sweet smile played over his features as he repeated a few words that were part of an old rustic song and dance. Arranged, not as they now came broken and incoherent from his lips, but as he once had sung them, they were as follows:

"O Sister Phœbe! How merry were we
When we sat under the juniper-tree,
The juniper-tree, heigho!
Put this hat on your head! Keep your head warm;
Take a sweet kiss! It will do you no harm,
Do you no harm, I know!"

After this he sank into a quieter sleep, but soon stirred with a look of intense pain.

"Helen! Helen!" he murmured. "Will you break your promise? Have you changed in your feeling towards me? I have brought you the pinks. Won't you take the pinks, Helen?"

Then he sighed as he added, "It was n't her fault. If she had only known —"

Who was the Helen of that far-away time? Was this the colonel's love-story? How much remained untold?

But during all the night, whithersoever his mind wandered, at intervals it returned to the burden of a single strain,— the harvesting.



PETER'S LAST SERMON.

Towards daybreak he took it up again for the last time:

"O boys, boys, *boys!* If you don't work faster you won't finish the field to-day. Look how low the sun is! . . . I am going to the house. They can't finish the field to-day. Let them do what they can, but don't let them work late. I want Peter to go to the house with me. Tell him to come on." . . .

In the faint gray of the morning, Peter, who had been watching by the bedside all night, stole out of the room, and going into the garden pulled a handful of pinks,— a thing he had never done before,— and, reëntering the colonel's bedroom, put them in a vase near his sleeping face. Soon afterwards the colonel opened his eyes and looked around him. At the foot of the bed stood Peter, and on one side sat the physician and a friend. The night-lamp burned low, and through the folds of the curtains came the white light of early day.

"Put out the lamp and open the curtains," he said feebly. "It 's day." When they had drawn the curtains aside, his eyes fell on the pinks, sweet and fresh with the dew on them.

He stretched out his hand and touched them caressingly, and his eyes sought Peter's with a look of grateful tenderness.

"I want to be alone with Peter for a while," he said, turning his face towards the others.

When they were left alone, it was some minutes before they could speak. Peter, not knowing what he did, had gone to the window and hid himself behind the curtains, drawing them tightly around his form as though to shroud himself from the coming sorrow.

At length the colonel said, "Come here!"

Peter, almost staggering forward, fell at the foot of the bed, and, clasping the colonel's feet with one arm, pressed his cheek against them.

"Come closer!"

Peter crept on his knees and buried his head on the colonel's thigh.

"Come up here,— *closer*";; and putting one arm around Peter's neck he laid the other hand softly on his head, and looked long and tenderly into his eyes.

"Peter," he said, with ineffable gentleness, "if I had served my Master as faithfully as you have served yours, I should not feel ashamed to stand in his presence."

"If my Marseter is ez mussiful to me ez you have been, he will save my soul in heaven."

"I have fixed things so that you will be comfortable after I am gone. When your time comes, I should like you to be laid close to me. We can take the long sleep together. Are you willing?"

"That 's whar I want to be laid."

The colonel stretched out his hand to the vase, and, taking the bunch of pinks, said very calmly:

"Leave these in my hand when I am dead; I'll carry them with me." A moment more, and he added:

"If I should n't wake up any more, good-bye, Peter!"

"Good-bye, Marse Rom!"

And they shook hands. After this the colonel lay back on the pillows. His soft, silvery hair contrasted strongly with his child-like, unspoiled, open face. To the day of his death, as is apt to be true of those who have lived pure lives but never married, he had a boyish strain in him,— a softness of nature, showing itself even now in the gentle expression of his mouth. His brown eyes had in them the same boyish look when, just as he was falling asleep, he scarcely opened them to say:

"Pray, Peter."

Peter, on his knees, and looking across the colonel's face towards the open door, through which the rays of the rising sun streamed in upon his hoary head, prayed, while the colonel fell asleep, adding a few words for himself now left alone.

Several hours later, memory led the colonel back again through the dim gateway of the past, and out of that gateway his spirit finally took flight into the future.

Peter lingered a year. The place went to the colonel's sister, but he was allowed to remain in his quarters. With much thinking of the past, his mind fell into a lightness and a weakness. Sometimes he would be heard crooning the burden of old hymns, or sometimes seen sitting beside the old brass-nailed trunk, fumbling with the spelling-book and the Pilgrim's Progress. Often, too, he walked out to the cemetery on the edge of the town, and each time could hardly find the colonel's grave amidst the multitude of the dead. One gusty day in spring, the Scotch sexton, busy with the blades of blue-grass springing from the animated mold, saw his familiar figure standing motionless beside the colonel's resting-place. He had taken off his hat — one of the colonel's last bequests — and laid it on the colonel's headstone. On his body he wore a strange coat of faded blue, patched and weather-stained and so moth-eaten that parts of the curious tails had dropped entirely away. In one hand he held an open Bible, and on a much-soiled page he was pointing with his finger to the following words:

"I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep."

It would seem that, impelled by love and faith, and guided by his wandering reason, he had come forth to preach his last sermon on the immortality of the soul over the dust of his dead master.

The sexton led him home, and soon afterwards a friend, who had loved them both, laid him beside the colonel.

It was perhaps fitting that his winding-sheet should be the vestment in which, years agone, he had preached to his fellow-slaves in bondage; for if it so be that the dead of this planet shall come forth from their graves clad in the trappings of mortality, then Peter should arise on the Resurrection Day wearing his old jeans coat.

James Lane Allen.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Opening of the Atlanta Campaign.

IN the August CENTURY General Joseph E. Johnston — *clarum et venerabile nomen* — writes:

Cantey with his division arrived at Resaca that evening (7th) and was charged with the defense of the place. During the day our cavalry was driven from the ground west of Rocky-face through the gap. Grigsby's brigade was placed near Dug Gap,— the remainder in front of our right. About 4 o'clock P. M. of the 8th, Geary's division of Hooker's corps attacked two regiments of Reynolds's Arkansas brigade guarding Dug Gap. They were soon joined by Grigsby's brigade on foot. The increased sound of musketry indicated so sharp a conflict that Lieutenant-General Hardee was requested to send Granbury's Texan brigade to the help of our people, and to take command there himself. These accessions soon decided the contest, and the enemy was driven down the hill. . . .

Information had been received of the arrival of the Army of the Tennessee in Snake Creek Gap, on the 8th. At night on the 9th General Cantey reported that he had been engaged with those troops until dark. Lieutenant-General Hood was dispatched to Resaca with three divisions immediately.

It so happened that the brigade of Kentucky cavalry was present at Dug Gap and Snake Creek Gap, and that the regiment I commanded — the 9th Kentucky Cavalry — was in front at both places; and it may not be improper to put on record an account of those affairs, and thereby correct the unintentional mistakes in the meager statements given above.

The winter having ended and all possible preparations having been made, the operations known as the Dalton-Atlanta campaign opened on May 5, 1864, by the advance of General Thomas on Tunnel Hill, and on May 7 the withdrawal of our forces within Mill Creek Gap marked the beginning of the long retreat. Including the corps of General Polk, then under orders to join him, General Johnston had under his command, available for strategic purposes, between 65,000 and 70,000 men of all arms. It was a superb army of veterans, with implicit confidence in its general, and capable of great achievements. Deficient to a certain extent in supplies, it had enough for any possible movement its commander could order. Being a Confederate army, it necessarily was inferior to the army before it in numbers, equipment, and supplies. This was generally the case. It was necessarily so. With five millions to over twenty millions; with no market, no ships, no factories, no credit; against a people commanding the sea, rich in all resources, and with all the world to buy from,— it was the fate of the Southern armies to confront larger, better equipped, and admirably supplied armies. Unless we could by activity, audacity, aggressiveness, and skill overcome these advantages it was a mere matter of time as to the certain result. It was therefore the first requisite of a Confederate general that he should be willing to meet his antagonist on these unequal terms, and on such terms make fight. He must of necessity take great risks and assume grave responsibilities. While these differences between the two armies that confronted each other in the mountains of North Georgia existed, they were no greater than always existed, and for which every Confederate general must be presumed to have prepared. I repeat, it was a superb army. While it had met defeat, and knew what retreat meant, it had fought battles which were, and are, among the bloodiest in all the annals of war; and it felt that under Johnston it could parallel Chickamauga and renew the glories of Shiloh.

It lay behind an impassable ridge, through which, on its left flank, were only two accessible gaps,— Dug Gap, less than four miles south-west from Dalton, on the main road from Dalton to Lafayette, and perhaps six miles from Mill Creek Gap, and Snake Creek Gap, some eighteen miles south from Mill Creek Gap. With these gaps fortified, the left flank and rear of that army were absolutely safe; for while the Rocky-face and Chattooga ridges protected our flank, through these gaps we had access to attack the flank of the enemy if he attempted to make a march so far to the left and rear as to threaten our communication south of the Oostenaula or Coosa. These gaps were capable of easy and impregnable fortification. Dug Gap was a mere road cut out of the mountain-side, and really needed no breastworks, for the natural palisades and contour of the mountain rendered easy its defense by resolute men. Snake Creek Gap was a gorge apparently cut through the mountains by the creek which ran through it. It was a narrow defile between Milk Mountain and Horn Mountain, which are merely a prolongation of the Chattooga Mountains, and capable of impregnable defense.

These gaps were well known to both armies. Through them ran public roads, and soldiers of both armies had marched through both. Late in February Dug Gap had been seized by an Indiana regiment and held until Cleburne retook it. As early as February General Thomas, knowing that at that time Snake Creek Gap was unguarded, proposed a campaign, the plan being to attract General Johnston's attention by a demonstration on Buzzard Roost, and to throw the main body of the army through Snake Creek Gap, and cut his communications between Dalton and the Oostenaula.

Neither of these gaps was fortified, and on May 5, when the campaign opened, Dug Gap was guarded by a small command of Arkansas troops under Colonel Williamson, numbering perhaps 250, and Snake Creek Gap was left wholly unprotected. At Resaca, where the railroad crosses the Oostenaula, Cantey's brigade was held on the evening of the 7th of May, on its route from Rome to Dalton.

General Sherman had in hand for attack nearly 100,000 men and 254 guns, divided into three armies,— the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by General Thomas, numbering 60,773; the Army of the Tennessee, General McPherson, 24,465; the Army of the Ohio, General Schofield, 13,559. It was a superb army, admirably equipped, abundantly supplied, excellently led. It was veteran, and had known victory. It had pushed its antagonist out of Kentucky with the surrender of Donelson; had captured Tennessee; captured

Vicksburg; repossessed the Mississippi River; driven its foe over Missionary Ridge in flight. It knew how to fight, and was willing to fight.

On May 7 our cavalry was driven through Mill Creek Gap. On that night, after we had gone into camp, Colonel Grigsby, who commanded the Kentucky cavalry brigade, was ordered to send a regiment to the front of Dug Gap, to guard the approaches to it. In obedience to that order the 9th Kentucky Cavalry passed over Rocky-face Ridge, and near to midnight bivouacked on Mill Creek, about a mile from, and in front of, Dug Gap. Heavy picket lines were thrown out on all the roads leading down the valley. There were several of these roads, and scouts were sent out to ascertain the movements of the enemy. By daylight it was discovered that very large bodies of troops were moving down the valley on all the roads leading to the south. General McPherson had marched from Chattanooga to Rossville, thence west of Chickamauga Mountain to Shipp's Gap and to Villanow, where the road forks,— one branch leading down the east foot of Taylor's Ridge, the other leading across towards Rocky-face; this road again forks, one leading through Dug Gap, the other down the valley to Snake Creek Gap. Until McPherson reached Villanow it was only a conjecture as to his course, and until the head of his column turned towards Snake Creek Gap his destination was uncertain. His march was concealed by Hooker's corps of the Army of the Cumberland, which corps, forming Thomas's right, marching from Ringgold via Nickajack Gap and Trickum, hid the flank movement of McPherson. The plan was for Hooker to seize Dug Gap and push forward sufficiently to protect the flank of McPherson, and strike the flank of Johnston if he turned on McPherson; while McPherson, marching through Snake Creek Gap to Resaca, should not only destroy but hold the only railroad tributary to Johnston. The possession of Dug Gap by Hooker not only rendered Dalton untenable, but made a retreat from Dalton by the line of the railroad extremely hazardous, and it completely protected McPherson from attack on his left flank. With Hooker descending from Rocky-face on our left flank and rear, McPherson holding Resaca, Thomas, with the corps of Howard and Palmer, pushing to Dalton, and Schofield to his left, our army would have been in perilous posture.

The march of Hooker and McPherson was discovered early on the morning of May 8 by the scouts of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, and timely information given that at least an attack on Dug Gap was certain, and that the columns on the march were very heavy, and their movements guarded by forces too large to be either resisted or developed by the detachments sent out by the 9th Kentucky. On this information the remainder of Grigsby's brigade was ordered to Dug Gap, and reached there none too soon. All possible delay to the march of Hooker's corps was made, but about 2 P. M. Geary's division of that corps drove the 9th Kentucky across the creek and slowly up the mountain-side, until the regiment fell back in its proper position in the gap, where it found the brigade drawn in mere skirmish line along the edge of the mountain-side. As one-fourth of cavalry soldiers hold the horses, I presume that we had about 800 of our brigade in the fight and 250 Arkansas troops; and this handful of men held that gap until nightfall, repelling every assault. After nightfall Granbury's Texas brigade relieved us, but the assault was over. Hooker had failed in his part of the mission. That flank of our army was safe.

The importance of holding that gap was so manifest that Generals Hardee and Cleburne, with their staffs, galloped to the scene to encourage us by their presence and to aid Colonel Grigsby by their suggestions; and though the fight was made under their eye, that command needed no encouragement, and its officers and men knew that they were holding one of the doors to Dalton.

I hold in my hand the official report of General Geary, by whom that attack was made, and on the whole it is a fair and soldierly report. But he is mistaken in his belief that we had two lines of intrenchments, or that we were ever driven from our first position. Our loss was very small — in killed and wounded not a score. He reports that he made that attack with two brigades of infantry and two batteries, being an aggregate of perhaps 4500 men, or about four to one, besides the batteries. Assault after assault was made from 3 o'clock until after dark, and each assault repulsed with loss. At first, in a mere spirit of exuberant fun, some of the men rolled stones down the mountain-side; but when the effect was noticed they were directed to use these means as part of our defense; great stones were rolled down on the supporting lines on the mountain-sides or at its foot; and as these bowlders would go leaping, crashing, breaking off limbs, crushing down saplings, we fancied we could see the effect of the unexpected missiles. It also proved a valuable resource to us, for our ammunition would have given out, and was about exhausted when the attack ceased.

General Geary reports an aggregate loss of 357 officers and men, of whom some 50 were the adventurous advance, who actually reached the crest, only to be made prisoners. After dark our brigade, being relieved by the Texas brigade of Granbury, was ordered to the foot of the mountain to feed and to obtain ammunition.

While this attack had been going on, McPherson had steadily marched towards Snake Creek Gap, to protect which gap no steps had been taken. Undoubtedly if a cavalry force had been started to Snake Creek Gap at the same moment Grigsby was ordered to Dug Gap, it would have reached there before McPherson, and held it during the night of the 8th, during which time infantry support could have reached there. I do not wish to be understood as offering any criticism on these facts; I am merely stating the facts as I believe them. Why these gaps were left unguarded, why a prompt effort was not made to hold Snake Creek Gap, I neither pretend to know nor venture to guess; nor do I offer any criticism. That they were not guarded, and that this gave Sherman the easy means of causing the evacuation of Dalton and the retreat to Resaca, are undoubtedly true. That we could have held Dalton or made an attack on Sherman if these gaps had been held is a problem over which military men may differ. Whatever may have been the reason or cause, the fact is that the provision made to hold Snake Creek Gap was an order to Grigsby during the night of the 8th to move his brigade to its mouth. The 9th Kentucky had been on duty continuously for over twenty-four hours; the whole brigade for over twelve hours, and

under fire all the afternoon. But with cheerful alacrity the command began its march as soon as it could feed, after being relieved by Granbury,— possibly about 10 o'clock. The night was dark, the road rough and unfamiliar, and it was difficult to find guides. But just at dawn we came in sight of the eastern mouth of the gap, and, contrary to our information, found it in possession of the enemy. Colonel Grigsby had been informed that a company of Georgia troops were on picket on the road to the gap, and at or near its eastern outlet. We had not seen that company, and Colonel Grigsby naturally concluded that the troops we saw a few hundred yards before us were those. The usual confusion of an all-night march and the halt of the head of the column had jammed the different organizations somewhat together in a narrow lane. The advanced vidette reported the troops to be Federals. Colonel Grigsby, still supposing them to be Georgians, ordered a small scout to the front. In these few minutes the enemy, having discovered us and being concealed by the character of the ground and the forest, had formed line of battle, while our column had become more confused by many of the men dismounting to rest. Between us and the foot of the mountain was a fallow cotton-field, on the near edge of which was a row of deserted cabins. The road ran along this field a few hundred yards with a gradual descent until it passed through a fringe of willows and underbrush, beyond which there were other open fields, and then on both sides of these open fields were also thick woods.

Suddenly a long skirmish-line broke from the woods, ran to the fringe of willows, and directly through towards the row of cabins, keeping up a brisk fire as they ran. Behind the skirmish-line was developed a line of infantry. For a moment the fire staggered the head of the column, and the order to fall back and form could not be executed. The 9th Kentucky was in front, and very quickly its front companies were dismounted and a dash made for the cabins. Fortunately our men reached them first and drove the Federal skirmishers back. This gave breathing time, of which immediate and brilliant advantage was taken by Major J. Q. Chenowith, who led a portion of the 1st Kentucky, on horseback, on a détour to the right through the woods until he reached the fringe of willows, when at full run he charged the skirmish-line on the left, and the dismounted men of the 9th Kentucky charged on foot through the open field. The audacity of this sudden and unexpected dash caused the skirmish-line to run at break-neck speed, and the line of infantry to halt and to await reënforcements. This gave ample time to form the brigade for its day's work of retreating fight.

The immediate result of this was a delay to the Federal column of several hours, increased caution on the part of McPherson in his march during the day, and prompt information of his movement to our army headquarters.

The force under McPherson was so large that our small brigade of cavalry could not force it to develop its line. All that was possible was to cause the march to be as slow as that of a skirmish-line. This was done. It was late in the afternoon when McPherson drove us into the works before Resaca, which were defended only by Cantey's brigade and ours.

It was a gloomy prospect. We knew that McPherson had a force of from 15,000 to 20,000, and that there was no possibility of our receiving any reënforcements that afternoon and night. One serious attack by McPherson and Resaca must have been captured.

Fortunately McPherson knew that Hooker had failed in his attempt to seize Dug Gap, and consequently the road from Dalton was free to any Confederate column moving on him. The intrenchments at Resaca were formidable, and when McPherson felt the lines, the response was resolute and spirited. As Hardee came as reënforcements at Dug Gap, so here Hood joined us. He and part of his staff came to share our fate. Calmly we waited for the inevitable assault. We did not doubt that it would be made. McPherson was young, ambitious, and able. In our ranks he was accounted the equal, perhaps the superior, of Sherman. Here was an opportunity that Sherman might well say "does not occur twice in a single life"; and not for a moment did we doubt that such a soldier, with such an army, would seize such an opportunity.

I recall the scene, as a group stood on a knoll and watched the skirmishers advance. As the puffs of smoke arose in the distance, as the sharp-shooters paid compliments to this group, General Hood rode up, and after a few moments' gaze turned the head of his horse and rode a few feet, and by motion called Colonel Grigsby to him; in another moment Grigsby called me, and General Hood said in a cheery yet grave tone, "We must hold until night."

Just at dusk the enemy began to fall back, and to our surprise the retrograde movement ended near to where we had commenced our fight in the morning.

Wm. C. P. Breckinridge.

Lexington, Ky., August 27, 1887.

Kershaw's Brigade at Fredericksburg.

General Ransom's letter, in The Century for December, 1887, in regard to his services at Fredericksburg, contains an error in relation to the operations of my brigade. In the morning of that day, my troops were stationed at the foot of Lee's Hill. After the assaults on General Cobb's position had commenced, I was directed to send two of my regiments to reënforce Cobb, and did so. Before they had reached him, tidings arrived of the fall of General Cobb, and I was immediately ordered to take the rest of my brigade to the position held by his forces, and assume command of the troops of McLaws's division there. I preceded my troops, and as soon as possible arrived at the Stevens House at the foot of Marye's Hill. As my brigade arrived they were placed — two regiments, 3d and 7th South Carolina, at Marye's house, on the hill, and the rest of them in the sunken road, with the left resting about the Stevens House. The last regiment that arrived was the 15th South Carolina (Colonel De Saussure's). He sheltered his command behind the cemetery on the hill until his proper position was made known, when he moved deliberately and in perfect order down the road to the Stevens House, and proceeded to the right of my line. Instead of having two regiments engaged at that point, as General Ransom supposes, I had five regiments and a battalion (my entire brigade), each of which suffered more or less severely. During these operations I received no

orders or directions from any officer but my division commander, General McLaws. I requested not to be relieved that night, and remained in that position until the evacuation of Fredericksburg by the Union forces. These facts were officially reported at the time, and were then too well known to be the subject of mistake.

J. B. Kershaw.

CAMDEN, S. C., Dec. 6, 1887.

The Last Victim of the War.

TO THE traveler on the old Walnut Hills road, Cincinnati, at noon, May 11, 1865, an unwonted spectacle presented itself. To the south of the road along the ravine near by stood, in solemn silence, a regiment of soldiers facing the road, the companies at each wing at right angles, forming a hollow square. Within this, near the left, stood a squad of soldiers, arms at the shoulder, bearing upon the breast of a youth kneeling erect beside his coffin and facing them at eight paces, with hands unbound and tremorless at his side, and eyes bandaged with a white handkerchief. At the word of command the guns were fired and the youth fell dead.

Thus perished Thomas Martin, the last victim of the great civil war. The war was over, Lee had surrendered, Richmond had been taken, Johnston had yielded, Davis had been captured. Federal and Confederate, the blue and the gray, were fraternizing everywhere save in that lonely ravine, within the corporate limits of Cincinnati, where was being transacted the most revolting deed of war — the deliberate killing by overwhelming power of an unresisting human being.

Few of the citizens of Cincinnati were aware of the tragedy at the time; and how few now, as they read this narrative, will recall it. We are living in a time of reminiscences, and the history of this poor Confederate soldier may have its lesson.

Nearly a year before this execution, its victim, a native of Kentucky, had been captured in that State and brought to Cincinnati as a prisoner; there he had been brought before a court-martial upon the charge of being a guerrilla, and had been convicted and sentenced to be shot. He was a mere boy, quite illiterate, unable to read or write: he claimed that he was a regular Confederate soldier, and evidently the distinction between such a soldier and a guerrilla was beyond his knowledge.

At the time this sentence was rendered, no one expected it would be carried into execution. No member of the court, and certainly the military commandant of the city, General August Willich, did not. The sentence had been rendered for its deterrent effect upon the guerrillas in Kentucky. So little did General Willich think the sentence would be executed that he gave the boy his liberty, the freedom of the city, using him as a sort of orderly; and in his intercourse with him he became attached to him. Time passed; and the day when General Hooker would leave the department, of which he had had command since General Sherman's action retired him from the front, was approaching.

In an evil moment for the victim, General Hooker, in the first days of May, 1865, asked an aide to read over the papers on file in the department, so that he might dispose of them. In so doing, the papers relating to this boy were found. The general had forgotten the case. He inquired whether sentence had been executed. Learning that it had not, he sent for General Willich, his subordinate, and asked for the facts. General Willich stated them as above given. Next day, he received an order from General Hooker directing him to shoot the boy on the 5th of May, then only a few days off. General Willich was dumfounded. To shoot the boy who had been his attendant for nearly a year, and whom he had respected for his faithful conduct, was too much for the stern old soldier of many years and many wars. With tears in his eyes he rushed to Judge Stallo, now our minister at Rome, and besought his interference. Judge Stallo, in turn, came to me and solicited my aid.

Meanwhile General Hooker had left the city to attend the funeral of Mr. Lincoln at Springfield. Therefore I could not reach him. At my request, Mr. Gaither, then Superintendent of Adams Express Company, sent a telegram to Major Eckert to be laid before Mr. Stanton, requesting his intervention. But no order came, and preparations were made for the execution.

The boy was dressed for death. The priest, Father Garesché, brother to General Rosecrans's chief of staff,— who fell at Stone's River,— attended him. The mournful procession took its way to the ravine, yet General Willich moved slowly, hoping the order for suspension would be received. He left a mounted orderly to wait until the last moment for a telegram from Stanton. Anxiously, imploringly, he looked back for his messenger. At length, to his great joy, in the distance he saw him coming at full speed, holding in his outstretched hand a paper. It was this telegram:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1865.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER: Suspend the execution of Thomas Martin, to be executed in Cincinnati this day, until further orders.

By order of the President.

E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

Great was the rejoicing. The soldiers who were to shoot the boy now congratulated him on his escape, and all returned to the city. Alas, how short-lived was this joy!

It had been my purpose to advise General Hooker, on his return, of what I had done; but my first knowledge of this was from an aide of his, who delivered a note from the general requesting my presence at his headquarters.

The moment I saw Hooker, I discovered that he was under great excitement, which he was striving to suppress, and in this effort he fairly succeeded. He did not look me full in the face, but sat sideways, looking obliquely, ever and anon casting upon me furtive glances. In slow and measured tones, he said:

"Judge Dickson, I was very angry at you on my return and had ordered your arrest; but reconsidered it, and am now more composed."

"Why, you surprise me, General! What is the matter?"

"Why, sir, on my return to the city I found my administration of this department had been interfered with; that Martin, whom I had ordered shot, had not been shot; that Mr. Stanton had suspended my order. I immediately telegraphed him, demanding why he interfered. He replied that it was in response to the Gaither telegram — your work. I demanded of him to send me a copy of this telegram, which he did. Oh, yes, sir! I have got it. I know all you did."

"Well, General, was it not all right?"

"No, sir; it was not right. No, sir. Why, sir, when I was in command of the Army of the Potomac, Lincoln would not let me kill a man. Lee killed men every day, and Lee's army was under discipline; and now, sir, Lincoln is dead, and I will kill this man. Yes, sir, I will. The order is given to shoot him to-morrow, and he will be shot; and don't you interfere."

"Did Stanton order you to shoot him?" I inquired.

"No, sir. He left the matter in my hands, and I demanded that he be shot — and shot he will be."

"Well, General," I again interposed, "this boy was only a guerrilla. The war is over. He belonged to Colonel Jesse's command. The papers of this morning tell us that the Government has given Jesse the same terms given Lee; that he is now in Louisville, where he has been feasted and fraternized with by Union officers. Will it not be shocking to shoot here one of his deluded followers?"

"It makes no difference," replied the general. "Louisville is not in my department. I am not responsible for what is done there. I will do my duty in my own. I will kill him. Yes, sir, I will; and that to-morrow."

The image of the speaker rises before me with startling distinctness. The manner as well as the words indicated that his mind was oppressed with the thought that Lincoln's humanity had thwarted his career. In some way it seemed to him a relief to sacrifice this boy. Hence his eagerness that the opportunity should not escape him.

As I gazed upon the man the uppermost thought in my mind was, not the brutality of his act, nor yet pity for the fated youth,— though these thoughts were not absent,— but simple amazement that such a man, only a few months before, in a supreme crisis, should have held in the hollow of his hand, as it were, the fate of this mighty nation.

But why revive these harrowing incidents of the war? As well ask, Why tell the story of the war at all? If it is to be told, let us have the whole. Let the young not be misled; the dread reality has something else than the pomp and circumstance, however glorious. Besides, there will be other wars and other generals. Let these remember that an abuse of power will sooner or later rise up in judgment against them.

W. M. Dickson.

Hooker on the Chancellorsville Campaign.

[THE subjoined letter has been kindly furnished to us for publication by Lieutenant Worth G. Ross, son of the late Colonel Samuel Ross, to whom it is addressed. It is believed that it has not before been printed. — EDITOR.]

LOOKOUT VALLEY, TENN., Feb. 28, 1864.

MY DEAR COLONEL: For some reason your letter was a long time in reaching me. When the Eleventh Corps gave way on Saturday, Berry's division and Hays's brigade were dispatched to seize and hold the ground occupied by the left of that corps. Berry double-quicked his men to the point, but was too late. The enemy were already in possession. When this was reported to me I directed my engineers to establish a new line, which was pointed out to them on the map, and at the same time stated to them that we would probably have to move on it as soon as the enemy opened on us in the morning, as his batteries would sweep the plain in front of the Chancellorsville House, and, besides, enfilade the line held by the Second and Twelfth Corps nearly its entire length. Soon after these instructions were given to the engineers, peremptory orders were sent to General Sedgwick to advance over the plank road from Fredericksburg and attack the enemy in front of the Second and Twelfth Corps at daylight. My single object in holding on to the position as long as I did was to hear Sedgwick's guns, which I momentarily expected, of course. General Warren had been sent to guide him. The orders reached him between 10 and 11 o'clock, [he] had but eight miles to march, a bright moonlight night, with only a small force to oppose. Probably had he marched as directed, not a gun would have been fired. With Lee in my front and Jackson on my flank I was unwilling to attempt to force my way through Lee, especially as the roads through the forests would only enable me to present my columns with narrow fronts, which the enemy could cut down as fast as they were exposed. I knew that I could do this, and I gave the enemy credit for being able to do as much as I could, but no more. Had Sedgwick come up on Lee's rear, the latter would have found himself between two armies, and would doubtless have followed Jackson's flank movement, which I desired, as that would throw the enemy off the short road to Richmond and our troops on it. I do not know that you ever heard that I had one and a half millions of rations afloat in the Potomac to throw up the Pamunkey River in view of this contingency.

I recrossed the Rappahannock, expecting to return at or near Franklin's Crossing, where I had elbow room, and at least an even chance for being victorious, and so stated to the President at the time. No general battle was fought at Chancellorsville, for I was unwilling to give battle with such great odds against me. I rejoice that what was not gained was not lost.

We lost no honors at Chancellorsville. With all of our misfortunes the enemies' loss exceeded our own by one-third. Of this I have abundant evidence in the official returns of the enemies' casualties, as they have from time to time been published. If I did not cross the river again it will appear that it was for reasons over which I had no control. The rains had nothing to do with our returning from Chancellorsville, for it had been determined on in my mind long before the rain commenced falling. I do not like to be quoted as authority on this subject until after the official report is published, and for the flattering terms in which you speak of me — *not ever*. I hope that you and yours are well. My kindest regards to Mrs. Ross and my best wishes for yourself.

Your friend,

JOSEPH HOOKER.

COLONEL SAMUEL ROSS,
Commanding Brigade, Twelfth Corps.

Erratum.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error in General Sherman's "Grand Strategy of the Civil War," in the February number, gave General Thomas's loss at Nashville as 305 instead of 3057 (revised compilation).

Strength of the Confederate Army at Chickamauga.

ON this moot subject an examination of the original returns in the War Department, which I have personally made, shows the following result:

General Bragg's return, 31st of August, 1863, shows under the heading "present for duty," officers and men, 48,998.

This return does not include the divisions of General Breckinridge or General Preston, the brigades of Generals Gregg and McNair, or the reënforcement brought by General Longstreet. The strength of each is accurately given in Confederate official returns. The total Confederate force available for battle at Chickamauga was as follows:

General Bragg's army, 31st of August, 1863, for duty	48,998
Longstreet's command (Hood's and McLaws's divisions), by return of Army of Northern Virginia, 31st of August, 1863, for duty	11,716
Breckinridge's division, by his official report in "Confederate Reports of Battles," for duty	3,769
Preston's division, by his official report in "Confederate Reports of Battles," for duty	4,509
Brigades of Gregg and McNair, by General Bushrod Johnson's official report (So. Hist. Soc. Papers, Vol. XIII.), for duty	2,559
Total	71,551

CINCINNATI, O. *E. C. Dawes.*

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Shall Fortunes be Limited by Law?

THE leveling instincts of a democracy are apt to answer the question with an emphatic Yes. The equalization of men in their standing before the law, in their political privileges, in their opportunities in the administrative service of the country, in their educational advantages, and in the position of their sects before the State is apt to find in the eyes of many only its next step in the equalization of wealth, or at least in the prevention of the development of extremes. On the other hand, he who pins his faith to the political power of the State, who believes that the State has the right to regulate property because it makes property possible, has only to be convinced that great fortunes are dangerous to the State to echo the democratic answer with another and as hearty an affirmative. The proposal finds even a more favorable soil in our own country for the reason that our whole political system has been consciously set from the beginning against the development of permanent great fortunes, and that with a success in which we have taken considerable pride. Our legislation has aimed at removing every artificial obstacle to the dispersion of great fortunes: primogeniture has been forbidden; entails have been limited; equal division of the property of intestates has become the legal rule; and the result has been, until comparatively recent years, that "from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves were three generations."

The old rule, however, no longer holds good. Representative fortunes have come to be enormously larger—larger, indeed, than were really conceivable fifty years ago; and this one fact has quite altered most of the conditions of the case. Almost any division of the "large fortune" of a half-century ago gave as a result several small fortunes, usually so small as to have in them no power of recuperation and self-increase. But a reasonably equitable division of a fortune of two hundred millions gives at least one fortune whose annual income is so much beyond anything that the heir is at all likely to spend, that its own natural increase will carry the principal up again to its original limit within an ordinary life-time, without any special ability in the owner beyond that of care-taking. The general principle that all the children ought to have a share will no longer suffice to break up and disperse all the fortunes of the republic; the very magnitude of the estates has already given us some of the phases of a system of primogeniture, from which it had been persistently assumed that we had escaped at the Revolution. An entire escape from all its phases can now be found only in a failure of direct heirs or in the succession of an incorrigible spendthrift. And it is a fact too, to be carefully kept in mind, that the succession of incorrigible spendthrifts is no longer so common as it once was. The larger the estate, the more apt is the heir to be a plain, hard-working young man, who shows more signs of uneasiness at assuming the responsibility of managing the property than of elation over his opportunities of squandering it. Every indication goes to show that our very large fortunes, instead of being dispersed, are to hold their own and even to grow from generation to generation until they reach that natural limit placed by the ability of one person to manage an estate.

It is very natural, then, that those who feel that law and social conditions together have failed in the work which they were considered competent to do should every year have a stronger desire to put new legal limitations on the growth of American fortunes. The dangers of enormous accumulations of wealth in the hands of single persons in a republic, the contrast between the daily income of the "plutocrat" and the amount which the long struggle of a workingman's whole life will bring, the passions aroused by the vulgar display affected by so many of the smaller "large fortunes," are all forces bearing in the same direction. The proposals of prohibitory succession duties on inheritances above a limited amount, of prohibitions of gifts above the same amount, unless to public or charitable uses, or of an income tax rising in percentage with the amount of the income to a prohibitory tax on all incomes above a legal limit, are various forms of a single purpose—that the very rich shall become no richer, and that they shall not be permitted to transmit their present wealth undiminished to an indefinite line of successors.

It is well, however, to weigh carefully the fact that, in the mass of cases, wealth means the sum of some service done to the public, which would not have been done but for the reward found in the legal permission to accumulate and transmit wealth. He who has retired with a snug fortune has been engaged in a life-long struggle to provide dry-goods for the public a

cent a yard cheaper than they were before, or to lower freights a tenth of a cent per ton-mile, or to see that the money of bank stock-holders or depositors is loaned to just the persons in the community who will make the best and safest use of it, or to accomplish some one of the public services in which human activity is continually finding its field of operations. We darken many questions hopelessly when we speak, as we always do, of the individual's success in making money, as if he had been engaged in abstracting something from the general pile; there are ugly cases of this kind, but they are the exception, not the rule. He who has "made money" legitimately has done it by leaving the general mass of wealth just so much larger than he found it, by furnishing long years of useful and profitable work to others less well equipped than he for the race of life, and by performing for years some specific service, in addition, to the public at large.

If we acquire the habit of now and then looking at the case from this side, from which we unhappily so seldom look at it, the proposal to put legal limits to the amount of fortunes will take an entirely new aspect. We shall see that we are, in reality, making the definite proposal that our law shall henceforth forbid any citizen to make the world more than so much richer in his life-time, to provide employment for more than a legally limited number of those who need and desire employment, or to be more zealous than the law allows in seeking out commodities or doing any similar service for the general public. Franklin once attempted to reach the common sense of the British public in a pamphlet entitled "Rules for reducing a Great Empire to a Small One." If a second Franklin should address us, must he meet as little success in combating the proposal to put legal limits to the wealth of the country?

If the proposal needed any further illumination, it would be found in the impossibility of limiting the injurious results of its adoption. Human ability is in the habit of taking very fair average care of itself: it persecuted in one city, it will not be slow to seek a refuge and a welcome in another. If New York could place a progressive income-tax on her statute-book prohibiting incomes above a fixed limit, one result would certainly be a diminution of New York incomes; but that would be far from all. The incomes thus limited would rapidly disappear from New York, while Connecticut and New Jersey would show a sudden, surprising, and coincident increase of large incomes. So, if the scheme should be adopted by the whole United States, that country would meet an indefinite dead loss, to the gain of Canada or Europe. Human ability would find its natural refuge and enjoy its natural income somewhere unless the whole world could be united against it as implacably as the Roman Empire used to be against the victim of the Emperor. Until the proposal to limit fortunes by law can be supplemented by a recipe for securing the acquiescence or neutrality of those who are to be most directly affected by it, it must be considered as really outside of the province of discussion. If the great fortune is the result of defiance or prostitution of law, let the law be made to fit the case; but if it is the natural result of human ability, why should it not go on benefiting the community up to the natural limit of human powers of management?

President or King?

DURING the long period through which republicanism stood on the threshold of Europe, knocking for the admission which was peremptorily denied until it was forced through the terrors of the French Revolution, the applicant came in an ill fashion; her name had become synonymous with riot and disorder as an internal condition, and with reckless aggression as an international policy. However urgently the man of republican leanings might deny the accusation, his consciousness that the universal belief of Europe was against him always forced him into an apologetic attitude on this point. And when the issue was at last brought to the arbitrament of force, it was not so much the execution of the king, the massacres of the aristocrats, the overthrow of the Church, on which the Anti-Jacobin relied to make out his case against the French Republic, but rather the irascibility, the unreasonableness, the proneness to make war on few or no grounds, which must, he declared, always characterize a government controlled by the mob. A republican government in the heart of Europe would be a fire-brand, constantly scattering or threatening destruction; and the natural desire for security from such an infliction was the official reason for the renewed and re-renewed confederation of the kings.

There would seem to be considerable reason, *a priori*, for doubting this belligerent disposition of republics; it surely cannot require a profound experience in the art of self-government to teach "the mob" that the soldiers and taxes to support war must be its contribution, and to give it a hearty distaste for military glory. If, however, in spite of theory, there is in republicanism anything of this overbearing tendency to aggression upon neighboring nations, who should personify it if not the President of the United States? He is a politician, chosen for but four years to the highest office open by election to man, and conventionally estopped, at least in modern times, from essaying any other line of public preferment after leaving the presidential office. The popularity to be won by successful warfare would go far to give him at least one reëlection; and the obstacles to indefinite reëlection, however strong they have proved in fact, have never been in themselves more than negative. To the observer of 1787, with his preconceived notions of the bellicose temper of a republic, it must have seemed a most probable result that some military adventurer, enticing the country into war, and thus securing for himself one reëlection after another to the presidency, should gradually change the essence of the government until, as in so many other so-called republics, the President should assume the dignity and title of royalty.

No such result has taken place. On the contrary, the history of the United States has shown that the American chief magistrate, however efficient he may be as a leader and manager after war has once begun, is up to that time not only the most pacific of rulers, but the most pacific organ of his own government. Other departments of his government have shown an occasional disposition to fall under the malignant influence of the war-spirit; but the American president (with perhaps the exception of a single case), whether he has been soldier or civilian by profession, has always seemed to feel himself personally and peculiarly

charged with the duty of maintaining peace. In the midst of perfervid orators, legislative statements of grievances, and even intense popular passion, the President has always thrown the whole weight of his party, personal, and official influence into the scale of peace, and, in the last resort, has usually shown no hesitation in arraying his constitutional prerogatives across the path to war, even though he has thus seemed to peril his own political future.

Time would fail for enumerating all the cases in our history where the office of President has been the direct barrier between the United States and war. The first attack upon Washington's popularity came in 1793, when he interfered publicly and successfully to prevent the country from drifting into war as an ally of France against England. Six years afterward, when the country was ready for war against France, when the President's own party was clamorous for it, and when the first tidings of successful sea-fights were already coming in, John Adams flung himself into the breach and secured peace, though he lost the presidency. Bitterly as he disliked the English Government of that day, Jefferson had but one thought when he heard of the *Leopard's* attack upon the *Chesapeake* in 1807 — to check the popular disposition to answer the outrage by war, and to first exhaust every possible means of peaceable redress. His successor, Madison, struggled more hopelessly for peace, until it became evident that his political fate was to be that of John Adams, when he at last gave way. So one might go on to find in every administration, even in that which has been held responsible for the Mexican War, new instances of the normal bent of the presidential office towards peace. Some of them may not have been successful in securing peace; in others there may never have been imminent peril of war; each of them has at least served to emphasize anew the intense anxiety of all American presidents for peace.

But, it may very well be said, it is the people, not the political system, that has made the American office what it has been. The objection has truth, but it is easy to permit it to disguise as important truths on the other side. If the South American president has not always been so peaceful a figure, is even he, after all, any worse than his dynastic rival who, representing Germans, Austrians, or Russians, is concentrating his thoughts on the power of explosives, the bore of rifles, and the number of cartridges which the soldier can carry? There is strong reason to think that even here the elective ruler would show a tendency to peace such as has not been a marked characteristic of hereditary rulers. Even if the present system of European armament were a really popular movement, a king must find provocations to the use of the national armament in circumstances which would seem of comparatively little significance to a president by election. The hereditary ruler, *ex vi termini*, is limited in the work of ruling by considerations bearing on the family which he represents; his regret at the outbreak of war must be tempered, if the young princes of his house should find in popular applause a substitute for popular election; he breathes a family atmosphere of militarism. He may try to think only of national interests, but his influence will be swayed by other considerations. President Cleveland may be no better, wiser, calmer, or more pacific person than the Emperor William, but his judgment is free from at least one cloud which must always obscure that of the emperor: in the emperor's eyes, every question of peace and war properly affecting Germany alone must be looked at through the mirage raised by the conventional honor of the house of Hohenzollern; in the eyes of the President, the question is one solely of his country's welfare.

It is but a few months since France passed through the crisis which was to decide whether her coming ruler was to be president, emperor, or king. Was there no significance in the rise of stocks, in the "better feeling" in neighboring capitals, and in the reviving confidence in peace, which followed the election of a president? Sadi-Carnot may cease to be president; the French Republic itself may cease to be for the time; but the "European situation" can never escape from the damning stigma of last December — the consensus of the international armament of crowned heads that a president in France was in so far a pledge of peace. Perhaps, if there were more presidents in Europe, there would be fewer wars and a brighter hope of disarmament. As republicanism spreads more widely over the continent, even while a simulacrum of royalty is still retained, it cannot but become more evident from results that the wars of the past were due to other influences than popular passion. Perhaps, before the process is completed, the people of Europe may for once enjoy the spectacle of a war in which the monopoly of actual fighting is reserved for two of the remaining royal families and their respective officers of hereditary influence. One may be pardoned for believing that these two elements are responsible for more wars in the past than all coming presidents will ever have to apologize for.

Postal Savings Banks.

THOSE who are not brought directly into contact with the savings bank do not always appreciate fully the popular work which is done by the system. In these banks we can see practically that which is not always easy to understand in theory — the close relationship of wages to capital, and the possibility of the conversion of the former into the latter. The savings banks of the United States had, in 1887, some $1,200,000,000 of deposits. Almost all this was the savings of labor, the natural result of high wages and growing ambitions. Saved in dribblets, it would have been spent in dribblets and would have passed out of reckoning without doing the world any service, but for the savings banks' unification of countless little savings into this imposing mass of wealth, this $1,200,000,000. To enable themselves to pay interest on these deposits, the savings banks must in their turn loan them, immediately or mediately, to men who wish to borrow the money for use as business capital. That is, the country's generous treatment of labor, its high wages, the hopes of social advancement which it holds forth, and the desire of saving which springs therefrom, have been profitable, even in the lowest sense of the word; they have added to the active capital of the country some $1,200,000,000 which otherwise would never have existed. But it would be telling far less than half the story to leave it on this low level. This mass of wealth has not only served the country as capital; in a higher politi-

cal sense, it has been a pledge of social peace, security, and hope. Those who have saved it are not growing poorer, but richer; they have founded an Anti-Poverty Society of their own. With it, they have put so much the greater interest at stake in the country; while those who have borrowed and are using it have so much the greater respect for those who have saved it. Every savings bank is in its way worth a thousand policemen and several regiments of regular troops, for it builds order on a foundation stronger than force.

This showing of the savings-bank system, however, becomes meager when we begin to realize how small a part of its possible field has been filled. Of the twelve hundred millions of savings just mentioned, nearly eleven hundred millions are the property of New England and the Middle States alone. Indeed, if we except these two sections and California, with her $60,000,000 of savings, the system is practically nonexistent in the remainder of the United States. The rest of our people are still practically ignorant of the powers of the system in transforming wages into capital. And it is for this reason,— for its educational advantages rather than for its superiority to individual banks,— it is for the controlling purpose of introducing the system into those sections of the country where it is still practically unknown, that Congress may fairly be called upon to imitate Great Britain's Act of 1861, establishing a system of postal savings banks. Wherever the system is introduced it must commend itself; and then the superiority of banks formed by individual corporators may safely be trusted to hold the Government institutions down to their comparatively narrow field.

There is one section, however, in which the call for such a step seems almost a national duty, instead of a mere question of expediency. If there is any class of our people who should be encouraged to save,— for the sake of their own welfare, for the sake of the higher respect which the known habit of saving will bring them, for the sake of the social security which will find guarantees therein,— it is the Southern negroes. No other class have a more immediate and urgent need of the savings-bank system than they; no other class see so little of it. Indeed, what they have known of it has rather been calculated to make them distrust it; and for this our national legislation is largely responsible. They have not forgotten, if we have, the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company, chartered by Act of Congress of March 3, 1865, which failed in the autumn of 1873 with liabilities of more than $3,000,000. Dealing, as the Act did, with an ignorant and helpless people, the wards of the nation, whose economic future was so largely dependent upon the success of this project, the Act should have been regarded as an act of state rather than a mere charter; and every effort should have been made to give the deposits a character for security as absolute as the pledge of the whole wealth of the country could supply. That was the time for the introduction of the principle of the postal savings-bank system, for reasons of state if for no others; instead, Congress chose to hazard the economic development of the freedmen on the wisdom of random trustees, and the ups and downs of the investments on which that wisdom should decide. In partial compensation for its error of 1865, and for the economic injury thereby done to those whom the nation was bound to care for, let Congress proceed, by establishing postal savings banks throughout the South, to show the negroes that there is a more excellent way than the Freedman's Savings Bank.

Such Government savings banks have their points of inferiority to corporate banks. In order to establish the system, the Government bonds would still be available as an absolutely secure investment for the postal bank deposits; and those who should deposit their half-dollars or multiples thereof at the money-order offices or postal savings banks would really be buying shares of these Government bonds. Corporate banks loan their deposits directly to be used as capital by the borrowers, while the postal savings bank would act only indirectly, releasing for use as business capital the same amount of money which would otherwise have been invested in Government bonds. In other words, the corporate banks not only inculcate the habit of saving, but add to the business capital of the country more directly than the postal banks. If, then, the proposal were to give the Government the same monopoly of the savings-bank business which it has in the post-office, the proposal would be open to serious objections. No such proposal is meant. On the contrary, it is easy to show that the postal bank can do no more than open the way for the more effective corporate bank. The purchase of Government bonds for postal bank investment, at the current market rates, will net only an interest of less than 3 per cent. on the amount invested — in all probability, not more than 2½ per cent. Even if there were no expenses of management, then the postal bank could not offer more than 2½ per cent. interest on deposits, unless the Government should increase the rate as a gratuity, which would hardly be proposed. There would, however, be expenses of management to be provided for; and in practice the postal bank could hardly offer much more than 2 per cent. interest on deposits. The usual rate of the corporate savings bank is 4 per cent.; so that the corporate bank, when established in a place, would at once drive the postal bank out of competition. It seems evident, therefore, that the postal bank would be no real rival to the private or corporate bank — that it would, in effect, be nothing more than introductory to the present corporate system. It would be a convenience, in a town which had no corporate bank: it would teach the people the virtue of saving, and thus stimulate the desire for a corporate bank; but it would not rival or oust the corporate bank.

The proposal that Congress should establish a system of postal savings banks is not dictated, therefore, by any desire to widen Government functions, or to take out of private hands a work which they can do better than the Government agents can. The present savings banks would continue their work without becoming conscious of any change: it is not likely that a single half-dollar would ever be deposited in the New York City post-office if it were made a postal bank. The advantages would come in carrying the old system into new places, in teaching a whole people a system under which one-fourth of their number already have $1,100,000,000 on deposit.

In a former article we discussed the plan for postal savings banks without any interest at all.* The whole question of postal savings banks may have to be de-

* See this magazine for February, 1886.

ferred, we are well aware, till the merit system in the civil service has been much further extended; and in the present condition of the Treasury there are grave doubts as to what wise disposition could be made of the deposited savings.

George Kennan's Siberian Papers.

THE illustrated papers descriptive of the Siberian experiences of Mr. George Kennan, the author, and Mr. G. A. Frost, the artist, will begin in the May number of THE CENTURY. Their appearance has been deferred on account of Mr. Kennan's desire to group in preliminary papers — the last of which is printed in the present number — an account of the conditions and events in Russia directly related to the exile system. This system is now to be minutely described and elaborately pictured; and by way of preface to the first illustrated paper Mr. Kennan will, in a brief statement, answer the question as to how he came to enter upon his arduous and somewhat perilous investigations, and why he and his companion were accorded such extraordinary facilities by the Russian Government itself.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Department of State and the Diplomatic Service.

ONE of the suggestions which President Arthur made in his last message to Congress was that the President should be authorized by law to fix the grade of the diplomatic agents sent by our Government to other powers. The change thus proposed would undoubtedly have been in the right direction. If we are ever to have an organized diplomatic service, it will be necessary that the control of the service, or at any rate of most of its details, shall be left to the Executive and the Department of State to a far greater degree than is now done.

The fact, but little commented on, that the present Administration has made but few changes among the secretaries may perhaps be taken to indicate a disposition on its part to prepare the way for an organized diplomatic service. It is time, therefore, that it should be made clear that the management of such a service by the Department of State will be necessary to its successful operation.

The incessant and capricious meddling of Congress in the affairs of the service has been productive of much harm. The abolition, so common in our legislation, of a mission or a secretaryship one year, to be restored the next, has had no effect but to make the holders of these positions unhappy, to disgust and demoralize other members of the service, and to lower our Government in our own eyes and in those of the world. The matters of which the Department has cognizance are of such a delicate nature that it should not be necessary to submit them to the public criticism of several hundred persons, some of whom will not scruple to make the Government ridiculous if by such action they may gain any advantage for themselves or a little amusement.

But it will not be enough that the control of the diplomats be left to the Executive and the Department. The President and the Secretary of State, however able and patriotic they may be, are not likely to be versed in foreign habits and traditions. The administration of the diplomatic and consular routine should be mainly in the hands of the permanent officers of the Department. These should themselves have had considerable experience of diplomatic and consular life. They should be paid salaries proportionate to the dignity and importance of their duties; and their places should undoubtedly be permanent.

Such a staff of officers would have — partly, at any rate — under their control many important subjects. In the matter of promotions they would give the Secretary the advantage of their knowledge of the men and of the requirements of the posts. It may be asked whether under such an administration of the service there would not be room for favoritism. The answer to this is that favoritism in the administration of human affairs is one of the things inevitable. It is possible to devise no system of administering a service in which favoritism will not play a part. Has there been no favoritism under the old system? But the chance that merit will be considered in making promotions is certainly greater if the service is under the control of responsible individuals, open to public criticism, than if the appointment is the work of a vague syndicate of President, Secretary of State, confirming senators, and appropriation committees.

It is easy to perceive that there are many things which could be left to the discretion of a well-organized department which are not fit to be made matters of public discussion. Take such a question, for instance, as the comparative social fitness of men for some post the demands of which are peculiar. This is often a proper subject for consideration. The discrimination in favor of a person with a peculiar gift for distinguished society need not be of an aristocratic nature. It is not necessary that the man promoted upon this ground should be of distinguished connections. The reverse would be the usual case. A talent of this sort is apt to be inborn. It is particularly so in this country, where the man who suits European standards of manners is as likely to come from one set of people, or from one part of the country, as from another. The quality is apt to exist in men of bright intellects. Fine manners and a fine accent are likely to go with fine perceptions. Then the clever fellows learn rapidly. A little experience does wonders if the material is of the right sort.

The Department, of course, would have ample opportunities for knowing the men whose merits it would have to pass upon. Besides having their work before it, it would know them in person. We should, of course, adopt the excellent custom of other countries. In most services a diplomat begins the career by a period of employment in the Foreign Office, and often returns there, either by an exchange with one of the clerks or otherwise.

As an example of the class of subjects which should be left to the discretion of the Department, I may refer to the matter of dress. This is evidently not a proper matter for the interference of Congress. It happens, indeed, that the present law prohibiting to diplomats any kind of official dress or uniform has certain advantages. These uniforms are expensive, a full equipment, even for an attaché or secretary, costing from five hundred to a thousand dollars. This would be more than a secretary who was receiving a salary of $2000 a year, and who was liable at any time to lose his place, could afford to pay. It might seem to be just as well, therefore, that the diplomat should have the law as an excuse for his not going to this expense. Still, this is obviously not a subject upon which there should be a hard and fast rule.

I am aware that these are suggestions which would not be well received by the American politician of the old style. They are, indeed, of a kind one would not have thought of making a few years ago. The truth is, the spirit of reform has already accomplished so much in this country that it is very cheerful about its prospects of success in the future. It is less and less afraid to support any principle which has justice on its side. I do not believe that it will cease its endeavors until the Government shall be an example in the midst of us of honor, reason, and good taste, which last, as has been said, is only a finer kind of justice.

E. S. Nadal.

An American Diplomacy.

THE questions which have been pressed upon the minds of many citizens by recent incidents of our diplomatic service go much deeper than mere matters of organization and administration. The occasions on which, of late, the service has been brought most conspicuously to the public attention have been the persistent efforts of certain traveling Americans to secure introduction into a certain circle of society into which they claimed a certain indefeasible right, as American citizens, to be introduced by the official representative of the Republic. And this functionary has been seriously criticised in the public press for his course concerning these grave cases, and has been censured for his too great ease in consenting in some cases, in others for his excessive scrupulousness in refusing. But through the whole discussion it seems to be assumed or conceded, first, that the Government of the United States is maintaining a great and costly system of "diplomatic service," one main function of which, in quiet times, is to aid the aspirations of certain citizens to be introduced in a social circle where they are not, as a rule, very much wanted; and secondly, that honorable gentlemen like Mr. Lowell and Mr. Phelps are officially charged with the function of rating the standing in the social scale of their traveling fellow-citizens, and of smelling out the antecedents of republican women who yearn to be presented to royalty. Is it strange that the disinterested spectator of this paltry business should begin to raise some radical questions — as (1) whether the Republic has any interest in aiding its traveling citizens to be presented at court, and (2) whether the business of determining on the eligibility of aspirants to such honors, and of making the incidental inquiries, is a business which ought to be imposed on a gentleman of dignity and honor, and not rather upon some such person as the late Mr. Brown of Grace Church, with such assistance as he might occasionally need from the office of Mr. Pinkerton?

There is serious danger that the people, in their disgust at such exhibitions of the silly side of the diplomatic service as have been witnessed, may rush some time to the extreme measure, which has more than once been urged, of abolishing the diplomatic service, and so solving at a stroke these momentous questions of costume, and eligibility, and fitness for distinguished society, which now perplex the councils of the nation. This would be a pity, for there is no doubt that the Government has business to transact with other governments, from time to time, sufficient to justify the keeping of a competent agent in communication with the office of foreign affairs in each important capital. The Administration which should succeed in rigorously cutting down the whole diplomatic service to this business basis, and should say boldly, the United States, having no "court" at which to receive embassies, is not in a position to send ambassadors to court, but only ministers to "reside near" the Foreign Office, would at once unload itself of a multitude of vexatious and contemptibly paltry questions, and set our Government and our people in a logical, consistent, and dignified relation towards other governments. Let it be added that this measure would be one of appreciable economy and of general popularity. Only Miss Flora McFlimsy and her friends would seriously lament, and the young gentlemen whose talents for distinguished society inspire them with longings for the position of attaché.

Will any one tell us what danger it would involve to the Republic if our business with the British Government should be intrusted no longer to an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary near the Court of St. James, but to a competent attorney, like Mr. Phelps, near Downing Street; and if this functionary should be instructed that he had no official duties whatever, either at Buckingham House or at Windsor Castle, and that to the Government which he represented it was a matter of utter indifference where he dined or danced, or whether he dined or danced at all, so long as he behaved himself with propriety and paid strict attention to business?

I am aware that these artless questions will have a barbarian sound to the ear of the average attaché; but none the less they suggest the outlines of the true American Diplomacy.

Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

Moral Teaching in our Schools.

RECOGNIZING the fact that there are serious defects in the moral results of our school training, we have given below certain plans for improving our schools in this respect which have met with much success.

One very good plan is something like the following. From two to four pupils are selected, and it is made the duty of each to look up and copy a short moral sentiment or maxim to be read at the opening of the school in the morning. Another set is selected to present similar maxims the next day, and in this way all the

pupils are selected in turn. When the pupil has read or repeated his sentiment to the school, it is illustrated, or commented upon, by the teacher, till the meaning is not only clear but well impressed. After the reading of the sentiments they are copied on the black-board, where they remain all day, and each pupil in the room copies them into a blank-book. After the first day, the teacher calls upon volunteers to repeat sentiments given on preceding days. Five or six sentiments may be called up in review each day. Some pupils, not much accustomed to general reading, may find it difficult to look up new sentiments; but let it be understood, that if a new one cannot be found, an old one will be accepted. Under judicious management there will be no trouble here. Children do not like to be parrots, repeating the words of their mates; and when review sentiments are presented they will be quite sure to be such as deserve repetition.

This plan leads to several valuable results. It keeps children on the lookout for fine moral sentiments. It often leads to more extensive reading, and quite generally to better reading, and it directs the attention to the moral import of what is read, and thus keeps before the mind high ideals of thought and action. With this plan pursued for a year, the pupils will each have copied into his book five or six hundred excellent maxims.

Most of the shorter and better of these will have been repeated a good many times in the school, and will have become well fixed in the memory of a large number of the pupils. The frequent repetition and illustration of the more striking maxims is of more importance than the number of new ones. Children need the foundation principles of right in a condensed form ready at hand, and as thoroughly inculcated as is the multiplication table. Variety is required to keep up a lively intellectual interest, and the same sentiment found in different authors, couched in different words, will contribute to this variety, and impress the thought more deeply. Occasionally a day, or a week, or a month may be given to anecdotes illustrating the favorite maxims, or to the biographies of men whose lives have illustrated them; or subjects may be chosen and maxims found to embody them; as, for instance, some days may be devoted to patriotism, when pupils will be invited to bring in sentiments that embody this virtue. Truth may be selected for another time, or any other moral attribute. It will be found wise to keep to one subject as long as a lively interest can be maintained. More moral momentum will be acquired in this way than by too frequently changing the current of thought.

Sometimes the sentiments may be restricted to poetry, at other times to prose; sometimes to some particular author,— and what a rich fountain Solomon or Pope would prove,— sometimes to one particular nation, or period in literature. These are only suggestions. A live teacher, determined to lop off vicious excrescences in character, and to train the pupils into a noble manhood and womanhood, will see what is needed, and invent a thousand ways to hold the interest of the children till the sentiment is impressed.

Religious instruction with children had its moral effect, not so much because it was derived from the Bible, as because of the pertinence of the stories and maxims, and the frequent repetition and the serious earnestness the teacher imparted to it. The simple maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," can be heard a good many times with profit, and yet such a worldly-wise maxim will not intrench itself in the imagination of a child as a finer one will, nor will it be heard with quite as much favor.

Ten minutes a day is probably enough to give to explicit moral instruction; children must not be cloyed with it, and an intelligent teacher will have little difficulty in finding something fresh for this short every-day lesson. The work of inculcating good moral principles could probably be accomplished if it was scattered irregularly through the school work and given only as occasions arose; but if there is no especial time set apart for it, the pressure of the lessons is almost sure to crowd it out.

It is far better to make it an essential part of each day's work. The very fact that it is given a definite place invests it with dignity in the child's mind. Just when and how the instruction is given is of little consequence, but it is of imperative importance that there be a determined aim to give a strong and sound moral education in our schools, a determined aim that moral instruction shall have just as recognized a place as any other branch of education, and that teachers shall be held as responsible for their results in this as in arithmetic. This is not impossible, nor even very difficult. The fault is simply that it has not been attempted. Religious instruction has slipped out of our schools, and the public have not called upon teachers to substitute anything in its place. That teachers have not more generally taken up the work themselves seems a singular oversight, resulting probably from the fact that our teachers are accustomed to depend upon text-books, and no text-book of moral instruction has been put into their hands; and just this right one has not been made. A quarter of a century ago, William Ellis, an English political economist, prepared a little digest of moral and civic duties, designed for schools, which developed and explained in a series of questions and answers, in catechism form, our duties in the various relations of life. Though never finding its way into many English schools, the little books, if not just what are needed, have much merit, and are full of hints and suggestions in the right direction. If teachers earnestly begin the work of moral instruction, the needed text-book will soon appear. Many teachers have done more or less of this work, and, in some cases, all the schools of a city have had moral lessons in their programme, but the work has been unorganized and irregular; it has not become permanent,— has not secured its recognized place by the side of spelling, and writing, and arithmetic. In the kindergartens moral instruction has been systematically and effectually begun, and it only needs to be extended to all children and carried on through all grades of school work.

With careful moral instruction permanently established in our schools, our children would have reason to feel that in the public mind a knowledge of right and wrong is of as much consequence as a knowledge of accounts. They do not feel so now. Our greatest educator, Horace Mann, believed if the school, and the home, and the social environment were right, right men and women would be the result; and William T. Harris, only desiring a little element of time added, holds the same view.

Mary E. Beedy.

Christian Union.

It is now very generally believed that there is a tendency towards some organic union of the churches of Christ in the United States. The leading men of the different denominations are, for the most part, declaring themselves in favor of an attempt at some form of union. They clearly perceive that the missionary interests, home and foreign, demand it. The strange thing is that such convictions do not lead to practical results. When one enters the mission field and makes observation of what is going on there, he finds that the rivalry of the societies for the possession of the field, not in the name of Christ, but in the name of sect, is as great as ever it was. For example, there is in the new West a field containing a population of three thousand souls. Nine years ago this became a home missionary field. An effort was first made to establish a Presbyterian church. This having failed, a Congregational church was organized, composed of the Presbyterian and Congregational people in the community, and largely supported by the missionary society of the Congregational church. In the mean time the Methodist, Baptist, Christian, and United Presbyterian societies established successful missions in the same field, and two other societies organized small churches. Recently the Congregational church came to self-support, and seemed in shape to do good work and to make some return by its benevolences to the general work in other fields. But at this point the Presbyterian society came in. It organized its church; called a pastor; made an attempt, which succeeded in part, to build itself up from the membership and congregation of the Congregational church, before that time in a harmonious and prosperous condition; asked for and received from its society a grant of a considerable sum of money; and offered its pastor a salary of one thousand dollars. The result of the movement was to give to a town, already having five very good Christian churches and two weak organizations, an additional church at the expense of the missionary society of the Presbyterian denomination, and also to weaken and discourage the Congregational church, and make its struggle for self-support, for some time to come, a severe one.

In the example cited, it happened that the Presbyterians were the ones to come into the field. In other fields some other denomination might be the one. The writer of this article does not here criticise the Presbyterian denomination, but aims to show that in the mission field the rivalry of sects is the same as formerly. It is not to be expected that a great conviction will work its way into practice in a day, but would it not be a simple and easy matter for the denominations to come to an agreement on union in the mission fields of the country? How foolish to cry about a want of money and ministers for Christ's work when both are wasted in sectarian warfare. Instead of theorizing in papers and magazines about union, let us try some scheme for union regarding the expenditure of our forces in fighting infidelity, worldliness, and vice in the land. The Christian minister who, wherever he works or wherever he makes observations, feels that his work assumes, to a considerable degree, a struggle to keep up the courage and faith of a weak church, in a field which has too many churches, may well question whether he might not more profitably to the Lord and himself engage in some other kind of work than the ministry, for he must labor under great discouragement, his efforts only partly succeed, and his church remain in a measure weak and helpless.

C. A. Wight.

The "Ach!" School of Literature.

One of the most deplorable tendencies in our modern literature is that tone of melancholy resignation which finds its way into much of our prose fiction and criticism, and still more of our poetry. "*Ach!*" exclaims Goethe; and "*Ach!*" repeats Carlyle monotonously after him, with remorseful variations. It seems a pity that when a great writer is dyspeptic, or happens to have seated himself at his desk on a dreary, drizzly day, or has been reviewing his past life with unpleasant results to his self-complacency, he must inflict his blues upon his hundred or thousands of readers, according as he is famous. If Schiller misses the dryads and fauns in his morning stroll, is it kind of him to immortalize his disappointment? How helpless Heine and his brethren would be without their favorite guttural sigh, which not only serves to give the line a vigorous start (Schiller begins five distinct verses thus in the "Götter Griechenlands"), but, quite as expressive in its way as the Frenchman's shrug, embodies a host of dismal reflections, and puts the reader into a proper state of gloom for what is to follow.

It is alarming to observe that the same influence is felt in some of our cheeriest as well as strongest poets on this side the water; while many of the secondary authors are always holding up their little umbrellas, and piteously entreating us to come under them.

"But it does n't rain!"

"*Ach!* but it 's going to."

"And just now the sky seems very bright."

"Then let us keep the sunshine from your weary brows."

Blessed be those who feel it their duty and privilege to bring brightness into the world, rather than clouds. Let us swing our hats for cheery faces and glowing hearts that diffuse gladness and courage wherever they go; that substitute light for gloom, smiles for tears, hope for despair, glad energy of action for stolid resignation. Who can estimate the good accomplished by that masterpiece of Christmas stories, Dickens's "Carol," pervaded as it is by the very spirit of peace on earth and good-will to men?

There are those, to be sure, to whom the minor chords are most grateful. I do not mean by "minor," or by the use of the words "sad," "gloomy," and the like, a mere allusion to some pathetic incident or phase of life; a deep, uncontrollable cry of anguish, such as often breaks from a sensitive heart, and finds echoes in only too many others,— but a morbid tone of despair, over the irretrievable past, the unmitigated unpleasantness of the future, the worthlessness of life in general, and the writer's prospects in particular. Even these desperate sentiments, I was about to say, are eagerly seized upon by a certain honest but unhappy class

in the community, and devoured as the most delectable of morsels.

Akin to these mournful singers and their special admirers are perhaps our good Church friends whose creed is unvarying solemnity in all matters pertaining to their religion. Some one of them, I am certain, invented the strange notion regarding our Master which MacDonald's Alec Forbes treats in characteristic fashion:

"We dinna hear 'at the Saviour himsel' ever sae muckle as smiled," said he.

"Weel, that wad hae been little wonner, wi' what he had upo' 'm. But I 'm nae sure that he dinna, for a' that. Fowk disna aye tell whan a body lauchs. I 'm thinkin' gin ane o' the bairnies that he took upo' 's knee — an' he was ill-pleased wi' them 'at wad hae shewed them awa'— gin ane o' them had hauden up his wee timmer horsie, wi' a broken leg, and had prayed him to work a miracle an' men' the leg, he wadna hae wrocht a miracle maybe, I daursay, but he wad hae smilit, or maybe lauchen a wee, and he wad hae men't the leg some gait or ither, to please the bairnie."

The immediate and practical bearing of this whole tendency towards the lugubrious *Ach* is important. Every editor who has to deal with purely literary contributions will bear witness that nine-tenths of the verses offered by young writers nowadays are of this morbidly melancholy class. To look over the manuscripts in a single morning's mail would lead one to suppose a sort of moral pestilence had jumped the quarantine the night before and descended upon America, depleting its victims' lives of all that was fresh, youthful, hopeful, and pessimizing them, as it were, beyond cure. It is *Ach! Ach! Ach!* over and over again, every translator giving his own version and application. Poems and stories relating to Christmas and Thanksgiving with the true ring of gladness and good cheer in them are rare; while autumn leaves, particularly the "sear" variety, are as popular mediums for the transmission of woes as were the Sibyl's of old.

There is real trouble enough in the world, a pitiful God knows. Let us have words of sympathy, of grave, sweet counsel in our sorrow, you pen-wielders whom we admit to our inmost selves at times when no living presence could be borne. Tell us, if you will, of your own sad experiences, and how you found consolation in them; remind us, and we shall be grateful, that life is a solemn, earnest thing, by no means to be laughed at or lightly tripped through: but do not call upon us to shudder over vaguely impending terrors; do not scrape from your palette the living colors of crimson petal, and golden maple-bough, and the changing sheen of the rainbow, bidding us solace ourselves with mist and ashes of roses. It is the feet of him that bringeth good tidings that are beautiful upon the mountains; he who publisheth peace is the true benefactor of his fellow-men.

Willis Boyd Allen.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Postman.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

How fast the postman goes
Laden with joys and woes
Along the street!
Young eyes watch with delight;
Eyes not so young, with quite
As quick pulse-beat.

He carries painted hearts
Transfixed with harmless darts;
Live hearts too hide
Stowed in his swinging bag
And doubtless make it wag
From side to side.

Here, prayer of parted friends
And shaft that malice sends
Elbow for space;
The pang that hurts and stings,
The balm that healing brings,
Run equal race.

A scentless rose, a verse
That hardly could be worse,
A soul's despair,
A tear blot, and a jest,
A happy love confessed,
A laugh, a prayer!

Is he a man or elf?
Pandora's box itself
Could scarce send wide
Such motley crowd and fleet,
Save that gifts fair and sweet
Its ills divide!

Bird-like, he mounts and swoops
Swift up and down the stoops;
He 's drawing near.
Though I may moralize,
I, too, have waiting eyes —
Oh, please stop *here!*

Mary Ainge DeVere.

Love's Dilemma.

WERE ever maidens more unlike?
How shall a lover choose?
One seems to me amusing;
The other seems a muse.

Kate madly laughs at all the men,
May only smiles at one;
Kate fairly dotes on tennis,
May worships Tennyson.

If May could only ride like Kate
If Kate could sigh like May,
Why then I would not hesitate
To wed — but which one pray?

N. P. Babcock.

Stevenson's "Underwoods."

"How do I like 'Underwoods'?"
As I like all piquant foods,—
Drupe and kernel, flavors, scents,
Thorny thick and brake dispense;
Scarlet haws and cherries black;
Ground-nuts that of earth do smack;
Sweet-birch browsings, sassafras;
Strawberries in the sleekest grass;
Sippings from the clover's horn,
On a luscious dew-drowned morn;
May-apples with jellied core,
And the oaks' wild honey store.

How do I like "Underwoods?"
As I like the flickering moods
Sun and wind at evening rouse
Elfishly among the boughs;
Greening showers in fitful drops,
Thrushes singing in the stops;
Stars in daytime, spirit-keen,
Up a glade's sky-window seen;
Lonesome forest sounds unkenned,
That would Grief or Fancy friend,
Straying through the solitudes,—
Thus do I like "Underwoods!"

Edith M. Thomas.

In Bondage.

You weep, my Lill, above the page
That tells the "ancient wrong"
Of captives' tears and tyrants' rage,
And weak oppressed by strong:

Your Poet knows a sterner thrall,
A harder yoke he sings —
The bondage of the Very Small,
The Tyranny of Things.

And truly ours is hardest fate,
Our lot more hopeless far,
Who scarcely feel our lost estate,
Or know what slaves we are.

Slaves to Life's thousand small demands,
Its toil, its fret, its care;
Slaves to our homes, our goods, our lands,
Slaves to the clothes we wear!

Slaves to the cherished things we fold
In careful closets shut,
The plate we store, the books we hold
Too choice to read — or cut!

Slaves — ah, to what a host of things!
Poor Gullivers would quake
Beneath a web of threads and strings
We know not how to break!

Give place, O "Tamerlane the Great,"
Sesostris, Ptolemy!
I sing the bond to whose hard weight
Your chains were liberty:

The yoke more strict than despot's thrall,
More stern than rule of kings —
The hardest tyranny of all,
The tyranny of *Things!*

Robertson Trowbridge.

My Songs.

My songs are like the thistledown
Adrift upon the errant air;
I, like the plant, with face upturned,
May only watch them floating there.

Away — away on fleecy wings
They seem to sail across the blue,
A fleet of wayward, fairy things
That never human trammels knew.

O thistledown! O soaring song!
Ye bear away of us a part —
The life-germ of the mother weed,
The life-blood of the singer's heart.

Ye both to earth must come again,
By some down-drifting current driven —
The thistledown shall lift at last
A thistleblow to bending heaven.

And, song of mine, speed on — speed on,
And to some heart that strives with care
A message take of human love,
And bloom to perfect blossom there.

Charles Washington Coleman, Jr.

Words, Words, Words.

I loved a maid (oh, she was fair of face!)
But common words above
Was my true love —
So I was silent for a little space —
Yet, 'gainst the day I meant that she should hear me,
I sought for stately words that might endear me.

My ardent lips, I vowed, should not repeat
What countless lovers swear:—
"Oh, thou art fair!"
I scorned to merely say, "I love thee, Sweet!"
So spent long days with rhetoric and tutor,
In framing sentences I dreamed might suit her.

Oh, how I pondered what she best might hear!
Words should like jewels shine
To make her mine —
No commonplaces must offend her ear:
But while for proper words my passion tarried,
I learned the maiden some one else had married!

Margaret Deland.

To a Fir-Balm Cushion.

Delicious fragrance! Yet my memory thrills
Less through your subtle influence at the thought
Of sunny glades or woods or piney hills,
Where such a gracious miracle was wrought,
Than at remembrance of a city room,
Where some one I love better than a tree
Sat stitching patiently your broidered bloom,
And thinking too, not of the woods, but me.

A. W. R.

Compensation.

"Who hesitates is lost"
Is an adage old.
Fearful lovers, to their cost,
Learn they must be bold.
But, since nothing new can be
Underneath the sun,
'T is as old and true that she
Who hesitates is — *won.*

Kemper Bocock.

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